

The Hope of a Monument to Lee and His Soldiers is Growing.

An interesting meeting of the Appomattox chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, and the Ladies Memorial Association was held at "Court-View," the beautiful and hospitable home of Mr. Charles W. Hunter, of West Appomattox last Thursday 18th. At 3:30 p. m., the president, Mrs. C. W. Hunter, in the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The first business of importance was calling the names of all the members on the roll and revising the roster, erasing all the names except those taking an active, enthusiastic interest in the chapter, eighteen remaining on the roll. Mrs. R. F. Burke and Mrs. John Sears were sent application blanks to fill out and will join at the next meeting. A letter was read from Miss Kate Mason Rowland, urging all the members to assist in collecting war reminiscences, incidents, magazine and newspaper clippings bearing on the civil war; also letters from Mrs. Garnett, president of the Grand Division, Daughters of the Confederacy, and Mrs. Thomas Gresham, of Baltimore, thanking the chapter for flowers and relics sent them from the McLean yard and surrender grounds. The Historical Committee appointed are Mrs. T. W. Johns, Mrs. Thomas S. Bocoek, Mrs. George Miles, Mrs. T. A. Smith, Miss M. Anna Jones, Mrs. J. R. Atwood, and Mrs. C. W. Hunter.

Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Atwood, Miss Jones and Mrs. Hunter have collected several valuable articles from magazines and newspapers North and South.

The hope of erecting at Appomattox a monument to Lee and his soldiers is still growing. Mr. J. R. Atwood has offered a beautiful lot to the ladies on which to erect the monument. The discussion of the monument and other business occupied much of the time of the meeting.

The sailors have a saying: "There is a little bird sits up in the loft, and he will take care of poor Jack." There is a hand at the helm of human affairs that will surely take care of the people of the South if they reverently seek its guidance, and show themselves worthy of the glorious opportunities spread before them in lavish profusion. When the South was ruthlessly despoiled of its \$400,000,000 of slave property (for which we are now devoutly thankful), and her social pyramid subverted and set upon its apex, the canopy of heaven seemed for the time an ominous cloud of darkness and despair. But we have learned to realize that "deep in impenetrable mines of never falling skill, he fashions out his bright designs, and works his sovereign will." What a blessing in disguise was the abolition of slavery to the people of the South. The angry agitators of the North who kindled and fed the flame of abolitionism until it ended in civil strife, and the manumission of the slaves, meant in their fanaticism to bring a dire, and, as they thought, deserved punishment upon the South. But there is deep wisdom in the saying of good old Thomas a Kempis, that "man proposes but God disposes."

The "Sweating" as Shown in Official Reports.

[New York Journal.]

Well fed persons, who have an idea that human slavery in the United States was abolished several years ago by President Lincoln, will have the erroneous impression removed by the report of Mr. O'Leary, State factory inspector for the State of New York, and will ask themselves in horror whether it is possible such things as the report relates are true.

Not only are they true, but they are by no means the whole truth. Mr. O'Leary touches the dreadful subject delicately in a way apparently designed to make the shock as gentle as might be. For example, he says:

"With knee pants bringing but from 50 to 75 cents per dozen, vests from \$1 to \$2 per dozen, trousers from 12 to 75 cents per pair, and coats from 32 cents to \$1.50 each—with a percentage off these prices for the 'boss sweaters,' and another reduction off for the cost of carting, which the workman is obliged to pay—we cannot expect to find anything but destitution, suffering, intellectual and moral depression existing among the unfortunate victims of this pernicious system."

True, every word of it; but told in a manner so cold and business-like that it conveys no adequate idea of the truth. If one wishes to take the full meaning of the facts thus recorded he must calculate how much time and labor it requires to make a pair of trousers at from 12 1/2 to 75 cents per pair, with percentages off these prices for the boss sweaters and another for the cost of carting. He must also picture to himself a small, dark, foul closet in a crowded and filthy tenement, a room in which a dozen or fifteen human beings, men, women and children, working from dawn till midnight without rest, seven days and nights a week, cook, eat and sleep,

per dozen," less the usual percentages—a room, nevertheless, against which the tide of unemployed beats so fiercely and constantly that those who occupy it are afraid to leave it for an instant lest others, by "offering to work two or three hours extra," as Mr. O'Leary says, may seize their miserable refuge.

Then, perhaps, he will realize the meaning of the factory inspector's report, which covers the cases of 537,702 persons, 159,226 of them women, 12,100 of them children under sixteen years of age. Then, perhaps, his eyes will be opened and he will see that, in spite of the emancipation proclamation, there is among us today an enormous population held in slavery a thousand times worse than the slavery of the negro before the war.

If tradition speak truly, but for the infamous crime of a murderer, the old Van Ness house would have played an important part in the days of the civil war. Standing, as it does, in a remote and unfrequented part of the town, its deep, dark, and intricate cellars, and old wine-vaults would have afforded a spot where a kidnapped President might have been hidden away beyond all probable hope of rescue, until a ransom could have been effected, since it is within the probabilities that it would have hardly occurred to any one that the most daring spirit would have dared to abduct Mr. Lincoln bodily from the White House and hide him in a cellar within 1,500 yards of his own chamber. Yes it is now pretty well understood that this, and not assassination was the original design of the conspirators, and that the kidnapping once effected, the condition of the President's release was to have been the cessation of hostilities and the recognition by the Federal Government of the "Southern Confederacy."

Improbable or not as this fanatically wild scheme may seem now, it was no more insane than the assassination plot itself.

J. A. JUDSON.

Extensive preparations are in progress at Romney, W. Va., for the observance of Confederate memorial day, on June 3. Hon. John T. McGraw, of Grafton, Democratic National Committeeman, will be orator.

Some one has sent us a copy of the Elmira (N. Y.) *Morning Telegram*, which contains a long letter from Virginia, written by its traveling correspondent. We have only space for the following extracts, which show what the writer thinks of Lynchburg, and the temper of the people of the South. His testimony is in striking contrast with that furnished by most of the correspondents of Northern journals. He says:

"I found where Appomattox was and got here. It was a roundabout way after all, like the one Grant took, but a pleasant one. Over the Richmond and Alleghany railroad, which like a portion of the Lehigh Valley road, is built along the tow-path of an old canal. Over this road to Lynchburg. Lynchburg is a famous old town, intensely devoted to tobacco, so much so that the atmosphere all about there is permeated with the odor of the weed, whose name, years ago, was familiar to the ears of Northern people, through that same medium I have heretofore mentioned several times, the songs of the negro minstrels. It is built on a side-hill that narrowly escapes being a precipice. Why such a

SPOT WAS SELECTED FOR

such a large, flourishing and important town, or how the projectors started it amidst the rocks, would be a study to employ the leisure moments of one investigating the zuni villages or the rock-dwellers of Arizona. The first builders must have been let down from the tops of the hills by means of ropes, or helped themselves up from the bottom by means of derricks. Either one of the two sprightly newspapers of the city, the *Virginian* or the *Advance* would be doing a work grateful to the stranger and to the general public, if it would look up this matter and make known the result of their inquiry. Leo was making for this place with his gun, when he fled from Richmond, and if he had got there, there wouldn't have been any Appomattox, and balloons would have been necessary to reach him with any great effect. Of course, the Richmond and Alleghany road, following the bent of an old canal, "The James river and Kanawha," is very crooked, but no unhappiness or discomfort is created thereby. The track is very smooth and solid, the cars are the perfection of comfort and care and you are going through and up the famous valley of the James river. The broad, fat, rich bottoms are capable of being made for every acre, garden spots. They are all there, waiting for some one to come along and take advantage of them. What scores of homes of comfort, plenty and happiness could be created there, where now there are so few people dwelling! I would rather have

ONE HUNDRED ACRES THERE, THAN

a whole section away off in the west or northwest, that is under the snow eight months in the year. Here, you are in the midst of an old, ripe civilization and can have your New York daily, if you choose, on your doorstep almost, on the afternoon of the day of its publication. There. Well there, where are you? The question carries its own answer. Still you are not at Appomattox. But you are approaching it. Remember, it took the United States four years to get there. At Lynchburg you can take a road that in war times was called "The Southside road," now the "Norfolk and Western," and in an hour's ride toward the east, you are in Appomattox. This "Southside road" is the one on which Sheridan captured a train of provisions destined for the confederates, and the one also on which, some of his soldiers who had been engineers, delighted once more to get hold of a locomotive ran them up and down the track, making unearthly

screechings with the whistles and producing such wild confusion that at one time he had determined to burn the trains, locomotives and all. I am not of an excitable or mercurial disposition, but I must confess that as we neared the spot that is to be the most noted and famous one in the whole country for all time to come, my spirits rose and my pulse went up at a rapid rate.

Then follows a long account of Appomattox, reminiscences of the military operations and the surrender, and the writer concludes with the following fair and liberal estimate of the people of this and other sections of the South. He adds:

With such surroundings and such an audience, if a man's enthusiasm is not kindled and his feelings lifted up then he must be a dullard indeed. I look back over my more than two months' sojourn among the people of the South, in their offices and stores and at their firesides and recall the feelings with which on a cold night in December I set out on my journey. It is said that a man can always find just that which he seeketh. I sought nothing upon which to frame or establish a theory: I sought only fact and truth. I started out like one going to an unknown land. I disbelieved in my heart much of what I had heard and read of the southern people, but I hardly thought I should find that which would strengthen and confirm my disbelief. In fact, I confess I feared I should find that which would upset my disbelief. With shame and sorrow I confess it too, that I should have had such thoughts of my own countrymen, that entering, an utter stranger, some of the little lonesome town in the far south, where certain newspapers yet contend there exists a sentiment that they call rebellious, a hatred for the north and northern people, I have done so with fear and trembling, hardly daring to write upon the dusty and blurred register, the name of the town and state of which I am proud to be a citizen, least after I had done so some tall man, with a slouch hat on, pantaloons in boots and pistol in pocket would

PICK A QUARREL WITH ME.

and then, there would be dragged out from the room into the open air what little pieces were left of me, for I despaired of running fast enough to get out of the way! I say I confess to such feelings with shame and sorrow, and with greater shame and sorrow I state that I believe much such a notion exists all through the north with regard to the south and especially the interior and thinly populated regions thereof. There never was such an outrageously untruthful and slanderous notion ever abroad concerning any race or nation. I have it everywhere and all over the south among whites and blacks, rich and the cultured and the ignorant, &

fined and the depraved, constantly asking questions and my tongue "giving me away" as a northern man, the moment it made a movement, and never, by look, act, word or intimation, even by so much as a glance was it manifest that I was not as "welcome as the flowers in May," or as I would have been among friends in Otsego county or Buffalo. There was never any constraint either, only sometimes a little curiosity, especially away down in the wilds of Mississippi, that I was so far away from my home. And any

ONE ELSE WHO GOES SOUTH

as a visitor or to become a resident, unless he be a ruffian or a lunatic, could do the same with the same result. I have been where politicians don't care to go, and where prejudiced people will not go and found everywhere these whose friendship it is an honor to have

and whose characters are the peers of those of any with us. It is a glorious people down there. We have reason to thank God again and again that the event took place in this room as it did, and that this people were forced to be and remain our fellow citizens and brothers, rather than become the citizens of a rival and so hostile nation. We want them all with us, not against us. And now, having compelled them to stay with us, it is our duty to make them love us as well. And first, we should most thoroughly understand them. They are brave, chivalrous, hospitable, generous, quick to resent an affront, but quicker to respond to an appeal to their feelings and sympathies. They will struggle along by themselves, if we let them, suffering without a murmur and never thinking of calling for help even in their direst extremity. They are of that stuff that will eventually work

OUT THEIR OWN GREATNESS.

prosperity and perpetuation. These will come quicker, aided by the force, activity and enterprise of northern people, but no more certainly and abundantly than they will and must come eventually by the efforts of these people themselves. If, toward the true understanding of the southern people, by that large portion of the northern people who read the Telegram, these letters will in any measure contribute, the object of the managers of the paper in undertaking an expensive enterprise will be largely and happily achieved, and the hopes and wishes of the writer will be realized in a manner far beyond his expectations. He stands up as he has repeatedly and gladly done within the past two months, and putting the names as the synonyms of causes, showing that they are now united forever and ever, as the gray dawn comes creeping over the Appomattox hills, he drinks the toast full of meaning, hope and promise: Grant and Lee—Here's to the health of the living and the memory of the dead. Who is there, north or south, that will not respond?
AUGUSTUS TOWNER.

ANOTHER DEFENCE OF GENERAL EARLY

His Campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah

Editor Post:

The Post will probably find many soldiers ready to take issue with it on the proposition that General Jubal A. Early was no fighter. In justice to him and to those who opposed him, I beg leave to submit the following remarks, supplementary to those of Dr. Chapman, which appeared in your issue of Monday. It has been quite the fashion to speak slightly of Early's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, and it seems clear that his work there is not even yet well understood by the public, either in the North or in the South.

Of course a general must be judged by what he accomplishes, and by this test Early's campaign should be tried. The condition of affairs in 1864 was briefly as follows: Grant was in front of Richmond, the salvation of the Confederacy depending upon the safety of Lee's army. Grant and Lee both realized the vital importance of the railways and canals which supplied Lee's forces, and Grant made every effort to attack, as Lee to defend them. In June, Hunter with a considerable force, was advancing upon Lynchburg, threatening these vital lines of supply. Hard pressed as he was, Lee felt compelled to save them at all hazards and detached a corps to protect them. Early's command was selected for this task. Hunter was encountered on the very outskirts of Lynchburg, the town,

railways, and canal were saved; Hunter was driven over the West Virginia mountains to the Ohio, and his command put out of the fight for several important and critical weeks.

Early then swung down the Valley, invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania, threatened Washington, and paralyzed traffic on the Baltimore and Ohio railway, and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal.

So effective was his work that it was resolved to crush him at all cost, and against his small command, never exceeding 17,000 men of all arms, were mustered the Sixth Corps, two divisions of the Nineteenth Corps, the army of West Virginia, with its cavalry, and two splendid cavalry divisions from the army of the Potomac—a force numbering more than 45,000 effectives present for duty.

Early kept this force, outnumbering his own as three to one, on the defensive from July until the middle of September. When the Union army at last moved forward, Early was pushed back, though in the battles which ensued he inflicted a loss on the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, nearly equal in numbers to his own strength.

Even after the battle of Cedar Creek, he threatened the Union lines at Winchester, and maintained himself in the valley during the winter, keeping the Union forces from the main issue at Richmond until late in December, too late for them to have any effect there on the season's operations.

In this campaign Early had saved Lynchburg, interrupted traffic on the Baltimore and Ohio railway, and the Chesapeake and Ohio canal for more than three months, levied contributions of money and supplies on Northern soil, paralyzed the main operations against Lee, by diverting from Grant's army a force three times as great as his own, and preserved intact the Western lines of supply to Richmond and Lee's army. At the close of his campaign the relative positions of the opposing forces in the Valley were practically as they had been the year before.

This was accomplished with a force poorly supplied and poorly equipped, against great odds in numbers, and against perhaps as well supplied and equipped a force and as fine a force in every way as the Northern armies produced.

Had Early been less audacious, less energetic, and untiring than he was, it seems certain that Richmond and the Confederacy must have fallen in 1864 instead of 1865.

General Early and his soldiers have no reason to blush for the campaign in the valley, but every reason to be proud of their achievements there in 1864.

L. W. N. KENNON

Washington, February 10, 1894.

PERIODICAL SPLEEN

Develops as Usual in the Fight for More Pensions.

FIGHTING THE WAR OVER AGAIN.

The South and the Southern People Again the Subject of Villainous Republican Attacks in the House

Washington, March 5.—(The House).—The House of Representatives began the second year of the Fifty-third Congress to-day at noon with prayer by Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. There was a good attendance of members and the prayer was listened to alternately.

On motion of Mr. Richardson (Dem.) of Tennessee, the Senate resolution was passed appropriating \$5,000 for publish-

ing the correspondence submitted to Congress since January 1st on the Hawaiian affairs with an amendment of placing the publication in charge of the Secretary of State instead of the Committee on Foreign Relations.

The bill to enable New Mexico to become a State which was called up by Mr. Joseph (Dem.) of New Mexico, immediately developed opposition.

Mr. Cannon (Rep.) of Illinois demanded a second and tellers were ordered.

The Republicans refrained from voting and the result was announced as follows, 1 day.

No quorum having appeared, Mr. Joseph withdrew his motion and Mr. O'Neil (Dem.) of Massachusetts called up the regular order—the pension appropriation bill, and Mr. Dolliver (Rep.) of Iowa, addressed the House on its provisions criticizing the present administration of the pension office.

Mr. Hepburn (Rep.) of Iowa, scored the action of the representatives of the eleven late Confederate States, for their opposition to liberal pensions.

Not one of these States, he said, contributed a dollar—not even a nickel to the pension roll. The late Confederate States contribute but a small proportion to the expense of the government. In all the ports of the United States \$177,000,000 was collected and of this vast sum, the late Confederate States contributed but \$400,000.

Mr. Livingston (Ca.) and Mr. Enloe (Tenn.) objected to some of Mr. Hepburn's statements on the South's proportion of contribution to the government's expenses, and Mr. Hepburn admitted that there was justice in the objection.

A large proportion of the Southern people, he said, wore cheap cottons, a large proportion went bare footed and did not have to wear shoes. This was on account of the climate and they were not obliged to pay duty on imported goods.

But the people of the States in favor of granting pensions contributed nearly all the expenses of the government and now the people of the late Confederate States wanted to know what the people of other States should do with their own money. The Confederate States did not contribute to the pension roll. (Applause.)

Mr. Hepburn said he could show that the present administration was opposed to a liberal pension policy and the first proof was that Grover Cleveland was President of the United States. He had vetoed a bill granting pensions to deserving men, and had corrupted his veto with many insulting expressions to the old soldiers. The selection of Hoke Smith to administer pensions was another evidence of hostility. Smith was referred to in sarcastic terms and the reading of his biography from the Congressional Record which, Mr. Hepburn hinted, was written by the subject himself, created much laughter among the Republicans. Hoke Smith, he held, was unfit to hold the great office he held.

Another evidence of hostility to pension was the change in the examining boards. Now men thousands of miles away examined the cases of pensioners the boards of physicians who had made personal examination of applicants had been done away with. It was the intention of this administration not to allow any pension during this fiscal year.

A controversy took place between Mr. Hepburn and Mr. Talbert (Dem.) of South Carolina over a statement of Mr. Hepburn's, that if the Democrats believed their charges that the pension roll was running over with fraud, were true, they would be only too glad to investigate.

Mr. Talbert objected to this statement and he and Mr. Hepburn played "give and take" for several minutes, during which there was much confusion. Order was finally restored and Mr. Hepburn resumed.

Mr. Enloe (Tenn.) took the opposite view from the preceding speaker. He said there was a large amount of money involved, a large number of votes involved on the pension question and it opened up a chance for demagogues to exercise their vocation.

He defended the Secretary of the Interior and the pension policy. He contended that justice had actuated every suspension of pensions since the beginning of the Cleveland administration until February 9, last, 202 cases of fraud in pensions had been discovered.

ed by the pensions office, and the victims had been obtained.

A large part of Mr. Enloe's argument was devoted to the company "I" of 154th Ohio regiment. The members of this company, he said, who had not participated in any battles of the war had alleged more disability in their applications for pensions than did the members of the 17th Kentucky regiment, which had served between three and four years and participated in fifteen battles.

This regiment was being investigated by the pension office, said Mr. Enloe and with this statement as a basis, he proceeded to defend the methods of the present Commissioner of Pensions in prosecuting fraudulent applications.

When Mr. Enloe said that the Raum administration had changed the political character of the pension examining board, he was met with a storm of protests from Republicans.

Mr. Millikin, (Rep.) of Maine, said the policy of changing the political complexion of medical boards began under the first Cleveland administration and was continued by General Raum.

Mr. Enloe also made the accusation that persons employed in the pension office, who were in sympathy with the last administration had rejected applications for pensions in order to injure the administration. He knew of such cases to his own knowledge.

In conclusion, Mr. Enloe, in reply to criticisms of Mr. Hepburn and others, wished to say that he had as much right to speak on the pension question as had any other member on the floor. It did not matter whether he was too young to go into the war, nor did it matter what section he came from, he had a right to speak on any question that concerned the people. He was here to protect the tax payers of the country, to stop fraud and that was not only the position of the Commissioner of Pensions and the Secretary of the Interior but of the President himself.

Mr. Baldwin, (Dem.) of Minnesota, had hoped that the war had ended with the surrender of Lee, but he was mistaken. The gentlemen on the other side were fighting it over again, taking it from generation to generation as a heritage.

Mr. Baldwin also wanted to know that if the gentleman on the other side, in endeavoring to make extravagant pension appropriations were trying to embarrass the tariff legislation, for pensions must be paid out of money provided by the tariff law.

Mr. Cannon (Rep.) of Illinois said that the gentleman for Illinois (Black), the former Commissioner of Pensions had stood on the floor of the House and it seemed to him, acted as the attorney for the Democratic party in its pension policy.

In his speech last Saturday, he had told of the magnificent charge of the present Commissioner of Pensions at Gettysburg; and it seemed to him that the gentleman was endeavoring to have the record of Commissioner Loehren spread over the pension policy and the unfriendliness of the administration to the pensioners.

He would like to know whether the gentleman from Illinois was in favor of the pension vetoes, which Mr. Cleveland made during his first administration.

Mr. Black said the bills vetoed came to him from the President through the Secretary of the Interior and were by him referred to various divisions for report. He had then sent the cases back to the Secretary of the Interior with reports sometime giving opinion whether the bills should be vetoed.

More questioning by Mr. Cannon failed to get the desired information from Mr. Black, who declined to betray what he believed to be confidential relations between the President and the Commissioner of Pensions. (Himself.)

To one answer of Mr. Black, Mr. Cannon said, "Then my colleague does endorse the veto of the private bills, but not the dependent pension bills?"

"You understand something I have not said," was the reply, "but what you have determined to make me say." (Laughter.)

Mr. Cannon persisted that the gentleman had not answered his question as to whether he favored the pension policy of the first Cleveland administration, and Mr. Black repeated that he could not answer until permission had

been given him by the President or the law had provided for the removal of confidential relations under which he was placed with regard to his official connection with the President.

Mr. Cannon wanted to know what his colleague thought of the matter as an individual not as a former Commissioner of Pensions.

He saw nothing wrong in that. "Your estimate of duty under given circumstances might guide you; it would not guide me."

"Will my colleague tell me whether the vetoes were written in the pension office or in the White House?" asked Mr. Cannon.

"I trust the gentleman will not persist in that line of questioning after what I have said," said Black.

Mr. Cannon did not want to embarrass his colleague, but he would like his question answered, he said, and Mr. Black replied amid great applause from the Democratic side that it was a question of personal delicacy and decency.

Then, Mr. Cannon made some reference to the embarrassment he had caused Mr. Black followed by a few other remarks, about Mr. Black's refusal to answer his question.

This brought Mr. Black again to his feet with the declaration which he delivered with much feeling that he declined any longer to be placed in the position of a witness to be badgered by the gentleman from Illinois.

"The gentleman declines to answer?" said Mr. Cannon. "The people of this country don't care three hurrahs in hades about what he thinks—they want to know about the policy of the administration on the pensions."

Mr. Cannon devoted the rest of his argument to citing cases of deserving pensioners, many of whom had received their injuries from disease and not from bullets.

At the conclusion of Mr. Cannon's remarks, the House, at 5:40, adjourned until tomorrow.

The Appomattox Land Company, incorporated by the late Legislature, composed almost exclusively of Northern stockholders, will soon open stock at \$100 per share, to be sold to one-half whole amount, \$250,000, and the cash payment required will be 25 per cent. Assessments will not be made within ninety days of each other, and not for greater sums than 25 per cent. Two lots of 5,000 square feet will be given with each share of stock and deeds to lots furnished when stock is fully paid up. It is estimated that after allowing some seventy-five acres for camp grounds, a hotel, park, boulevards, etc., the holdings will make 9,000 lots. One-half of the proceeds of the stock sold, or \$75,000 is to be held in the treasury of the company for purpose of developing property, etc. It is not only proposed to convert the Appomattox battle-grounds into an attractive place where the old soldier can spend a few weeks in camp, but industrial enterprises of various sorts will be started and pushed to rapid completion. Already beds of kaoline have been discovered on the property, and the company is organized to develop them, while the forests abound in valuable timber, such as ash, oak, hickory, walnut, etc. The company will contribute liberally to any industrial enterprise, and donate lots to any organization for the purpose of erecting monuments, memorial stones, etc., on the grounds. The Government will be asked to build a national avenue from Appomattox station, on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, to the Courthouse, and make appropriation for a grand peace monument to be erected there. It is believed that many people of means from North, will seek the place for summer or winter homes, and that many who visit there, through curiosity or otherwise, will be induced to remain, and buy farms where high waters do not trouble, and cyclones find no footing. Viewed from this standpoint alone, great good must eventually result to this section.

The Westmoreland Club, at Richmond, through its president, Mr. Virginius Newton, on Friday night presented to the Lee Camp an oil painting of Major General Dabney H. Maury. The gift was received by ex-Judge George Christian on behalf of the camp. After the presentation General Maury, who was present, made an address, in which he reviewed some of his campaigns. The subject of the portrait is one of the oldest Confederate major-generals now surviving.

MR. STEVENSON'S ANCESTORS.

They Were North Carolinians Prominent in the State's History.

EDITOR POST: In your extended sketch of "Mr. Cleveland's running mate," published in Monday's issue, you say, "Mr. Stevenson was born in 1835 in Christian county, Ky., to which place his ancestors emigrated from Virginia." This is an error. Mr. Stevenson's parents moved to Kentucky from North Carolina, and he embodies many of the most striking traits of character inherent with the native Carolinian, hence the particular interest and pride the Old North State takes in his candidacy. It will be remembered that the delegation from that State steadfastly voted for him for the first place, which fact no doubt had its effect in accentuating the influence that led to his selection for the second place.

One of Mr. Stevenson's ancestors was a signer of the Mecklenburg declaration of independence. He has a number of kinspeople residing in Wilmington, Charlotte, Statesville, and elsewhere in North Carolina, and they bear a remarkable resemblance to him. Especially is this true of Mr. J. C. Stevenson, a prominent citizen and leading merchant of the city first mentioned, as well as of Hon. F. B. McDowell, late mayor of Charlotte. Were the latter gentleman to walk into the Post-office Department this morning, the clerks would rush around him to offer their congratulations, so striking is his resemblance to the ex-Assistant Postmaster General.

Another interesting fact is that living in Statesville, N. C., is a kinsman of the same name, and this Adlai Stevenson has a reputation even more extended than that of the Vice Presidential candidate. While unknown to popular fame, he is known to botanists, mineralogists, and archaeologists the world over as one of the most accurate authorities on those subjects. He possesses one of the finest private collections of Indian relics in this country. For years he has been in correspondence with the foremost scientific men in these departments, both in this country and in Europe, and classical collections have been made by him for temporary loan to European universities.

This distinguished and scientific kinsman of the possible future Vice President is described as a gentleman of singularly modest bearing, with long silver hair falling to his shoulders, and a face of sweet gentleness and dignity. A correspondent writes that "he looks as if he had come out of an old world picture." It may be added further that Mr. Stevenson was the discoverer of the North Carolina gem known as Hiddenite.

EDWARD A. OLDHAM.

WASHINGTON, June 30.

Law President

THE PRESIDENT.

Charles Minor Blackford, now president of the State Bar Association, was born in Fredericksburg in 1833, the son of William M. Blackford, of that place, and, subsequently of Lynchburg, whence he removed when his son was about 15 years of age.

Mr. Blackford was educated at the University of Virginia, where he took the degree of B. L. in 1855, and at once commenced the practice of law in the city of Lynchburg. Soon afterward he married Miss Susan Leigh Colston, of Albemarle county.

On the breaking out of the war he enlisted in Company B, Second Virginia Cavalry, and was at once made first lieutenant. After the First Battle of Manassas he was promoted to the post of captain, the captain of the company having been made major of the regiment. On the reorganization in 1862 he was re-elected, and continued in the position of captain until 1863, when, at the request of General Longstreet, he was transferred to his staff as judge advocate of the corps, which position he retained until the close of the war.

MEMORIAL DAY.

The nineteenth of January has been made, by act of the legislature, a legal holiday in Virginia. It is so observed in Texas, and perhaps in some of the other Southern States. And, on this anniversary, every city and almost every hamlet, from the Potomac to the Gulf, will witness memorial exercises to testify the esteem, the admiration, the love, in which the people of the South firmly hold and fondly cherish the name and fame and character of Robert E. Lee.

In this observance of the birthday of Lee an example for imitation is held up to the gaze of the rising generations that come and go, as the successive trains in the mysterious Vision of Mirza. And most assuredly the annals of history afford no higher model, no loftier example. To one who understands the true character of Lee; one who has studied it in the spirit of a dispassionate inquirer after truth; one who has peered into the interior recesses where lie the hidden springs of motive and purpose, as well as into the open and manifest field of action and public disclosure; to such an one it is an almost impossible task to restrain the impulse of extravagance and hyperbole. We do sedately, candidly declare that Robert E. Lee is the highest, the noblest product of the converging civilizations of the world that met and blended in the latter half of the nineteenth century. In him were realized all that the pen of history enthusiasm of romance, or the fancy of poet, could picture in the portrait of that chivalrous knight hood which gathered about the Paladins of Charlamagne and the Round Table of Arthur. As a soldier, he occupies a niche in the Pantheon of Fame by the side of the greatest captains of all ages, from Alexander and Hannibal to Marlborough and Wellington. But it is the contemplation of his moral character, and not his military exploits, which excites our highest admiration. His magnanimity and moderation in moments of triumph, were alike notable with his fortitude and serenity in the day of disaster. His innate nobility and simplicity of character confers a crown of glory superior to all the splendor of his historic renown. He is for the present the supreme model which we, of the South, set before the admiring eyes of the rising generation. But his sublime character will grow with time, and break down the barriers of prejudice, until the meed of praise and admiration shall be accorded without distinction of locality or section. The day is already conceived in the womb of the future when the North will unite with the South in claiming a place and a privilege in the kindred lineage and citizenship and nationality of Robert E. Lee.

As a military genius his place in history is established beyond the power of envy or detraction to impeach. The European military critics, Sir Garnett Wolsley at the head, ascribe to him the place of foremost captain of the English race in any age. And this is the verdict of the most capable critics of our own country. General Preston has left on record the following tribute from Wingfield Scott.

Long before the civil war, in a conversation with General Scott, that great captain said: "I tell you that if I was on my death bed tomorrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and he asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say, with my dying breath, 'Let it be Robert E. Lee.'" And Montgomery Blair declared that at the outbreak of the civil war General Scott sent him to Colonel Lee to offer him the chief command of the Union armies. But the self-abnegation, and sense of honor, and constancy of devotion to his native State, led Robert Lee to put behind him this tempting prize. But we must refrain from the expression of our full heart upon this theme that must ever stir our sensibilities to their profoundest depth. We will conclude with the verses, familiar to many, but which the young should commit to memory. It is a tribute to Lee, by Philip Stanhope Wolsley, of England, accompanying a copy of his translation of Homer, presented by him to General Lee:

"To Gen'l R. E. Lee—the most stainless of living commanders, and, except in fortune, the greatest,—this volume is presented with the writer's earnest sympathy and respectful admiration.

The grand old bard that never dies,
Receive him in our English tongue,
I send thee, but with weeping eyes,
The story that he sung.

Thy Troy is fallen, thy dear land
Is marr'd beneath the spoiler's heel,
I cannot trust my trembling hand
To write the things I feel.

Ah, realm of tombs! But let her bear
This blazon to the last of time:
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so pure of crime.

The widow's moan, the orphan's wail
Come round thee, yet in truth be strong;
Eternal right, though all else fall,
Can never be made wrong.

An angel's heart, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me,
Hymn, well, the great Confederate
South,
Virginia first, and Lee.

Jefferson Davis Monument.

RICHMOND, Va., Dec. 21.—The board of directors of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association met in Mayor Eilyson's office to-day. The Southern Press Association have collected considerable money, which they will apply to the Richmond movement. They report between \$15,000 and \$20,000 subscribed. The board elected as members of the association Patrick Walsh, of Augusta; J. L. Weber, of Charleston, S. C., and Capt. Childress, of Nashville, and elected as general agent to solicit subscriptions S. A. Cunningham, who will begin work in Texas.

THE FOLEY STATUE.—The statue of Stonewall Jackson, which arrived in Baltimore on Friday from England per the Nova Scotia, will reach this city in a few days per one of the steamers of the Powhatan Company, who have volunteered to transport it to this point free of charge. To expedite its arrival, and avoid delay at the Baltimore Custom-House, efforts have been made to have it brought here in bond.—R. Whig.

LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

The Baltimore Sun says:

"Congressman J. D. Hicks, of Pennsylvania, in a speech at a Grand Army of the Republic meeting in Washington, on Wednesday night, denounced the celebration of General Robert E. Lee's birthday. 'I tell you,' he is reported as saying to the veterans, 'we cannot encourage the idea of celebrating the birthday of such a traitor as Robert E. Lee; we have no room in this country for such celebrations.' The veterans, it is stated, did not applaud this unworthy sentiment, and it may be assumed that Representative Hicks had the distinction of being the only person present who was willing to attack the memory of a great soldier and a noble man. Mr. Hicks is too small a figure in public life and his influence is too limited to make his comments upon General Lee a matter of more than trifling importance. Union veterans, who know more about the true meaning of war than the Pennsylvania statesman, were glad to pay eloquent tributes to the nobility and greatness of General Lee last Tuesday, when his birthday was celebrated in Washington and New York, as well as throughout the South. Mr. Hicks' discordant note will not affect the judgment of the world—that no finer type of American manhood and American genius in war has been produced than the commander-in-chief of the Army of the Confederate States."

A howl from such a fellow as Hicks of Pennsylvania, who, no doubt, comes from Hicksville, is not worthy of serious attention. The admiration of the Northern people for General Lee is second only to that in which he is held by our own people. There will be plenty of room in this country for the celebration of the birthday of Lee, as nearly every Southern State has made it a holiday by legislative enactment, Hicks to the contrary notwithstanding.

J. E. B. Stuart Camp of Confederate Veterans, of Dinwiddie county, at their meeting Monday, decided to erect a monument to the Confederate dead of the county, to be located at the Courthouse. Committees were appointed to solicit subscriptions, and Mr. A. M. Orgain was elected treasurer. Dinwiddie county sent its full quota of brave men to the war and many of them fell upon the battlefields.

THE LAST CALL.

Republished by request of several ex-Confederate Soldiers.

[Suggested by the Funeral of a Veteran of the Stonewall Brigade.]

The grave is filled, and round it stand
The friends of him who sleeps below;
An armed troop, a soldier band
Who call him once more ere they go.

Hear you the summons as it flies
From hill to hill far up the dell?
Trembling, lingering ere it dies
As if 'twere loth to say farewell?

Oh! 'tis the call that erst was blown
Before the dawn of battle red—
A call to whose electric tone
The heart that rouses not is dead.

Soldier, awake! Do you not hear
The sound that makes the echoes start—
The sound that strikes on ev'ry ear
And fans the fire of ev'ry heart?

Loudly it rings and fading floats
A moment o'er the mournful spot—
For the last time the bugle's notes
Call to him—and he answers not!

C. M. WALLACE, JR.

Mrs. Jackson Dead.
Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 14.—Mrs. Seline H. Jackson, the wife of Gen. Jackson, the proprietor of the celebrated Belle Meade farm, is dead.

JAMES P. HAMBLETON DEAD.

An "Unreconstructed Son of Old Virginia" to the Last.

The Washington Post of Saturday says:

Dr. James P. Hambleton died at Providence Hospital at 6 o'clock yesterday evening. The immediate cause of death was influenza of an unusually severe type, which his advanced age and frail physique rendered especially dangerous. He had been ill only for a few days, and not many of his friends knew of his sickness until the announcement of his death was made. He was moved to the hospital on Thursday afternoon from the Owen House, where he had resided for several years.

Dr. Hambleton was a familiar figure in Washington life. He had lived here since 1869, and had a very large circle of friends and acquaintances. A man of fine mind and liberal education, his varied experience and wide observation made his memory a storehouse of incident and anecdote, which, together with the very positive opinions he held upon matters and events which his knowledge and experience covered, rendered his character unique, and his acquaintance sought by most people who came in contact with him. He came of a line of ancestry notable, if not illustrious. The last four generations of his family bred physicians, who became noted as surgeons in great military campaigns. His grandfather was a surgeon in the Continental Army, and was Washington's physician in the Yorktown campaign.

Dr. Hambleton was born in Pennsylvania county, Va., in 1819. After acquiring a knowledge of his profession by study under his father and at the University of Virginia, he removed to Dade county, Ga., where he engaged in practice, and where he married. He took an active part in the turbulent politics of ante-bellum days, and was a member of the Georgia Legislature in the latter 50's. A life-long Democrat, he was a bitter advocate of "States rights," and helped organize the secession movement in Georgia. He was a member of the famous Charleston convention of 1860, and at the outbreak of the war joined the regiment organized by John B. Gordon, afterward General and Senator, as surgeon. He served in this capacity with Stonewall Jackson and Longstreet during the whole rebellion, and his personal prominence brought him into intimate contact with these and other famous leaders of the Confederacy, and gave him almost an encyclopedic knowledge of the characteristics and habits of most of the great chiefs of the Southern cause.

After the war Dr. Hambleton came to Washington to prosecute a claim against the government which he held as administrator of an estate. He entered government service and held office for several years, but the extreme bias of his opinions and the fact that he never lost an opportunity of declaring his continued belief in and adherence to the principles of secession finally lost him his place. He was to the end thoroughly "unreconstructed." The fact that caused his dismissal from his place under the government was his naming a son born to him during his residence here, John Wilkes Booth Hambleton, and this may be taken as indicating the uncompromising character of his views.

The practice of his profession had given him the means of support up to a few years ago, when his age and infirmities practically retired him, all unwillingly, from active competitive life. Of his family two sons are alive, one being in the service of the Treasury Department, stationed at Key West, Fla., and the other in Texas. A telegram was received from Key West last night to the effect that his son there was ill and not expected to live. Arrangements have been made for the burial of Dr. Hambleton's body by the side of his wife, in Rock Creek Cemetery. The funeral will take place on Sunday.

JUDGE LATHAM DEAD.

Formerly Presided Over the Corporation Court of this City.

Judge Charles P. Latham died in the city of Washington on Tuesday afternoon, after a rapid decline resulting from organic weakness of the heart. For the past three or four years he has resided in Richmond, in the practice of law, at the same time doing occasional work upon the newspaper press of that city.

For several years Judge Latham was clerk of the United States District Court at Danville. Removing to this city, he was in 1882 elected by the legislature judge of the Corporation Court, assuming its duties on the 1st of January, 1883, and discharging them until the expiration of his term on 1st January, 1889.

Deceased was born in Culpeper county, the seat of the widely-known Latham family, in 1845. His father, Mr. Woodville Latham, upon the occupation and devastation of that county by the federal armies fled to Lynchburg, where his brother, Dr. Henry G. Latham, and his sister, Mrs. Dr. William Owen, resided; and he thenceforth made this city his permanent home. Professor Woodville Latham and Mr. Robert E. Latham, brothers of the deceased, and his sisters, Mrs. Edward N. Eubank and Mrs. Alexander Abernathy, are well known to this community, where they once resided, as also his two unmarried sisters, Misses Mary and Ella, now living in Washington city.

Judge Latham was twice married, his first wife being Miss Kate Miller, step-daughter of Dr. E. P. Withers, of Danville, and a daughter of that marriage now resides in Washington city with her aunts. Several years after the death of his first wife, Judge Latham married, in the year 1884, Miss Edwards, of Floyd county, who, with two children, survives him.

Early in the Confederate war, the deceased, then a mere youth, enlisted in the Black Horse Troop of Fauquier county, and remained in the service during the four years of hostilities. He was a gentleman of excellent understanding, lively wit, and prepossessing manners, and never failed, wherever he resided, to attract warm friends. At this writing it is not known where his remains will be interred.

At Danville on Sunday, Mr. Jesse R. Noel, Sr., of the firm of Noel & Woodward, died rather suddenly at his home. Messrs. Joseph D., Charles D., and Walter Noel, of Danville; J. R. Noel, of Greenville, Tenn.; G. L. Noel, of Rocky Mount, Va.; Mrs. R. A. Croxton, and Mrs. W. O. Strange, of Danville, and Mrs. J. R. Williams, of Georgia, are his children. Mr. Noel was born at Cascade, Pennsylvania county, 65 years ago, and resided there until 15 years ago, when he removed to Danville. He served throughout the war with conspicuous courage and fidelity in the Thirty-eighth Virginia Infantry. Since the war he has been engaged in the milling, mercantile, and box-manufacturing business.

James H. Muse, one of the oldest men of Hamilton, Va., died at his home at 3 o'clock Thursday morning of pneumonia. Had he lived until the 22d instant he would have been seventy-seven years old. He was chaplain of the local lodge of Masons. Mr. Muse was a member of the Loudoun Guards, which subsequently became a part of the Seventeenth Virginia Regiment, with which he served through the war in the Confederate service.

Captain John N. Murphy, ex-Commonwealth's Attorney of Westmoreland county, Va., died on Friday at his home, at the "Hague." Captain Murphy served with distinction through the late war, and since that time had been engaged in the practice of law. He was a prominent Republican.

Mr. Richard R. Taylor, a Confederate veteran and much respected citizen of Portsmouth, died Saturday night at his home, 67 years of age and leaving four grown children.

Death of A. R. Aleock.

Mr. A. R. Aleock, one of the clerks in the office of the Auditor of Public Accounts of Virginia, died at his residence Friday afternoon.

Mr. Aleock was born in Culpeper county on June 29, 1844, and was, therefore, nearly 63 years of age. He was a son of Thomas Seddon Aleock and Mrs. Juliana Johnston Aleock. He married Mrs. Julia Mathews, a niece of General Kemper, once Governor of Virginia, and his wife died several years ago.

Mr. Aleock entered the army in February, 1862, as a member of Company B, of the Thirteenth Virginia Regiment, and served with distinction until he was wounded at Gaine's Mill June 27, 1862. His commandant was Colonel J. Catlett Gibson, until recently a resident of Virginia, but now living in New York. From the time of the receipt of his wounds he was either upon his cot or on crutches until May, 1863. He then enlisted again under General James G. Field, in the quartermaster's department. Mr. Aleock had been in the Auditor's office since 1884. He will be buried at Culpeper.

Mr. William E. Boisseau Dead.

Danville has lost another prominent citizen by death—another victim of pneumonia—Captain William E. Boisseau, Commissioner of the Revenue, who died on Monday.

He was born in Litwiddle county, fifty-six years ago. He went to Danville in 1858 and became clerk in a store, afterwards engaging in mercantile business for himself. At the outbreak of the war he promptly volunteered, but owing to pulmonary weakness he was compelled to relinquish active service, and was located at Danville in 1862 as captain in the Commissary Department, serving in that capacity until the close of the struggle.

In 1868, he was elected City Sergeant, serving ten years after which he was elected Commissioner of the Revenue and was successively re-elected up to the time of his death. He was conceded to be the most popular man in town before the people, it being impossible to defeat him for any office for which he stood for election. Genial and jovial, a good raconteur, and a man of fine business capacity and character, he was known by everybody and universally esteemed. In the local Masonic order he was also prominent, being at the time of his death the oldest member in point of service, and a trustee of Roman Eagle Lodge.

Mr. Boisseau leaves a wife and four children—Mrs. E. P. Beadles, Mrs. Terry Orgain, and Misses Ethel and Alice Boisseau.

Mr. Isaac J. Hoover died at Staunton Sunday afternoon of heart failure after a long illness. The deceased was about 65 years old, and had a fine record as a Confederate soldier. For a long time Mr. Hoover had been proprietor of the Hoover House in Staunton, and made a success of the hotel. Before coming to Staunton, it is said, Mr. Hoover had reverses, but when good fortune came to him in later years, with bank roll he went to his old-time creditors and paid every dollar, principal and interest, although the statute of limitation barred the debts. Mr. Hoover was an Odd Fellow and a member of the Ancient Essenic Order. He leaves three children—Misses Valle and Effie and Edward Hoover.

Mr. Thomas Russell Hatchett, who died a few days ago at Stokesland, Pennsylvania county, was a veteran of the Mexican and the civil wars.

Capt Philip Haxall Dead.

Richmond, Va., February 11.—Captain Philip Haxall, at one time president of the Haxall-Crenshaw Mills Company, died tonight after a brief illness. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, and was well-known in social circles.

EULOGIES OF CRISP.

Congressman Henderson Speaks Eloquenty of the Virtues of the Departed. Judge Turner Gives a Sketch of His Life—Mr. De Armond's Departure from the Usual Lines.

Washington, January 16.—The House today, in accordance with an order entered some weeks ago, turned aside from the consideration of public business and listened to eulogies upon the life and services of the late ex-Speaker Charles F. Crisp, of Georgia. The occasion was marked by an unusually large attendance of members, while the galleries were filled by auditors who listened with interest to the obituary eloquence. Tributes were paid to the deceased by Representatives Turner, Georgia; Henderson, Iowa; Catchings, Mississippi; Dalzell, Pennsylvania; Richardson, Tennessee; Bartlett, Georgia; McMillin, Tennessee; Cummings, New York; Hermann, Oregon; DeArmond, Missouri; Dinsmore, Arkansas; Buck, Louisiana; Cooper, Florida; Swanson, Virginia; Lacey, Iowa; Bell, Colorado; Wheeler, Alabama; Woodward, North Carolina; Layton, Ohio; McLaurin, South Carolina; McCreary, Kentucky; Wellington, Maryland; Tate, Georgia; Livingston, Georgia; Lawson, Georgia, and Merse, Massachusetts.

While the eulogies were being delivered, Speaker Reed called to the chair temporarily Mr. Richardson, of Tennessee, who was speaker pro tem. of the House under the administration of Speaker Crisp,—the first instance in the present Congress that a Democrat had been asked to preside over the deliberations of the House.

Before entering upon the execution of the order of the day, the House passed two or three private bills.

Mr. Turner was the first speaker. He briefly sketched the principal events of Judge Crisp's life and closed by saying that there were wide divergencies of opinion between him and the late Speaker, which made it fit that he should not be his eulogist, but that service should be performed by other members of the State delegation.

The tribute of Mr. Henderson, (Iowa) expressed the general esteem in which the ex-Speaker was held. Mr. Henderson said: "My relations with Judge Crisp were somewhat singular. He was the first member of Congress with whom I held heated debate, and I believe I was the last with whom he had debate developing some of the feelings so often incident to our legislative life, but leaving no scar. Though never intimate with Judge Crisp in the sense of comradeship, we were always good friends, enjoying thoroughly cordial relations and mutual respect. I soon learned that his word once given was sacredly kept. He was a man of high honor, and self respect was a dominating element in his character. He was truly a strong, deep and earnest character. He was never a trifle. He was kind and gentle in his manner, so much so in ordinary relations that one often wondered at the high and intense feeling which at times he was capable of swiftly reaching. He had in his nature the sunlight and the shadow, the tempest and the calm.

"Entering the Confederate army as a mere boy of sixteen, he soon learned how very serious a matter life was. It tempered the good metal until it was capable of great worth, and the boy without a boyhood was soon a powerful and aggressive man. His strength and ability invited the confidence of the people, who soon elevated him step after step until in this body, he reached a position of power second only to that of the Chief Executive. When death took him he had not yet attained the fullest statue of his mind. The great Georgian sleeps after a hard, active, tireless summer's work, and before the autumn's harvest had come.

DEATH OF DR. HARRIS.

THE EMINENT EDUCATOR PASSED AWAY YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.

His Distinguished Services in His Chosen Field—Twenty-Nine Years a Member of the Faculty of Richmond College. His Fine Record as a Confederate Soldier.

Dr Harris's Career.

Professor Harris was born in Louisa county, Virginia, on December 14th, 1837, so that at the time of his death he was in the 60th year of his life. His father, Henry Harris, deceased, was a prominent and prosperous farmer of Louisa, and was well known in the adjoining counties. From his very infancy he was surrounded by Christian influences, and at the age of fifteen became a member of the church and engaged actively in religious work. He first went to school in Louisa, attending there a private school and receiving there his first instruction in studies to which he afterwards devoted years of his life. In 1854 he went to the Richmond College, and there in 1856 took the degree of B. A. He was then a high school teacher for one year. He entered the University of Virginia in the year 1857, and after three years of hard study received from that institution the Master's degree. To the required course he added Hebrew, post graduate mathematics, and post graduate Greek.

The disturbed condition of the country called him away from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, at Greenville, where he was preparing himself to enter the ministry. At the very opening of the Civil war, Professor Harris volunteered as a private in a company of Virginia infantry and in the campaign of 1861 served under General H. A. Wise, in the Kanawha Valley. After the company was disbanded, he enlisted in the Albemarle Battery of Field Artillery, which was attached to a Louisiana brigade of Stonewall Jackson's command. He was with Jackson in his Valley campaign, and in the seven days battle around Richmond. He was also in the battles of Freckericksburg and Chancellorsville. After 1863 he received an unsolicited commission as first lieutenant of engineers, and in this position served first under General Edward Johnson and then under the immediate orders of General R. E. Lee. In that position his duties were continuous in making surveys, in selecting lines of battle and of march, in constructing bridges, in opening roads, and, around Petersburg, in digging countermines. In this service, he surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse.

Fighting Joe Shelby III

Kansas City, Mo., February 6.—General Joe Shelby, (Fighting Joe) the noted Confederate and United States marshal for the Western district of Missouri, is very ill on his farm near Adrian, Mo. He has been suffering some days with pneumonia, which has developed into typho-pneumonia fever, and late last night his condition became critical. His condition today is improved.

GENERAL SHELBY DYING.

Something of the Remarkable Record of "Fighting Joe."

Adrian, Mo., February 9.—General Joe Shelby is sinking rapidly. His death is expected momentary.

Joseph Orville Shelby was born in Lexington, Ky., in 1831. When nineteen years of age he went with his parents to Missouri. Hemp was the great Missouri staple in those days, and when his parents settled on a farm young Shelby secured employment on a ropewalk at Waverly.

He ultimately became owner of the works and of a big plantation in Lafayette county, and as a consequence became a slave-owner. When the Kansas dispute arose Mr. Shelby sympathized with the pro-slavery element, and in the border troubles which followed he was a leader in several of the raids into Kansas.

After the actual hostilities began in Kansas he became known among his neighbors as Captain Shelby. Later, he raised a company of Confederate cavalry and entered the field, starting south to join General Price. A few weeks later Captain Shelby was commissioned as colonel of cavalry and ordered back to Missouri to recruit his regiment.

Returning with one hundred men, who had numerous skirmishes with federal bands, Colonel Shelby quickly organized a regiment, to which were joined three Missouri regiments in a cavalry organization known as "Shelby's Brigade." This brigade, under General Shelby, saw much hard service in Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, and Texas.

When the news of Lee's surrender came to the Confederate army in the West, General Shelby found himself at the head of a well equipped and thoroughly disciplined body of men, many of whom would not admit that their cause had been lost. He succeeded in convincing his followers that further fighting would be useless, and when, as an alternative, he proposed a march to Mexico, there to espouse the cause of Maximilian, one thousand of his men readily joined him.

At Corsicana an election was held and Shelby was again chosen commander of the brigade, receiving every vote. The column then moved on to Houston and to Austin, where the Confederate government had a sub-treasury, in which was stored \$300,000 in gold and silver.

General Shelby arrived at Austin barely in time to save this treasure from a marauding band of guerrillas, under Captain Kabb, who captured the treasury building and started in to loot. Shelby's men surrounded the place, and, after shooting down a number of the marauders, drove them off.

The Missourians guarded the sub-treasury until the following day, when the mayor of Austin proposed to General Shelby that, as his men were the last organized body of the Confederacy in Texas, they should take this Confederate money. The General positively refused, saying:

"I went into the war with clean hands and by God's blessing I will go out of the war with clean hands."

From Austin Shelby's band marched to San Antonio and to Eagle Pass, where they crossed into Mexico and resumed their march. When they reached the City of Mexico Maximilian had been reigning for a year. General Shelby offered to take immediate service with his band and to recruit an army of 40,000 men from the United States to supersede the native troops, but Maximilian was suspicious and the Missourians were forced to disband. Many of them settled in Mexico, others went to the Pacific coast of California, while some returned to their former homes.

General Shelby became a freight conductor in Mexico, but in 1867 he returned to his farm in Missouri, where he lived a retired life until 1893. In the last named year President Cleveland appointed him United States marshal for the Western district of Missouri. During the strike in 1893, when as marshal General Shelby was active in suppressing the strikers, he became involved in a controversy with Governor Stone, who contended that United States officers and troops were being used in violation of the doctrine of State's rights, the very doctrine for which the General had fought so bitterly during the civil war. But to Governor Stone the General replied "that the question of State's rights was decided by that war and settled for all time when Lee surrendered at Appomattox." In the recent political campaign General Shelby was an active supporter of the policy of President Cleveland.

General Shelby Dead.

Adrian, Mo., February 13.—General Jo Shelby died at his farm near here at 4 o'clock this morning.

Lexington, Va., February 13.—Hon. John Randolph Tucker died at five minutes after eight o'clock tonight. He was conscious up to a few hours of his death.

Mr. Tucker was born at Winchester, Va., December 24, 1823. He belonged to a distinguished family of the Old Dominion. His grandfather was St. George Tucker, who was noted as a statesman and an orator, and being also the author of "Tucker's Blackstone" and a "Commentary on the Federal Constitution," published in 1804. His son, Henry St. George Tucker, father of John Randolph Tucker, served in the war of 1812, and was a member of Congress from 1815 to 1819.

Mr. Tucker, at his death was 73 years of age, being the last of the family of thirteen children. His father was president of the Court of Appeals of Virginia.

This public life, as well as securing for him a permanent reputation as a lawyer, gave him also a great influence in the political circles. He took prominent part in the politics of the State as a Democrat, and an advocate of the State-Rights school. He was re-elected to the office as Attorney-General three times, holding that office when the great Civil war broke out. He was twice an elector on the State Democratic electoral ticket.

It was during his service as Attorney-General that the South seceded from the Union. Mr. Tucker was strongly in favor of Virginia following her sister States. He advocated earnestly that if all the States should act in unison, their separation from the Union proving to be permanent, they would thus be in a state by which future war could be averted, and the happiness of the people more assured. He declared also, that if such attempt at separation should prove futile, then the States in a body would be better able to establish themselves in reunion with the North upon safe terms.

Ex-Judge W. W. Crump, for years one of the most prominent members of the Richmond bar, is ill. His condition is not now considered dangerous. Judge Crump was assistant treasurer of the Confederacy.

A telegram from Phillip, W. Va., announces the death late Wednesday evening of Hon. Samuel Woods, one of the State's most distinguished lawyers and jurists. He was eighty years old. Mr. Woods was a professor in the old Monongalia Academy at Morgantown for several years before he began the practice of the law. He was a member of the Virginia convention of 1851 and voted for secession. He served on the Supreme Bench from 1853 until 1859. He was a member of the constitutional convention of the State which sat at Charleston in 1872, and was, until his death, president of the board of trustees of the Methodist Conference Seminary at Buchanan. Samuel W. Woods and J. Hop Woods, of Phillip, are his sons, both well-known lawyers.

MR. DAVID RANKIN DEAD.

Information was received in this city yesterday of the death in New York of Mr. David Rankin, which occurred yesterday about 1:30 o'clock P. M. Mr. Rankin was a native of North Carolina, but came to Richmond to live shortly before the war. He entered the Confederate army at the breaking out of hostilities, and fought through the struggle. Mr. Rankin married Miss Bettie Breeden, a sister of Mr. Powhatan Breeden, of this city. His wife and one daughter, Miss Maud Rankin, survive him. He was for many years in the employ of Messrs. Tefft, Weller & Company, of New York.

Captain John Robbins White died in Norfolk Saturday, aged 71. He was a gallant soldier in Company A Third Virginia Infantry, Pickett's Division.

DR. ROBERT H. POWER DEAD.

A Well-known Virginian, Whose Son Is a Prominent Washington Pastor.

Dr. Robert H. Power, father of Rev. F. D. Power, of this city, passed away at Newport News, Va., early Thursday morning. He spent a great deal of his life here, and was favorably known to a large circle of friends, who will deeply deplore his death. Dr. Power was born in York County, Va., in 1824, and graduated from Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, quite young. He began the practice of medicine when he was twenty-one years old, and soon established a reputation. He retired from practice about a year ago.

He became a staunch Democrat soon after the war, and was chairman of York County until he removed to Newport News, in 1855, when he was twice elected to the State Senate. He was chairman of the electoral board of his county, and was offered the postmastership of Newport News by Mr. Cleveland during his first term, but did not desire to accept the responsibility, and declined. The doctor was also elected a delegate to the conventions of 1853 and 1872. He was a forceful and eloquent speaker.

He succeeded in having passed through Congress the bill making an appropriation for the erection of the Yorktown Monument, and one for paying the trustees of William and Mary College for damages done the buildings during the war.

Dr. Power rendered a large amount of gratuitous service during the rebellion to the citizens of York County, who implored him to remain with them rather than go on the field of battle.

He was married twice, first to Miss Abbie Jencks, of Syracuse, N. Y., and in later years to Miss Fannie French, of Newport News, Va. Eight children survive him, six daughters, three of whom are married, and two sons, Rev. Frederick D. Power, pastor of Vermont Avenue Church, this city, and Mr. Frank Power, of Atlanta, Ga.

Death of a Goochland Veteran.

GOOCHLAND COURTHOUSE, VA., February 23.—(Special.)—Captain George Fisher Harrison, one of the oldest and most highly-respected citizens of this county, died suddenly to-day at 2 o'clock P. M. at his residence, "Longwood," near Goochland Courthouse. He was the father of Mrs. Walter H. P. Morris, of Richmond; John Harris, of Burkeville; Mrs. B. T. Turner; George E. Harrison, Jr., and Holmes Conrad Harrison. Captain Harris was of the famous Harrison family of Virginia, and a cultured, intellectual gentleman of the old school. He commanded the Goochland Troop during the late war.

Gen. "Jo" Shelby left a most interesting collection of relics of the Confederacy. One of his prized possessions was a daguerrotype of three boys—Shelby himself, Frank Blair, and B. Gratz Brown.

Mr. Mills H. Holland, sr., of Buckhorn, Nansemond county, who was paralyzed a week ago, died Saturday morning. The deceased was about 65 years of age, and was one of the most prominent citizens of the county. He was a Confederate soldier, having served in Barham's Cavalry.

The friends of Mrs. Lucy Ann Cox, who followed the Thirtieth Virginia Regiment all during the war, have erected to her memory in Spotsylvania county a monument, with the following inscription: "In memory of Lucy Ann Cox, wife of James A. Cox; died December 17, 1891, aged 61 years. A sharer of the toils and dangers, and privations of the Thirtieth Regiment, Virginia Infantry, Confederate States army, from 1861 to 1865, and died beloved and respected by the veterans of that command. Erected by her friends."

Capt. John S. Lockhart Dead.

Captain John S. Lockhart, of Durham, N. C., died Monday. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, a member of Stonewall Jackson's brigade. He was long connected with the tobacco trade in Virginia and North Carolina. He was a brother-in-law of Colonel J. S. Carr.

MEMORIAL DAY.

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Preparations in Progress—Gen. Merriford Compelled to Decline.

The celebration of Memorial Day on Friday, May 7th, promises to be one of unusual interest. The marshal, Captain J. C. Featherston, has selected the following assistant marshals and aids:

Assistant Marshals—J. W. Watts, R. H. T. Adams, J. L. Thompson, A. H. Plecker, J. W. Dickinson, R. T. Watts, James I. Lee, Dr. Sam Scott, Colonel M. S. Langhorne, A. W. Nowlin, W. May, M. M. Moorman, and J. R. Hunter.

Aids—N. C. Manson, J. E. Edmunds, Charles Owen, C. M. Roberts, P. O. Adams, E. L. Akers, T. A. Watts, Booth Ferguson, Lawrence Morris, F. H. Almond, S. T. Withers, C. M. Guggenheimer, J. B. Taylor, John Morgan, Pelham Moorman, S. B. Younger, William Beasley, W. P. Clark, William King, Jr., M. E. Doyle, and L. W. Wilson.

The order of parade and full program of exercises will be published in The News of tomorrow. Everybody who has flowers to spare is requested to send them to Mrs. Colonel Kirk Otey, on Court street. The fire department is expected to secure, as they do every year, a large quantity of flowers with which they will decorate the engine, hook and ladder, and hose wagons.

Rev. Dr. J. J. Lloyd has accepted the invitation to participate in the celebration as chaplain. General Munford was compelled to decline the invitation to deliver the oration. His letter to Mrs. John H. Lewis was as follows:

"Your very kindly expressed invitation for me to act as the orator on Memorial Day places me in a most embarrassing position. It was not received until after I had seen the announcement in The News of this morning that I would be the orator, and I have an engagement elsewhere which I cannot forego. God bless the women of the South, whose noble efforts are to teach the children the true story and to perpetuate the memory of those who died for their country. I am sure in this big city you can readily find a substitute. Some of them (substitutes) did far better than their principals, and as human nature continues about the same, a call from the ladies will make any man show his colors."

"Please accept my grateful thanks and assurances that my heart is in the cause you so beautifully represent. I am the ranking Confederate officer in this city; as such let me suggest that the juniors be given preference in such matters. Aaron was preferred to Moses because he was a better talker. If I had the meekness of Moses, I might not say so much, but I am a very poor Aaron."

State Senator P. S. Hyde, of Piedmont, W. Va., who had been stopping at the Taylor House at Winchester for the last few days, died very suddenly Thursday night. Senator Hyde was a native of Frederick county. He was a prominent politician of West Virginia, and a member of the Senatorial Constitutional Committee of that State. He leaves considerable wealth, and was aged 61 years. He was an ex-Confederate soldier. His remains were taken to Piedmont for interment.

John A. Brown.

Mr. John A. Brown, who died in Washington Wednesday was a brother of Mr. E. Fell Brown, of Towson, Baltimore county. He was a private in Company D, Fifth Maryland Regiment, commanded by Colonel Seley, during the late war. Mr. Brown was born in Howard county and brought up in Carroll county. He was employed in the Treasury Department at Washington at the time of his death. A widow and four children, one of whom is Dr. Walter Brown, of Washington, survive him.

Gen. Bragg, of Wisconsin, is not the man of whom Gen. Taylor used the expression, "A little more grape." Capt. Bragg, a little more grape." This famous command was given at the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847, by Capt. Braxton Bragg, afterward a distinguished officer of the Confederate army.

BRECKINRIDGE.

THE SPEECH
OF
GEN. WM. PRESTON,
AT
MEMORIAL MEETING,

HELD AT

Louisville, Ky., June 17th, '75.

MR. CHAIRMAN—We are assembled to render honor to the memory of a man distinguished in history, beloved by the people, and admired for his virtues.

The people and the press have shown more sorrow for the death of Breckinridge than for that of any man since the loss of Gen. Lee. It is only sterling merits that create such sentiments in the mind of a State.

It is obvious that the duty imposed upon me is not easy because the premature death of John C. Breckinridge, in the fullness of manhood, leaves many great questions unsolved, which were intimately interwoven with his life. It is impossible to portray the character of Breckinridge without falling into mere eulogy, unless some freedom is allowed in examining recent facts not softened by the lapse of time, but essential to any just estimate of his life. Relying upon the motives leading to the honors of the day—to the indulgence of this enlightened audience, and the generous men opposed to his views, whether in civil life or in arms, who join in these obsequies—I will proceed to examine the events of his remarkable career.

John Cabell Breckinridge was born in the city of Lexington on the 16th day of January, 1821, at the residence of his father, Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, a gentleman of distinction, who, after a short, but brilliant career, died at the early age of thirty-five years after having been twice Speaker of the House of Representatives and for three years Secretary of State for Kentucky. Joseph Cabell Breckinridge was the son of John Breckinridge, a celebrated statesman, the friend and Attorney General of Mr. Jefferson, and the author of the famous Kentucky resolutions of 1798, in regard to the relative rights of the States and the General Government. John Breckinridge was the son of Col. Robt. Breckinridge, Lieutenant under the King of the county of Batetourt, in the colony of Virginia, descended from a family of Scottish origin. The mother of John C. Breckinridge was a lady of great accomplishments and intelligence, and the daughter of Samuel Stanhope Smith, president of Princeton college. Her

mother was a daughter of John Witherspoon, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and a lineal descendant of John Knox.

The early education of Breckinridge was regulated by his mother at Cabellsdale, the plantation of his grandfather, under refined influences and religious associations. He left Center College in 1838, which institution was then under the presidency of his brother-in-law, John C. Young, a divine distinguished for his eloquence in the pulpit and his abilities as a theologian. The inflexible truth, masculine eloquence and moral dignity of John C. Breckinridge may be attributed not alone to his excellent natural disposition but to the powerful influence and salutary effects of his early education.

After graduating at Danville, Gen. Breckinridge remained a year at Princeton, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. He emigrated to Burlington, Iowa, but soon returned, and having married Miss Mary Burch, of Scott county resumed the practice of his profession at Lexington.

Breckinridge rapidly attracted attention as an eloquent and successful advocate, but war having been declared against Mexico, he was appointed Major of the Third regiment of Kentucky volunteer, and served in the column under General Scott until the close of the war. He learned his first lessons in the military art in the small but admirable army that conquered the City of Mexico. There he was thrown into association with many educated soldiers and volunteer officers whose names have since become historic. His mind acquired more comprehensive views; his experience of men was enlarged; his natural power of self control strengthened, and his character received that finish and force it exhibited in every emergency. The law had ripened his mind for counsel, and the camp for command.

Not long after his return Breckinridge entered political life as Representative from the county of Fayette in the Legislature of Kentucky, and soon rose to merited distinction. He was afterwards nominated for Congress by the Democratic party, and was elected, after an animated contest, against Gen. Leslie Combs, an able speaker and devoted friend to Mr. Clay, whose influence was vast in the district. Having entered Congress under brilliant auspices, he justified the hopes of his friends by the prominent position he assumed in the debates as to the Presidential candidates and policy of the Democratic party; and, particularly, by the classic eulogy which he delivered in the House on the death of Henry Clay. On his return he was nominated for re-election, and, after a close and excited canvass, defeated the Whig candidate, Gov. Letcher. These rapid successes raised Breckinridge to a high position in his party and gave him a national reputation. The Democracy were proud of his abilities, and their leaders confided in the wisdom and lofty character of the young Kentuckian.

About this time Breckinridge took a prominent part in the debates on the Kansas and Nebraska bills, and became involved in a personal controversy with the Hon. Francis B. Cutting, of New York. Some aspersions fell from Mr.

Cutting in an eloquent invective against Breckinridge, which were promptly checked in such terms that no alternative was left, as Mr. Cutting conceived, but a demand for reparation. A note was sent by Col. Monroe, of New York, and Gen. Shields, which was construed as a challenge. It was accepted by Breckinridge, and rifles, at sixty paces, named as the weapons. The friends of Mr. Cutting claimed that they were entitled to the choice of arms, as the note was not intended as a challenge. It was withdrawn, and a satisfactory adjustment ensued. The affair created great excitement at the time, and rendered Breckinridge very popular with some on account of the high spirit he had displayed, and with others because he manifested great good sense and moderation in the adjustment. Breckinridge was strongly opposed in principle to dueling, and afterwards declared to his confidential friends how reluctantly he accepted the chal-

lenge, and his determination never to engage in an affair of honor. The matter now is of no importance, further than to show his opinion upon a custom formerly tolerated or admired.

Before retiring from Congress, Breckinridge was tendered the mission to Spain by President Pierce, but declined the honor. In the ensuing year the Democratic Convention assembled at Cincinnati, and after a protracted contest Mr. Buchanan was nominated for the Presidency over Judge Douglas. There were many aspirants for the Vice Presidency, but after a short and hasty conference of some friends, Breckinridge was placed in nomination, and chosen amidst the enthusiastic acclamations of the convention. Many are still living who recollect the impressive scene, and the grace with which Breckinridge received the honors of the Democratic party. The people of his native State were proud of the honor shown a youthful son, and Buchanan and Breckinridge were triumphantly elected by the country.

Breckinridge presided four years over the Senate of the United States with great dignity and impartiality. The debates were the most stormy and momentous ever known in this august body, but the Vice President not only maintained but increased his rising reputation. Only a few weeks before his death, Henry Wilson, the present Vice President of the United States, moved by the remembrances of the past, and the impartiality, dignity and courtesy of his predecessor, came to visit Breckinridge. He saw him for the last time, and no one who witnessed the interview, could fail to be impressed with the touching respect paid by the Vice President as a merited tribute to the integrity and justice of the dying statesman.

When the Charleston convention assembled for the purpose of nominating candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, the country was in a state of great excitement. The fierce and intolerant character of the debates in Congress; the violent tone of the public press, and the passionate declarations of the primary assemblies, all gave direful omens of war. Breckinridge had the strongest desire to avoid the impending conflict and maintain the Union. It was

natural from the hereditary politics of his family, and the ardent temper of the Democracy, that Breckinridge should have been a zealous champion of State rights and the theory of secession. The great reputation of John Breckinridge, and the connection of his family and kindred with those triumphs of the States' rights party, would have inflamed an ordinary man. But Breckinridge was not an ordinary man, and no such narrow and vain memories excited his imagination. He recognized the benefits of the Union, and was resolved that it ought to be maintained, but was unwilling to see the General Government encroach upon the old landmarks of the Constitution.

These views were strongly fastened in the mind of Breckinridge, because he had long studied and carefully determined the exact limits between the powers of the Federal and State governments; and his confidential friends all knew how anxiously he wished to avoid the war that menaced the country. He did not wish the nomination for the Presidency at Charleston, and urged his friends not to suffer his name to be presented. In this they succeeded for a time; but the convention having adjourned to Baltimore, Breckinridge was compelled by the general voice to accept the nomination of the Southern portion of the Democratic party.

In the subsequent contest, Breckinridge and Douglas were defeated, and Lincoln and Hamlin, the Republican candidates, were elected.

The situation of Breckinridge at this time was embarrassing, and one of the most difficult ever occupied by any public man. In order to understand it we must remember the condition of affairs in Kentucky. In every interest and sympathy she was a Southern State. Her representatives and people during the abolition excitements had always declared themselves vehemently for the South; but her extensive river frontier was exposed, and her people were alarmed at the losses they thought would inevitably follow from the State being made the theater of war. When Fort Sumter was bombarded the Government of the United States called on Kentucky for troops; but the Governor promptly replied that no troops should be furnished by Kentucky for the wicked purpose of carrying on war against the Southern States. The response was received with universal enthusiasm by the people, but, at the same time, a plausible proposition for neutrality was thrown out by those opposed to the South, and was credulously accepted. It was then improbable, and is now amazing, that such a proposition should have been deemed practicable. But little reflection was necessary to show that the neutrality of Kentucky in a civil war in the country was as impossible as that of Lorraine or Nassau would be at this time in a war between France and Germany. Nevertheless, neutrality was proclaimed in Kentucky. At that time Breckinridge was in the Senate. The Government promised to respect this neutrality, but at the same time proceeded to occupy the State with troops. After painful vacillation the State succumbed. It is better to draw a veil over the history of the State during this unhappy period; and it is only now

mentioned from a sense of duty to exonerate the memory of the dead from misrepresentation or reproach.

At this time all the supporters of the Union clamorously declared that the war should not be waged by the United States for the purpose of subjugation or overthrowing the institutions of the States, but only to maintain the supremacy of the Constitution and the rights of the States unimpaired. Such was the condition of affairs in July, 1861. The Southern Senators had all withdrawn. Breckinridge remained and stood deserted. The rage of party did not shake his steadfast soul, nor did the flying army after the battle of Manassas tempt him into exultation or alter his conduct. He stood silent and alone. All parties were anxious to secure him, because his popularity was equivalent to the alliance of a State or the support of an army. He was admired by the Northern Democracy. Power, the Presidency, and a dazzling future were on the one side, and exile, danger, and honor on the other. At that time scarcely a man in the Southern States could be found who would deign to accept office from the Government of the United States. The Administration eagerly received the adhesion of obscure men, and the submission or friendship of Breckinridge would have been an era in its history. But, guided only by his lofty integrity, he avoided the temptation, and won alike the respect of friends and enemies. He pursued the path of honor, and, true to the principles of his life, did not swerve from the way. In that memorable session of the Senate, Breckinridge displayed the most intrepid qualities of his soul. Every word seemed weighed in the balance. He engaged in no idle debate. No weak complaints fell from his lips, and no apologies were made for the principles of his life, but he pursued his theme without heeding the storm that howled along the sky. Even adversaries paid him involuntary admiration. Baker, of Oregon, an eloquent orator and brave man, who afterward fell in battle, charged him with uttering words of brilliant polished treason in the very Capitol; but admitted that Breckinridge was as grave, eloquent, and dignified as any Senator that ever sat in Rome when Hannibal advanced upon the city. Breckinridge afterward dauntlessly declared to the Senate that he would trouble it no longer. That he knew no arguments or appeal would have any effect; that he had cherished all his life an attachment to the Union, under the Constitution of the United States, and had always revered it as one of the wisest of human works; but, that it was then disregarded by the Executive, and that his illegal acts were approved by the Senate. With sublime courage he declared that proceedings were instituted, which, in his judgement, would lead to the utter subversion of the Constitution and of public liberty. He knew the temper of Congress, and that he might as well oppose his uplifted hand to the descending waters of the Niagara as to its unconstitutional action. These were his unmanly words uttered with grandeur, in the midst of arms; in a hostile Senate, before a furious audience in the galleries and at a time when shrank the timid and stood still the brave.

This was an ordeal in the career of Breckinridge that few men could endure. Rash friends at home murmured at his delay, and embittered enemies denounced him as a traitor. Mediocrity envied the place he disdained. He retired from the Senate and returned to Kentucky. Worn and disheartened, he made some noble appeals in public addresses to the people. They listened in multitudes, but were afraid to maintain the neutrality our unhappy State had declared. The Federal Government was emboldened by the terror it had inspired. It formed camps and levied troops at pleasure. Warrants of arrest were issued in disregard of law, upon the application of any one, worthy or worthless, who professed devotion or loyalty to the Union. Every village was filled with spies. Charles Morehead, an eminent citizen and former Governor of the State, was dragged from his home secretly at night, without trial, and imprisoned in the penitentiary of Indiana.

The judges trembled; the bar was silenced, and there was no refuge for a citizen but instant and unconditional submission or exile.

Such was the wretched situation of Kentucky when Breckinridge laid down the trust he held, and ended forever his political career. He had been tried in many high places, and by his abilities, fidelity and great character had won the hearts of the people. He had a vast popularity, but it began to wane. His chances for the Presidency, once so splendid, were forever relinquished. His noble constancy to the guarantees of the old Constitution did not suit the times. Some faithful friends adhered to him in his adversity, but the mass of his followers were overawed. Before leaving the Senate he had spoken the voice of the people, and his own heart, when he had moved an amendment to the army bill, that the army and navy should not be employed for the purpose of subjugating any State, or reducing it to the state of a territory or province. Such words had been universally applauded by the State only a few weeks before; but terror reigned. Breckinridge determined to sacrifice ambition to conscience and his interest to duty. Misunderstood, rejected by his State, deserted by summer friends, with sublime dignity the great Senator of Kentucky passed in exile to Virginia.

The departure of Breckinridge from Kentucky was an epoch in its history. A great war began and resulted in vast political changes. The Constitution of 1789 was changed, and the former social system of the Southern States was overthrown. The compact of the thirteen colonies was altered, and a powerful republic substituted. The haughty spirit of Kentucky in her early days, when she had opened the navigation of the Mississippi, had disappeared. The fire with which John Breckinridge and Jefferson had humbled New England and the Federal party in 1798 was extinguished, and the principle that all just government must rest on the consent of the gov-

erned was denounced as treason. That principle had been declared in the early leagues of the Greek democracies, and had drawn forth the applause of the Roman theater when they rang with the verses of Terence:

—“Et errat longe, mea quidem sententia,
Qui imperium credat esse gravius, aut stabilius,
Vi quod sit, quam illud, quod amicitia ad-jungitur.”

He greatly errs, who think a mighty State,
Founded by force, can be so strong or great
As one on friendship based.

The same principles were maintained by Sidney with his blood. It was declared to be indisputable in the Declaration of Independence, and had been asserted in the infancy of our State.

To these principles three statesmen, John Breckinridge, Henry Clay, and John C. Breckinridge had consecrated their talents; and now, the last was an exile for their maintenance. His ancestors a century before had brought the laws and liberties of Virginia over the blue Alleghanies to found a powerful and wealthy commonwealth, and now their noble descendant was a fugitive freeman from her soil.

I well remember the night that Breckinridge left his wife, his children, and his native State. A little boy, running, and out of breath, brought me a crumpled piece of paper in Breckinridge's handwriting, with the words “Hark! are about,” written in pencil. It was unsigned, and the messenger said the gentleman wanted me at once. I went immediately. Breckinridge told me warrants were out for the arrest of himself and some of his friends, and detachments of troops were ordered. It was then sunset, and he told me he would leave at dusk. After a short consultation, his venerable mother came to bid him farewell. Her countenance was calm, but full of sorrow. No words of complaint fell from her pale lips. A few earnest and tenderly whispered words, a long embrace, and the widow parted from her only son forever. The glow of honor and patriotism was on his brow and the pallor of resignation in the face of the mother. Alas! how many mothers have thus yielded their sons to their country, to behold them no more! How many monuments, cemented with their tears, are the pale witnesses of the unforgotten dead.

Breckinridge published an address at Bowling Green, in which he bade farewell to the United States, and exchanged the robe of a Senator for the musket of a soldier. This paper terminated his connection with the Government forever.

At that time Breckinridge was forty years of age, and in the full splendor of his manhood. His features were expressive, and, when lighted up by any emotion, strikingly handsome. His figure was compact, graceful and active, and he had a noble and commanding presence. His mind was better suited to the eloquence of the Senate than the subtle arguments of the bar. He sought to convince rather than to persuade, and employed no false or

affected ornaments of speech. He studied with care the events of the day, and his ideas were always appropriate to the occasion and the audience. Breckinridge considered that oratory should be used to protect rights, reform abuses and control men rather than as an elegant art to yield refined enjoyment to cultivated minds.

In the character of Breckinridge there was a great reverence for authority. There was nothing turbulent, discontented or rebellious in the man, and he never entered into any political combinations to obtain personal power.

When we inquire into the virtue or vices of a man's life, we can only do so intelligently by examining his motives and his acts. There is a necessary connection between the two indispensable to just judgment, and when the life and actions of Breckinridge are subjected to these tests no nobler character will appear in the history of Kentucky. His views, his declarations in the Senate and the origin and history of his political principles, have been already sketched. It only remains to examine how he bore himself for their defense.

For ten years of his life, he proclaimed his theory of American Freedom in the Congress of the United States, admired, applauded, and loaded with distinctions; for the succeeding four years, a proscribed and banished man, he maintained his principles with his sword. Posterity will consider the latter period the most glorious of his eventful life. Was all in vain? History must hereafter answer. In my belief, the ideas of Democratic freedom for which he sacrificed his brilliant position are not dead, but will survive. They are eternal in their nature and hostility to centralized power and imperial splendors. The sacred flame of liberty is nourished, not extinguished, by the blood of freemen, and after ages will revere the men who gave their lives to these opinions, and sleep on their plains and mountains in unknown but glorious graves, the unpaid soldiery of immortal principles.

The deeds in arms of Breckinridge were great and memorable. For four years of constant warfare it seemed as if his services were incessant and always distinguished. At Bowling Green, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Chickamauga, Baton Rouge, Stone River, Jackson, Missionary Ridge, and in others battles and conflicts, he was always conspicuous in the most terrible assault and stubborn combats of our armies. When his division advanced, it cut a road through which the light of victory broke; when it retreated, it opposed an impassable wall of fire to enemies.

It was not alone in the armies of the West that Breckinridge won fame. At New Market, Monocacy, Saltville, Cold Harbor and by the side of Lee in the last fearful scenes at the fall of Richmond we see the man, as it were, glorified by adversity and splendid amidst the calamities of his country.

Time forbids, and the occasion admonishes me that I should not dwell upon such themes further than just honor to the memory of the dead demands; but what generous soldier, or true man, can

refuse sympathy and admiration for great deeds, springing from noble motives, and who can hereafter truthfully impeach the noble sincerity of Breckinridge as a statesman, his deeds as a soldier, or his public and private virtues?

The battle of Shiloh was the first field in which Breckinridge fought. He had just received command of his division, and Johnston held it in reserve. The commander by a magnificent assault on the right wing of the enemy, caused him to weaken his left, and then at the head of Breckinridge's reserve, rapidly deploying, poured, with the fury of a torrent on the left flank of his line of battle. Who can forget the charge, or the two Kentuckians that led the battle? Johnston fell mortally wounded, in the midst of his triumphant troops, advancing as his life blood ebbed, whilst Breckinridge, with fiery valor, urged his divisions exulting to the charge.

Again, afterwards at Stone river, Breckinridge appeared leading his division into a fire more terrible than that poured on the Light Brigade, when they charged the Russian batteries at Balaklava. After routing an equal force, the devoted division crumbled under the concentrated fire of sixty pieces of artillery and two fresh divisions of infantry. It did not fly, but died. Seventeen hundred men out of a force of five thousand fell, but the survivors torn, and shattered, immediately formed under the eye of the General to renew the combat.

Again Breckinridge appears repelling the attacks of the fleets of Farragut and Porter with forty vessels, and more than three hundred guns, during the bombardment of Vicksburg. We see him at Baton Rouge in a brilliant but indecisive battle; at Corinth, by his sagacity suggesting or urging its masterly evacuation, ending in the removal of Halleck from command; at Chickamauga, in the bloody assaults on the lines of Rosecrans; at Jackson in the repulse of the attack of his lines and at Lookout Mountains and Missionary Ridge, meeting the mighty hosts of Grant, and covering with stubborn courage the retreat of Bragg.

After the transfer of Breckinridge from the Army of the West, his reputation increased. In the West he served under Bragg; in Virginia under Lee. For awhile he had a small independent command in Western Virginia. General Sigel attempted to force the Valley of the Shenandoah. Breckinridge, with a handful of men, dashed upon him. By a brilliant tactical movement he routed his troops and captured his artillery. Sigel was removed from command.

Breckinridge afterwards advanced, with Early, on the City of Washington, and signally defeated General Wallace at the battle of Monocacy. He encamped at Silver Spring, the seat of Francis P. Blair, his kinsman, within sight of the city. Serving through many campaigns he afterwards commanded with distinction a division under Lee at the battle of Cold Harbor.

The military abilities, sterling qualities, and faithful patriotism of Breckinridge were tested in these battles and campaigns. A rapid enumeration confuses the mind, so that it can not comprehend their magnitude. Bunker Hill,

Princeton, Tippecanoe, the Battle of New Orleans, and Buena Vista are mere skirmishes compared with Shiloh, Stone river, and Chickamauga. In each of these great battles the Confederates lost more men than our armies lost in all the other battles mentioned. At Waterloo, the English, under the Duke of Wellington, out of a force of about 45,000 lost about 9,000 men, and Johnston at Shiloh, from a force of about 35,000 combatants, lost more than 13,000 men. The victory at Chickamauga was still bloodier, and the loss at Stone river nearly as great as at Shiloh.

These were the fields in which the courage and conduct of John C. Breckinridge were tested, and in this theater he shone with greater luster than in the Senate.

His character and talents were so remarkable, that in the last hours of the Confederacy he was appointed Secretary of War. The resources of the country were exhausted. Lee stood with his thin but heroic lines, in front of the enormous masses of Grant. The dreadful battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor occurred. Breckinridge, with great ability and energy, endeavored to sustain Lee in his supreme hour of trial. All was in vain. The last knell of the Confederacy was sounding. Richmond was evacuated. The light of the burning magazines revealed that the Confederacy was expiring. Her blazing bridges crumbled beneath retiring troops, and the shadow of Lee and Breckinridge side by side were the last shrouded by that fatal night.

The capitulations of Lee and Johnston ensued, and in the negotiations with Sherman we see Breckinridge for the last time in public affairs. The terms proposed were honorable to the victors and generous to the vanquished. They were rejected by the Government.

It was at this time that General Breckinridge wrote his last official letter to President Davis. The letter is from Charlotte, and advises the President to accede to the capitulation of the 18th of April, 1865. After reviewing briefly but ably the situation, Breckinridge advises that the President should recommend to the several States the acceptance of the agreement, and says:

"Having maintained with faithful and intrepid purpose the cause of Confederate States while the means of organized resistance remained, that you return to the States and the people, the trust you are no longer able to defend."

Devoted to the end, and in dire extremity, he did not forget the people or the States. He did not desert them in this last hour, but, true to the principles of his fathers and the Democratic party, attempted with feeble but courageous hand to give popular liberty from destruction.

We have thus rapidly surveyed the remarkable career of Breckinridge. His position as a statesman had been great; but his military renown obscured his civic reputation. All men trusted him, for he was honorable; his troops loved him, because he shared their glories and privations; and great generals admired him in the field and trusted him in counsel. When he was appointed Secretary of War, and General Lee was

informed of the event, he said, with warmth, that from his experience of the abilities and character of Breckinridge he was the ablest general in the Confederacy to command a great army.

Breckinridge was a man formed by nature to shine in disasters. He was sagacious, composed and fearless. Extremely silent and cautious, he exercised a magnetic influence over men, and could lead troops to desperate enterprises with enthusiasm. An able general who well knew him said that his talents as a Secretary of War were preeminent, and if he had been appointed earlier he would have eclipsed the renowned Carnot.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, the conqueror of Ashantee, and now the most distinguished soldier in the English army, has written a military sketch of General Lee which places him among the great Generals of the world. The commendations of Lee were not frequent or exaggerated, and his solitary opinion of the abilities of Breckinridge is worth more than any eulogy.

The subsequent capitulation of the armies of the Confederacy ended the war. Many were paroled, but Breckinridge refused to surrender. Conscious of right, his soul was unsubdued. Four years before he had crossed the mountains to find freedom in the bosom of Virginia. Her lands had been invaded, her children slain, and her homes laid waste with fire and sword. The enemy had made a solitude and called it peace. For him nor home nor country were left. He stood upon the shores of Florida homeless. Four years before, he had crossed the mountains to preserve his rights, and he now in his desolation determined to cross the ocean. No friendly sail or ship was near, nor tutelary aid. All was lost but his unconquerable will. The heroic spirit of his pioneer forefathers swelled in his heart. If they had opened the primeval forests to plant civilization and freedom, ought not their son to brave the trackless ocean to preserve his personal liberty. A little open skiff was found. He entered it. There was no compass to guide him, and no power to support him but God. Two faithful friends remained. John Taylor Wood, the gallant grandson of President Taylor, and Major Wilson, a devoted staff officer, embarked with him. After weary days and many perils they reached the shores of Cuba. The hearts of the Spanish officers were touched. Breckinridge was received with the sympathy awakened by his misfortunes and the honor due to his life.

Breckinridge could not return to the United States. His family joined him in Europe. He visited the Holy Land and the chief nations of Western Europe until a milder policy prevailed in the United States. He then returned to Kentucky, a powerless but honored man. He resumed his profession and lived quietly and simply, respected and beloved by friends and adversaries. Many spoke of once more bestowing upon him the highest honors of the State, but he quietly suppressed all such suggestions. He was a proscribed man. He uttered no complaints and asked no pardon; but strong in great virtue and a patient soul, stood still and waited for happier days.

Breckinridge died an alien to his State and country, and lies in a proscribed grave. I desire to awaken no bitter feelings, but it will be remembered that the Senate of the United States passed a resolution unanimously "that the traitor, Breckinridge, be expelled." It is proper to say that Breckinridge had resigned, and but just to the dead that noth in can more fully demonstrate the injustice of the Senate than the passage of that resolution. But it was passed, and still violates the records of that powerful body. The resolution is in spirit a bill of attainder. It is the only one ever passed by that body, and shows the reckless fury of the party when it passed.

The bill of the attainder was the most fearful engine of feudal tyranny ever invented by the malevolence of man. It differed from an indictment, trial and judgment. It merely, by parliamentary resolution, declared a man a traitor, or attainted. It specified no crime, because it was often used to deter the innocent; it required no appearance, because it allowed no defence; it permitted no evidence, because the victim was foredoomed. It was the highest and most infamous stretch of parliamentary power, and an odious relic of aristocratic barbarity under the common law. Its effect was to confiscate the property of the unhappy wretch, to set a mark of infamy on his blood, to place him beyond the protection of the law, and to rob and murder the victim without inquiry.

When our fathers framed the Constitution of the United States they remembered the merciless confiscation and bloody crimes committed by English parliaments through bills of attainder, and declared no bill of attainder or ex post facto law should be passed. They also declared that no person should be convicted of treason, unless on the testimony of two persons to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

In defiance of these provisions, Breckinridge was declared a traitor by the records of the Senate, and has passed to the grave under the stain of treason. But the declaration is a nullity. A voice more powerful than that of the Senate has gone forth in the land, declaring that there shall be peace. THE PEOPLE HAVE SO DECREED.

Death did not come suddenly upon Breckinridge, but advanced by slow approaches. He did not perish in the storm or in the battle, but gently and peacefully in the tranquility of home. He contemplated with his usual firmness the most solemn truths that can affect man in his relations to God. The privacy of the chamber of death is sacred; but it is believed that the great truths of life entered the unpolluted temple of his mind, and turned it by degrees to the soul's essence till all became immortal.

Funeral honors like these are not mere pompous ceremonies, but the recompense of virtue. It is an attribute of humanity to pay homage to departed worth. Nature gives no stronger evidence of the immortality of the soul than the tribute of the living to the

memory of the dead, for it is 'the last offering of mortality to immortality. Under such solemn motives we desire to commemorate a citizen beloved in peace, a soldier renowned in war, and a statesman who never deserted a principle. It is in this spirit that we, THE PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY, now offer this tribute to the memory of John Cabell Breckinridge. "PEACE TO HIS DUST AND HONOR EVERMORE."

A VIRGINIA HEROINE.

Death of Eiss Matilda Russell at Her Home in Winchester.

Winchester, Va., March 2.—Miss Matilda M. Russell died at the residence of her mother here about midnight Sunday after a lingering illness of several months. She was conscious and recognized her friends almost to the last. No one in Winchester was held in higher esteem and no one was more universally beloved. She had been a member of Loudoun Street Presbyterian church for years. She was also vice-president of the Ladies' Memorial Association of Stonewall Cemetery, and devoted much time to the memorial exercises on June 6 since the late war.

Miss Russell was the heroine in a beautiful story, entitled "A Night on the Battlefield," written by Major John Esten Cooke, the distinguished Virginia writer, and which appeared originally in the Winchester Times during the fall of 1866. The young Confederate soldier, whose life was doubtless saved by the heroism of Miss Russell, was a Marylander by birth, but was serving on the staff of General Ransom, of North Carolina, when so desperately wounded. When Miss Russell heard Major Cooke had written the story she modestly insisted that her name should not be used, declaring that she had only done her duty, and would have performed the same service for the most humble private in the Confederate ranks.

The suggestion of Major Cooke that the scene afforded the subject for a great painting was quickly seized upon. Mr. Minor K. Kellogg, an eminent painter and the husband of Eliza Logan, the celebrated actress, was on a visit to the Hon. John Wethered, at Wetheredsville, Baltimore county, who was a subscriber to the Winchester Times. Mr. Kellogg read the sketch and at once determined to transfer the scene to canvas. He visited Winchester, was introduced to the heroine of the story, who consented to give him the requisite sittings in order that a correct picture of her might be secured. He also visited the battlefield at Rutherford's farm, four miles north of Winchester, and faithfully sketched the surroundings. This provided, Mr. Kellogg went to his home and, it is said, produced a magnificent painting, which was fancied by a Northern millionaire and now graces his private gallery. Another artist of reputation, Mr. Oregon R. Wilson, also read the sketch and painted the picture, "A Night on the Battlefield," which was on exhibition at the Philadelphia Centennial, where it attracted much attention and favorable comment. It was afterward exhibited in the principal cities of the country, including Baltimore. It was also on exhibition in the art department of the Chicago Exposition.

Mr. John L. Pamplin, of East Radford, died Sunday and was buried Monday. He was born 50 years ago in Botetourt county, and when but a lad of 16 years of age enlisted at the first call for troops in the Rockbridge Artillery, Captain (afterwards general) William N. Pendleton in command. He was a gallant soldier, and with a short intermission, was in the Stonewall Brigade during the four years of the struggle.

Death of Mr. Coffee.

Mr. W. W. Coffee, an aged and well known carpenter, died Sunday night at his home on Eighth street, after a long illness, aged 64. He leaves a wife and an adopted daughter. Deceased was a member of the Knights of Honor and of the Odd Fellows; during the war he served in Beaugard's battery until disabled.

Mr. Coffee was widely known in Lynchburg and possessed here a large number of warm friends. He was universally esteemed and respected.

Capt. Darst Dead.

Capt. John Darst, conductor on the Cripple Creek branch of the N. & W. road, died Saturday at his home in Pulaski. Capt. Darst began with the road in 1871 and for a long time ran conductor between Lynchburg and Bristol. He was a Confederate soldier, and received a wound in one of the battles in Virginia thirty-four years ago. He has carried the missile in his body ever since. It is thought to have caused his death.

The Late Mrs. Hannah.

The Appomattox and Buckingham Times has the following notice of Mrs. Mary E. Hannah, who died here a few days ago:

"The many friends in this county of Mrs. Mary E. Hannah were grieved to learn of her death, which occurred at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. J. L. Lewis, in Lynchburg, last Sunday. The deceased was 73 years of age, and was a consistent Christian and member of the Presbyterian church at the time of her death. Her remains were interred at her late residence near Pamplin City Tuesday. Mrs. Hannah was the widow of the late William Hannah, who was a gallant Confederate soldier, and who represented this district in the State Senate for a number of years. They are survived by four sons and one daughter.

GEN. WYATT M. ELLIOTT DEAD.

He Breathed His Last Shortly After Midnight Yesterday Morning.

General Wyatt M. Elliott, clerk of the United States Circuit and District courts here, died yesterday morning at 12:40 o'clock at his residence on Diamond Hill. He had been very sick for several weeks, but his complaint was not considered serious until about two weeks ago, when his condition became very grave. Shortly before his death, as a last chance, an operation was resorted to, but the patient failed to rally, and for a day or more his death was momentarily expected.

General Elliott's death will be a source of profound sorrow to this entire community. He was one of the old school of Virginia gentlemen. By his courtesy and genial kindness he won for himself a host of friends, and was particularly esteemed by the legal fraternity of the city.

General Elliott was born in Campbell county, on February 25, 1823, and died on the seventy-fourth anniversary of his birthday. He was the son of Thomas and Elizabeth Elliott. In Appomattox county, September 7, 1847, he married Marcia P. Moseley, who was born in Campbell county, and who died on the 22nd of August, 1885.

The children of this union were six, of whom three are living: Horace B., Ella V., and William Arthur. In 1883, the General married Miss Elizabeth Trent, daughter of Dr. John L. Trent, of Cumberland, who survives him. This estimable lady being left an orphan at an early age, was adopted by her kinswoman, the wife of the late Judge John Robertson, of Mt. Athos, in his vicinity.

When General Elliott was eight years of age, he removed to Buckingham county, and there pursued his education. At the age of sixteen, he went to the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, where he entered as a cadet, at the organization of the institute, on the 11th of November, 1839, and was captain of the first company. He was graduated in July, 1842, returned to Buckingham county, and taught

school two years, as the State law then required.

During that time he read law under Colonel W. P. Bock for six months. In 1846 he removed to Richmond, and became associated with the publication of the Richmond Whig, and continued that relation until 1865. Meantime, the subject of this sketch was chosen captain of the "Richmond Grays," which he commanded from 1847 till the close of the first year of the late war. While commanding the Richmond Grays he was ordered out with his company to attend as guard at the execution of John Brown, and was present in that capacity at Harper's Ferry on this momentous occasion. After the first year of war, he resigned his commission as captain of the Grays, and obtained permission from the Confederate Government to recruit and organize a battalion of six companies which he did. He was commissioned to command the same as lieutenant-colonel, the command known as the 15th Virginia Battalion of Infantry. He continued with this command in the field, attached to Gen. Ewell's troops, until captured at Sailor's Creek, April 6, 1865. He was carried a prisoner of war to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie. On the way to Johnson's Island he happened to be confined in the old Capitol prison at Washington city, on the night that President Lincoln was assassinated, and narrowly escaped with his fellow prisoners from being mobbed on account of the excitement then prevailing in the city. He was held at Johnson's Island until liberated by President Johnson, about July 1, 1865.

General Elliott then returned to Richmond, resumed the publication of the Whig, and continued the same until December, 1866, when he removed with his family to Appomattox county. There he pursued the occupation of a farmer for a period of years. In 1871-2 and 1872-3, he represented Appomattox county in the House of Delegates, and in 1875 was chosen State Senator from the district composed of the counties of Appomattox, Buckingham and Fluvanna, and continued to represent his people as Senator for eight consecutive years. He was at one time president pro tem. of the State Senate.

Although his tenacious adherence to the tenets of the old Whig party had obliged him, as he thought, to differ with the prevalent political sentiment in Virginia, yet this circumstance never for a moment alienated from him the warm friendship and high personal respect and confidence of his large circle of acquaintances of all parties throughout the State.

General Elliott was appointed by Governor Cameron a member of the Board of Visitors of the University of Virginia, and was for several years the Chancellor of the Board. This important trust he discharged with marked intelligence and fidelity. He was appointed general on the staff of Governor Gilbert C. Walker.

In 1884 he was appointed clerk of the United States circuit and district courts in this city, in which position he has discharged the duties of the office with fidelity and complete satisfaction.

Whilst in Richmond, General Elliott was an elder in the Presbyterian church of which Dr. Moore was pastor. In Appomattox he was the ruling elder of the old Concord church, and since he has resided in Lynchburg, he has been a regular attendant at the Westminster Presbyterian church.

On Saturday morning the remains of Gen. Elliott will be conveyed over the Chesapeake and Ohio railway to Buckingham county, where they will be laid to rest at the old home place of Col. Thomas Bondurant. Due notice will be given of the funeral services.

Mr. Thomas J. Smith, familiarly known among his intimate friends as "Buck," died at the Soldiers' Home, at Richmond Friday morning, in the 55th year of his age. Deceased lived with his children, at No. 520 west Cary street, until a few days ago, when he was removed to the home. He was suffering from the effects of an attack of pneumonia. Mr. Smith figured prominently in Clay-Ward politics, and was always a staunch Democrat.

A monument is to be erected at Front Royal to the memory of Carter, Anderson, Jones, Overby, Love and Rhodes, the Confederate prisoners of war who were hung or shot to death by order of General Custer in 1864.

Shapley N. Bagby, a prominent contractor and builder, and cousin of Mathew F. Maury, "the path finder of the seas," died at Staunton Monday after a long illness, aged sixty-four. Mr. Bagby leaves a widow and six children. He was a gallant member of the Stonewall brigade, and lost an eye at the battle of Second Manassas.

Funeral of W. W. Coffee.

The funeral services of the late Mr. W. W. Coffee, whose death occurred on Sunday evening, took place yesterday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock from St. Paul's Episcopal church, and were conducted by the rector, Rev. T. M. Carson, in a most impressive manner. A large number of friends and relatives of the deceased were present. Mr. Carson made a few brief and appropriate remarks, in which he paid a high tribute to the life and character of the deceased. The remains were interred at the Presbyterian cemetery.

The pall bearers were Messrs. John C. Campbell, Sidney Carter, James F. McCausland, F. J. Rocknabach, J. L. Thompson, and J. P. Mays.

The flower-bearers were Messrs. S. M. Noel and Louis B. Rapp.

Mr. Coffee was a gallant Confederate soldier, and was a member of the Beauguard artillery, of which the commander was Captain Marcellus Moorman. He was for many years a member of the volunteer fire department of Lynchburg, and was connected with one of the fire companies when the department was reorganized under the present system. Mr. Coffee was noted for his skillful manipulation of tools, and in the old courthouse that crowns the brow of the hill, are many evidences of his handiwork. The broad stairway, with its walnut banisters, was built by him, and he carved the fine figures that adorn the corners of the roof.

Death of General Peyton Wise

Richmond, Va., March 29.—General Peyton Wise died at his home in this city this morning. He was a lieutenant-colonel in the Confederate army and a general of militia by appointment after the war. He was a nephew of the late Governor Henry A. Wise.

The City Battalion.

Under this caption the following letter, which explains itself, appeared in Sunday's Richmond Dispatch:

"I saw in your issue of today, a special from Lynchburg, announcing the death of General Wyatt M. Elliott, my beloved commander during the late war. In reading the biography given in this special, I noticed that your correspondent is in error as to Colonel Elliott's having commanded the Fifteenth Virginia Battalion, and that it was only composed of six companies. I wish to make a correction here, as I was a member of one of the companies comprising this battalion. He commanded the Twenty-fifth Virginia Battalion and it was composed of eight companies—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, and H. Colonel Elliott was loved and appreciated by all of his men. His death will sadden the hearts of those of his command who survive him."

B. W. PALMORE.

Late of Company E, Twenty-fifth Virginia Battalion.

John Jenkins, a well-to-do farmer of Natural Bridge, met with a terrible death on Saturday. He took his team and went to the woods after a load of wood, and while cutting a tree down went to move the team out of the way of the falling tree, but it fell upon him, killing him instantly. He was an old Confederate soldier, and had met with several narrow escapes during the war. He was about 72 years of age.

GEN. WYATT M. ELLIOTT DEAD.

He Was Clerk of the Federal Courts and an Oldtime Editor.

Special to The Post.

Lynchburg, Va., Feb. 25.—Gen. Wyatt M. Elliott, clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts, died this morning at his home in this city, aged seventy-four years. Gen. Elliott was a native of Campbell County, but removed to Richmond in 1846, and became associated in the publication of the Richmond Whig. He organized in 1847 the Richmond Grays, and was with that company at Harper's Ferry at the execution of John Brown. He entered the Confederate service as Captain of that company. After the first year of the war he obtained permission to recruit and organize a battalion of six companies. He was commissioned to command the same as Lieutenant Colonel, the command being known as the Fifteenth Virginia Battalion of Infantry. He continued with this command in the field, attached to Gen. Ewell's troops until captured at Sailor's Creek April 16, 1865. He was carried a prisoner of war to Johnson's Island, in Lake Erie.

On the way to Johnson's Island he happened to be confined in the old Capitol prison at Washington City on the night that President Lincoln was assassinated, and narrowly escaped with his fellow-prisoners from being mobbed on account of the excitement then prevailing in the city. He was held at Johnson's Island until liberated by President Johnson about July, 1865. After the war Gen. Elliott resumed the publication of the Richmond Whig. He was a staunch friend of Gen. Mahone, and was one of his strongest allies during the readjuster period. For a number of years he was a member of the Virginia House of Delegates and a State Senator.

Major Nathaniel R. Chambliss, of Selma, Ala., died suddenly of heart failure in the cathedral at Baltimore Monday, a few minutes before the 11 o'clock mass. He was an Episcopalian, but had gone with Mrs. Chambliss to listen to the sermon of Cardinal Gibbons. Major Chambliss was born in Virginia sixty-two years ago. He was graduated from West Point in the class of 1861 and immediately entered the Confederate army as a lieutenant. He served continuously throughout the war, and at its close had risen to the rank of major. After the conflict he settled in Selma. The family went to Baltimore six months ago to be with a son who is a student at Johns Hopkins University. Another son is at West Point.

Death of a Prominent Citizen.

Bedford City, Va., March 15.—(Correspondence.)—Bedford county has just lost one of its best citizens. After a short illness, at about 2 o'clock Friday night, at his lovely home at the head of the North Fork of Goose Creek, the spirit of John Crenshaw Cofer passed from time to eternity. He was in the eighty-third year of his age. He was kind-hearted, brave, noble, manly and died, as he had lived, a Christian. Colonel Cofer was a member of the Second Virginia Cavalry.

The remains were interred at Walnut Grove church.

Georgia's Oldest Citizen Dead.

Atlanta, Ga., March 10.—William Kilpatrick, the oldest man in Georgia, died today, at Cartersville, aged 108 years. He enlisted in the Confederate army when he was seventy-two years old and fought through it. He was a brave soldier, and was an estimable citizen all his life. He lived in this county twenty years. Mr. Kilpatrick was a farmer.

Belonged to the Botetourt Artillery.

Mr. John L. Pamplin, who died in Radford a few days ago, was not during the war a member of the Rockbridge Artillery, as stated in The News of yesterday, but was a member of the Botetourt Artillery (first called Anderson's Battery.) Mr. A. H. Plecker, of this city, who was residing in Botetourt county at the beginning of the war, was a member of the same command.

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Mr. William Orme, aged eighty-four, and for years prior to the war connected with the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, died at Richmond Wednesday. Deceased came to Richmond at the breaking out of the war and was appointed to a position in the army, at that time under the control of the Confederate government. He was paralyzed about twelve years ago. Mr. Orme is the third citizen of Richmond whose age exceeded eighty-three who has passed away during the past ten days.

CHRISTIANSBURG.

The Late Dr. Leftwich—Local Items of Interest.

Christiansburg, Va., February 26. (Correspondence.)—Dr. James T. Leftwich, who died in Atlanta Thursday, was the son of Mr. Thomas Leftwich, of Liberty, and his wife, Mildred O. Turner, who was a daughter of that eminent Presbyterian preacher known as Father Turner, Rev. James Turner, of Peaks church, Bedford. James Turner Leftwich, after a good preparatory course in Liberty, completed his collegiate education at Yale and Princeton, and his theological course at Union Seminary, New York city. He took charge of the Second Presbyterian church, Alexandria, about 1859. The day after the first battle of Manassas, he and one of his elders rode out to the Confederate lines and urged an immediate advance on the demoralized Federal army, through which they had passed unimpeded. Failing in this, on attempting to return home, they were forbidden, and hence Mr. Leftwich came on to his father's, where he remained temporarily preaching in Wytheville and Marion, and at the Third Presbyterian church of Richmond. At the close of the war, he returned to his church in Alexandria. Thence, he took charge of the Central Church, Atlanta, and thence he removed to the First Presbyterian church of Baltimore. Growing ill health rendered it impossible for him to hold such a responsible position, and a few years ago, with a liberal annuity furnished by the devoted people, he was allowed to resign. He was one of the most able and eloquent and influential ministers in the Presbyterian church, and one of the most genial and companionable friends of my early and later years.

Special to The Post.

Atlanta, Ga., Feb. 25.—Dr. J. T. Leftwich, one of the most eminent Presbyterian divines in the South, died at the home of his son in this city to-day. He has for several years been suffering from locomotor ataxia, and it was on account of his illness that he found it necessary to resign from the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore. Dr. Leftwich was born in Bedford County, Va., January 3, 1835. His grandfather was James Turner, one of the most celebrated divines in Virginia history. He was educated at Princeton College, and passed from the law into the ministry. His first charge was in Alexandria, Va., whence he came to Atlanta in 1870, where he has had charge of the Central Presbyterian Church, which was at that time the fashionable church of Atlanta.

He preached sermons in denunciation of dancing in private houses, which were aimed at his principal elders. The row that grew out of this was so great that he found it necessary to retire from the field and let society have its sway, when he was called to the First Presbyterian Church in Baltimore, of which the celebrated Betsy Patterson, otherwise Mrs. Bonaparte, was a member, as well as President Gilman, of the Johns Hopkins University; Alexander Brown, and other leading men. Up to the time of his resignation from the ministry no man in the Northern Presbyterian Assembly enjoyed a more commanding influence. He was married in 1859 to Miss Adella Lake, of Oswego, N. Y., who survives him, together with a large family. His funeral will take place in Bedford County, Va.

At One Time He Conducted the Norvell-Arlington, in This City.

The Richmond Dispatch says of General William R. Terry, a brief notice of whose death appeared in yesterday's News:

General Terry was a native of Liberty, now Bedford City, in the county of Bedford, having been born there sixty-eight years ago. For a long time he followed farming as an avocation, and, drifting into politics, was several times sent to the State Senate, where he served his people most acceptably. He moved to Lynchburg after the war, and conducted the Norvell-Arlington Hotel. He was subsequently elected by the Legislature to the superintendency of the State penitentiary, and after serving two terms there was succeeded in office by Mr. W. W. Moses, who subsequently gave place to Major E. W. Lynn, the incumbent.

After leaving the prison General Terry was, in April, 1896, made commander of the Soldiers' Home, and there he presided for several years, until on January 1, 1893, he was forced by failing strength to retire to private life.

When in peace General Terry served his State with great faithfulness, and in a distinguished manner, but it was in times of war that he achieved his greatest distinction. He was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, and was well-fitted for rendering valuable service to the Confederacy. As soon as the tocsin of war sounded he responded to his country's call, and enlisting in the Second Virginia Cavalry Regiment as captain of Company A, went immediately to the front.

In the latter part of 1861 he was, on account of gallantry on the field, promoted colonel, and assigned to command the Twenty-fourth Virginia Infantry. He was seven times badly wounded, receiving at Manassas and Gettysburg desperate wounds.

He returned to the field of battle each time as soon as sufficiently recovered from his wounds to do so, and in 1864 was promoted to the rank of brigadier general, and placed in command of Kemper's Brigade.

General Maury, who was appointed at the same time as General Terry, and who knew him intimately, spoke in terms of the highest praise of the latter's conduct on the field of conflict.

"General Terry," said he yesterday, "was among the first to respond to Virginia's call to arms. He was at once elected to command the cavalry company organized in his own town and proceeded thence to Manassas. From the beginning of his career he demonstrated his capacity and ability to command, and his courage and devotion to the cause.

"On the memorable night of the 21st of July he led his company in pursuit of the broken right wing of the Northern army and continued to follow the fleeing forces. He kept up the pursuit almost to Fairfax Courthouse.

"His conduct on this occasion attracted the attention of his commanders and he was shortly afterward promoted at General Jubal A. Early's request to command the Twenty-fourth Virginia Infantry, from which command General Early himself had just been promoted. Colonel Terry was always present with his regiment in its many engagements. He was badly wounded at Williamsburg.

"When leading his men he was perhaps one of the most gallant chargers known to history. On the occasion of his charge on General Hancock's line that distinguished commander remarked that the Twenty-fourth Virginia and the Fifth North Carolina regiments deserved to have the word 'Immortal' inscribed upon their banners.

"After the war General Terry represented his county in the legislature several times. He was made commandant of the Soldiers' Home in 1886, and resigned on account of ill health January 1, 1893, retiring to his home in Chestersfield. He was for some years superintendent of the State peniten-

tentiary."
The Bedford City correspondent of The News writes:

"The tidings of the death of General William R. Terry were received with unfeigned regret by his many relatives and friends here. His brilliant record as a soldier during the war of the Confederacy, his spotless character as a high-toned gentleman, and courtly manners under all circumstances, elevated him to the highest position in the esteem of his fellow countrymen."

General W. R. Terry, a former commander of the Confederate Soldiers' Home, died at his home, near Richmond Sunday morning. General Terry was paralyzed about ten years ago, and his death is supposed to be the result of that attack. General Terry commanded a brigade in Pickett's Division, and was in the charge of that command at Cemetery Ridge, at Gettysburg. He was at one time superintendent of the penitentiary, served in the State Senate and was universally popular. Deceased was about seventy years old.

MARGARET J. PRESTON DEAD

A POET WHO WAS WELL KNOWN AND GREATLY ADMIRER.

A Woman of Rare Culture—Had Been an Invalid for About Ten Years—She Was the Widow of Prof. J. T. S. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute.

[Baltimore Sun, 29th.]

Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the poetess, who was frequently called the "Mimosa of Southern Literature," died yesterday at the home of her son, Dr. George J. Preston, 819 North Charles street. Her death was not unexpected, as she had been in failing health for several weeks. Mrs. Preston's two sons—Dr. Preston and Mr. Henry Rush Preston, a lawyer—were with her at the time of her passing away. To the last she displayed the strength of her great mental powers, and anticipated death with resignation.

For many years Mrs. Preston had been a sufferer. For ten of them she had been an invalid, and during the later years of her life was much afflicted with optical troubles, which interfered greatly with her literary work. She was not blind, but the constant use of her eyes had induced great delicacy of the optic nerve. Her conduct under such constant pain was heroic. As far as possible she concealed her suffering from friends and family, and was always cheerful.

Mrs. William P. Allan, widow of the late Colonel William P. Allan, for many years superintendent of the McDonogh School, is a stepdaughter of Mrs. Preston.

Mrs. Preston was born in Pennsylvania. Her father was the late Rev. D. George Junkin, a Presbyterian minister, who was widely known as one of the most distinguished educators of his time. He founded Lafayette College, a large and well-endowed institution, and afterward in 1848 became president of Washington College, Lexington, Va. General Robert E. Lee succeeded him in the latter position.

Literary tastes and a cultured sense of appreciation of the beauties of nature were early developed in Mrs. Preston. She "thought in numbers" as a mere child. One of her earliest memories was standing at her father's knee when hardly more than three years old learning the Hebrew alphabet.

She never went to school except as a very little girl, her education being received from her father and private tutors at home. Her father was especially enthusiastic over her education, and the child was reading Latin with

him when ten years old. At twelve years she read Greek. The pupil's industry and application was in just correspondence to the instructor's zeal. Many a morning she arose at 5 o'clock to read languages with her father before breakfast, this being the only time he could command out of his busy day.

When still a girl she began her active literary career, her poems, sketches and articles on various topics soon attracting attention for their uniform excellence and originality. Her novel "Silverwood," a romantic composition, with many poetic attributes, was the most ambitious and important work she achieved prior to her marriage. It was published anonymously, and no insistent persuasions on the part of her publishers, who very liberally offered to double the price paid for the manuscript if she would allow her name to appear with it, could make her consent.

In 1857 she was married to Professor J. T. S. Preston, of the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, Va. Her married life was a happy one, and was spent in a beautiful Virginia home. Here her two sons were born and grew to manhood, the elder, Dr. George J. Preston, inheriting much of his mother's literary talent, which has found expression in a number of valuable contributions to medical and literary journals.

Upon the breaking out of the civil war the Preston family became identified with the Southern cause. Professor Preston became a member of the staff of General Stonewall Jackson, whose first wife was Mrs. Preston's sister, Eleanor, and who had been associated with Professor Preston in the Virginia Military Institute. The pen of the poetess portrayed the grandeur, tragedy and pathos of war, particularly the sufferings of those tender non-combatants whose loved ones were the actors in the great drama of carnage and horror.

"Beechenbrook, a Rhyme of the War," written by the firelight during the nights of one week, was published during the stirring times of the war. Its inspirations were multifold, and in it is to be found many contrasting notes of sorrow, pathetic resignation, sometimes a note of joy, but every recurrent is the harmony of hope and unshaken faith in God.

This work made Mrs. Preston very popular in the South and achieved a circulation of many thousands. With this publication she first allowed her name to appear.

The works of Mrs. Preston, besides those enumerated, are "Old Songs and New," "Cartoon," "For Love's Sake," "Colonial Ballads" and "Aunt Dorothy," and a great many detached sketches, poems and newspaper articles uncollected.

Her body was taken to Lexington last night, where the funeral services will be held and interment made. Dr. Preston and his brother accompanied the body of their mother.

MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

In the death of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, in Baltimore on March 28th, American literature has lost one of its oldest, purest and sweetest exemplars.

We of the South delight to do honor to the noble woman and pure poet who has spent nearly two-thirds of her beautiful life in our midst, but we can only claim her by adoption, for she was more than twenty-seven years of age and already a writer when her father, Dr. George Junkin, a noted scholar and educator, came to take the presidency of Washington College. When some years later she married the distinguished Virginia Professor, Colonel J. T. L. Preston, her choice was made in the spirit of Ruth, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." No one was more faithful than she to the land of her adoption, but to her tender and sensitive spirit that war which divided chief friends must have

been one long and unremitting agony. Happily she has lived to see the country reunited and to see herself honored in both of its great sections.

Mrs. Preston has added another to that list of distinguished writers, which includes Mrs. Browning and George Elliot, whose lives have proved that learning and devotion to literature is not incompatible with excellence in peculiarly feminine accomplishments, and above all in the art of home-making. Those who knew her best testify to this as also to her sweetness of character, catholicity of spirit and capacity for friendship. It was not in this country alone that Mrs. Preston's literary and poetic gifts were recognized. In England her "Stories from the Greek" were compared favorably with Lord Lytton's "Tales of Miletus," imbued as was that great writer with the spirit and the learning of Greece; and her "Childhood of the Old Masters" had the highest encomiums from contemporary English writers.

Some of Mrs. Preston's most charming contributions have been given to the world without her name in her generous eagerness to help struggling periodicals in the land of her adoption. It has been said that Mrs. Preston, like many of the best of the human race, dreaded the article of death. We cannot doubt that in her case the wish was gratified which is expressed in the concluding lines of her poem entitled "Euthanasia:"

Without a farewell or a tear,
A sob or a flutter of breath;
Unharm'd by the phantom of fear,
To glide thro' the darkness of death.

Just so would I choose to depart,
Just so let the summons be given;
A quiver, a pulse of the heart,
A vision of angels—then Heaven.

MASON BEY NO MORE.

DEATH OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN WHO FOUGHT ON TWO CONTINENTS.

Alexander Macomb Mason, Confederate Blockade Runner, Friend of General Gordon and Officer in Egyptian Army, Passes Away—The Deceased Was a Relative of General Fitzhugh Lee.

[Washington Post, 18th.]
Colonel Alexander Macomb Mason (Mason Bey), of the Egyptian Army, died suddenly at his residence in this city, 1716 Rhode Island avenue, yesterday morning, of acute bronchitis, aged fifty-six years.

Colonel Mason was born in Washington, D. C., in 1841. He was the son of John Mason, a prominent lawyer of this city, and a grandson of George Mason, of Gunston Hall, Va., author of the famous "Bill of Rights." Colonel Mason was also a grandson of Maj. Gen. Alexander Macomb, who was commander-in-chief of the United States Army at the time of his death, in 1841. Mason Bey was also a first cousin of General Fitzhugh Lee.

His first service was in the United States Navy as a private's mate, on board of the frigate Niagara, when she assisted in laying the first Atlantic cable. In 1858 he was appointed a midshipman and entered Annapolis, from which place he resigned to join the Southern Confederacy in 1861. He served with conspicuous gallantry throughout the war, participating in the great naval fight in Hampton Roads, on the 8th and 9th of March,

1862; also at Drury's Bluff, on the James River, below Richmond, when that naval fortress repulsed the attack of the Galena, Monitor, and Stevens batteries. He was in the Chicora at Charleston, when Admiral Ingraham attacked and drove off the squadron blockading that port.

In the fall of 1863 Colonel Mason ran through the blockade at Charleston, and went to Europe for service in the Confederate cruisers. While in England he acted as private secretary to his uncle, Mr. James F. Mason, ex-United States Senator, and the Confederate commissioner who, with Mr. Sildell, was taken out of the Trent by Admiral Wilkes. Colonel Mason returned to the Confederacy in the fall of 1864, running the blockade into Wilmington. He served with the most conspicuous gallantry until captured in one of the last and bloodiest battles of the war, at Sallor's Creek, where he commanded a company of sailors acting as infantry. He was imprisoned on Johnson's Island.

After being released from prison he sought service in Chili, then at war with Spain. On the cessation of hostilities, he went to China as mate of a merchant sailing ship, and upon his return home he embarked for Cuba and took service with the revolutionists. Becoming dissatisfied, he returned to the United States, and was one of the first officers selected to serve in the army of the Khedive of Egypt in 1870.

He was a favorite of the Khedive Ismail and of his son, Teufik, who succeeded to the throne. His first service in Egypt was to command one of his highness's ships. Afterward he was an instructor of artillery.

Colonel Mason made the first survey of the Lake Albert Nyanza, and the famous Gordon made him governor of Equatorial Africa. He was the intimate personal friend of Gordon, who sent him, in 1877, to Massowah to keep the peace between the Soudanese and the Abyssinians. In 1878 Colonel Mason was again in Khartoum with Gordon. In 1880 he was engaged in surveying the public domain. In 1884 Mason Bey was appointed Governor of Massowah and High Commissioner of the Soudan by the Khedive of Egypt. While occupying these high places Mason Bey was sent by the Khedive on a most important mission to Ras Alula, at Kansala, and also was Ambassador to the King of Abyssinia.

For a long time Mason Bey was Director General of Cadasdra (public lands), and held many other positions of great importance in Egypt. Colonel Mason married Mrs. S. M. Shreve, only daughter of the late Edmund Murray, Esq., of New York, who survives him. He leaves no children. Colonel Mason was still in the service of the Khedive when he died. He came home a few months ago in search of health, and was on waiting-order pay.

DEATH OF A FIREMAN.

Mr. P. C. Tyree Passes Away After a Long and Painful Illness

Mr. P. C. Tyree, foreman of Reel House No. 2, of the Lynchburg Fire Department, died on yesterday afternoon at 1:20 o'clock at his home on Knight street, after a long and painful illness, aged 53 years. His death was caused by a cancer of the stomach, with which he had suffered for nearly a year, having been confined to his bed for six months.

Mr. Tyree was a brave Confederate soldier, having served in the war in the Forty-ninth Virginia Regiment. He was badly wounded at the first battle of Manassas. He has been connected with the fire department ever since its organization under the present system, twelve or fourteen years ago. In his work as a fireman he was always brave and prompt and active, and when the occasion called for it never hesitated to place himself in dangerous positions. He knew how to take hold of things at a fire, and he could fight the flames with vim and courage, as well as with intelligence. He was very popular among the employees of the department.

He was a member of Centenary church.

DEATH OF MR. W. J. SEABURY.

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He Passed Away Yesterday Morning at the Age of 68.

Mr. W. J. Seabury, a well known resident of this city, died yesterday morning at his residence corner of Church and Seventh streets, at the age of 68 years. He had been ill for about three weeks. The announcement of Mr. Seabury's death was received throughout the city with expressions of deepest sorrow. While not born in Lynchburg, he came here many years ago, and throughout his life was closely identified with the city. Here he was popular with all classes of people, his cheerful, genial manner and invariable kindness winning to him those with whom he came in contact. Mr. Seabury was a gallant Confederate soldier. As a merchant he was known throughout this section of the State. Mr. Seabury was for some years High Constable, in which office he was succeeded by the present incumbent. He leaves two children, a son and daughter, Mr. W. J. Seabury, Jr., and Miss Annie Seabury.

The funeral services will take place today from Court Street Methodist church, after which the remains will be interred in the Presbyterian cemetery.

Mr. Seabury has three brothers, Messrs. R. M. and P. S. Seabury, of Petersburg, and Mr. Edward Seabury, of Bedford county.

In your account of our friend General William R. Terry, who recently passed away, there were several mistakes. He was never a farmer, but after his graduation at the V. M. I., he was a merchant in Liberty, now Bedford City, and then became proprietor of that famous hotel at the depot there, where for many years the trains always stopped for meals. Then he took charge of, not the Norvell House, but the Piedmont House, near the mouth of the Amherst bridge, in Lynchburg. His father was known as Captain Billy Terry, of Oakwood, near Liberty; and his mother was the oldest sister of Hon. James T. Johnson. He was wounded in the jaw, and had to be fed with soft food. He and General Early were always great cronies, being in many respects congenial spirits. At the time of the surrender, I lived in Liberty, and for days we were kept in suspense as to where the army was. Late one evening, I saw old George Rively, General Terry's hostler, with two horses. I stepped out to him and said:

"Uncle George, where is General Lee?" "At Spout Springs yesterday sir."

"Well, but how do you know that?" "I seed his stock, sir."

To my mind, that was confirmation strong as Holy Writ, for Uncle George knew horses better than he did men, his old master having owned a race track.

Mrs. Henrietta M. Lalley, the oldest resident of Staunton, died late Wednesday night from old age, at the age of ninety-four years. She was a native of Frederick, Md., her maiden name being Miss H. M. Atkins. She was thrice married and survived all her husbands. She was known to the present generation as Mrs. Brandenburg, from the name of her second husband, who was a prominent, prosperous and highly popular citizen, her third husband dying shortly after his marriage with her. Her first husband was a Mr. Holtzman, of Winchester, Va., a prosperous merchant, who ran a wagon line to Scottsville, Va., and to Knoxville, Tenn., in 1831. She moved to Staunton upon her marriage to Mr. Brandenburg. Mr. and Mrs. Brandenburg were noted for their charitable deeds. When yellow fever devastated Norfolk, Va., in 1855, Mr. and Mrs. Brandenburg adopted two little children from the plague-stricken town.

One of these, Mr. J. W. Brandenburg, is a popular and prominent Staunton merchant and the other is the wife of Captain Thomas J. Crowder, commissioner of revenue of that city. During the war Mrs. Brandenburg spent a great portion of her time in the hospitals, ministering to the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers.

Wednesday morning at 4.30 o'clock G. G. Boon, a prominent citizen of Staunton, died after a few days illness of dropsy. Mr. Boon was born in England sixty-three years ago, but came to this country when quite a boy. During the late war he served gallantly in the Fifth Virginia Regiment, being a member of the company that was sent to the field from Middlebrooke, Va. He married Miss Anne Eliza Brady, of Staunton, in 1855, but never had any children. His wife died about three years ago. He had resided in the Valley since his boyhood, but for a number of years had lived in Staunton.

Ananias Smith, a prominent Republican of Rockbridge county, died very suddenly Wednesday night at his home near Denmark. His death was due to heart failure. He served as postmaster at Denmark for twelve years, and was magistrate for a number of terms, and faithfully discharged the duties of these offices. He was a member of Denmark Lodge of Odd Fellows and Lexington Lodge of Knights of Pythias, and in these orders he took great interest. He was fifty-two years of age. During the war he was a member of the Fiftyeighth Virginia Infantry. (Captain Mark Hattan's company,) and bore a good record as a soldier. His wife and twelve children survive him.

Royall W. Figg Dead. [Richmond Dispatch.]

The Dispatch last night received the following special telegram from its Norfolk correspondent:

"Mr. Royall W. Figg, of Richmond, for several years a patient at St. Vincent's Hospital, in this city, died this evening at 7 o'clock, aged 51 years. He was a printer, having worked on various Richmond papers. He was a member of Lee Camp, Richmond, and of Parker's Battery during the late war. He wrote 'The History of a Boy Company,' which had a good sale. At one time Mr. Figg was a local preacher of the Methodist church, but he afterwards became a Catholic.

"The funeral arrangements will be made as soon as his family in Richmond is heard from."

Mr. Figg was well-known and prominently connected here. He was a man of rare accomplishments, of splendid character, and a general favorite. He was a member of Parker's Battery during the war, as before stated, and made a fine soldier. He was historian of the battery.

The deceased embraced the Methodist religion in early life and became a minister, being for some time in charge of the Seamen's Bethel, in this city. He afterwards became a Catholic, and died in that faith. Mr. Figg went to New York after the war, and was employed there on the Commercial Bulletin and other papers. He was never married.

He was a brother of Messrs. Baylor Figg (deceased) and L. C. Figg, the Police Commissioner.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO MR S. T. PENDER Lost His Footing and Was Crushed to Death, at Lincolnton, N. C.

Charlotte, N. C., April 22.—S. T. Pender, freight and passenger agent of the Carolina and Northwestern Railroad, in attempting to board a moving train on that road at Lincolnton this afternoon, lost his footing, fell between two cars, and was crushed to death under the wheels.

He was a son of the late General Pender, of the Confederate army, was about forty years old, and leaves a wife and six children.

Colonel Thomas B. Swann, died on Thursday in Charleston, aged seventy-two. He commanded a Confederate battalion during the war, and afterward was a prominent attorney and Republican politician. His wife was a first cousin of General Grant.

THE WINDOW AT ST. PAUL'S.

In Memory of the Late Brigadier Gen. Samuel Garland, Jr.

At St. Paul's the stained glass window just finished and erected by Messrs. J. and R. Lamb, of New York city, in memory of the late Brigadier-General Samuel Garland, jr., has been unveiled. The window, which is another of a series started for the transept group of five lancets some time ago, is a splendid exemplification of the American School of Stained Glass, and in the treatment of the subject, 'St. John Divine,' the Messrs. Lamb, by an ingenious blending of light and dark shades, have succeeded in executing a window which neither the excessive light of the sun's rays nor the subdued light of an afternoon will cause to lose the perfect harmony of the color effect, for no opportunity can be given to an artist more interesting than that of painting so to speak, with transparent color, for this is what the stained glass artist has at his command. The great advantage in the colors that he uses is that the sunlight works hand in hand with him, enriching and glorifying the colors that he uses by every beam of light transmitted through the glass.

The window is given in memory of the late General Garland, and has the following inscription:

In Memory
Brig.-Gen. Samuel Garland, Jr.
Obit

September 14, 1862.

The congregation and the rector of St. Paul's are to be congratulated upon this representative piece of memorial art.

It is to be hoped that the entire series in the transept already started, figures from the New Testament, may be completed at an early date, while in the opposite transept, the figures from the Old Testament can be started and carried out to a conclusion in the near future. These transepts will, when completed, balance successfully the important window of 'The Ascension,' which was erected in connection with the elaboration of the chancel when the building was dedicated.

Death of Mr. M. M. Ramirez.

Mr. M. M. Ramirez, an old resident of this city, but a native of New Orleans, died Friday night at his home in Madison, aged 78 years. Mr. Ramirez was a gallant Confederate soldier, and served through the entire war as first sergeant of the celebrated Washington Artillery, one of the most famous commands in the South, and the pride of Louisiana. Mr. Ramirez was very proud of his company's insignia, and kept in his possession his old pistol, cartridge box and short sabre that he carried into the war. He also kept his war uniform with the chevrons still on the arms, as bright and clean as when they were first put in.

News has been received at Lexington from Raphine, stating that Mr. William G. Kesterson, who lived on the farm of Mrs. M. J. Harris, near that place, was found dead in a field near his home. It is supposed that his death was caused by heart failure. He volunteered in the Confederate army when he was 16 years of age, and belonged to the Fifty-second Virginia regiment. He was wounded at the battle of Hatcher's Run, in February, 1865, and carried the ball, causing his wound, in his shoulder, until his death.

Washington, February 13.—General James Neil Bethune, a distinguished Georgian, who was the owner and for many years the manager of "Blind Tom," the famous negro pianist, died at his son's residence here today, aged 91 years. He was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1827, served as solicitor general of his county, edited the Times and Sentinel, and the Enquirer at Columbus, Ga., and served as a colonel in the Creek War of 1832. In recent years his home has been near Warrenton, Va.

DEATH OF GENERAL CORSE.

He Served in the Mexican War and Was a Confederate Brigadier.

Alexandria, Va., February 11.—General Montgomery Corse, who served in the Confederate army during the war of rebellion, died in Alexandria today, aged 70 years.

General Montgomery D. Corse was a native of Alexandria, the son of Mr. John Corse, who during the first quarter of the present century edited the Alexandria Herald. During the existence of this paper, which expired in 1833, General Corse was born. He early showed a fondness for military matters, and in his youth commanded a military company of youths. When arrived at manhood he became the captain of a volunteer rifle corps, and when the Mexicans in 1846 crossed the Rio Grande he offered President Polk a company of District of Columbia volunteers, but the District companies having been added to Colonel Wilson's Baltimore battalion, Captain Corse's offer was declined. Alexandria having soon afterward been released to Virginia, he offered a company to the governor of Virginia and was accepted. The company raised in Alexandria proceeded to Fortress Monroe and thence embarked for the Rio Grande as part of Colonel Hamtramck's Virginia Regiment. They were attached to the army of General Taylor, but were engaged in none of the leading battles of the war. After the treaty of peace Captain Corse returned with his company to Alexandria, and it was disbanded at its home. Captain Corse then engaged in the banking business, at first with his brothers and afterward with Mr. Snowden, of Maryland, as Corse, Snowden & Corse, and became the banker of some of the leading railroad enterprises then in progress in Virginia. When Virginia formed an alliance with the Confederate States a regiment of volunteers was formed at Alexandria and Colonel Corse became its commander. The regiment went into the Confederate service when Virginia was admitted into the Confederacy, and at Bull Run and other battles proved its prowess. Colonel Corse was soon made a brigadier-general of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia and served until the surrender of Appomattox. After the surrender he returned to Alexandria and married Miss Elizabeth Beverly, a lady of fortune, the sister of Colonel Robert Beverly, a leader of Virginia farm interests. Since then he has lived the life of a quiet citizen and grown gray in the esteem of the community, of which he has always been the foremost military man.

MAJOR BENJAMIN H. NASH DEAD.

Decease of the Well-Known Richmond Lawyer After a Short Illness.

Richmond, February 13.—Major Benjamin H. Nash, one of the best known lawyers of Richmond, died yesterday of enlargement of the heart, after a two weeks' illness, that had its origin in a bad cold. Major Nash was a native of Powhatan county, 60 years old, and a son of John White Nash, who, in his day, was a distinguished jurist and legislator, having been once Speaker of the House of Delegates. The deceased took the law course at the University of Virginia, and was successful in the practice of his profession, being for many years prior to his death, counsel for the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad Company, and of several local corporations.

Major Nash served on General Mahone's staff as senior adjutant, and he and the general were always warm friends. He married Miss Mary Freeman, of Petersburg a very pretty woman, who has been a social leader here and at the White Sulphur. Dr. J. W. Nash, of Williamsburg, is a brother, and Dr. Francis S. Nash, of Washington, is his nephew.

The Reunion of the Old Gunners.

The first annual reunion of the surviving members of the Pegram Battalion is to be held Thursday at the old pump-house. A full list of the gallant command will be read. The preparations for the feast are in excellent hands, and all the luxuries of the season will be served in the most palatable shape. A day of pleasant memories may confidently be expected.

Captain William G. Crenshaw died at his home in Orange county Monday. He was one of the merchant princes of Richmond before the war, and a gallant officer in the Confederate army. He and his three brothers in antebellum days operated the extensive Haxall Crenshaw Mills. Captain Crenshaw was seventy-two years old, and was in vigorous health until quite recently. He leaves six children. Captain Crenshaw organized and equipped the famous Crenshaw Battery, of this city, and after a year or two of active service, was sent to Europe as the representative of the Confederate government in the purchase of munitions of war.

CRUSHED UNDER A CAR

Accident Resulting in the Death of Mr. James G. Rucker.

Mr. James G. Rucker, an old and esteemed citizen of Lynchburg, lost his life by a deplorable accident yesterday shortly after 12 o'clock. Mr. Rucker had been out on the Amherst bridge looking at the work being done there, and had just returned to the Lynchburg side. A Norfolk & Western freight train, which had stopped to await the usual signal to go forward, was standing at the crossing in front of the bridge, the head of the train, however, being near the junction with the Southern. Mr. Rucker undertook to climb between two of the cars, in order to cross the track, and just as he got his foot on the bumpers, the train started. The sudden jerk threw him between the cars.

A brakeman at once signalled for the train to stop, but before it could be brought to a standstill, Mr. Rucker had been dragged some distance and one of the wheels had passed over him. He was fearfully mangled, being terribly cut across the lower part of the body, a hip crushed and one leg and one arm being broken.

He was removed to a shady place at the depot, but lingered only a few minutes before death relieved him. The remains were taken to Diuguid's undertaking establishment, where an inquest will be held this morning at 10 o'clock by Dr. John Walker, the coroner.

The deceased was sixty-six years old, having been born in Amherst county September 14th, 1841. He went to the front as a member of Wise Troop, commanded by Captain Chas. M. Blackford. He was afterward transferred to the artillery branch, serving throughout the war and making a good record as a soldier.

DEATH OF CAPT. JOHN B. TILDEN—

This venerable, well-known and highly esteemed citizen died last evening a little before 8 o'clock, aged about 74 years. He was stricken with paralysis about a year ago, and for the last six months has been confined to his house—the most of that time to his bed. Born of a revolutionary father, who left college in his boyhood to follow the fortunes of Washington throughout the Seven Years War, and settled in Frederick county, Va., and practiced his profession until he reached extreme old age. It was there that John B. Tilden was born; but in early life came to this city, of which he has been a resident for more than fifty years, and may therefore be considered one of our oldest citizens.

Capt. Tilden was a man of marked individuality. With much that was impulsive there was mingled a kindness and generosity that was rarely equalled and never surpassed. We have known him to give his last dollar to relieve human suffering; and at the bedside of the sick and afflicted there was never a more patient, careful nurse. His heart overflowed with kindness, and Lynchburg owes him a debt of gratitude for the service he rendered her boys in the army during the four years of the war. He was our agent in the field to look after the sick and wounded, and no man could have performed the duty with greater assiduity or more unselfish devotion than this then old but stalwart man, who, whether in the field, on the march or during the sanguinary strife was ever where duty and humanity called him. He was in many respects a grand old man, and a more unselfish spirit never passed out of the world freighted with good deeds. He was an apostle in the cause of temperance, and was also an earnest member of the Orders of Masonry and Odd Fellowship. We shall not soon see his like again.

Death of Major M. Slaughter.

Major M. Slaughter, the well-known railroad man who was stricken with paralysis in his room at Ford's Hotel, Richmond, two weeks ago, died at the Virginia Hospital in that city Monday night, and his remains were carried to Orange Court House Tuesday morning. Major Slaughter was fifty-two years old. Deceased served in the Orange Artillery during the war and rose to the rank of major. He was for a number of years general passenger agent of the Southern Railroad, with headquarters at Alexandria, and later was a member of the Board of Arbitration of railroad rates.

Bedford City, Va., May 15.—(Correspondence.)—Wednesday of next week has been selected as the time for decorating the graves of the Confederate dead who "sleep their last sleep" here. The ceremonies will be under the auspices of the Ladies' Confederate Memorial Association and Bluemont Lodge of Odd Fellows, and should the weather prove propitious will doubtless be an interesting and memorable occasion. Rev. S. S. Lambeth, D. D., will be the orator, and other interesting features of the program have been arranged.

Mr. John D. Durrett, a Confederate veteran of Albemarle, died in a Richmond hospital, of Bright's disease, on Tuesday. He was buried yesterday at South Plains church, near Keswick. He was 64 years old.

DEATH OF AN EMINENT JURIST

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Judge Charles Gayarre, of Louisiana, Passes Away.

New Orleans, February 11. — Judge Charles Gayarre, the eminent jurist and historian, died at 2 o'clock this morning. In his death Louisiana suffers a great loss. Judge Gayarre was born in New Orleans in 1805. After graduating from college he was admitted to the bar at the age of 26, and was appointed deputy attorney general of Louisiana in 1831. After being elected judge of the city court he was elected to the State legislature. He was chairman of the House committee instructed to draft resolutions complimentary to the French republic on the success of the revolution in France. The resolutions were sent to Lafayette. In 1835 Judge Gayarre was elected United States Senator for six years but was never able to assume the office as at the time the first serious illness of his life—which afterward developed into a series of maladies—began to develop. He resigned his seat in the United States Senate and obeying the instructions of his physician he went to France. He was a member of the secession convention of Louisiana and heartily in favor of secession. When in 1863 things began to look very dark for the Confederacy Judge Gayarre who was residing then at Osyk, Miss., tried with might and main to have the planter's petition to Congress to anticipate President Lincoln's act of emancipation. His advice was not taken until it was beyond a possibility to secure such a desideratum and no effort was taken towards the object he had originally sought to effect. Judge Gayarre wrote the history of Louisiana from the earliest settlement up to the year 1717 with all the original documents attached.

Death of Ex-Mayor T. J. Jarratt.

Petersburg, Va., February 11.—Ex-Mayor T. J. Jarratt died quite suddenly at the residence of his son, Mr. J. B. Jarratt, at Jarratt's, Sussex county, at 11.45 o'clock Friday night. The deceased was born in Sussex county and was 78 years of age. He was a member of the city council from 1876 to 1880, and was mayor of Petersburg for three terms, holding the office from July, 1882, to July, 1888. During President Harrison's administration he was appointed collector of customs for this port, and held the office until August, 1884, when he was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Shipper, the present incumbent. Mr. Jarratt for many years before the war was the proprietor of Jarratt's hotel, in this city. He was also for years one of Petersburg's leading merchants. At the time of his death he was treasurer of Market Street church, which office he had held ever since the church was built, in February, 1858. Mr. Jarratt was one of those brave citizens who, under Col. F. H. Archer, repulsed General Kantz's cavalry in the first attack made on Petersburg by the federal army on the memorable 9th of June, 1864.

INAUGURATION OF THE JACKSON STATUE.—By proclamation of the Governor it is announced that the Foley statue of Stonewall Jackson will be inaugurated Thursday, October 26th. He invites all persons, of any State or section, who love virtue and honor the memory of Stonewall Jackson to join in such an outpouring of the people as will attest their admiration for his exalted character and appreciation of the sympathy which prompted English friends to present a memorial so gratifying to the whole Southern people.

SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY MEETING IN NASHVILLE POSTPONED.—The Southern Historical Society meeting, which had been appointed to be held in Nashville, May 23-26, has been postponed on account of the inability of ex-President Davis and other expected speakers to be present at that time. The Nashville Confederates are very anxious for the meeting, and offer to make the most satisfactory arrangements for it. Some day in October or November will probably be agreed on as the time.

DIED SUDDENLY.

An Old Railroad Man and Gallant Confederate Soldier.

CREWE, VA., August 1.—(Special).—Captain C. B. Armes died suddenly at 9:30 o'clock last night of heart failure. He arrived here that afternoon on his train from Norfolk, in apparently good health; but a short while before his death he felt so badly that he called to one of his neighbors, who at once sent for a doctor, but before the latter's arrival he had passed away.

His wife, who was a Miss Anderson, of Prince Edward county, was absent, in attendance upon a Disciple's convention in Brunswick county, and his three children and other members of the household were at church or out visiting.

Captain Armes at the time of his death was a member of our Town Council, also a member of the Odd-Fellows, Red-Men, and Order of Railway Conductors. He was 48 years old, and had been connected with the Norfolk and Western railroad and old Atlantic, Mississippi and Ohio for the past seventeen years. He was a gallant Confederate soldier, having entered the service with the Fourth Company of North Carolina State Troops, and was several times wounded—twice at Seven Pines.

EX-SENATOR COKE DEAD.

Funeral Will Take Place Sunday Under State Auspices.

WACO, TEX., May 11.—Former United States Senator Richard Coke died at 1:50 A. M. His remains will be embalmed and lie in state at the mansion until Sunday at 10 A. M., when the funeral will take place. It will be a State funeral. Senators Mills and Chilton and Congressman Henry were notified; so also were Governor Culbertson and ex-Governor Hoop.

Mr. Coke was a Virginian by nativity, born at Williamsburg in 1829. He was educated at old William and Mary College, where he studied law, and was admitted to the bar when twenty-one years of age. He went to Texas in 1850, and was one of the pioneers of Waco, where he has resided since he moved there. He entered the Confederate Army as a private, and was promoted to captain. He was elected Judge of the State Supreme Court in 1858, but was removed after one year's service by General Sheridan as "an impediment to reconstruction." He was twice elected Governor of Texas, and in 1877 came to the Senate of the United States, where he served until March 3, 1895.

Does Credit to Virginia.

It is with pleasure and pride that we copy into our columns the well-written editorial of the Baltimore Sun commending this city as sponsor for Virginia at the approaching reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Nashville, Tenn. Richly deserving the encomiums of the Sun; taught from infancy to admire and respect those brave men and the cause for which they fought; with a heart glowing with patriotic love for old Virginia, and the blood of a heroine in her veins, with her matchless beauty and exalted worth, she will make a sponsor of whom the Old Dominion may well feel proud.

AN EXCELLENT SELECTION.

The Grand Commander of the United Confederate Veterans of Virginia made an excellent selection in designating Miss Mary Russell, of Winchester, as sponsor for Virginia at the coming reunion of the veterans at Nashville, Tenn. Miss Russell is one of the most beautiful young ladies in the Valley of Virginia, and she is as lovely in character as in person. She is a niece of the late Miss Tille Russell, the heroine of the beautiful story and two paintings entitled "A Night on the Battlefield," and the selection of Miss Russell as sponsor is a just tribute to the memory of this heroic woman. Further, it is a recognition of historic old Winchester, which was, perhaps, more frequently fought over and occupied by the contending armies during the late war than any other locality in the Confederacy.—Winchester Times.

A New Departure.

Charlottesville, Va., May 3.—Ever since the war, the proposition to have a president for the University of Virginia has been urged. It was the desire of a great many that General Lee, who afterward went to Washington College, at Lexington, with which his name is now linked, should be made the executive head of the university, but those who prevailed urged that the plan of this institution did not permit such an arrangement, and that no change from the Jefferson scheme should be made. It seems certain now that the present board will elect a president. Several persons have been spoken of as suitable for this important post, but it is too soon to give names. The significant thing is that such a departure from the plan of the founder is at all probable in Virginia, where it may be said there is a very strong conservatism in dealing with matters of history and tradition.

FRIDAY.....DECEMBER 14, 1894.

Daniel's Oration on Early.

The address of Senator John W. Daniel at the annual meeting yesterday of the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia added a luminous and invaluable chapter to the history of the struggle for southern independence, and imparted, if possible, renewed perennialism to the laurels that gifted Virginian had already won as an orator.

Senator Daniel's specific theme was General Jubal A. Early's Valley campaign. But the oration, in the entirety of its scope, was not only a masterly review of General Early's whole military record, and a thorough vindication of his Valley operations, but a most lucid exposition of the reasons for the Valley movement. The campaign was described from the moment of its conception, "in sight of the spires of Richmond," to its close, with the result of sweeping away a cloud of misapprehension regarding "the right-hand man of Jackson in his corps, and the right-hand man of Lee after Jackson had fallen."

In his labor of love and justice, Senator Daniel demonstrated that he had made a close and exhaustive study of the military situation existing when Early set out "to fight under a paling star." In meeting and refuting, as he did, the adverse criticism of Early's conduct of the campaign, the Senator brought to his support an array of facts which, aside from serving the purpose of proving the splendid generalship of the tough old fighter and ardent old patriot, were deeply interesting in respect of detail. They showed that Early kept 60,000 Federals watching him, and was vastly outnumbered at all times; that he killed, wounded, and captured more men than he commanded; that he was fertile of resource and made most astounding marches; that he struck with a battle-axe, and parried the heaviest blows of the enemy with a rapier; that he was equally calm in victory and defeat, and was under all circumstances the well-rounded and self-poised soldier.

The resolutions of respect to the memory of General Early, which were passed by the association, were a fitting complement to the oration. They were drawn and proposed by Captain W. Gordon McCabe, with all the beauty of diction and power of expression that gifted gentleman commands.

FUNERAL DETAILS.

THE DEAD EARLY WILL BE INTERRED WITH MILITARY HONORS.

In a Casket Covered With Confederate Gray, He Will Be Laid to Rest in Spring Hill Cemetery on Monday.

LYNCHBURG, VA., March 3.—(Special.) The funeral of General Jubal A. Early will take place at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon. The dead Confederate will be buried with military honors, and companies from various sections of the State are expected to participate. A telegram received from Richmond this afternoon from State-Senator Miller announces that he will be present and take part in the solemn Governor O'Ferrall and staff will probably officiate. Senator Daniel, a staff officer and warm personal friend of Early, has the funeral arrangements in charge, and was to-day in conference with General William H. Payne and other distinguished Confederates preparing the details of the programme to be observed on Monday.

CONFEDERATE GRAY.

The dead soldier will be buried in a handsome casket covered with the Confederate gray, the only color which he has been known to wear since the war, and which he loved so well. The interment will be at Spring-Hill cemetery in a square that lies right on the line of battle arranged by Early for his attack on Hunter in the summer of 1864. All day long the Early home has been crowded with old veterans who called to take the last look at the face and form of their sleeping chieftain, and many telegrams and messages of condolence have been received by the family.

EXPRESSIONS OF SYMPATHY.

Among those expressing their sympathy and sorrow are Generals L. L. Lomax, Bradley T. Johnson, Fitzhugh Lee, Senator Eppa Hunton, and a host of other distinguished ex-Confederates.

The following telegram was also received:

RICHMOND, VA., March 3.

Major John W. Daniel:

The Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia has heard with profound sorrow of the death of their old comrade, Lieutenant-General Early, and begs to assure his family of their profound sympathy in the loss of this incorruptible patriot and valiant soldier. Please telegraph time of funeral, as the officers and executive committee desire to attend in a body.

(Signed) GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN, President.

REDUCED RATES.

At a meeting to-night of Garland Camp, Confederate Veterans, a committee was appointed to confer with the officials of the various railroad lines centering here, and obtain, if possible, reduced rates of transportation for those wishing to attend the funeral obsequies.

A telegram was received from Lexington to-night stating that the Virginia Military Institute cadet corps would arrive on Monday, and requesting that a place in line be reserved for them.

A WAR BILL.

Mr. John D. Noble, president of the Bank of Radford, has a bill for goods bought by him March 30, 1865, from Jordan & Carr, of Petersburg. The bill is a curiosity now, over thirty years having expired since the purchase. The bill is as follows:

1 pound camphor	\$ 75
10 pounds sulphur, @ \$16.....	\$160
10 pounds Epsom Salts @ \$9.....	90
1 pound indigo.....	125
2 gallons castor-oil, @ \$130.....	260
	\$710

Another shorter bill, bought from W. J. Drummond:

1 ream blue Eng. letter-paper.....	\$250
1 ream white Eng. note-paper.....	180
6 gross agate buttons, @ \$5.....	30

A JUST PRIDE.

Mr. P. H. Boisseau, of Danville, is a most enthusiastic admirer of Jefferson Davis, and wishes to see the monument that is to be erected to him in Richmond surpass in magnificence every memorial structure upon the continent; and this admirer of the Confederate President proposes to head the necessary subscription. During a recent visit to Richmond, Mr. Boisseau was interviewed by a reporter of the State. "They tell me," said Mr. Boisseau, "that the recently unveiled Grant monument is the handsomest in the world—that it surpasses the Parisian tribute to the first Napoleon. Now, what I would like to see is a monument built here in the South to Jefferson Davis that would eclipse the Grant monument; and I would have every dollar of the money paid by Southern hands.

"Over a million dollars could be raised and added to the fund collected for the Davis monument by the ladies of the Monument Association. The scheme is entirely feasible, and I mean what I say."

Now, in the first place, we have no idea that a million of dollars could, by any exertion, be raised in the South for this purpose; and, in the second place, we could not favor a scheme so incommensurate with the pecuniary condition of the people of the South, and at the same time so ill-judged in view of the higher and more sacred appeals that are made to their generous impulses. Their first care should be to provide for the indigent veteran survivors of the war and their helpless families. A more liberal scheme of provision for these than any yet devised, is a topic that will come up for consideration at the annual reunion of the United Veteran Camps in Nashville, on the 24th of June.

We are heartily in accord with the movement to raise a monument to the patriotic soldier and statesman who, as Chief Executive, so heroically upheld the Confederate cause. The devotion and enthusiasm exhibited at the laying of the corner stone of this monument in Monroe Park, Richmond, on the 2nd of July last, showed very plainly how sincerely the Southern people have at heart this pious undertaking. And while nothing less than a noble and imposing structure will satisfy, or ought to satisfy, the just pride and loyal feelings of the people of the South, such requirement does not demand so extravagant a scheme as that proposed by the gentleman from Danville. We can abundantly testify our fidelity to the cause in which the South poured out her blood like water, as a libation upon the altar of principle and duty, without indulging the emulous spirit of surpassing, in our testimonial, the mausoleum in the Hotel des Invalides at Paris, or the monument recently dedicated in Riverside Park, New York.

In this connection we may remark that when we take into consideration the impoverished condition, nay, the almost absolute desolation, in which the South was left at the close of the war, there was a far more prompt and generous exhibition, by the Southern people than by the Northern, of loyalty to the principles for which they re-

spectively contended, and to the memory of their lost leaders, as manifested by the erection of memorial shafts. It is not from any vain or invidious feeling that we refer to this more prompt and more generous recognition in the South of deathless devotion and fidelity to the memories of the cause that went down in disaster but not dishonor. It is a just cause for pride and elation that while the more opulent section—the section that accumulated money by the operations of the war—was engrossed in taxing the nation, including the desolated South, to raise pensions by the hundred millions for the survivors of her armies, and their families; the people of the South while straining their every effort to rebuild their wasted homes, and supply the absolute necessities of life, yet found means in their straitened circumstances, by self-abnegation and sacrifice, to erect monuments to the heroic spirits who at the behest of duty and honor laid down their lives upon the field of imperishable fame. See how the movement to erect the monument recently dedicated in Riverside Park languished for long years, while here in poor old Virginia, whose breast was pitilessly torn by the ploughshare of war, with a promptness that could only spring from a deathless devotion and fidelity that no adversity could quench or conquer, at Lexington, at Winchester and Richmond, our people out of their poverty erected monuments to Lee, and Jackson, and Stuart, and Ashby, and Wickham; while with pious hands the women of the South prepared decent, though unostentatious, cemeteries in which to gather together the ashes of their dead fathers, and husbands, and brothers, and sons, where they might annually deck their mounds with the first flowers of spring. It is, we repeat, a matter of just pride to recur to these evidences of unselfish devotion and fidelity.

HONORS TO GEN. JOHNSTON.—Gen. Joseph E. Johnston during his recent visit to Nashville was the recipient of many marks of distinguished favor. In some places the ovation with which he was greeted resembled the triumph of a Roman General returning from foreign conquests. Just before leaving Nashville he was visited by the Mexican veterans of that city, who presented him with an elegant gold headed cane bearing the following inscription:

"TO GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON,
from
THE MEX.
Nashville, 1880."

General Johnston was escorted to the train, where the committee saw him safely ensconced in a sleeper bound for Atlanta.

A Card From Governor O'Ferrall.

Evening before last an article appeared in a local paper, which, perhaps, calls for some notice at my hands. After copying a telegram from Richmond to the New York Journal, the paper proceeded to say that the fact that I had accepted an invitation to deliver the annual address on Memorial Day at Hollywood, was regarded as evidence that I intended to become a candidate for United States Senator against the Hon. John W. Daniel. By whom it was so regarded is not stated, but I challenge any man to name a human being besides the writer who ever expressed such an idea. The article further stated that my friends had feared that I would not be able to enter the race, because of my physical condition, referring to my recent protracted sickness. I challenge any man to name a single friend who ever so expressed himself. No friend or foe has ever heard me say at any time that I

was or would be a candidate for senatorial honors.

The ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association honored me with an invitation to deliver a brief address on Memorial Day. Does any honorable man charge that these noble and devoted women, for a moment, intended this simple act on their part to have political significance? Does any honorable man believe that I would take advantage of so sacred an occasion as to use it to promote my political fortunes, even if such a thing were possible? Does any honorable man think that the no less patriotic and faithful ladies of the Oakwood Memorial Association, in inviting Major Daniel to deliver the annual address on last Monday, ever intended to do more than pay a compliment to a true and gallant Confederate soldier? Does any man believe that this distinguished gentleman, in accepting the invitation or in delivering the fine address, which I did not have the pleasure of hearing, by reason of my absence from the city, to attend a meeting of the regents of the Mount Vernon Association, was prompted by a desire to increase his political popularity?

I had flattered myself that my services as a Confederate soldier would justify me in accepting an invitation to pay a tribute to my dead comrades without subjecting me to the criticism of any foe, however vindictive and unjust.

CHAS. T. O'FERRALL.

May 14, 1897.

LOUDOUN COUNTY.

Organization of a Camp of Confederate Veterans.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

LEESBURG, February 13, 1888.

Pursuant to a call made through the press, a number of ex-Confederates residing in Loudoun met here to-day and organized a camp of Confederate veterans, with a membership of 102. The following regiments and commands were represented: Eighth and Seventeenth Virginia infantry, First, Sixth, Seventh, and Eleventh Virginia cavalry, Thirty-fifth (White's) and Forty-third (Mosby's) battalions of cavalry, Gillmore's, Letcher's, Chew's, and Stribling's batteries, Loudoun artillery, Richmond Howitzers, Confederate States navy, &c. Captain W. B. Lynch, Seventeenth infantry, was called to the chair, and John Gray, Forty-third cavalry, made secretary.

A permanent organization was effected by the election of the following officers: Colonel E. V. White, commander; Captain O. S. Braden, first lieutenant-commander; Sergeant Sterling Murray, second lieutenant-commander; Captain W. B. Lynch, third lieutenant-commander; Captain J. R. Hutchison, adjutant; Lieutenant W. W. Athey, quartermaster; Dr. N. G. West, surgeon; Rev. Carter Page, chaplain; Lieutenant L. M. Shumate, officer of the day; Dr. R. H. Edwards, assistant surgeon; Captain A. M. Chichester, treasurer; John H. Alexander, sergeant-major; J. F. Brawner, vidette; M. M. Rodehor, color-sergeant; T. L. Potterfield, first color-guard; A. J. Louder, second color-guard.

The name "Clinton Hatcher Camp, No. 8," was adopted.

Clinton Hatcher was a gallant Confederate private who fell at Ball's Bluff.

The camp adjourned to meet in Leesburg the first day of March court.