

Miss Carrie L. Hathaway Dies Of Heart Attack

Miss Carrie Lee Hathaway, 87, died unexpectedly early Sunday morning at her residence, 345 North Broadway, following a heart attack.

Oct 18 - 54

She was born in Winchester and lived there for many years. She was a daughter of the late Capt. Leland and Mattie Wheeler Hathaway, received her early education in Winchester private schools, and attended Daughters College in Harrodsburg. She was a member of the Central Christian Church and one of the founders of the Lexington Garden Club.

Miss Hathaway is survived by a number of cousins, including Miss Mary Robinson, Sewickley, Penn.

Services will be conducted at 2 p.m. Tuesday at the W. R. Milward Mortuary Chapel by the Rev. Leslie R. Smith. Burial will be in the Winchester Cemetery.

Pittsburgh

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NG, NOVEMBER 13, 1904.

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**Capt Leland Hathaway, a Noted Hunter, and His Daughter, a De-
votee of the Saddle.**

Friday, March 3, 1950

Library Given Collection Of Letters, Photos

Miss Carrie Lee Hathaway of Lexington has presented a collection of Civil War letters, memoirs, diaries, photographs, documents, and scrapbooks to the Margaret I. King Library. The scrapbooks are particularly interesting as a reflection of reconstruction days in Kentucky.

Miss Hathaway's father, Captain Leland Hathaway, was one of three parolled Southern officers who were serving as volunteer bodyguards for Mrs. Jefferson Davis when the Davies were captured and taken to Fort McHenry, Baltimore, Md.

The letters include those of Miss

Tau Kappa Initiates

Tau Kappa fraternity recently held initiation and pledging.

New initiates are Sumner Bortman, and James Lee. The pledges for this semester are Herbert Moulder, James Adams, and William Mullins.

Hathaway's uncle and of Captain Hathaway who were in General Morgan's command and were prisoners of war with him. Descriptions are given of prison life during the Civil War.

PLATE
LUNCHES

WATCH



Photos by Don Cravens.

Merritt shows one of eight boards holding his choice enlarged photographs

Finding the Lost Cause

For 10 years past Lanier Merritt has spent his spare time assembling a photo gallery of Confederate generals, nearly completed

By Josephine Murphey

IN SPITE of several ancestors who followed the Bonnie Blue Flag, and the patriotic devotion of his mother, who has been heard to say, "I'd tie up my head in rags if it would help the Confederacy," Lanier Merritt grew up, like many a latter-day Southerner, with only a perfunctory interest in the War Between the States. His knowledge of the principal participants in that conflict was so sketchy that he probably couldn't have distinguished Jubal Early from Tubal Cain 10 years ago, when he first became interested in what the Yankees used to call "The War of the Rebellion."

It was the late Margaret Mitchell who was responsible for Merritt's finding the Lost Cause. Kindled by the reading of her classic, "Gone With the Wind," his enthusiasm for things Confederate flamed like a brush fire in August. Before you could say "Pierre Gustave Toutant Beauregard," he was collecting Confederate memorabilia with all the gusto of a U.D.C. historian.

In the succeeding decade, he has amassed a remarkable number of books and sentimental oddments connected with the war, but his masterpiece is a monumental collection of photographs of Confederate generals, full, lieutenant, major and brigadier.

The walls of the apartment he shares with his mother, Mrs. Harriette J. Johnson, at 1519 Gale lane are almost covered with framed likenesses of most of the 460 generals who served in the Confederate army. Merritt has pictures of all the full, lieutenant and major generals who wore the gray, and lacks only 25 or 30 lowly brigadier generals of having the entire galaxy of commanding officers.

He also has more than a dozen old-fashioned albums, padded and covered in tooled leather or velvet after the fashion of their day, which are appropriate repositories for hundreds more of his generals. The pictures in the albums are not identified, except on the back, but

Merritt can reel off name, rank, outfit and biographical highlights for each, without a moment's pause.

This familiarity with the departed gentlemen to whom he devotes much of his spare time caused a recent visitor to remark, "You're going to have an easy time of it in Heaven."

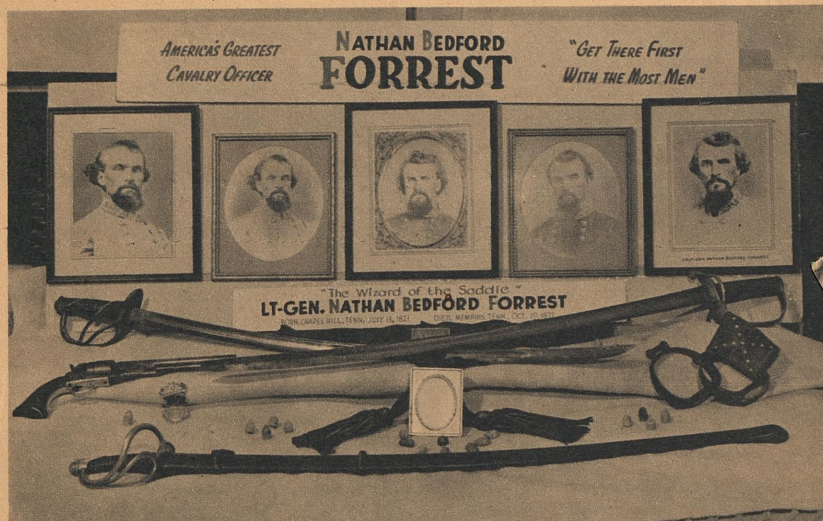
"Yes, I'm going to have a lot of friends there," the collector replied.

CERTAINLY it will be a happy day for Merritt if he encounters John Hunt Morgan, Nathan Bedford Forrest, Wade Hampton or Jeb Stuart, since those stalwart cavalrymen are his top-ranking favorites.

After the adventures of Scarlett O'Hara got Merritt interested in the war, he began reading everything he could find on the subject. "I started on John Morgan," he said recently, "and then I soon switched off to Forrest." Forrest probably heads the list of his pet generals, and he once prepared a window display for a local bookstore employing six different photographs of the Wizard of the Saddle, in addition to various examples of Confederate arms, ammunition and flags.

The fact that Merritt's likenesses, which include a fine set of 108 steel engravings and etchings of all the full generals, lieutenant generals and major generals in the Confederate army, contain numerous duplicates accounts for the total of better than 1000 pictures in his collection.

Among the more interesting photographic items are the old-fashioned *cartes de visite*, many of which contain several tiny, thumb-nail-sized pictures on a single card the size of a playing card, and a collection of slightly larger photographs, each accompanied by the autograph of the man represented. Merritt obtained the latter from a Baptist preacher in Tulsa, Okla., to whom he was referred by a Nashville minister who had fallen into con-



All six pictures are of Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, Merritt's favorite

versation with him on a bus after he observed the big, old-fashioned album on the collector's lap.

He had been reading about the Confederacy and collecting in desultory fashion for a couple of years before he decided to channel his efforts toward the writing of a book incorporating the pictures of all of the Confederate generals and a sketch of the life of each. For about eight years now he has been working with that in mind, keeping a set of scrapbooks with a page for each general and noting facts on the appropriate pages as he reads.

Since the amount of reading he can do is curtailed by the eyestrain involved in his job as artist for the Werthan Bag corporation, Mrs. Johnson often reads aloud to her son in the evenings. "We sometimes spend three or four nights a week that way," she said recently.

Merritt has been a godsend to the William B. Bate Chapter of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, to which his mother belongs. When they need a bit of research into the life and times of any Confederate soldier, Merritt is the logical candidate for the job, since his knowledge extends considerably beyond the generals in which he has specialized.

He has not, however, been nearly so popular with the editors of *Life* magazine, whom he has forced to admit the inaccuracy of several published statements about the war. When they stated that Jo Johnston's was the last command to surrender, for example, it was Merritt who pointed out that that honor rightfully belonged to Edmund Kirby-Smith, in command of the Trans-Mississippi forces.

FINDING house room for the sizeable library of books dealing with the Confederacy, and for the odds and ends of sentimental value (such as a lock of Wade Hampton's hair, a large collection of Confederate reunion badges, a Pal-

metto musket dated 1852, a \$50 bill said to have belonged to Forrest which was given Merritt by the general's granddaughter, and others) has been a considerable problem, but nothing compared to that posed by the eight hinged boards, a little more than five feet square each, on which he has mounted enlarged photographs of the generals comprising various units of the Army of Tennessee and the Army of Northern Virginia.

William J. Hardee's corps, Leonidas Polk's corps, Stephen G. Lee's corps and Forrest's cavalry of the Army of Tennessee; the first, second and third corps, commanded respectively by James Longstreet, "Stonewall" Jackson, and A. P. Hill, and Jeb Stuart's cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia comprise the eight divisions. Each board is arranged with the commanding general in the center of the top row, with his three division commanders directly beneath him and brigade commanders on either side.

All of the pictures used on the boards are 8x10 enlargements of smaller pictures in Merritt's collection, and all are framed in steel gray frames, with the oval pictures posed against mats of pale lavender. Red stars are pasted on the glass covering pictures of generals killed in action, each star indicating the place and date of death. Beneath almost all of the generals are brief typewritten biographies.

Merritt's interest in the Lost Cause has brought him a measure of fame as a collector, but there are probably those ardent Confederates who would say that he has even gone a little too far. Carefully segregated from the Southerners, but nevertheless present, are pictures of some 50 Yankee generals which Merritt acquired from the war department. Sometimes he takes them out and eyes them a bit doubtfully.

"I just don't know *why* I got those things," he said the other day. ★★★



Mrs. Harriette J. Johnson reads to her son, as he takes notes



WEALTHY KENTUCKY GIRLS WHO RIDE TO THE HOUNDS

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 23.—[Special.]—A fresh red fox up in a fairly open country, thirty royally bred foxhounds eligible to the Derby—the puppy event of the National Foxhunters' Association—in full cry, with just a stone or an old-fashioned rail fence now and then to furnish the two hundred horsemen and horsewomen variety, is a brief description of the scene that will be witnessed in Nelson county the coming week. The lovers of foxhunting from all over the United States are already crossing into the borders of the greatest foxhunting

State in the Union, and by Sunday night the little hotel at New Haven, twelve miles from Bardstown, the home of Kentucky's young Governor, J. C. W. Beckham, and noted as a seat of learning, will be comfortably filled.

Col. Roger Williams, of this place, is the secretary and master of hounds. He will be present to superintend the unleashing of the royal hunters on Monday morning at sunup.

The two hundred men and women are for the most part people who have a right to love any kind of blue-blooded sport. They are descendants of men and women who have made the Republic

what it is, and who fought in many of the wars or represented their constituents in the halls of Congress. Some of them, indeed, may not have the blood of either soldiers or statesmen in their veins, but they are born foxhunters. Wearing the old slouch hat and the country jeans trousers, they are the representatives of the famous forefathers who hunted foxes in years gone by over the same ground with foxhounds that have made Kentucky famous as the mother State of the thoroughbred foxhound, the Trigg, Birdsong and Maupin strains.

"Ever hunt foxes with Uncle Wash Maupin?" one old gray-haired country magistrate asks, as he pulls his horse

clubs in Tennessee have representatives from Cincinnati, La. and representatives club are also expected mingling of the hands the members of these aristocratic social club clothes of the native picturesqueness to the scene. Airing the excitement of the chase class is not thought of, and every man and woman rides at his or her own risk, and they ride pellmell over fences, branches and through the underbrush.

Among the noted men who have participated in these annual sports are Admiral Jouett, of the United States navy, and A. B. F. Kinney, of Worcester, Mass., both of whom were for a number of years officers in the association, and brought with them annually here a number of lady and gentlemen friends. H. Wade, of Pittsburg, a noted capitalist and philanthropist, known through-

out the United States as a lover of the outdoor sports, was present last year at Bowling Green. John C. Haymaker, of Pittsburg, Pa., and H. T. Sturgill, of Ceredo, W. Va., were among the first Board of Directors. Mr. O. F. Joslin, of Oxford, Mass., is one of the vice presidents.

The country is broken and open, with small streams here and there. There are no cliffs to afford hiding places for the foxes, and according to the statement of people residing about New Haven red foxes abound throughout the vicinity, so that the hunters need not go more than two or three miles from the hotel for a race. The accommodations are ample, and Col. Williams says every needed accommodation will be forthcoming. Since it has been proved that Kentucky foxhounds will hunt



"CARING FOR THE HOUNDS



FOUR FAMOUS HUNTERS, JACK CHINN. JOHN PARKS
ED AND W.S. WALKER



COL. HAYDEN C. TRIGG AND CAPT. IRLAND HATCHAWAY AND
THEIR DAUGHTERS DEVOTEES OF THE CHASE

any country in the world, as shown the best hunters, there is great interest in view. While the stakes are open to the world, there will be a majority of the recent trials in Massachusetts, among lovers of the chase everywhere Kentucky hounds in them, because people from a distance will not expose their hounds to the danger of transportation. which hounds bred by Col. Williams, to see Kentucky dogs-run. The representatives of the various clubs throughout the country are coming with that end in view. The Kentucky foxhound, the Kentucky belle and the Kentucky Colonel mounted on Kentucky thoroughbred running a Kentucky red fox, are worth seeing.

COACH AND SADDLE

NATIONAL FOXHUNTERS' ASSOCIATION MEET.



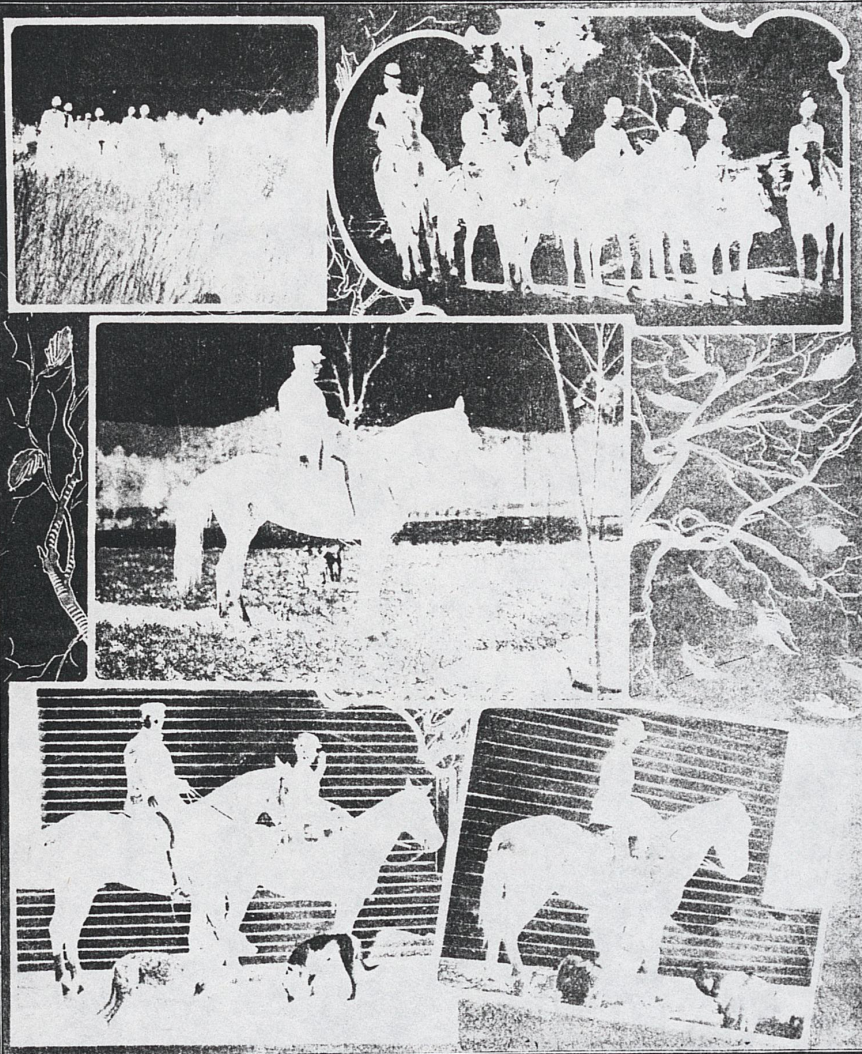
The seventh annual meet of the National Foxhunters' Association took place at Estill Springs, Ky., November 12-20, and notwithstanding the dry weather it was a grand success.

This club is not composed of pink-coated, top-booted, riding-school products, accustomed to chasing bag foxes and anise-seed trails, but hardy, old foxhunt-

ers, who have spent all their lives at the sport, and, as it were, raised in the saddle. Many of the members have passed the threescore-and-ten milepost, and are the substantial and political and business men of their communities. But to see them up in the saddle an hour before daylight, and taking fences and ditches in their mad runs across dangerous ground, one would think them but boys in their teens.

A score or more ladies were present and always well up in the first flight on their thoroughbreds.

The majority of the men were over six feet, several being from six feet two inches to six feet five inches, and not a few, including the Walkers, Wills, Graddy, Col.



NATIONAL FOXHUNTERS' ANNUAL MEET AT ESTILL SPRINGS, KY.

Col. Roger Williams on his hunter, Nettle.

On a bad bit of riding ground.

Col. Williams and Miss Hathaway.

Cincinnati riders who took part in the hunt.

Miss Carrie Hathaway, of Winchester, Ky., to whom the brush was presented.

COACH AND SADDLE

Jack Chinn and Col. Roger Williams, weighed from 210 to 260 pounds. As all of these gentlemen were strictly "in" each and every chase, and took every fence and ditch, some idea of the strength, stamina, activity and endurance of their mounts can be estimated. Foxes were plentiful. The cast-off was made each day just at day-break, and the runs varied from one and a half to three hours, longer runs being impossible owing to the sun and wind dissipating the moisture necessary for trailing.

The only kill was made on the last day. It was a fast and furious, though short, chase, and the honor of being "first in at the death" was won by Col. Roger Williams of Lexington, Ky., though at the sacrifice of his favorite hunter, Nettle, she being badly damaged. He presented the brush to Miss Hathaway of Winchester, Ky., who has never missed a meet of this association in years and is one of the hardiest, as well as one of the best, horsewomen of the South.

Col. Jack Chinn rode his celebrated hunter, "Bill," of which the following story may be told: Colonel Chinn was starting a hurdle race at Latonia a few years ago, and none of the jockeys succeeded in piloting their mounts over the jumps. Colonel Chinn, who weighs 250 pounds, mounted old "Bill" and rode the entire course, never missing a jump.

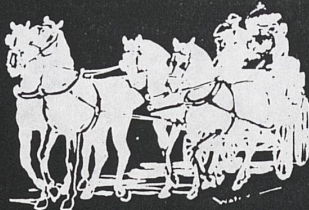
Daniel Combs was on "Gad-a-bout," a daughter of Cassatt's "Cadet." Miss Marie Redd of Lexington was on "Artillery," a thoroughbred. Mr. Suydam Scott was on "Moose," the hero of many a hunt. Col. Roger Williams alternated between "Nettle" and "Friar Luck." Samuel Redd rode his hunter, "Blackbird." W. L. Graddy was on "Black Bess," a three-quarter thoroughbred. Miss Anna Johnston rode the gelding, "SYD." Captain and Miss Hathaway were on their pair of hunting mares, saddle-bred. The Walkers rode their strain of hunters, that they have been breeding for a quarter of a century.

J. H. W.

The membership of the Louisville Horse Show Association has been increased to 125 members, the largest in its history. Fifteen members have been added since the first show was given, and at the next meeting of the members a resolution will be introduced to increase the membership to 150. A change in the constitution will be necessary, which can only be obtained through a majority vote, but it is believed there will be no opposition to the amendment.

The absence of the late Charles F. Bates, better known as "Fatty" Bates, from the New York Horse Show was observed by many of the old-time exhibitors, and much regret was expressed. One man passed the remark that the Garden show without "Fatty" Bates was a great deal like "Hamlet" without Hamlet in the cast.

STORY OF HOWLETT'S TRIUMPH.



The test of skill in four-in-hand driving at the Madison Square Garden show was held at noon, and it was the magnet to attract an unusually large early attendance. There was a gathering of

noted whips along the rails and in the boxes. The presence of Morris E. Howlett, of the noted family of Paris whips, gave the contest an international air. Old-timers recalled that it was the second international affair of the sort, although the other, held at the 1893 show, was for amateurs only. Then the feat was to cut figures of eight between posts set about the ring, each driving his own and another team in turn. This time the conditions were quite different. Style in handling the reins, holding and using the whip, position of the hands and body and similar details were what counted, as well as the skill in driving. A hurdle was placed on each side of the judges stand, leaving a gap of ten feet, through which, after showing their skill in general evolutions, the whips had to drive their team. The leeway was less than two feet on each side of the wheels if the coach went through in the exact center of the gap. This was not much more difficult than to turn from a road into an ordinary carriage gate, but the way it was done was what told. Three of the aspirants, Howlett, Sheldon and Pellew, wore frock coats and silk hats; the others, cutaways and derby hats. Only Carman, who had a small boutonniere of violets; Sheldon, who carried a red chrysanthemum, and Howlett, who had a white carnation, sported flowers.

MAKES A GOOD APPEARANCE.

Morris E. Howlett won the \$500 presented by James E. Hyde for the best showing; in black, only brightened by a white flower, and the shiniest of silk hats, Howlett stepped from the stand, whip in hand, as jauntily as a belle at her first ball. He is a short, active person, with a round, bright face. First he laid his whip over the backs of the wheelers, and then looked over the team to see if the harness suited him. Howlett changed the biting of the wheelers slightly, and then lifted the reins from under the tug buckle and adjusted them so that they would be of the right length when he got on the box.

All ready, Howlett held the reins in his right hand, took up the whip in the same hand and then mounted. These details had all been carefully noted by the judges, and as a good driver can always be told by the way he ascends, they now watched Howlett get up. His method was the same as the others, but with more ease. It was

Coach & Saddle Dec 1900