

The visit to Monticello of a party from Washington, headed by Senator Hoar, and including several public men of distinction, is an interesting circumstance. It is interesting, on the one hand, as testifying to the esteem, bordering on veneration, which is, more and more as the years go by, felt for the name and fame of Jefferson; and it is, on the other hand, interesting as an occasion to quicken the patriotism of the pilgrims to this almost sacred shrine, and to incite them to a profounder and more faithful study of the great fundamental principles of our republican government in which the sage of Monticello was the principal pioneer. No one of the set of wonderfully gifted men who participated in the stupendous events of the revolutionary era, and the formative period of the republic, has so signally as Mr. Jefferson left the impress of his genius and political wisdom upon the minds of succeeding generations. So true is it that he has come to be regarded as the fountain of political wisdom that the leaders of all parties, however diverse their doctrines, claim to derive their creeds from the principles which Jefferson espoused and inculcated. Of course, therefore, numberless vagaries and false ideas seek to shelter themselves under the aegis of his authority. An amusing, we had almost said absurd, instance of this is found in an editorial of the New York Sun of Tuesday. "In every stress and strain that has overtaken the republic," says this paper, "the teachings of Jefferson have been found adequate to point the way of safety." The Sun then instances, as a case in point, the platform adopted by the first convention of the Republican party, which in June, 1856, nominated Fremont for the presidency. The following preamble and plank of that platform is quoted by the Sun:

"This convention of delegates, assembled in pursuance of a call addressed to the people of the United States, without regard to past political differences or divisions, who are opposed to the repeal of the Missouri compromise; to the policy of the present administration; to the extension of slavery into free territory; in favor of admission of Kansas as a free State; of restoring the action of the Federal government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson, and for the purpose of presenting candidates for the offices of President and Vice President, do

"Resolve, That the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions, and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the Union of the States, must and shall be preserved."

This "Resolve" will be found repeated verbatim in the platform of the Republican convention which, four years later, nominated Lincoln for the presidency.

Now, we wish to make two comments on the above. The preamble appeals to Jefferson in justification of the opposition of the party to the repeal of the Missouri compromise. It will be remembered that this measure was adopted in 1821 when Missouri was, after an angry strife on the slavery question that threatened dissolution of the Union, admitted as a State upon a "compromise" whereby Mis-

souri retained the institution of slavery, but it was enacted that no territory lying north of the thirty-sixth parallel of latitude (being the southern boundary of Missouri) should thereafter be admitted as a slave State. Mr. Jefferson was then nearing his end, but from his home on the lofty eminence of Monticello his anxious eye looked out over the wide and constantly widening borders of his beloved country. When the news of this compromise reached his ears he exclaimed that it came to him with the "alarm of a fire bell at midnight, that a great political principle should be discriminated by a geographical line." It will thus be seen that he deeply deplored the enactment of the "Missouri Compromise" as a dangerous innovation, and yet we here see him quoted as authority for resisting the repeal of that very measure.

And now, as to the above quoted "Resolve" of the two Republican conventions of 1856 and 1860, that "the maintenance of the principles promulgated in the Declaration of Independence, and embodied in the Federal Constitution, is essential to the preservation of republican institutions, and that the Federal Constitution, the rights of the States, and the union of the States, must and shall be preserved." The Sun quotes the "Resolve," and makes the following comment on it:

"That was the fundamental principle on which Lincoln was elected, on which the rebellion was overthrown. The Constitution and the principles of Thomas Jefferson triumphed."

That is to say, the "rebellion," which was an attempt of certain States to exercise the right of peaceful secession, was overthrown by force of arms in accordance with the "teaching of the Constitution and the principles of Thomas Jefferson." Now, in January, 1830, the question of the constitutional right of a State to secede from the Union was the subject of the great debate between Webster and Hayne. In that debate Mr. Webster contended that the right of secession was the right of revolution, and not a constitutional right. Eight years after this discussion the "secret debates" of the convention of 1787, which framed the Federal Constitution, were, in 1838, published by Congress. These "secret debates" were a minute record of the proceedings and debates of the convention made at the time by Mr. Madison, a member of the body. A few years ago Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, published a biography of Daniel Webster, being one of the American Statesman Series. In that biography Senator Lodge declares that it must in candor be admitted that if Mr. Webster had seen the "secret debates" before his discussion with Hayne he could never have contended that it was not intended by the framers of the constitution to leave with the States the reserved right of seceding from the federal compact. So much for this appeal to "the Federal Constitution and the principles of Jefferson" as authority for the forcible resistance of the government of the exercise by a State of the right of secession.

#### North Carolina Confederate Reunion

WINDSOR, N. C., August 3.—(Special).—Colonel J. S. Carr addressed the Confederate Veterans' Association, which met here Thursday. There were about two hundred and fifty ex-Confederate soldiers present, and the general attendance, composed of men, women and children, was nearly three thousand. Several long tables loaded with all kinds of edibles were placed in the court-house yard, to which, at the conclusion of the address all were invited.

The rest of the day was spent by the old soldiers in the court-house, listening to other speeches, and hearing tales of past dangers told by one another.

#### Build the Monument.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

List ye, rouse ye, wayworn veterans,  
Evermore your chief must sleep,  
'Neath the dews of "Old Dominion"—  
Whence a fitting shaft should keep  
Visioned, patriotic eyes—  
Be a load-star 'neath the skies!

Let Confed'rate father's life-scenes  
Rise with monumental glow;  
Bright the dawn within "The Capital,"  
Drear the shades of old Monroe—  
Chiseled truths of love and praise,  
Hands and hearts, now let us raise.

Build a monument of glory—  
Moan him not in lowly mound;  
'Twas a grand and matchless hero,  
Answered Death's low-tymbaled sound—  
Give it, rear it, to his fame,  
While one watcher scrolls each name.

Southern valor cannot perish;  
Davis lost the cause he vied,  
Yet the claritudes of duty  
Rival vict'ry's sceptered pride—  
Hearken! Dixie's martial strain,  
Echoes, hopes, and struggles slain.

Keep those sacrifices sacred—  
Full of prestige ever dear;  
Daughters, spend thy voice for action,  
Make this marble pile a peer;  
Call the Southland now to toll;  
Let no fall her efforts spoil.

Build the monument to justice,  
On historic Richmond's field.  
Years have passed, the fate of battles  
Peace and union have been sealed;  
War hemanthus veins are bled,  
Prejudicial thistles dead.

Mrs. ZULA B. COOK,  
Anniston, Ala.

#### McDONOUGH'S GREAT GIFT.

It is now nearly half a century since John McDonogh died at his plantation home, near New Orleans. It is nearly a quarter of a century since the school that bears his name, and that was founded by his beneficence, was opened for the benefit of boys from Baltimore. Louisiana has a similar institution, and in that city a short time ago a handsome monument, erected through the efforts of those who had benefited by his generosity, was dedicated in his honor. It took many years to put the trust into shape for carrying out the donor's wishes, and the fund realized in the end, after years of litigation, and after the decrease in value occasioned by the war, was far below the figure placed upon it by the Southern philanthropist. But the trust has been well managed, and it is today, in both Baltimore and New Orleans, doing a magnificent work in the practical education of the youth.

The decoration of the founder's grave by the boys of the school on Friday proved that his memory is still cherished by the beneficiaries of the trust. The commencement exercises yesterday proved that the school he founded continues a valuable educational institution—one that is training boys in the right way, one that is a very useful and very important factor in our great educational system.

On last Monday they dedicated with much pomp and ceremony a monument erected upon the grounds of the United States Military Academy, at West Point, which bears the following inscription:

In Memory of the  
Officers and Men  
of the

Regular Army of the United States,  
Who Fell in Battle During the War of  
the Rebellion.  
This Monument is Erected by Their  
Surviving Comrades.

We cannot think this a very gracious thing to have been done with the permission and approbation of the government. The National Military Academy belongs as much to the people of the South as the people of the North. It owes its origin principally to a Southern man, Thomas Jefferson; for it was his wisdom and patriotism that suggested it and mainly urged the steps that led to its institution. In the proportion in which the two sections have sent cadets to this academy it has, to put it mildly, turned out as many distinguished Southern soldiers as Northern.

If this is to be a cordially reunited country, and the South is in the future to send her sons to the Military Academy which she helps to sustain with her money, is it appropriate that this inscription shall state these Southern cadets in the face, declaring, as it does, the calumny that their fathers were guilty of "Rebellion"? Is it not a historical fact that Chief Justice Chase abated the prosecution against Jefferson Davis because, as he himself said, no case of treason could be made out against him? And yet, at the Military Academy of the common country there is to stand a monument inscribed with the libel that the Southern soldiers who went forth from its halls and drill-grounds, and entered the service of their section in the civil war were "rebels," and consequently traitors.

Frank James Tells of One of Quantrill's Encounters.

From the St. Louis Republic.  
"The worst fright I ever had was caused by a drove of young mules," said Frank James, who was one of Quantrill's most daring night riders. "A detachment of Quantrill's command was suddenly and unexpectedly unhorsed in Western Kentucky about the middle of the war. I was one of them. There were ten of us in the party. We hustled around in lively fashion for two or three days, and could not afford to be very squeamish about the style of animal or the means employed in acquiring them, for the enemy was close upon us and pursuing us hotly. Along toward night we came upon a pasture filled with a motley array of horses, and we helped ourselves to them. In the bunch was an old mare with a big bell tied around her neck. Of course, we knew that this meant she was the leader of the drove. But we pressed her into service, anyway, and away we struck down a rocky branch road. You don't know what a rocky branch road is unless you have had to travel over one in Western Kentucky. It is no road at all, but simply a level bank along a branch or small creek that flows through the valley between the high hills, which in most any other country would be called mountains.

"Well, we were going lickity-split down this rocky branch road toward our command. It was soon after dark, but it was as black as day down in that ravine as the innermost recesses of the infernal regions are supposed to be. Though we were riding fast and making a good deal of noise, we could hear a tremendous commotion in our rear. We halted to determine the nature and cause of it. The uproar sounded like a cavalry charge, and we concluded that a whole division of Federal cavalry was pursuing us. We resumed our course under whip and spur, and louder grew the noise in our rear. It sounded exactly as if the enemy was pushing on us at every leap, and I suggested that we shy off into the bushes and wait for the Yankees to come up with us. Then we could surprise and rout them. On the next rush came with a mighty clatter of hoofs on that rocky branch road. As the uproar grew louder and more distinct, we knew the enemy was nearing us, and we threw ourselves into line of battle.

"Pretty soon we heard the clatter just over the brow of a hill from our position, and we cocked our guns ready to throw a broadside into the onrushing Yankees as soon as they showed themselves on the hill's crest. In another instant a black mass could be seen sweeping over the knoll. Then, as I thought probably it might be some of our own men, and that before sending our deadly fire into the ranks it would be best to find out what composed it. We shouted 'Halt!' at the top of our voices, but still the mass continued to sweep toward us. Then we fired a volley into it. The flash of our guns made a brilliant red streak in theinky blackness, and through it we saw a lot of young mules. They had broken out of the pasture when they discovered the absence of the old mare, and their instinct had guided them in our direction in search of her.

"I have no idea how many of them we killed, but I do know that I was mad enough when I got over my fright to root them all down, and would probably have done so if it had not been for the fact that the cannonading we had already indulged in had aroused the enemy and put them on to the direction we had taken."

PERSONAL TRAITS OF THE DARING  
BLUE GRASS HORSEMEN.

**They Were Not Guerrillas, but Agile and Plucky Men of War—How They Were Armed and Fought—A Leader's Story of War Over the Border.**

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Reminiscences of his associates and companions in those battles and raids along and over the border which made famous and to some timid minds made terrible the name of John H. Morgan.

"The representative character of Morgan's men as Kentuckians and Americans is shown by the fact that the command embraced the best young men of Kentucky, many of them graduates of the highest eastern colleges and others of the same class too young to be graduated. Among the leaders were Willie Breckinridge, Hart Gibson of Yale, at one time Morgan's adjutant general; Colonel Griggsby of an old Virginia family and a graduate of the University of Virginia, Colonel Chenaux, Colonel Tucker, Lieutenant Colonel Cicero Coleman, Leroy Cluko, ex-Governor McCreary and scores of others whose names are prominent in the west, and, in fact, all over the Union, as honorable and active citizens. The ranks were filled with the best blood of the Blue Grass country and the flower of the youth around Louisville, where Morgan was known. All of them were men of worth, whose families for generations had been prominent and respected in all that makes good citizens. They had not been born to millions, but had enjoyed the best education and bringing up.

"I have named some of the leaders, and the relatives and connections of these, in a sense picked men, filled the ranks. All were of the same class, officers and privates, the majority of the latter probably not above 18 or at the most 20 years of age when the war broke out. True, Morgan was a raider, but only a pioneer in the style of warfare which the enemy was glad to adopt later in the war. Morgan took to it naturally and because of his experience in the Mexican war, where he had commanded a company. Furthermore, he had read of the ancient use of cavalry, and not of cavalry simply, but of mounted infantry, which could move with the speed of the wind far into the enemy's country. When we were in the enemy's country, one man would hold the horses of four others while they dismounted to fight or to carry on the work of bridge and railroad destroying. The chief idea of our campaigns was to cripple the enemy by destroying his roads and bridges, fighting when necessary to cut our way in to the objective point or to save our bacon in getting back home.

"For this work our command was ideal. Just as the men were highly educated, so were they highly trained in all that makes good, independent soldiers. They had been taught to ride, and, in fact, had been born to the saddle. Without a saddle or even a stirrup it was all the same. I had men in my command who could reach down from the saddle and pick a silver half dollar

far from the ground. This was a famous trick of the Texans, and our Kentuckians imitated them. They also had the sportsman's pride and could shoot a squirrel in the head at the top of the tallest tree. To bring a squirrel home shot in any other way would have been considered a mutilation and laughed at by the old men of the neighborhood. They could shoot a bird on the wing and decapitate a quail neatly amid the rankest swamp grass. Naturally these men became expert in every kind of warfare. I know in all my experiences but one or two cases of shirking, and the men recovered pluck afterward. In my first real experience with a body of these men under fire they came out like heroes.

"After serving about a year cross the border I went back to Louisville and recruited a company of Yale and Princeton boys and took them through the lines to Morgan's camp. The first fight was in a mountain raid into Kentucky, where we went to capture the Federal general, George W. Morgan. We ran into an ambush, and Morgan, being ahead, rode right through before the fire fairly opened. The Federals were on both sides of the road, firing steadily. It was daylight, and of course we were mounted. Gano's command preceded mine, and after striking the ambush he turned his column and retreated out of the fire at a walk, himself coolly eating some wild fruit as he crouched to avoid the bullets. Two companies of the regiment in front of mine had to wheel, and while



GENERAL JOHN HUNT MORGAN.  
[As he appeared in the field.]

waiting for them mine stood under fire. I was all anxiety, for I wished them to act as well as Gano's veterans. To assure them I said: 'Steady, men! Those bullets are spent and won't hurt you if they hit you.' One of the men answered, 'Hurt, h—l, captain; they go clear through.' After that the men wheeled and joined the column in retreat without any show of fear or danger of panic, and I could trust them anywhere.

"The only man out of the lot who ever flunked was a young fellow of good fami-

ly whom it was noticed staid back as a horse holder in every fight. At last the men spoke to me about it, and one day, after I had lost two orderlies killed, I called him out to act as orderly and follow me into the thickest of it. He was as white as a sheet, and I told him he was a disgrace to his family. He then confessed that his courage was all right until he had the ill luck to meet some of the horribly wounded coming out of a fight. The thought of them, and their sufferings unmanned him. But I took him along, and as soon as we got under fire the blood mounted to his cheeks, and he went in with all the excitement and exhilaration of a warrior. 'I like that,' said he, and he returned out one of the bravest of the brave. In one battle he was wounded three times and wouldn't give up till it was all over.

"Morgan's raids were not reckless, partisan forays, but military movements, ordered from headquarters. He

was given discretion where and how to strike in order to carry out the wishes of his chief. The great Ohio raid was ordered by Bragg for the purpose of keeping the Federal forces north of the Tennessee river from marching to the support of Rosecrans at Tullahoma. I was present at one of the conferences between Bragg and Morgan, and Bragg said, 'Yes, go where you can be most effective to keep back any force of the enemy.' 'Even to crossing the Ohio river?' 'Yes,' answered Bragg. Morgan had wonderful magnetic power over everybody who came into contact with him, his superiors as well as his subordinates.

"There were five of the remarkable Morgan family in the brigade at one time, the general and four of his brothers. His brother-in-law, General Basil Duke, was with him all through and succeeded to the command of the Kentuckians after the general's tragic death. Cal Morgan, as he was called, was not regularly in the military service. He was my chum and companion in camp and on the march. He always carried a rifle, but his chief service was that of an extra pair of eyes for the general or for myself when on a dangerous expedition. Colonel Richard Morgan came to the brigade from the east, where he had served on the staff of A. P. Hill, another brother-in-law of General Morgan. He was a gallant soldier and was appointed colonel of a regiment. Captain Charleston Morgan was an aid-de-camp on the general's staff. The youngest of the brothers, Lieutenant Tom Morgan, was a boy in his teens and had all the reckless courage of hot blooded young Kentucky. He was killed at Lebanon on the great raid while charging the railway station under a heavy fire. The general had once that day ordered him away from the front. He belonged to the Second Kentucky and was the idol of the regiment.

"We were always dressed in gray uniform or the semblance of a uniform. But the officers very rarely wore insignia. I never had the insignia of my rank. Once a citizen admirer gave me a star for a coat collar, a homemade affair, hammered or stamped out of a piece of silver plate. Morgan had but one uniform coat—a roundabout. Our weapons for officers and men were revolvers and Enfield rifles, the last for infantry fighting. Swords were discarded, because they made too much noise for our style of warfare, which was to slip up and strike the enemy unawares.

"The only case of traveling in false colors, except perhaps on small scouts, was soon after the spy hanging episode at Fort Granger in the spring of 1863. Two Con-



GENERAL AND MRS. MORGAN.  
[The wartime bride.]

federate spies, named Williams and Peters, were caught within the Federal lines dressed in blue and summarily executed. Rosecrans once issued an order that all enemies caught in his lines in blue uniforms be executed on the spot. In a spirit of retaliation and bravado Morgan selected a body of 65 men to dress in blue and raid Nashville in the rear of Rosecrans. Mor-

gan went along, but was not in active command.

"I had a most delicate mission assigned me—the capture of Governor Andrew Johnson—as cleverly concocted a plot as was ever born in the brain of man. We were all dressed in blue uniforms taken from a captured train and the disguise served us well until we came to the crossing of the Tennessee, on the Murfreesboro road. It would have served us throughout but for the sharp eye of a Michigan Indian in the Federal ranks. We learned that there was a small picket at the crossing of the river, and a sergeant of my command went out ahead to capture it, taking a squad of men on horseback. After a parley, in which our men deceived the Federals by forged documents and clever tales, the pickets agreed to pass the squad under escort to the reserve. The crossing was made on a flatboat and the first boat was nearly across the river when one of my men slipped his pistol from under his thigh, where he had held it ready for business, to the holster. The Indian saw the movement and became suspicious. He warned his comrades, and on landing ran back to the reserves. A fight resulted, and we charged and took prisoners all opposed to us. We were far in the Federal lines and all liable to be shot according to Rosecrans' order. We told our prisoners this and that we would be justified in shooting them. Instead we scattered them through the command and told them that if we fell in with any of their friends and they gave the alarm we would shoot them all without parley. They accepted the situation and we rode all night back to our lines, and on reaching there liberated the prisoners according to promise.

"Morgan's warfare was as legitimate as that of Sheridan in the Shenandoah, or Sherman in Georgia. Of course we left a track of ruins behind us. Ohio wanted to treat us as marauders and murderers. Why, we only made war as it was made on us."

When the full story of Morgan's raids shall be written in a manner worthy the theme, it will be a book of thrilling adventure more startling than the wildest fiction.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

## WORTHY OF OUR LOVE

MEMORY OF FALLEN HEROES ENSHRINED IN OUR AFFECTIONS.

## MEMORIAL-DAY AT HOLLYWOOD.

Graves of 12,000 Confederates Decorated and Interesting Exercises Held—Governor O'Ferrall's Tribute to Southern Valor.

As though in sympathy with the noble band of women who constitute the Hollywood Memorial Association, and yearly perform the self-imposed task of decorating the graves of the 12,000 Confederate dead who slumber quietly beneath the sod of beautiful Hollywood, nature smiled upon them yesterday and made their Memorial-Day as perfect as could have been desired.

During the morning heavy clouds hung over the cemetery, as though waiting for an opportunity to drench the patriotic ladies and gentlemen who in each recurring May assemble within the hallowed enclosure to pay tribute to the heroes who fell in defence of our fair city and country, and later on in the day an earthquake shock occurred, but neither the quake nor the clouds interfered with the memorial exercises, for the earth was still and the clouds had all rolled away ere the time for the exercises to begin, and the sun smiled down upon the immense throng in the cemetery, out of a beautifully arched blue sky, and



GOV. CHARLES T. O'FERRALL,  
(Who Delivered the Oration.)

all nature was as serene as is fitting for such an occasion.

Not one of the plans of the ladies of the Hollywood Association miscarried yesterday. The exercises at the grounds, the parade of the military, and civic bodies, and the speech of Governor O'Ferrall, were all excellent and pleasing to the multitude that stood along the streets and watched the procession, and thronged the side of Gettysburg Hill and listened to the words of Virginia's Executive.

### AN IMPOSING PARADE.

The parade was in charge of Brigadier-General Phillips, who, with his staff, rode at the head of the procession, following the platoon of police, under command of Captain Hulce. In the line were the First Regiment, the Blues, the Howitzers, the Stuart Horse Guard, Lee and Pickett Camps, the Sons of Veterans, and carriages containing the Governor, Dr. Hatcher, Judge Christian, Mrs. O'Ferrall, the Governor's staff, and the ladies of the Hollywood, Oakwood, and Hebrew Memorial societies. Arriving at the main gate the militia drew up and saluted the veterans and the occupants of the carriages, who preceded them into the beautiful home of the dead.

By as direct a route as was possible, the organizations marched to the soldiers' section, which had been beautifully decorated by the ladies, and around the soldiers' monument to Gettysburg Hill, where the speaker's stand was located.

Neath a beautiful budding magnolia tree sat the veterans from the Soldiers' Home, who, being too feeble to walk, had been transported in buses to the cemetery, in order to participate, as far as in their power lay, in doing honor to their comrades who had gone before, and around these old soldiers, who had withstood the shocks of many hard-fought battles, their more fortunate comrades of Lee and Pickett camps stood, while the thousands of people who had flocked to the cemetery gathered about them to listen to the proceedings.

### JUDGE CHRISTIAN'S INTRODUCTORY

As soon as quiet reigned, Judge George L. Christian, the master of ceremonies, arose and presented Rev. Dr. William E. Hatcher, who delivered a beautiful prayer. Judge Christian then advanced to the front of the platform, and after giving a brief history of the Hollywood Memorial Association from its formation in 1895 to the present day, said:

"About the time this association was formed the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the great apostle and prophet of the North, predicted that in a few years the relatives of those southern men who fell in our struggle would be ashamed to be standing by their dishonored graves. Little did he know of the South where of which these women of the South were made, and he doubtless judged them by his own lack of fidelity to principle. For his own lack of fidelity to principle, on some day in the month of every May our women of this association have bedecked and bedewed these graves with their flowers and their tears, in attestation of their devotion to the cause for which these men died, and to do honor to the memory of those to whom honor is due. Yes, there may be, and I am sorry to say there are, some recalcitrant southern men. But, thank God, I never saw a recalcitrant southern woman. They love this land and the men who died for it. Even though it be the

"Land where the victor's flag waves,  
Where only the dead are the free,  
Each link in the chain that enslaved  
But binds us to them and to thee."

"Land with the sign of the Cross,  
Whose shadow is everywhere spread,  
They measure their love by thy loss,  
Thy loss by the graves of their dead."

"In celebrating this occasion, so sacred to all, it is most fitting that the orator selected should not only have been a representative Confederate soldier, but a representative citizen as well. The gentleman whom I have the honor to present to you this evening is not only the honored Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth, but one who, in defence of the

principles which Virginia sought to maintain upon the field of battle, freely shed his blood, and whether in his civic or military career, has always striven to uphold and defend the honor and renown of his mother State. I have the honor to introduce his Excellency the Hon. Charles T. O'Ferrall, Governor of this Commonwealth."

### THE GOVERNOR'S ADDRESS.

As Judge Christian concluded and took his seat, Governor O'Ferrall arose, and

was greeted with hearty and continued applause.

The Governor said:

Ladies of the Hollywood-Memorial Association, Comrades, Ladies, and Gentlemen,—I shall not consume any portion of the few minutes I shall address you in discussing the grievances that led to the conflict of arms in which fell so many of the flower of our Southland. This would be a work of supererogation, for there is no division of sentiment on this hallowed ground, and no argument is necessary to confirm us in our conviction that while might was against us, right was with us. "To engage in war without a clear necessity is a crime of the blackest dye, but when the necessity is clear, it then becomes a crime to shrink from it." I shall not vouchsafe a defence of the course of my fallen comrades, for it needs no defence; I shall not even seemingly attempt to vindicate their deeds, for they need no vindication. Neither have I any apologies to offer nor recantations to make for my living comrades, for here in the sight of God and man I boldly yet reverently declare that never since the morning stars sang together did men fight for a land more glorious or bleed for a cause more grand. (Applause.) Confederate soldiers stood by their faith and set an example worthy to be followed, not only in the turmoil of bloody strife, but in the arena of peace. Hearts warmer, souls braver, never dared the battle storm; feet firmer never trod the field of carnage, and eyes prouder never glared into the grim face of death. They fought like Spartans; they died like martyrs, or accepted, like heroes, the inevitable at the command of their great chieftains. No tinge of shame has ever mantled the cheeks nor sentence of regret escaped the lips of the survivors of that renowned band. With consciousness devoid of wrong, they have walked the earth with the step of conscious prowess, glorying in their records and looking with pity and contempt upon their defamers. The civilized world has rendered its verdict, and the impartial chronicler can be trusted to carve the judgment upon tablets indestructible and "spread the truth from pole to pole." No higher encomium could any man desire than these plain words: "He was a Confederate soldier, and he did his duty." No loftier epitaph could any tomb bear than this simple inscription: "He wore the gray jacket, and honored it," and, though he may be among the "unknown," and under yon towering obelisk, peaceful is his sleep, for sublime is his story and a knightly land proclaims his glory.

### MEMORIAL-TRIBUTE OFFERING.

But we have gathered here for a special purpose, and to me has been assigned a solemn yet pleasant task. Nature has put on her brightest robes, and Heaven seems to be smiling upon us. These hills and dells are thronging with matrons and maidens, and swarming with little children, while the silvery and hoary locks and drooping forms of God's noblest men from the veteran camps and Soldiers' Home add to the intense interest of the scene. We have come in obedience to a custom born in the loyal and loving hearts of a Virginia woman nearly a generation ago, and which has been observed from year to year, as each flowery season sheds its fragrance. This is memorial and tribute-offering day. We are in this mute and silent city to straw these graves and bedeck these mounds with garlands, sing praises to the dwellers, and commune with their spirits. We are here to keep green the memories of them who rest beneath this sod and in these shady bowers, and who gave their all for their country in the fond hope that their blood would not be shed in vain. Thirty-two years and more have been recorded upon the ineffaceable scroll since the cruel spade, sinking deep, made these lowly beds for their eternal sleepers. With the muffled drum beating and the saluting-volley sounding, and with

their blankets as their burial robes, these fallen heroes from a hundred fields were laid where the sun could shine, and the stars could gleam upon them. In the trenches and in the charge, amid the din and smoke of battle they had vowed that whether they ever turned their faces homeward again bearing with them a stainless name, or whether they fell they would be true to the end, and true they were, holding fast to their vow even to their expiring breath. They returned not to hearstones made radiant by their coming, nor to bosoms swelling with joy, but freely offered themselves as sacrifices upon the altar of their Southland. Whether they were slain by shrieking shell, sabre-stroke, or rifle-ball, or went to their God from prison pen, hospital cot, or martyr scaffold, they will survive in sempiternal remembrance, and their courage and daring, suffering, and immolation will be chiselled in letters that can never be effaced by the elements or the vandal's hand. Upon their breasts might be piled the Egyptian pyramids; upon them might be heaped the Blue Ridge chain, yet they would not be so deeply buried that the tendrils of our affections would not reach them. Here on each recurring Memorial-Day fame for them a fresh chaplet weaves. Manassas sends her laurel leaves; Seven Pines her scarlet and Malvern Hill her crimson rose; Cold Harbor, Chancellorsville, Mechanicsville, Yellow Tavern, Fredericksburg, Petersburg, and the Wilderness their choicest flowers, and even Antietam and Gettysburg their immortelles, while Appomattox, in her mourning, gives a star to crown the wreath of glory, more unfading than the bravest Gaul ever wore.

Will this pathetic custom of tribute-offering ever cease? As well might I ask if the bold river that foams and seethes at the foot of these holy grounds will cease to flow or the gentle showers that keep these mounds verdant will cease to fall.

#### LIFE IN OUR AFFECTIONS.

Will the month of May ever come when mementoes of affection and gratitude will no longer be scattered where lie the deathless dead of the States that sparkled but idollized and glorified republic? No voice need respond, no tongue need answer, for this animating scene is a response as strong and loud as if from the blast of a mighty trumpet blown by mighty lungs. It comes with the power of the hurricane, declaring that through the unfolded ages the love so sweet now will be precious, the memories so dear now will be warm, and the homage so beautiful now will be paid by coming generations. I read in the flushed cheeks of this vast assemblage, and in the moist eyelids and teardrops the same spirit living in its pristine vigor that permeated the earliest memorial gathering after the funeral knell of all our hopes on that fated April morning had bowed the heads of our patriachs in despair and bended the knees of our devoted women in prayer. I read, too, the lessons that have been instilled into the youthful minds by fathers and mothers—lessons which will sink deeper and deeper and become dearer and dearer as time advances and the beloved teachers slide down the hill of life and finally enter the portals of eternity. History will indeed be searched fruitlessly for a page so instructive as that which is written every twelvemonth in this sunny land to tell all nations and climes the height and depth of a people's loyalty to a lost cause and a people's constancy to the clustering memories of an unseparated republic.

Never since the break of creation's dawn has there been such an exhibition of sublimity of character and nobility of soul. So it has been in the past, so it will be in the future—ever-enduring love, never-ending devotion.

My comrades, while we meet on occasions like this to discharge a sacred obligation, these meetings are salutary and good in their influence upon us individually and collectively. They remind us that we were once banded together in a common purpose, and drew inspiration from a common fountain and fought and suffered under a common flag; they strengthen fraternal ties, rekindle the flame of brotherly regard, and revive recollections of that ensanguined period when ignoble fear never made a Confederate line waver nor a Confederate muscle quiver; they recall the donning of the gray jacket, the parting at the door of home, the farewell look as the old roof faded away in the vista, the first night's dream in camp, the first shot on picket, the first scream of the shell, and the first battle shock, and then the rushing, whirling tide of events from Bethel to Appomattox. With what lightning rapidity do all these remembrances come trooping, and with what tenderness do we treat them. Banish them we could not if we could, discard them we would not if we could, for they are part of the very woof and web of our existence. These memorial days, as they roll around annually, bring vividly before us every incident connected with that unequal contest in which 600,000 stalwart men, with the conviction of right to serve

them and the vision of home and cherished ones to stir them, met 2,700,000 foes in mortal combat in the open field without helmet or mail, shield or breastplate, achieving victories more numerous and dazzling than the pearls in a royal diadem, and for four years streaming proudly and defiantly their banner, though tattered and torn, in Heaven's breezes. Were they conquered then? No, they were simply crushed under the weight of numbers. Were they vanquished then? Only when their enemies were reinforced by their allies—disease, want, privation, and starvation.

#### ARE UNITED IN HEART.

Yes, my comrades, a day like this draws us closer together, and however much we may differ among ourselves on matters of Church or State, when we wend our way to this consecrated ground and bend over these little headstones, we



JURGE GEORGE L. CHRISTIAN.

(Who Presided as Master of Ceremonies.)  
touch elbows, strike the same chord and chant the same hymn, worship at the same shrine, and burn incense on the same altar. Indeed, there is a feeling of fellowship in our ranks which increases more and more as the thinning process of nature goes on and comrade after comrade drops out never to join us again in the camp hall or unite with us in these impressive exercises. More thrilling than ever seem the songs we sang in the bivouac and on the march, which set our blood aflame and strengthened our arm to wield the sword or steadied it to aim the musket, and whose stirring notes rang through the valleys and echoed in the mountains like bugle-calls to duty.

Comrades, in the years of which I have been speaking you were in your young manhood—some of you in your teens. The ensign, with its eleven stars and three bars, was your pride. Since it was furled your heads have silvered under the Stars and Stripes. The Confederacy is now only a memory; the Union is a living reality. You were "as true as steel" to the one, and you have been "as true as the dial to the sun" to the other, keeping inviolate your pledge. No honorable man will doubt your loyalty, none but a craven will question it. Under the government founded by the rebel fathers of 1776, and under the Constitution framed by them, you stand as coequal citizens of this republic, sincere in your allegiance, but you abate not a jot or tittle of your allegiance to the ruling power of your natures, which commands you to honor your dead and in calm, storm, sunshine, shadow, and prosperity and adversity, be faithful to the memories of the cause in defence of which your hills and plains were crimsoned, your rivers and bays reddened, and your land was filled with sorrowing mothers, weeping widows, fatherless maidens, and orphan children. Yes, we are loyal to the flag that is floating over the historic old building once the Capitol of our infant republic, but loyal, too, are we to the glories of that other flag that waved from the same staff when Lee and Johnston and Beauregard, Bragg and Smith, were leading their legions to the realms of immortal renown, and Jackson, Polk and Price, Hill, Stuart, Morgan, and Ashby, dying, were blazing their names in skies of imperishable fame.

#### TRIBUTE TO NOBLE WOMEN.

Now, before concluding this brief address, I must not fail to speak of the association of patriotic women whose busy hands and tireless energies have made Hollywood the veritable Mecca of the South. But what can I say of these noble daughters of Richmond that has not already been said ten thousand times in terms far more eloquent than any words of mine? Yet, with all the encomiums that have been pronounced or written by tongues or pens, the full story remains untold, for language cannot adequately express the extent of their work and the depth and breadth of their pure and unselfish love. No orator, however gifted; no poet, however inspired, could do them justice. With noiseless tread and quickened pulse, they have moved hither and

thither among these 16,000 numbers, marking every bed, smoothing every turfy wrinkle, plucking every noxious weed, and planting the holly, the cypress, and the bay, and inviting the songsters of the air to make their homes in the branches and warble their sweetest lays.

No season has been too cold, nor warm, nor damp for their visitations. Like the mythical virgins, their watch has been ceaseless and their care has been constant. We see, we feel the intensity of their emotions and the sincerity and success of their labors, but speech has not been framed to tell them how much we appreciate and adore them. All we can do is to lay our poor tribute at their feet and mingle our blessings with the benedictions which the winds are now wafting to them from every quarter of this land of "the wreck and the tomb"—this land

"With a grave in each spot,  
And names in those graves that shall  
ne'er be forgot."

#### THE EXERCISES CONCLUDED.

The Governor was frequently interrupted by applause, which greeted some of his patriotic utterances, and when he concluded was loudly cheered. Before the hills had ceased to reverberate the cheers, however, the Blues' Band struck up "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and under the direction of Captain Frank W. Cunningham, who used as a baton the same sword with which he conducted the singing over President Davis's grave, the immense crowd sang the sweetly plaintive hymn. As the last note died away on the atmosphere Rev. London R. Mason pronounced the benediction, and the exercises were concluded, the soldiers returning to their armories and the crowd scattering to their respective homes.

#### Memorial Sermon at Grace Church.

On Sunday night the ladies of the Hollywood Memorial Association and representatives from the other memorial associations in the city, together with the members of Lee and Pickett camps, assembled in Grace Episcopal church, where by invitation, Rev. London R. Mason preached them a memorial sermon. The beautiful service of the Episcopal Church was first read, and Dr. Mason, taking his text from the 50th Psalm, the *Misere*, preached a most affecting sermon, paying a glorious tribute to the honored dead, whose lives were given for the land they loved and the cause they espoused.

The singing of the surphied choir was of unusual excellence, the selections being appropriate to the occasion.

On a foreclosure bill filed by Charles F. Gunther, Steward Spaulding was appointed on Wednesday, at Chicago, receiver of the Libby Prison war museum. The bill seeks to foreclose under a trust deed given by the association to secure \$25,000 worth of bonds in April, 1895. The court is told that the defendant association is insolvent. At a meeting of the directors of the institution this afternoon it was decided to remove the museum and building to Washington at an early date.

### The Adventure

For almost a week it had rained steadily, and we had been forced to stay in the tent most of the time, so when the morning of the 28<sup>th</sup> dawned bright and clear we greeted the sun as a long lost friend. Sp. We crawled out of the tent about 5.30 and each one set to work at his share in getting breakfast. Mine consisted in ~~getting~~ cutting wood and building the fire, and as we had a good supply of dry wood stored away under canvas, I soon had a bright blaze started. By this time C —, who was our cook had the corn-bread made up, and bacon sliced, and everything ready to put on the fire. Our breakfast, composed of hot corn-bread, bacon, ~~set~~ scrambled eggs, and <sup>Coffee</sup> ~~coffee~~ was soon done and soon eaten, and after everything had been washed and stowed away, each one started about amusing himself in the way that best suited his fancy. B — took a rod and line and wandered off down the river to fish, and M —, with his gun over

his shoulder started off after a rabbit or squirrel for dinner, and I got into my canoe, and paddled out into the river, which had risen about <sup>twelve</sup> ~~12~~ feet, to ride the waves, which ~~were~~ were running down from the dam, a little way up stream, almost a foot high. The current was swift as a mill-race, but I managed to work my way up stream almost to the dam. The waves up here were white-capped like surf, but my light canvas canoe rode over them like a cork, never shipping a drop. It was great fun ~~for~~, and I did not notice that the closer I went to the dam, although the water was correspondingly swifter, the less trouble I had in advancing. In ordinary circumstances I would have noticed this at once and ~~would~~ suspecting the real cause, would have rowed out immediately, but I was so intent upon the pleasure of it that I was within a few feet of the dam before I awoke to the fact that I was in the clutches of the tremendous

back-suck of the dam, and was  
 5/ drawing slowly but shorely toward  
 the mass of falling water. For a  
 moment I was so frightened that I  
 could hardly move, but recovered  
 myself just in time and began  
 back-paddling with all my strength.  
 But it was no use, I could not  
 gain an inch, and in spite of my  
 desperate efforts, was dragged forward  
 until the outer edge of the water  
 fell upon the bow of the canoe, and  
~~then it~~ immediately drove it under,  
 3/ precipitating me into the boiling  
 flood. I had time for one long  
 breath, and was then dragged under  
 and shot with a terrific force under  
 the fall. I do not know how long  
 I was under water, and have <sup>only</sup> a con-  
 fused recollection of being washed  
 back and forward for what seemed  
 to me several minutes, and then I  
~~must~~ was caught by a strong under-  
 -towel, which carried me out and  
 brought me to the surface about  
 fifteen yards down stream. For several

Sp. 4 minutes I was so exhausted that I  
 could only lay on my back and gasp  
 for breath, but so swift was the  
 current that by the time I was able  
 to turn over and strike out for the  
 bank I was more than a hundred  
 yards down stream, and then my  
 strokes were so feeble, and the weight  
 of my clothes and shoes <sup>soggy</sup> ~~were~~ ~~such a~~  
 dead weight that I thought I had  
 escaped the peril of the dam only to  
 be drowned in mid stream. (But) <sup>however,</sup>  
 such ill fortune was in store for  
 me ~~and~~ <sup>for</sup> just as I was on the point  
 of collapse I reached the bank, and  
 dragged my weary limbs up on the  
 sand and stretched out at full  
 length shaking from head to ~~heel~~ <sup>foot</sup>  
 and so weary that I could hardly  
 even feel thankful for my escape.

Very interesting. It is a  
 great pity though, that a fellow  
 who can write as well as you  
 do and with as much apparent  
 ease pays so little attention to  
 spelling.

## HOW JEFF DAVIS' NAME WAS ERASED.

The True Story About the Incident at Cabin John Bridge.

From Washington Star.

Mr. William R. Hutton, formerly chief engineer of the Washington aqueduct and now a distinguished civil engineer in New York, writes the *Star* indorsing the following newspaper clipping:

Mr. Montgomery Meigs, son of the late General M. C. Meigs, writes as follows to the *Washington Star*: "Permit me, through your columns, in the interest of truth, to correct the statement lately published in some newspapers that the name of Jefferson Davis, as secretary of war, inscribed on Cabin John bridge at the time of its erection, was erased by the order of my father, General Meigs. My father, referring to a similar statement published a year or two ago, wrote a member of my family that the erasure was made without consultation with him, without his knowledge and at a time when he no longer had any control whatever over the aqueduct."

Mr. Hutton's letter says:

"The above cutting was sent me from Washington some months ago. A recent conversation with Colonel Elliot in charge of the Washington aqueduct induces me to give the facts concerning the removal of Jefferson Davis' name from Cabin John bridge, which it seems has been attributed to General Meigs, wholly without reason, he being at the time quartermaster general. In June 1862, at the request of the secretary of the interior, Hon. Caleb B. Smith, to whose department the aqueduct had just been transferred, I accompanied the secretary and a number of members of Congress on a tour of inspection of the aqueduct by way of the canal.

Opposite Cabin John several of the party disembarked and walked to the bridge for a nearer view. Returning in hot haste, 'Do you know,' said Hon. Galusha Grow to the secretary, 'that d-d rebel Meigs has put Jeff Davis' name on the bridge?' Turning to me the Secretary said: 'The first order I give you is to cut Jeff Davis' name off the bridge.' A few days later I was appointed chief engineer of the aqueduct. Not taking seriously the secretary's remark I did nothing in the matter. A week later Mr. Robert McIntyre, contractor, arrived to resume his work upon the bridge and called to pay his respects to the secretary. The secretary said to him that they had put Jeff Davis' name on the bridge; he wished he would cut it off. 'With the greatest pleasure, Mr. Secretary,' was the reply. And the contractor's first work was to remove Mr. Davis' name."

**JOE AND JOE.** Two farmer boys in war and peace and love. A Louisiana memory. Published by Everett Waddey, Richmond, Va. 1890.

This is a story of the civil war. "Many of the incidents are literally true, and are founded upon facts in the lives of our two boys" The story is told that the young people of to-day may not be ignorant of the more glorious "Old South."

**Not Exactly Gen. Forrest,**  
From the St. Joe Ballot.

Back in war times I had occasion to call on Gen. Forrest, of the Confederate army. I had never met Gen. Forrest and beholding an officer of high, proud, and commanding carriage standing in front of headquarters, his resplendent uniform and general air of grandeur led me to think he was Forrest himself.

"Is this Gen. Forrest?" I asked, saluting him.

"No, sah," he said, returning my salute. "This is Col. Jackson T. Grangerfield, sah, of the —th Louisiana, sah; a more daring and for more dangerous man, sah."

## MARK HANNA'S ANCESTORS

His Grandfather Was Born in the City of Lynchburg.

There are probably very few persons in Lynchburg who know that the celebrated Mark Hanna is a descendant of a Quaker who was born here many years ago, when Lynchburg was but little more than a good sized village. Such is the case, however, and it is not at all unlikely that this ancestor and his father before him attended services in the old Quaker Meeting House, on the Salem turnpike.

In this connection, the New York Mail and Express has the following:

Robert was the great-grandfather of Marcus. After he married he moved from Pennsylvania to Lynchburg, Va., where he resided during the revolutionary war. As he was a Quaker, and had the strong religious convictions of that sect, he took no part in the hostilities, but this did not prevent him from dispensing charity to the soldiers of the Continental Army. It is a pleasant family tradition that one day the old Quaker went into the field where there had been a skirmish, and, finding four wounded men, brought them to his house and nursed them until they were strong enough to rejoin their regiments. Benjamin Hanna, the grandfather of Marcus, was born in Lynchburg, but removed from there with his father in 1802 to Columbiana county, O. Here he cleared a farm of eighty acres, in what was then called the wild western wilderness. In 1820 he married Miss Rachel Dickson. He continued farming until his health failed him, when, seeing the need of a store in his neighborhood, he joined with some neighbors and established a country store, himself taking the management. This was in Salem, where he remained for two years, removing to the county seat, New Lisbon, O., where he opened a store of his own. When the rage for canal building struck the State Benjamin Hanna was made president of the Sandy and Big Beaver canal, a position which he filled for twenty-five years.

Leonard Hanna, the father of Marcus, was born in Columbiana county on March 4, 1806. He went to college and studied medicine, and engaged for a number of years in his practice of his profession. When his health failed he began to look out for broader fields, and, disposing of his share in the country store at New Lisbon, he moved to Cleveland with his family in 1852.

### GENERAL CLINGMAN.

General Thomas L. Clingman, of Asheville, has applied for entrance in the Soldiers' Home here. General Clingman was a prominent man during the war, and since then has represented his county in the Legislature and his State in Congress. He is old and very infirm.

**THE NOMINEES.**—Col. Holliday was born in Winchester, and is in his fiftieth year. He was orator of the Jeffersonian Society while a student at the University of Virginia, and was subsequently Commonwealth's Attorney up to 1860. He commanded the Thirty-third regiment, and lost an arm at Cedar Mountain.

He was recommended by Stonewall Jackson for the rank of brigadier-general, but was unable to accept the honor because his arm had to be re-amputated. He was in the Confederate Congress in 1863, and has been attending to an extensive law practice since the war. He was elector at large for Tilden in 1876. As a man Col. Holliday is universally esteemed. In morals he is one of the purest in the Commonwealth. In politics he is above chicanery or deceit. As a citizen he is an ornament to his native State. He will make a Governor of whom Virginia will be proud.

## INVITED TO VIRGINIA. 169

Valley Virginians Call on President-elect McKinley.

Canton, O., January 22.—The valley train yesterday brought four ex-Confederate soldiers to Canton. They are prominent citizens of Virginia and came to have a talk with the President-elect. The party consisted of Messrs. A. P. Funkhauser, General J. E. Roller and General G. W. Hedrick, of Harrisonburg, and Colonel John A. Gibson, of Lexington, Va. They were met by a committee of Grand Army Republic men. From one of the committee it was learned that the object of their visit to Major McKinley was to talk over the names of several men to represent the South in the Cabinet. They made their call on Major McKinley at 2 o'clock.

These gentlemen came primarily to ask Major McKinley to attend a reunion next September on the scene of the conflict of all who fought on either side in the Shenandoah Valley. Major McKinley promised to keep the reunion in mind, and be present if his executive duties would allow. This reunion, they say, had been prompted by the excursion to Canton last fall when their people formed entirely new opinions of Northerners and felt a friendliness for them never before experienced. Only such a reunion as proposed, they said, is needed to cement the ties of affection now formed, and obliterate all sectional lines. They also discussed the participation of the ex-Confederate patriotic legion in the inaugural ceremonies and conferred with and received assistance from Union soldiers here for the arrangements. A reversible blue and gray uniform is proposed. Local Grand Army of the Republic men received and entertained the Southerners.

### THE PRESIDENT-ELECT A MASON.

He Joined During the War and Received Degrees in Virginia (Fredericksburg Star.)

Masons throughout the country will be interested in knowing that Major McKinley is a Mason and a brother of the Mystic Tie.

General George Washington was a Mason, and Master of Lodge No. 4, of this city, and many Presidents since Washington's time have been members of this order universal.

Major McKinley, besides being a Mason, or member of the Blue Lodge, is also connected with the higher orders of the brotherhood, and it is said will be initiated into the Mystic Shrine in Washington city in March.

The story how Major McKinley came to join the Masons is thus told at his dictation in a biography:

His entrance into Masonry was an incident of the war and unique. McKinley was going through the hospitals with one of the regiment surgeons, when he noticed that the surgeon and some of the Confederate wounded were very friendly to one another, and in several instances the surgeon gave money to the prisoners.

There was an unmistakable bond of sympathy between them. Young McKinley asked the surgeon if he knew these persons. The surgeon told him they were brother Masons. Young McKinley was so impressed by the friendly feeling existing between Confederate and Union Masons that he expressed a desire to join the order. He was made a Mason in Hiram Lodge, Winchester, Va., May 1, 1865, receiving his degree at the hands of a Confederate Master of the lodge.

Fort Sumter has literary fallen. It is now only one story high, and has but half a dozen guns, not one of which could be used. The Government pays about \$200 a month for watchmen, who keep lights burning on the fort for vessels.

The New York Mail and Express, in an editorial laudatory of McKinley, undertakes to see a parallelism between the circumstances which surround his inauguration as President, and those that marked the induction of Mr. Lincoln to the same high office. In the course of its comments it employs the following somewhat unintelligible language:

Mr. Lincoln's election was the result of a loyal uprising in defense of the national honor. Peril of the most alarming character beset the country, threatening to wreck the Union and discredit the principle of free government in the eyes of the world. The people turned to Mr. Lincoln as the one man capable of averting the impending disaster. They knew that he was honest and patriotic and sincere in his desire for peace with honor.

Now, as the Mail and Express is one of the Northern papers which have criticised the introduction into Southern schools of histories written by Southern pens upon the ground that it is an attempt to instil into the rising generation a false narrative of the sectional controversy and of the civil war, the reader may judge from the above extract what one of these critics would have palmed off upon the youthful mind as the truth of history. What does the writer of this paragraph refer to when he states that "Mr. Lincoln's election was the result of a loyal uprising in defense of the national honor"; and that "peril of the most alarming character beset the country, threatening to wreck the Union"? There is not an intelligent school boy who does not know that Mr. Lincoln became the nominee of the slavery agitators in 1860 by reason of the prominence he acquired in the series of debates with Stephen A. Douglas, in 1858, upon the issue made in the Kansas-Nebraska bill. It was the question known as "squatter sovereignty," a phrase implying the right of the settlers, or squatters, in a territory to organize a government and apply for admission to the Union with or without slavery, as the majority of settlers might prefer, and that until such organization with a view to admission slave-owners possessed a right under the constitution to immigrate to the territory with their slave property. The abolitionists of the North, in 1856 and 1857 shipped "Sharp's Rifles"—"Kansas Bibles," as they were called—by the thousand into Kansas, and bands of abolitionists under the lead of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry memory, and other such characters, inaugurated a fierce civil strife, attended with much bloodshed. The abolition party, subsequently, in 1860, called the Republican party, was organized upon the issue that no additional slave State should be admitted to the Union, and its leaders were the extreme fanatics in the North who incited the populace to resist by force the rendition of fugitive slaves, as expressly authorized and enjoined by the constitution. It was this sentiment upon which the party that nominated Lincoln was founded. It was this uprising to resist the extension of slave territory, and to resist the rendition to their masters of fugitive slaves, according to the provisions of the constitution, which the Mail and Express denominates "a loyal uprising in de-

fense of the national honor." The "peril that beset the country, threatening to wreck the Union," was a peril for which the agitators of the North, and notably of New England, were the authors.

It is not our purpose or desire to say a word against the personal character, or the political honesty, of Mr. Lincoln. We believe that he was a sincere man and a good man. But there never was a more preposterous perversion of the truth of history than the declaration that "his election was a loyal uprising in defense of the national honor." And yet the men who publish such fables as facts of history are the men who inveigh against the introduction into our Southern schools of histories of the United States written by Southern authors who aim to tell the story of their country's rise and progress, and its political dissensions, and the unhappy civil war, with scrupulous fidelity. Nothing could demonstrate more forcibly than just such declarations as the above, in many of the leading papers of the North, the necessity for placing into the hands of our children truthful histories of their country which do not unjustly stigmatize the section in which Providence has cast their lot.

#### Courteous Discourtesies.

Hagerstown, Md., March 27.—Upon the selection of General Horace Porter as Ambassador to France, his personal friend, H. Kyd Douglas, of this city, who served on Stonewall Jackson's staff, addressed General Porter the following letter:

"Notwithstanding your disreputable politics, I personally congratulate you upon your appointment as Ambassador to France, and am gratified to know that the office will be filled with the same credit and acceptability with which you have always discharged every official duty."

General Porter's reply was: "In spite of your treasonable record during the war in the Confederate army, your note gives me as much satisfaction as any of the many messages of congratulation I have received."

During the coming commencement at the Virginia Military Institute, the Jackson Memorial Hall, at that school will be dedicated. The services will be held on June 23, at which time a number of distinguished men will make addresses on the life of Stonewall Jackson. Senator John W. Daniel will deliver an address on his military life and career, and Rev. Dr. Smith, of Richmond, editor of the Central Presbyterian, who was a member of Jackson's staff when he received his fatal wound, will speak on his life as a Christian. It is also expected that Dr. Hunter McGuire, of Richmond, who was medical director of the Jackson army corps, and the physician who attended him during his last illness, will relate some personal incidents and reminiscences. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson will also be present on that occasion.

Mrs. Blackford read a selection from her memoirs of the late war, and also an article, by Colonel William Blackford, descriptive of General Robert E. Lee's last address to his army. She concluded her selections with a very delightful composition of her own, in which is described the journey in war times of Mrs. Stephen Adams to Winchester in search of her husband, Captain Stephen Adams, who, she had learned, had been wounded and was being taken care of in a hospital. A conversation of some Union officers, in which reference was made to a Confederate captain's expertness as a performer on the violin, guided Mrs. Adams, who overheard the conversation, in locating the exact whereabouts of her wounded husband. All of this and more, is told by Mrs. Blackford in her interesting article.

Bedford City, Va., April 2.—(Correspondence.)—It was a touching and pathetic sight on Thursday to see the veterans of the Confederacy, and the widows of those who had fought so well and laid down their lives for the Lost Cause, coming into town and going to the office of the clerk of the County Court to receive their pension papers, for the annuity that the noble old Commonwealth provides for their assistance on their journey toward the sunset of life. There are 240 names enrolled on the books who receive this stipend in various amounts varying from \$16 to \$15, making an average of about \$30.

A resolution was offered in the Richmond City Council Monday night providing for the purchase of the auditorium at the Exposition grounds in that city, which is said to be the largest and best ventilated hall for vast assemblages in the South. It was especially constructed for the Confederate reunion last year, and the city appropriated \$12,000 toward it. It is now proposed to preserve it for great gatherings. It can accommodate about 20,000 people.

Stonewall Jackson Camp, Confederate Veterans, of Staunton, has made arrangements to attend the ex-Confederate reunion at Nashville next June in full uniform. An effort will be made to have the entire camp uniformed by that time. Col. James H. Skinner, the well-known politician, who has led a retired life for some years, has joined the camp. Colonel Skinner joined the army as captain of the Fifty-second Virginia Infantry and served with conspicuous gallantry, being thrice wounded—at Second Manassas, Gettysburg and Spotsylvania—being promoted colonel in 1863.

#### To Celebrate Lee's Surrender.

Lee's surrender, which occurred on April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox, will be celebrated here today by the Independent Order of Good Samaritans, the Independent Order of St. Luke, the Knights of Jerusalem and other colored organizations, who, at one o'clock, will meet at the corner of Twelfth street and Salem avenue, and preceded by Prof. Winston Russell's band, will march to the Court Street Baptist church. There addresses will be made by Prof. Frank Trigg, of this city, D. F. Batts, of Petersburg, and others. Thomas Lettich will be chief marshal. At night, a fair will be held at Moorman's warehouse for the benefit of the lodges, at which additional speeches will be made.

#### Soldiers Monument.

Mr. J. I. Van Ness has prepared a drawing for the monument to be erected by the Lucy Mina Otey chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, to Lynchburg's dead Confederate soldiers. The monument is to stand at the top of Courthouse hill, where it can be seen from many directions to great advantage. The drawing is executed with a great deal of skill, and represents a Confederate soldier in his top boots and well worn uniform, standing on a lofty pedestal. An appropriate inscription is to be carved on the face of the marble, or granite, whichever it may be.

#### Has Gen. Gordon Been Invited?

Richmond, Va., April 2.—There is considerable interest manifested here in Confederate circles at the fact that no announcement has yet been made that General J. B. Gordon will participate in the Grant Monument ceremonies. General Gordon is the head of the United Confederate Veterans, which covers the entire South and Southwest. The belief is expressed in prominent circles that if other Confederates have been invited and the chief of their organization omitted there will be no considerable number of Southerners in line at the Grant ceremonies.

## The Invitation to the Alumni—Proposed Monument at New Market.

Lexington, Va., April 27.—(Correspondence.)—In a circular letter of recent date, addressed to the alumni of the Virginia Military Institute, and signed by the committee of the Lexington alumni, a general and cordial invitation was extended to each alumnus of that institution to be present on the alumni day, the 23rd of next June, when the Memorial Hall to Stonewall Jackson will be dedicated, and a full plan and report of the memorial monument to the cadets who fell at the battle of New Market will be submitted to the alumni for their action.

Hon. John W. Daniel, one of the greatest of orators, will be present on that day and will make the first speech. Hunter McGuire, the distinguished Virginia surgeon, who attended Jackson when wounded, will speak, perhaps, on his wounds and death; and Rev. Dr. John P. Smith, of Jackson's personal staff, will speak of his religious character.

Each alumnus is invited to be the guest of the Institute, to bring his blanket along, put up in the cadets' barracks, or in camp, and to take his meals in the mess hall. A great effort will be made to get as many of each class to attend in a body, to renew for a season the old cadet life and associations, and to make the bonds between the V. M. I. and her sons stronger and continuous, and to focus their interest and enthusiasm in her growth and prosperity. To allow as many to come as possible, arrangements will be made with the two railroads which run into Lexington, and all connecting roads, to make reduced rates for this occasion.

The Virginia Military Institute Alumni Association through its committee appointed June, 1895, composed of G. D. Letcher, chairman; Dr. J. H. Campbell, Col. E. W. Nichols, Col. N. B. Tucker, Captain B. B. Morgan, S. H. Letcher, Esq., E. M. Pendleton, Esq., are perfecting plans for a New Market Battle Monument, which plans will be submitted and acted upon by the coming meeting of the Alumni Association. The monument is to be placed at the western border of the parade ground. The pedestal is to be cut from the solid natural rock, and will rise eight or ten feet above the general level, it being a large vein of limestone, which can be seen from all parts of the grounds. This will be surrounded by a mound eighty feet in diameter. On the rock base a pedestal ten feet high will be built, on the four sides of which will be placed massive bronze plates. On the plates overlooking the graves of the cadets buried here will appear their names, dates of birth, etc.; on the opposite plate will be the roll of honor of the cadets killed and wounded in the battle; on the plate toward the barracks will be a short description of the battle; and on the western face will be a complete roster of the corps as it went into battle. This built pedestal will be surmounted by a Virginia granite shaft thirty feet tall, which will make the monument's top fifty feet above the parade ground. Around the whole will be a drive and a walk. The monument will be in clear view from any point of the parade ground. It will commemorate one of the most unique and gallant battles in the history of warfare, where a battalion of mere boys charged through a murderous fire with the courage and coolness of veterans and won a decisive victory at a critical moment, and turned back an invasion.

At the graves and around the monument each year on May 15th, the anniversary of the battle, will be held appropriate military ceremonies to commemorate and keep fresh the memory of heroic youthful valor.

The city council of Richmond has refused to buy the Auditorium building on the exposition grounds. This was the structure in which the Confederate reunion was held last June.

## A CANDID REPRESENTATION.

Rev. Dr. Shutter, of Minneapolis, has created quite a stir among his congregation by a lecture which he recently delivered on his return from a visit to Atlanta and to other Southern cities. The subject of his lecture was "The South: Present and Future," and he showed two things very distinctly. The first was that he has two excellent eyes, which kept wide open while he was in the South; and the second thing was that he is a plain-spoken man who is not at all afraid to tell the truth.

Upon the subject of negro education, Dr. Shutter declared that the South had ever since the war done a liberal part by the emancipated population. "I venture to say," he remarked, "that from the time when the federal bayonets were withdrawn from her territory and she was left to work out for own salvation, asking nothing from the North but patience and good will, the South has persistently advanced toward the solution of its problems."

He enlarges upon the peculiar difficulties against which the South had struggled, and reviewed the condition of things in which she was left at the close of the war, and the wretched ordeal of reconstruction forced upon her by the bitter and brutal public sentiment of the successful section. He emphasized the hardships the South endured at the hands of the carpet baggers.

Dr. Shutter declared that while there still remained some prejudice on the part of the white people of the South towards the negro, yet the latter were largely responsible for it by their bigotted course in politics, taking sides almost invariably against the party and the persons who owned the far greater part of the property and intelligence of the communities. But even this prejudice of the whites against the negroes was not, he said, greater in the South than in New England. In confirmation of which he cited the case of Bishop Arnett, who was recently excluded on account of his color from a Boston hotel; and also the case of Booker T. Washington, who found it necessary to eat his meals in his own room while staying in one of the principal hotels of the North. As an evidence that the negro enjoyed every opportunity at the South for bettering his condition, Dr. Shutter referred to the fact that the colored race in the South owned property to the value of \$80,000,000. Such dispassionate and candid representations as this of the actual conduct and temper of the Southern people towards the colored race are calculated to do real good in harmonizing the two sections of our common country. What an almost incurable disease is prejudice!

## Confederate Monument Unveiled.

Dallas, Texas, April 29.—The Confederate monument erected through the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy of Texas, was unveiled this morning. John H. Reagan delivered a eulogy on Jefferson Davis. Other eulogies were pronounced as follows: On General R. E. Lee, by the Hon. George N. Aldredge; on General Stonewall Jackson, by Judge H. W. Lightfoot; on General Albert S. Johnston, by the Hon. Norman G. Kittrell; on the private, by the Hon. A. T. Watts.

## Rev. Edward L. Pell Collecting Materials for a History

In an editorial on the passing of the old-time negro, "The Times," Richmond, Va., says:

"We are pleased to know that the Rev. Edward L. Pell, of this city, is collecting materials for a history of the efforts made by the South for the moral elevation of the negro before the war. The facts for such a history, while not easily available, are more abundant than is generally supposed. Not only did the churches of the South spend large sums of money in missionary works among the blacks, but it was not uncommon for those who owned a large body of slaves to have a place of worship for them and to have a preacher employed for their special ministry. Moreover, every white church had its contingent of colored members, who had a voice in the management of church affairs, and so sacred was this tie that many of the colored people continued their membership in the white churches even after they were emancipated. The efforts of individual laymen—as, for example, Stonewall Jackson, in his Sunday school for slaves at Lexington—would make another long and touching chapter. All this is nothing, however, as compared with the work done for the negro by the women of the South. The idea that the Southern women were made heroines by the late war is far from the fact. They were heroines from the beginning, and they had been in training from the time that the slaves came in our possession. Instead of many public charities in which they are engaged today, they devoted their time to the instruction of the slaves and the amelioration of their condition. Seek any old negro and ask him where he got his religious instruction, and he will almost invariably tell you that he owes it all to 'Old Miss,' who had him at the 'Gr't House' on Sunday morning, read to him and his companions selections from the Scriptures, and expounded their meaning."

"Never a more beautiful missionary work than this. There are abundant facts, if they can be gathered, for a charming bit of Southern history. It is a story which has not been told before, but which should by no means be lost, it would make one of the brightest chapters in the history of the South, as it would be also a contribution to the solution of the negro problem, which is, after all, for the most part, a moral problem. Mr. Pell has the mind and the heart to prepare such a work, and we hope that all who are interested in the subject will aid him in collecting the necessary material."

## A Beautiful Painting.

A beautiful painting, entitled "Agony Four Weeks," is displayed in the window of Hanvey's drug store. It is the work of Miss Louise Williams, of Georgia, whose sister, Miss Mayme Williams, is engaged in placing the artist's production. Miss Mayme Williams is now in the city, and has strong testimonials from General John B. Gordon, Governor Jones, of Alabama, Governor Mitchell, of Florida, Governor Northern, of Georgia, Governor Tillman, of South Carolina, and Senator Walsh. She also has the following note from Senator Daniel, which explains the object of her visit here:

"Miss Louise Williams, of Georgia, the daughter of an old Confederate soldier and now unable to work for himself, is engaged in the worthy task of earning a livelihood for her father. She bears testimonials from General Gordon and others fully attesting her merit. I cordially commend her to the good graces of our people."

Miss Mary E. Russell, daughter of Mr. James B. Russell, of Winchester, has been appointed sponsor for Virginia at the United Confederate Veterans' Reunion, which will be held in June at Nashville, Tenn.

## NEW FIELD OF MENTAL ACTIVITY.

The two recently published volumes of Miss Mildred Rutherford, of Georgia, upon English and American literature, (of which an extended notice is given elsewhere in today's News), afford another of the rapidly multiplying proofs that the South is actively and successfully entering the too long neglected field of literature.

The absence of a Southern literature before the civil war has been often ascribed to the enfeebling effect of the institution of slavery upon the intellect of the Southern people. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The existence of slavery necessarily made the South an agricultural country, and prevented that aggregation of its people in cities and towns which somehow seems to be propitious for the cultivation of literature. Slavery had a repressing influence to that extent undoubtedly. But the people of the South were not one whit inferior in mental activity to those of the North. But their intellectual activities were turned into a different channel, namely into the domain of statecraft and politics. As an evidence of this we can point to the well-known fact that four-fifths, perhaps an even larger proportion, of the political thought, and the brilliant state papers, of the colonial and revolutionary eras, and the earlier decades of our national existence, were the emanations of Southern minds. Edwin P. Whipple, of Massachusetts, declared that Thomas Jefferson was "the most efficient master of the pen and the most advanced political thinker of his day." Virginia far more than any other State contributed the political sagacity, the science of government, and the profound statesmanship, which produced this fair fabric of our free republic. To George Mason and Thomas Jefferson and Edmund Randolph, and James Madison, and James Marshall are we chiefly indebted for the conception and production of the constitution under whose wise and beneficent influence our country has preserved its liberty, and expanded its proportions until it now stretches its broad belt across the continent, with its shores laved by the two great oceans of earth. In Patrick Henry Virginia furnished the voice that aroused the colonies to the struggle for liberty; in Thomas Jefferson she furnished the pen that formulated the principles which animated them in that struggle; and in George Washington she furnished the sword that achieved the inestimable boon and blessing of independence. Lord Bacon declared that the noblest builders are the builders of State—builders of empire. The thinkers of the South, and in particular of Virginia, were builders of State, builders of empire; not builders of literature. Or rather should we say they were not builders of belles-lettres literature; for in political philosophy and science of government they created a literature the like of which is not elsewhere to be found. Burke pronounced the state papers of the fathers and founders of our republic to be the finest which any people upon earth, ancient or modern, had ever produced.

It is not a vainglorious boast, and an unreasoning partiality, which lead us

to ascribe to Virginia thinkers and writers the great bulk of the wonderful state papers to which we have adverted. Charles Dudley Warner, in speaking of Virginians, says: "To find a parallel to their treatises on the nature of government, in respect to originality and vigor, we must go back to the classic times."

It is, therefore, as we said at the beginning of this article, an evidence of either gross ignorance or deliberate malice, to ascribe the indifference of the South to polite, or belles-lettres, literature, to inferiority of intellect, or dearth of mental activity. It is simply that this activity sought other fields than literature for its display.

But with changed social and political conditions a change is coming over the South in the objects of its mental occupation. She has entered in earnest the "fresh woods and pastures new" of pure literature, and has already given gratifying evidence that she does not lack any of the requisites for signal success in the new field. The eye that is with loving solicitude looking for the advent of a Southern literature cannot fail to detect in the rosy hues that tint the Southern sky the dawn of a bright and glorious day.

## BOOK NOTICES.

ENGLISH AUTHORS: A Hand-Book of English Literature, from Chaucer to Living Writers. By Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Georgia. Franklin Printing and Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga., Ph. 732.

AMERICAN AUTHORS: A Hand-Book of American Literature from Early Colonial to Living Writers. By Mildred Rutherford, Athens, Ga. Franklin Printing and Publishing Company, Atlanta, Ga. Ph. 730.

Every right-minded Southerner is interested in seeing his section begin to take its place in the World of Letters, and, while rejoicing in every good book that is added to the wealth of that world, he yet feels a peculiar pleasure when such book emanates from his own division of this great country. The line of Pope, "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined," is so wise a maxim that it is usually attributed to the Proverbs of Solomon; and if it be true, then of all books, the most important are those prepared for the instruction of the young.

The two volumes, entitled respectively English Authors, and American Authors, by Miss Mildred Rutherford, the cultured principal of the Lucy Cobb Institute, at Athens, Georgia, are likely to prove a treasure-trove to teachers of literature. They are remarkable for a fulness, clearness, and happy power of selection which would apprise us, without Miss Rutherford's preface, that they were the work of an experienced teacher, and one who loved those fields of learning into which she so skillfully guides the feet of her pupils.

Though covering a shorter list of names than the two similar volumes of Professor Hart, they are fuller and more satisfactory in the treatment of the authors who illustrate and embody our English literature on both sides of the Atlantic. And unquestionably her volume upon "American Authors" is more impartial than Professor Hart's "Manual of American Literature." She has adopted the principle that in our literature there ought to be no points of the compass, and has endeavored to do exact justice to every section of our country.

Almost every practical teacher has had plans and methods for teaching pupils to associate the history and literature of successive periods, but Miss Rutherford's "Reviews" and "Plus-Questions" present the most satisfactory system we have met with for bringing about this wished for consummation. The frequent and admirable illustrations are likewise well calculated to impress the personality of the authors treated, upon the minds and memories of the readers.

In the short period since the "American Authors" has made its appearance, more than one of the best known of American writers, when applied to for data concerning their lives and works, have referred the applicants to Miss Rutherford's book as containing the most accurate and satisfactory information.

While these two volumes are intended primarily for the use of advanced classes in schools and seminaries, they are written in so pleasing a style, and are withal so replete with interest and instruction in the field of English literature, that they are well entitled to a place in the general library, as well as in the school room.

## 1872 AND 1897.

## Two Interesting Pictures of the Lynchburg Home Guard.

Two very interesting pictures are on exhibition in Moose Bros & Co.'s window. One picture is a group of the Lynchburg Home Guard taken in 1872. General John Holmes Smith was then captain, and his picture forms the center piece of the group.

The other is a picture of the present organization of the company just twenty-five years later. The center picture of this group represents Captain F. C. Scruggs, who is surrounded by the other officers of the company, First Lieutenant W. J. Seabury, Second Lieutenant Frank Camm, and Chaplain Rev. J. J. Lloyd, D. D. rector of Grace Memorial Episcopal church. The non-commissioned officers and privates are arranged about the above named officers.

All are familiar with the splendid war record of the Home Guard and the fact that a large number of those represented in the old 1872 picture participated therein, renders it particularly interesting. The larger and recently taken picture shows a splendid body of young men, indicating that the personnel of the time honored old company has not deteriorated. It is an undisputed fact that the Lynchburg Home Guard is, from the standpoint of serviceability and readiness to respond to calls for active service, one of the very best companies in the State service.

## Last of the Season.

Judging by the sale of reserved seats for "Appomattox" which began at Hanvey's drug store yesterday morning indications point to a big house for the last performance of that strong and beautiful play of the last days of the Confederacy.

It is doubtful if in all the history of amateur performances of Lynchburg such a varied and interesting program has been arranged. In addition to the play there will be a wealth of special features, making a continuous performance without a dull moment.

It will be the last performance of the season, a play by a home author, interpreted by home talent, for the benefit of a deserving organization, and these facts in themselves should be sufficient to attract a full house.

Those who wish good seats should have them reserved without delay.

The very emphatic terms in which we referred, in Wednesday's News, to Mr. William L. Wilson's letter to that South-hating periodical, Harper's Weekly, was well calculated to awaken, in many minds, a misdoubt whether we had not misinterpreted the intent of that scholiast. It perhaps behooves us to state the grounds on which we expressed ourselves in so explicit a manner. And we are all the more willing to do so from the high esteem in which we hold our great university at Lexington, whose true behests we can but think Mr. Wilson has disparaged in his unconsidered assault upon the educational opportunities of the South.

We must lead the reader up to this point by chronological recital. In Harper's Weekly of April 10th there appeared an article on our Virginia University of Washington and Lee handsomely illustrated with pictures of the principal buildings and of the new-chosen president, Hon. William L. Wilson. Among the illustrations is one of the Lee Memorial Hall, showing Valentine's recumbent effigy of the great chieftain. The narrative of the university is by one of its professors, Mr. Henry Alexander White, and he relates the distinguished history of the institution from its humble beginning in 1749 as the "log college," afterwards named by its founder "Augusta Academy." It recounts how that on the breaking out of the revolution the Augusta Academy was, in 1776, christened "Liberty Hall Academy," and how that General Washington generously transferred to the Academy the stock in a canal company voted him by the legislature of Virginia, amounting to \$50,000, in token of appreciation of which the institution, in 1813, assumed the name of "The College of Washington in Virginia." The article gives the honorable career of the college from that period down to the close of the civil war when the foremost figure in that momentous drama was called to preside over it, and to rebuild it from the embers, or rather the ashes, of the common calamity that had overwhelmed the South.

General Lee's letter accepting the presidency of the college is given. It is characterized by the modesty which distinguishes everything that this truly great man ever did or ever said. "Fully impressed," he says, "with the responsibilities of the office, I have feared that I should be unable to discharge its duties to the satisfaction of the trustees or to the benefit of the country. The proper education of youth requires not only great ability, but I fear more strength than I possess. . . . Should you, however, take a different view and think that my services in the position tendered me by the Board will be advantageous to the college and country, I will yield to your judgment and accept it. Otherwise, I must most respectfully decline the office."

Under the guiding hand of the great Lee the college rapidly grew into large proportions; the ingenious youth of the South from the Potomac to the Rio Grande thronging its historic halls; and upon the death of the great leader, which fell upon the South like a pall of despair, the name of the college was changed to its present title of Washington and Lee.

We were much gratified, and somewhat astonished, at the complaisance of that most caustic and corrosive of all the South-hating journals, Harper's Weekly, in publishing this pleasing narrative of Washington and Lee. But the next number, for Saturday last, furnished an abundant explanation of this seeming cordiality. It turns out that this journal, which like the Sorcerer Elymas in sacred scripture, is full of all subtilty and all mischief, was holding in reserve a letter from the Hon. William L. Wilson, who has been recently elected as president of Washington and Lee; and Harper's in its issue of Saturday last, with a saturnine satisfaction, moralizes upon the decadence of the South in mind and morals, and gives Mr. Wilson's letter as the text and the pretext for its savage assault. We are sorry that we have not Mr. Wilson's letter in full. The following extract, taken from the last Harper, is all that we are able to give: "I was influenced," writes Mr. Wilson, "I may say captivated, by the possibilities of making this institution a great centre of sound learning and sound citizenship, a power to reproduce in the South some of the high thinking which made her leadership in past generations so conservative and yet national. I am sure the seed has not run out. But it needs strong and wholesome culture."

Mark the difference between the great and diffident chieftain, and this newly chosen president. The one distrusts his ability to rebuild the college. The other is "captivated by the possibilities of making this institution a power to reproduce in the South some of the high thinking which distinguished her leadership in the past generations." Was ever such modesty! The South has lost its ancient capacity to bring forth from its loins the great statesmen of the olden days. But now Mr. William L. Wilson comes' auspiciously to the front, as the magical medicine to fructify the barren womb of the South, and procreate a seat of learning and philosophy and citizenship that shall recall the loved and lost glories of the South!

As true lovers of our State, we ought, certainly, to hail with satisfaction the advent of an institution of learning such as we have never possessed. This mission the University of Virginia has not fulfilled. Neither has Randolph-Macon, nor Emory and Henry, nor Hampden-Sidney, nor Roanoke College, nor Washington and Lee in the past. Indeed, if we may believe Mr. Wilson and Mr. Wilson's friend, the editor of Harper's Weekly, we are in a deplorable state of "mind and morals," from which this West Virginia prodigy alone can rescue us. Here is what Mr. Wilson has prompted Harper's Weekly to say of the South:

He (Mr. Wilson) is about to turn his attention to the education of Southern youth in the hope of doing something for that section of the country and of enlightening the ignorance that now unhappily prevails among its public men. Surely there never was a people more greatly in need of education and of such education in mind and morals as Mr. Wilson can impart and inspire. The South is wrong on nearly every economic and social question. It has not a man of distinguished ability in public life. It is under the rule of hare-brained adventurers, who are ready to take up with any cause that seems to serve their ambition of the moment. It has become the harbor and refuge of the wildest economic and

political heresies. Not only is the present intellectual condition of the South demoralizing the immediate section, but its evil influence extends throughout the country, and very seriously affects the character of the Federal government. There is no cure for the evil except through education, and in the spread of enlightenment every centre of civilization in the Union is deeply interested.

#### THE DISPASSIONATE TRUTH OF HISTORY.

About three weeks ago, or it may be a month ago, we noticed in one or more of our exchanges a statement to the effect that the Grand Army of the Republic had entered its protest against certain school histories as not inculcating such sentiments, and giving such narratives of the civil war as were considered altogether proper by the aforesaid G. A. R. It now seems that we did not take in the full import of what these dissatisfied individuals were aiming at. We supposed it was nothing but a reiteration of the querulous diatribes of the New York Sun against the South, and the recent school histories compiled by Southern pens. But the action of the Grand Army seems to have gone a bow-shot beyond this. It would seem to be directed also against some of the school histories by Northern writers. The Southern people complain that those histories are very far from being fair and just to this section; and here comes the Grand Army of the Republic to complain that even the Northern histories are too partial to the South, and that they must have a new history specially prepared by a writer who will understand how to hold the Southern rebels up in their true light as traitors, and understand how to show that all of the good generalship and all of the great victories of the war belonged to the North. They have selected for the job a very suitable person in one John Bach McMaster, known as Professor McMaster by reason of his occupation of the chair of history in the University of Pennsylvania. Mark, we say, he occupies, not that he fills, the chair. This Professor McMaster, not content with distilling the dew of those world-wide happenings that pass under the name of "history" in his Pennsylvania University, has essayed to write, and has actually published, a "History of the People of the United States"; an aping of Greene's History of the English People. This monstrosity is in five volumes, averaging 600 pages to the volume. Of course no soul less courageous than that of a commentator would undertake to wrestle with this production, or would at least venture upon its complete perusal. We have on several occasions made a pass at the first volume, only to fall back like a wasted wave that expends itself against some unyielding obstacle. But we have sampled Professor McMaster's style of writing history sufficiently to form a more or less fair opinion of his capacity as a writer. If we could so far overcome our reluctance to expressing an opinion upon the merits of an author, and were compelled under duress to say what we actually do think of Professor McMaster, we would feel obliged to testify that we consider him the

all-around most uninteresting, and, in fact, distressingly prosy writer whom it has ever been our dismal lot to encounter. In fact, we must believe him to be the lineal descendant of honest John Bunyan's character, Mr. Dry-as-Dust. But he also seems to draw his descent from another character in the Pilgrim's Progress, namely, that one who was a boatman that looked one way while he rowed another. For this Professor of history, and historian, while making bold claim to fairness and impartiality, is one of the most narrow-minded and bigotted to be found in all the wide range of writers. In verification of this statement, let the reader turn to pages 76-77 of the first volume of his "History of the People of the United States," and note how that every American writer and man of genius enjoyed the good fortune of being born north of Mason and Dixon's line.

But we have the pleasure of informing our good friends of the Grand Army of the Republic that however Professor McMaster's History of the United States may delectate and instruct the children of the North it will have to give place in our Southern schools to such impartial and dispassionate histories as those of Mrs. Susan P. Lee and Alexander H. Stephens and the several others that have emanated from the cultured and Christian minds and hearts of writers in the South who are in sincerity endeavoring to tell the very truth of history.

### GEN. LEE'S HOME.

#### Daughters of the Confederacy Propose to Buy It for His Children.

[Charlottesville Progress.]

The daughters of the Confederacy are looking to the raising of sufficient money to buy the residence at Lexington, occupied by Gen. R. E. Lee while President of Washington and Lee University, and in which he died. The house has since his death been the home of Gen. G. W. C. Lee, who succeeded his father as President of the college. In December he resigned on account of failing health. He was made President Emeritus, with a salary of \$2,000 a year, and given permission to continue to use the house built by his father, and since used by the family.

Gen. Lee declined this offer, and announces that he will leave the house. The building belongs to the university and into it Hon. W. L. Wilson, Gen. Lee's successor, will move if the Daughters do not succeed in purchasing it. Should the Daughters make the purchase they will give the house to the children of Gen. R. E. Lee, and have it preserved and cared for by the women of the South. In a circular just prepared to send out the Daughters say: "The patriotic women of the whole land honored the memory of Washington in the purchase of Mount Vernon. Then let us, Daughters of the Confederacy, thus do honor to our great leader, Robert E. Lee."

The Virginia Cavalry Regiment, which has been gradually disintegrating for several years, is to be reorganized, and Colonel G. Percy Hawes, now a retired officer, who was at the head of the regiment in its palmiest days, will be asked to assume the command again. Colonel Charles Euker, who has been at the head of the regiment for two or three years, recently asked to be placed on the retired list. Governor O'Ferrall has consented to this, and approves the plan upon which Lieut. Colonel William H. Sands is reorganizing the regiment.

The ceremonies and observances in New York today, in connection with the transfer of the remains of General Grant to their final resting place in the stately mausoleum and monument on the banks of the Hudson, will be a pageant that in its grand and august proportions has never been surpassed in all the annals of the world's history; and which in some of its features is entirely without parallel or precedent.

And for this there is a reason. General Grant was no ordinary man. He was one of those phenomenal apparitions upon the scene of human existence whom providential circumstances have summoned to the front; and who have heroically availed themselves of the tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at its flood, leads on to fortune.

We do not believe that General Grant is respected and admired by his countrymen, both in the North and in the South, so much for his abilities as a soldier, and his successful campaigns, as for the generosity and magnanimity of his nature, and the unassuming modesty of his deportment under such honors and adulations as a nation's applause and gratitude have seldom showered upon any individual. And yet, his abilities were of a high order. That they were of the very highest will probably not be the final award of history. That award cannot as yet be pronounced; for notwithstanding the war has now been ended for thirty-two years, the average duration of a generation of mankind, it is still too soon to make that ultimate summation of his attributes, his abilities, and his achievements, which will mark the rank that he shall permanently hold among the world's great military captains. If the niche in which his statue will stand in the long succeeding centuries be not on the loftiest level—beside those of Alexander, Hannibal, Caesar, Marlborough, Napoleon—it may perhaps be ascribed to an over lavish kindness of fate which furnished him on all occasions with such resources of men and munitions as deprived him of that opportunity to wrest victory from adverse fortune which is the only certain test of the very highest order of military genius. And herein he must stand at a disadvantage, in the comparison of abilities, with the great Southern commander against whom he was opposed in his last and longest and most eventful campaign.

But this is not the time to raise or to discuss such questions. Today as our thoughts turn to the august and solemn ceremonies in New York we put behind us all feelings that would disparage the applause which the nation lavishes upon the soldiers who rescued the republic from the peril of dismemberment. If there were occasion for such feelings, let us today reverse the sentiment of Mark Anthony and say that the good which men do lives after them, the evil is oft interred with their bones. And where is the Southern man, the Confederate soldier, who will not willingly remember the good offices that live, and will forever live, after the great Federal commander, and that cannot be interred with his bones? His magnanimity at Appomattox in according the easiest and most honorable terms possible under the circumstances, to General Lee

and his shattered regiments, can never be forgotten. The delicacy of his conduct in refusing, after the surrender, to make a formal entry into Richmond, the conquered capital of the Confederacy, and returning directly and quietly to Washington City is a circumstance that proclaims the generosity of his nature. Contrast it with the insulting exultation of the victors in the Franco-Prussian war, who declared that the articles of capitulation should be signed in Paris, under the very shadow of the Arch-of-Triumph erected by the First Napoleon. The stern refusal with which Grant withstood the order of President Johnson and his cabinet to arrest General Lee and the Confederate leaders upon a charge of treason, and his angry declaration that he would resign his commission as Lieutenant-General if General Lee, or any Confederate officer or soldier, were molested so long as they observed their parole, will forever be treasured in the breast of the true Southern man as a noble exhibition of manliness and honor on the part of General Grant.

The truth is that General Grant when left to the impulses of his own honest heart was always a true and good man. It was only when he fell into the hands of unscrupulous politicians who took advantage of his unsuspecting nature, and imposed most shamefully upon the confidence he reposed in their pretended friendship, that he did these things in the reconstruction era which have dimmed the lustre of his name and fame as a patriot and a statesman. Let these blemishes be imputed to their true source, and not set down against the otherwise bright and engaging character of the man who was out of his proper sphere when removed from the theatre of arms to the treacherous domain of politics.

And above all, let us remember that with his expiring breath he reiterated the words of his first inaugural: "Let us have Peace." Shall we not avail ourselves of this occasion to say "Let us have Peace;" and shall we not all say peace to the ashes of the soldier who is today placed in his tomb beside the placid waters of the Hudson?

Alexandria Gazette: Col. Mosby has received a letter from New York, suggesting that as many of his old command as possible should come to that city on the 27th proximo, and march as a separate body, under his command, in the procession at the dedicatory ceremonies of the Grant monument there on that day. He has adopted the suggestion, or rather, the invitation. He met Colonel Fred. Grant here today, and on mentioning the matter to him, the latter said he would be delighted if the survivors of the Rangers would come to New York on the occasion referred to, and be particularly gratified if they would take part in the ceremonies.

At the meeting of William Watts Camp, Confederate Veterans, at Roanoke Tuesday night, the following delegates and alternates to the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans at Nashville were elected: Delegates, Colonel S. S. Brooks and T. P. Buford; Alternates, A. V. Daniel and Isaac V. Johnson. Resolutions of sympathy were unanimously ordered to be telegraphed to Colonel John S. Mosby, at Charlottesville.

The Warrenton correspondent of the Rappahannock News says: "Gen. Eppa Hunton our respected representative, drives the handsomest team that has ever been seen in this section."

## A WONDERFUL SCHEME TO RESURE.

The New York Herald, while not willing to go over unreservedly to the "new journalism," is nevertheless very reluctant to yield the palm in the contest for the sensational. In this department it has so long maintained an easy precedence that it will not relinquish its laurels without a determined fight. Never has it thrown its banner to the breeze more dauntlessly than on Tuesday in the proposition it then propounded of removing the remains of George Washington from Mount Vernon to the city of New York, and there deposit them in a tomb that shall be the counterpart of the one in which the body of Grant has just been placed. Of course, this absurd proposal was not made with any other purpose than to get up a sensation. It is so preposterous, indeed, as not to admit of discussion, and the Herald is itself secretly amused at the veridancy of any one who seriously considers it for a moment.

The Herald prints a number of "interviews" with citizens of New York, among them Mayor Strong. A few extracts from these interviews will perhaps divert our readers:

Alderman F. L. Marshall said:

"You cannot quote me too strongly in favor of the proposition. Few ever see the tomb of the immortal Washington. New York should be his last resting place. Here millions could see it, and Washington's memory could be equally honored with Grant. The cost would be a mere bagatelle compared with the merits of the proposition."

"It would cost, I should say, a half million dollars. Suppose it should? There is not a man, woman or child in Greater New York who would not be willing to see twice that sum expended."

Alderman Thomas Dwyer said:

"To bring Washington from his lonely resting place at Mount Vernon, and give him a fitting tomb on the banks of the Hudson, would be a magnificent and patriotic accomplishment. By all means let it be done. Grant should not be honored above Washington."

"Both were brave soldiers and wise statesmen, and both were emphatically 'Heroes of Peace.' Grant's famous saying, 'Let us have peace,' will live as long as the saying about Washington, 'First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.' Washington is still first in the hearts of his countrymen, but if you saw the little tomb at Mount Vernon after seeing the Grant tomb at Riverside you would not think so."

Mayor Strong thought that "the city could well afford it." Comptroller A. P. Fitch wanted time to consider it since "so much money is needed for so many different things in New York that one has difficulty in discriminating."

In New York—we beg pardon, Greater New York—they estimate everything by its size. The saying that nature creates her jewels and most precious things in small dimensions has no place in the vocabulary of Greater New York. She has the loftiest statue in the universe in that of the "Goddess of Liberty Enlightening the World," which stands at the entrance of her harbor. The loftiest obelisk in the world was Cleopatra's Needle. She brought that from where it had lain for centuries in the sands of Egypt and set it up in her great park. We have a condition to name to Greater New York upon which we will engage to get the people of Virginia, and the ladies who have the superintendence and management of Mount Vernon, to the removal of Washington's remains to New York. If they will send over to the place from which they brought Cleopatra's Needle and bring the biggest of the Pyramids, that of Cheops in which the Egyptian kings were buried, and set that up in Riverside Park, (throwing into the Hudson any mummy of a Pharaoh that may be still sleeping in one of its crypts), we will see that General Washington's remains may be carried on and placed in this imposing mausoleum. We would like to see any other city on the planet get as big a tomb as New York will then have. That is the proposition we make for the consideration of the Herald, and we hope it will lose no time in having the leading New Yorkers "interviewed" on the subject.

Meanwhile, as the Herald is now for removing something from Virginia to New York, would it not be well to join with the Evening Post and the World in their endeavors to prevent a certain thing being removed from New York to Virginia, namely, the grain export trade, of which that city two years ago had a practical monopoly, but which has since 1894 been steadily leaving New York and going to Norfolk and Newport News.

## ON ITS ROUNDS AGAIN.

Miss Winnie Davis contributed one of the many letters from Southern persons, which were published in last Sunday's New York Herald, upon the character and career of General Grant. In this letter she speaks of the "kindly grace" with which Grant "returned General Lee's sword to our broken hearted hero at Appomattox." The statement that General Grant returned General Lee's sword has been frequently contradicted and officially contradicted; but it seems that like Banquo's ghost it will not down, and here we have it on its rounds again. General Lee did not offer General Grant his sword, and never had any such thought. Colonel Charles Marshall was the only member of General Lee's staff who was present, and he has said in a published statement that General Lee did not offer his sword. General Grant in his autobiography states that he apologized to General Lee for his appearance, stating that he had, upon receiving the latter's note, ridden directly in from his lines, and that his sword and uniform were in his camp-wagon, several miles distant. This he did recognizing that the etiquette of the occasion required that he should have met General Lee in full uniform, an observance which General Lee did not neglect, for he was dressed in a new and elegant gray uniform, and wore a handsome sword and sash.

General Grant both in his bearing at this interview, and in the terms of surrender, acted with the greatest consideration to the feelings of Lee and his officers and soldiers; and the truth is that the South would have been spared the fearful experience of the reconstruction era if the shocking act of a demented man in assassinating Lincoln had not given the malignant politicians of the North, who never saw an hour's service during the war, the opportunity they desired to persecute the helpless and prostrate people of the South.

THOMAS F. BAYARD.

Thomas F. Bayard, the present Senator, was born on the 29th of October, 1828. He was admitted to the bar in 1851. In 1853 he was appointed by the President as United States District Attorney, but soon afterward abandoned the office. It was in March, 1869, that he was chosen to succeed his father as United States Senator. He was re-elected in 1875 and became a member of the Electoral Commission, voting with his Democratic colleagues against the seating of Rutherford B. Hayes in the Presidential chair. He was re-elected again in 1881.

He is opposed for Presidential nomination by some, who think a speech he made in war times would tend to defeat him. What is objected to in that speech is the following: "I believe solemnly that the war inaugurated by Abraham Lincoln and his Cabinet is worse than fruitless—that it will prove more disastrous to the North than to the South, and never will accomplish its professed object."

REMINISCENCES OF FORT SUMTER AND MOULTREE, in 1894-95. By Abner Doubleday, Brevet Major General, U. S. A. New York: Harper & Bros. [Through Robert Beall.]

The greater events which succeeded those momentous ones that occurred in Charleston harbor, and which, fifteen years afterward, one of the leading actors faithfully recounts in this volume, have driven them to a considerable extent out of the public mind. General Doubleday is to be thanked for reviving the scene in which he was a not undistinguished actor and thus furnishing material for history in a correct account of the first act of the Rebellion.

The great majority of the Senators and Representatives in Congress have never had the benefit of a college education. The University of Virginia has more graduates in this Congress than any other institution of learning. Harvard stands next, with fourteen graduates. Yale has two Senators and four Representatives. Union and Princeton have five each. Brown four, and the smaller colleges have a sprinkling of Representatives.

Vice President Willson's work on the "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," which he lived to complete with the exception of three or four chapters, will be finished immediately and put to press by his private secretary, the Rev. Samuel Hunt, of Natick.

## Southern Claims. (Courier Journal.)

There does not appear to be any ground for the horrible nightmare of the New York Times and other nervous Radical Republican organs over "Southern claims." The last report of the Southern Claims Commission shows that 1,600 cases were reported, involving claims for \$5,761,166 27, of which 714 were allowed wholly, \$5,761,166 27, and 886 were disallowed wholly. The amount allowed is \$434,638 40, and \$5,326,467 79 are disallowed. The largest number of claims from any one of the twelve Southern States was that from Virginia—292—of which 159 were allowed, amounting to a total of \$309,532 83. Louisiana presented 30 claims, 26 of which were allowed, amounting in the aggregate to \$1,134,597 41—the largest award made to any of the States. Of the total number of claims allowed 37 are those of claimants who served in the Union army, and of those disallowed 112 belong to persons who were in the Confederate service, or who took an oath of secession or rebellion, or who took an oath of allegiance to the Confederate States. West Virginia presented 26 claims, 14 of which were allowed and 12 were disallowed. If there is any "raid on the Treasury" it will be made, of course, by and with the consent of the commissioners appointed by a Republican Administration, which will be responsible. No such raid is contemplated.

To the Editor of the News:

DUBLIN, VA., January 23.—I learn from a recent issue of the News that Congress has passed a bill to pension surviving veterans of the Mexican war. Please state in your excellent paper whether this bill, provided it receives the President's signature, will benefit those persons who served in the war of Mexico and after became Confederate soldiers.

Yours, respectfully,  
A SUBSCRIBER.

[Service in the Confederate army is not made a cause of exclusion from the benefits of the bill.]

### Capital Punishment.

To the Editor of the News:

General R. E. Lee, in a letter of October 30, 1863, to Hon. J. A. Seddon said capital punishment "is inflicted almost exclusively for the warning of others." This is equally true in civil life, but no such warning is brought home to the citizen when there is a deep and wide-spread doubt of the guilt of the sufferer. On the contrary the effect in such a case is to harden the heart of the citizen and make him feel that however innocent he may be, he is at any time liable to become the victim of suspicious circumstances.

### The Shadow of the Linden.

The death of a tree is an insignificant circumstance and among the myriads which grow and flourish it is rare for one to have occupied such a place in human associations as to call for even passing notice when it falls before the woodman's axe, or succumbs to the hand of time. But a recent trans-Atlantic news item tells of the demise of one such member of the vegetable kingdom, the simple mention of which will awaken a host of echoes from the early part of the present century.

The famous willow which kept silent vigils over the tomb of Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena, has passed out of existence. There was and still remains a modest linden tree which shared in the duty of standing sentry over the historic spot, although it never furnished food for the sentiment and pathos which clustered so thickly about its late drooping neighbor, nor will it succeed to its honors, notwithstanding the fact that the shadows of their foliage were mingled together for a hundred years or more.

After the battle of Waterloo and tragic scenes ensuing, which finally closed the career of the modern Alexander, the Island of St. Helena where he breathed his last, and where his dust was first interred, became a veritable Mecca for his countryman and other admirers. For the crowds of pilgrims to the desolate, rock-ribbed isle, in the days when photography was still unknown, twigs from the distinguished willow naturally suggested themselves as among the most appropriate things which could be borne as mementoes of the visit. And every old soldier who fought under the first Consul and lived to tell the tale, felt called upon to testify his fealty to the memory of his dead leader by procuring and treasuring up a wreath from the only genuine tree. The resulting demand for willow branches was so large and at the same time so abundantly filled, as to give color to the suspicion that the whole source of supply was not geographically

connected with St. Helena.

Among the specimens of undeniably authentic origin, however, was a scion obtained by a United States naval officer and planted in Washington City, where it readily struck root and grew into a tree. In 1851 a slip from this American representative of the Napoleonic willow was presented to the late F. B. Deane, Sr., and by him planted in the grounds of his residence, on Diamond Hill, in this city, where it now stands, a tree of large proportions, the robust and vigorous contemporary of a past generation.

This Lynchburg willow still holds the tradition it derives from the Island of St. Helena, but it has had to do with a hero such as the renowned Corsican did not approach even at his best.

When the mortal remains of Stonewall Jackson lay in state at Lexington, Va., the wealth of floral offerings covering the casket wherein they rested, included a simple wreath fashioned by loving hands here in Lynchburg from branches of the willow tree last mentioned. A tender and graceful tribute, assuredly.

In point of military genius, that intuitive faculty for forming or recasting combinations with instantaneous precision and effectiveness, even amidst the hurrying of shot and shell, and the ability to deliver blows at critical points and critical junctures with the rapidity and irresistibility of lightning strokes, it would perhaps be difficult to choose between the two great soldiers. Napoleon's dash and daring, crushing his foes and achieving success against odds often times of two to one, made him justly the wonder of his own age and of succeeding generations as well. And even so stands the military career of Stonewall Jackson, his Shenandoah Valley campaign especially being admitted by his most unfriendly historians to have been unsurpassed in the chronicles of war.

But the Confederate leader stands head and shoulders above the whole category of brilliant warriors, ancient and modern, in the purity of his private character, his religious devoutness, and the absence of anything approaching to the sordid ambition or motives of personal aggrandizement. There is no room to doubt that General Jackson, had he survived the war, whether as victor or vanquished, would have betaken himself again, quietly and unostentatiously, to his college professorship and to his Sunday school class in the Presbyterian church in Lexington, Va., from which nothing but an obdurate and uncompromising sense of duty could ever have enticed him.

Christian soldiers there have been, majestic figures that were the impersonation of self-abnegation and humble submission to the divine will, symmetrically great in their humility; such for instance as our General Lee, although it has been given to few to reach the pinnacle where he stood easily. But we speak now only of those meteorlike leaders, endowed by nature with the inspiration which marks the invincible master of battles, needing only the fortuitous impact of flint and steel to start the spark which can set the world ablaze. And of these Napoleon Bonaparte and Stonewall Jackson will

long stand as types, although the latter's career in comparison was almost as brief as a meteor's flight.

Reverting to the historic trees, it is strange that some imaginative Frenchman has not recognized the sinister portent in the shadow of the linden. It was in 1806, on a bright October day that Napoleon led his victorious troops into Berlin, passing under the shade of the double rows of linden which ornament the main thoroughfare of the Prussian capital. He was at the zenith of his glory at that date, but his decline and fall had its beginning already outlined upon the Russian snows of Moscow then just before him and where he encountered his first fatal reverse.

It was in 1821 amidst the sunshine of a May day that he again passed under the shadow of the linden tree, but this time it was with banners furled, hands crossed over his breast and the finger of stern silence pressed upon his lips, whilst the surf-beats upon the rocky shores of St. Helena furnished the requiem.

Fifty years later, in 1871, the shadows of the Berlin lindens are once more startled by the tramps of a victorious army, but the troops are no longer French and their leader is not a Bonaparte, but King William of Prussia, fresh from the scene of his triumphs over his hereditary enemies and bearing with him the lofty title of Emperor of united Germany, formally assumed by him within the precincts of the French Royal Palace at Versailles.

The French and the Germans will again meet in all human probability, and once again will the linden trees of Berlin quiver to the tramps and the shouts of the victors, whether of the one nationality or of the other; but perchance should the French tricolor prove to be in the ascendant, there will be no Napoleon to head the column, for Sedan was the Waterloo of the last pretender of that lineage to whom fortune had tossed the reins of imperial power, and the deferred hopes wrapped up in his only descendant were dashed forever when the promising young Prince and heir apparent to the possibilities of the French throne lost his life at the hands of the Zulus in 1879.

Not the least striking part of this historic romance is the circumstance that King Cetawayo, the chief of the African tribe and the leader in the charge which extinguished the dynasty established by Napoleon Bonaparte, is now himself held an exile on that same Island of St. Helena, and will sooner or later find rest hard by the linden tree which for a time sheltered the remains of that other prisoner of war who was his illustrious predecessor.

Columbia S. C., February 12.—The Governors Guard of this city, the company whose flag was the first raised in the city of Mexico in that great struggle, tonight withdrew from the State volunteer troops and furled its battle-scarred flag, refusing to enlist under the new administration militia rule which requires each member to take an oath to obey for two years any order the governor may give. This is the company which, during the Darlington war upon hesitating going to Darlington, was summoned to the executive mansion by Governor Tillman, who so insulted the soldiers that they threw their scabbards and accoutrements at his feet.

# MEMORIAL DAY EXERCISES

THE CELEBRATION THE MOST IMPOS-  
ING FOR MANY YEARS.

A Long Procession Goes With the Trib-  
ute of Flowers to Decorate the Graves  
of the Confederate Dead—Organiza-  
tions That Were in Line—The Address  
by Mr. Don Halsey.

The celebration of Memorial Day on  
yesterday was a big success. In  
point of numbers and general impres-  
siveness, it will easily take rank with  
the observances of the day which  
were held in the earlier years of the  
Memorial Association, shortly after  
the war. It looked, indeed, as if the  
whole town had turned out to honor  
the Confederate dead, who sleep their  
last sleep in the Old Methodist ceme-  
tery, situated upon the slope of the  
hill as it faces towards the mountains  
in the west.

The grounds have been for many  
years the scene in early spring of patri-  
otic exercises in memory of the dead  
Confederate soldiers, but on few pre-  
vious occasions was the crowd so  
great or the interest more intense  
than characterized the celebration of  
yesterday.

The weather was perfect, and just  
warm enough to render the gentle  
breeze that blew through the shady  
aisles of the cemetery, delightful and  
refreshing. A light mist, covering the  
face of the heavens, tempered to a  
great extent the heat of the sun, with-  
out detracting from the glorious  
brightness of the day.

## The Procession.

The procession formed on Church  
street with its head, consisting of the  
chief marshal, Captain J. C. Feather-  
ston, and the assistant marshals and  
aids, resting at the fountain. The  
start was made at about 6 o'clock, the  
long and imposing procession moving  
down Church street to Twelfth, down  
Twelfth to Main, up Main to Fifth,  
and out Fifth to the cemetery. Fol-  
lowing the splendid looking body of  
men composing the company of mar-  
shals and aids, was the Madison Band,  
the members of which in their bright  
new uniforms made a very fine appear-  
ance.

Lynchburg's two crack military  
companies, the Lynchburg Home  
Guard, Captain Scruggs commanding,  
and the Virginia Zouaves, Captain  
Craighill commanding, were next in  
line, and their muskets flashing in the  
sun, their handsome uniforms, and the  
splendid precision of their movements,  
constituted a feature of the parade.

A large number of representatives of  
the Memorial Association, and the  
Lucy Mina Otey and the Old Dominion  
Chapters, United Daughters of the  
Confederacy, rode in carriages in the  
parade. Their beautiful spring cos-  
tumes, together with the innumerable  
flags and gorgeous arrays of flowers,  
added color and brilliancy to the  
scene.

In one carriage was an enormous  
battle flag of the Confederacy made  
entirely of roses and carnations and  
evergreens. The main body of the  
flag was of red, pink and white carna-  
tions so arranged as to bring out with  
distinctness the best known of the  
Confederate flags. This beautiful  
tribute was presented by Mr. J. Shart-  
tizer, of Salem, a florist and an ex-Con-  
federate, who was present in person to  
take charge of his magnificent floral  
design. To Mr. Sharttizer, at the ceme-  
tery, was offered, on motion of Cap-  
tain J. C. Featherston, a hearty vote  
of thanks.

The Red Men of Lynchburg demon-  
strated their patriotism by turning out  
in the parade. They were a fine look-  
ing body of men and attracted much  
attention.

The police force of the city was rep-  
resented by Captain Irwin, Officers  
Adams, Tyree, and Latham, all of  
whom were mounted on large, hand-  
some horses. The Fire Department,  
with their elegant looking wagons and  
sleek spirited horses, all decorated  
lavishly yet tastefully, with flowers,  
occupied a very conspicuous place in  
the procession.

Private carriages were abundantly in  
evidence, and many of them were  
elaborately and beautifully trimmed  
with exquisite blossoms. Several fur-  
niture wagons, decorated with flags  
and flowers and filled with young peo-  
ple, enhanced the brightness and ani-  
mation of the occasion.

Noticeable in the procession was the  
tattered and torn battle flag of the  
old Eleventh Virginia Regiment, which  
was carried by Sergeant Doherty, of  
the Lynchburg Home Guard. This  
flag, which attracted a great deal of  
attention and was frequently cheered  
on the line of march, was brought out  
by the Lynchburg Home Guard, then  
Company "G," Eleventh Virginia In-  
fantry, at the surrender at Appomattox.  
It is carefully preserved as the  
most valuable of the company's many  
war relics.

## At the Cemetery.

At the cemetery hundreds of people  
were awaiting the arrival of the pro-  
cession, and interest and enthusiasm  
prevailed on every hand. The ceme-  
tery seemed to be fairly alive with a  
moving throng.

The exercises, presided over by Cap-  
tain Featherston, were exceedingly im-  
pressive. They were introduced with  
a feeling prayer by Rev. W. Asbury  
Christian.

The orator of the occasion, Mr. Don  
P. Halsey, was appropriately and  
gracefully introduced by Mr. John A.  
Paulkner in a few happily chosen  
words.

Mr. Halsey's address was well con-  
ceived and eloquently delivered. Very  
beautiful was his reference to the ap-  
propriateness of this annual floral tri-  
bute in commemoration of the valor  
and virtues of the Confederate soldiers  
who laid down their lives in the main-  
tenance of the right as they under-  
stood it. He repelled with scorn the  
vindictive endeavor of Northern bigots  
and historians to asperse with the epi-  
thet of traitor the heroes and patriots  
who inhabit this silent city of the dead.  
We may be loyal to the flag of our re-  
united and common country, he said,  
and yet true as adamant to the sacred  
memories of the Confederate cause.

Mr. Halsey closed with an earnest  
and eloquent plea in behalf of the  
movement which has been inaugu-  
rated to erect in Lynchburg a monu-  
ment to the unreturning Confederates  
who went out from this city and vic-  
inity. Let the monument be built of  
granite to symbolize the strength and  
integrity of their characters, and be  
crowned with laurels in token of the  
fame and glory in which their achieve-  
ments and their memories are em-  
bodied. Let it rise to meet the sun in  
his coming, and let the light of dying  
day linger lovingly about its summit.

Mr. Halsey's remarks met responsive  
chords in the hearts of his hearers and  
were frequently greeted with applause.

The beautiful monument erected to  
the memory of the Confederate dead,  
was decorated with wreaths, flowers  
and evergreens of every description.  
The Fire Department assisting in  
the placing the lovely tributes upon the  
very pinnacle of the shaft. The battle  
flag of the Confederacy, in roses and  
carnations, was placed near the pe-  
destal, resting in a position that ren-  
dered it visible to the crowd. In the  
West the sun sank behind the Blue  
Ridge mountains, and formed a back-  
ground of rare and exquisite beauty  
for the noble pile of marble, the  
masses of lovely flowers and the mul-  
titude of upturned faces. At the con-  
clusion of the ceremonies, six salutes  
were fired by the military com-  
panies.

Representatives of the Lucy Mina  
Otey Chapter, United Daughters of  
the Confederacy, visited the Spring  
Hill and the Presbyterian cemeteries,  
where they placed the colors of the  
Confederacy and beautiful fresh flow-  
ers upon the graves of General Jubal

A. Early, General Garland, Mrs. Lucy  
Mina Otey, Major R. H. Glass, and  
others whose names are connected  
with the history of the Confederate  
cause.

Among the garlands placed upon  
the grave of General Early was one  
woven by the hands of the mother of  
General Garland, Mrs. Mary Garland,  
who is ninety-five years of age.

## AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

A Remarkable Duel Between the Com-  
manders of a Federal and a Rebel  
Scout.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE: On  
the 12th day of June, 1863, I witnessed a duel be-  
tween a Captain Jones, commanding a Federal  
scout, and a Captain Fry, commanding a rebel  
scout, in Greene county, East Tennessee. These  
two men had been fighting each other for six  
months, with the fortunes of battle in the favor  
of one and then the other. Their commands  
were camped on either side of Lick creek, a large  
and sluggish stream, too deep to ford and too  
shallow for a ferry boat; but there a bridge spanned  
the stream for the convenience of the travel-  
ing public. Each of them guarded this bridge that  
communication should go neither north or south,  
as the railroad track had been broken up months  
before. After fighting each other for several  
months, and contesting the point as to which  
should hold the bridge, they agreed to fight a  
duel, the conqueror to hold the bridge undisturbed  
for the time being. Jones gave the challenge, and  
Fry accepted. The terms were that they should  
fight with navy pistols at twenty yards apart, de-  
liberately walking toward each other, and firing  
until the last chamber of their pistols was dis-  
charged, unless one or the other fell before all the  
discharges were made. They chose their seconds,  
and agreed upon a rebel surgeon (as he was the  
only one in either command) to attend them in  
case of danger.

Jones was certainly a fine-looking fellow, with  
light hair and blue eyes, five feet ten inches in  
height, looking every inch the military chieftain.  
He was a man that soldiers would admire and  
ladies regard with admiration. I never saw a  
man more cool, determined, and heroic under  
such circumstances. I have read of the deeds of  
chivalry and knight errantry in the middle ages,  
and of brave men emboldened in modern poetry;  
but when I saw this man Jones come to the du-  
els, scratch, fighting, not for real or supposed  
wrongs to himself, but as he honestly thought,  
for his country and the glory of the flag, I could  
not help admiring the man, notwithstanding he  
fought for the freedom of the negro, which I was  
opposed to.

Fry was a man full six feet high, slender, with  
long, wavy, curling hair, jet black eyes, wearing a  
slouch hat and gray suit, and looking rather the  
demon than the man. There was nothing feroc-  
ious about him; but he had the self-sufficient  
nonchalance that said "I will kill you." Without  
a doubt he was brave, cool, and collected, and  
although suffering from a terrible flesh wound in  
his left arm, received a week before, he mani-  
fested no symptoms of distress, but seemed ready  
for the fight.

The ground was stepped off by the seconds,  
pistols loaded and exchanged, and the principals  
brought face to face. I shall never forget that  
meeting. Jones, in his military, boyish mood, as  
they shook hands, remarked that—

"A soldier braves death for a fanciful wren's  
nest."

When in glory's romantic career,  
Fry caught up the rest of the sentence, and an-  
swered by saying:

"Yet he bends o'er the foe when in battle laid low,  
And bathes every wound with a tear."

They turned round and walked back to the  
point designated. Jones's second had the word  
"Fire," and, as he slowly said, "One—two—three  
—fire!" they simultaneously turned at the word  
"One" and instantly fired. Neither was hurt.  
They cocked their pistols, and deliberately walked  
toward each other, firing as they went. At the  
fifth shot Jones threw up his right hand, and Fry  
was firing his pistol in the air, sank down. Fry was  
in the act of firing his last shot; but, seeing Jones  
fall, silently lowered his pistol, dropped it to the  
ground, and sprang to Jones's side, taking his  
head in his lap as he sank down, and asked him if  
he was hurt.

I discovered that Jones was shot through the  
region of the stomach, the bullet glancing around  
that organ, and coming out to the left of the  
spinal column; besides, he had received three  
other frightful flesh wounds in other portions of  
his body. I dressed his wounds, and gave him  
such stimulants as I had. He afterward got well.  
Fry received three wounds—one breaking his  
left arm, one in the left, and the other in the right  
side. After months of suffering he got well,  
Neither of them asked when they got well, and  
resumed their commands to the bitter end, and to-day  
fought the war out to a wholesale grocery business down  
South, doing a good business, and verifying the  
sentiment of Byron that "A soldier braves  
death," &c.

Trusting that the above truthful narrative will  
be a lesson to some people North and South that  
stay on the outside and yelled "Seek death!" and  
are still not satisfied with the results of the war,  
let me subscribe myself a reconstructed  
CONFEDERATE SURGEON.

It is estimated that all of a hundred ad-  
ditional monuments will be erected on the  
battlefield of Gettysburg during this present  
year.

## Colonel Avery's New Book.

"H. W. G." in Atlanta Constitution.

Colonel I. W. Avery has about ready for the press what must prove to be a most entertaining book. It is a history of the past twenty five years in Georgia, modeled somewhat after the "Memories" of Colonel W. H. Sparks. Hardly formal and steady enough for history, it will be more consequential than mere personal go-sip. It is a shame and blot upon the name of our State that we have no complete history, recounting the deeds of her sons, the progress of her institutions or the wisdom and sincerity of her life. As there seems to be no prospect for getting such a work as a whole, the next best thing is to take it in sections or scraps.

The period selected by Colonel Avery covers the most dramatic part of Georgia's history. It covers the lurid and turbulent days that preceded the war between the States—the whole of that war itself, in which from the first to last Georgia bore a conspicuous part, furnishing many of its leaders and the theater for its most terrific and decisive struggles—the strenuous and bitter contest over reconstruction that followed, and the glorious era of rehabilitation in which we are now living. Indeed, Colonel Avery has the elements and opportunity for the making of a great book, one that will live to the honor of his State and himself.

To leave out events themselves, what a masterly array of men there are to teach his pen with fire. Bob Toombs, the genius of revolution, moving like a king among the men of '60, hurrying with unstayed hand to let slip the elements of a war in the smoke and din of which his power and kingliness were to be lost forever. Gordon, who, with pulse kindling in his boyish wrist, moved to the right hand of Lee and fought like a demigod through the scenes that broke his chieftain's heart. Brown, the pallid, forceful mountaineer who held the helm through Georgia's bloodiest days, and went through a revolution as the foil of its president, standing for the sovereignty of the States against a centralized confederacy. Ben Hill, the matchless orator and constitutional debater, who led the forces of the administration in the Confederate Senate and modeled

the judicial system for the struggling South. Howell Cobb, wise and eloquent statesman, who challenged more national thought, perhaps, than any Georgian, except Crawford, and came out of the cabinet to stand with his people. Francis Bartow and Tom Cobb—those early martyrs to a cause to which both had consecrated their lives—lost, as comets that fill the skies with glory and then sweep beyond the reach of mortal vision. Colquitt, the brave soldier, the pure statesman and the leader whose life repelled and whose strength defied a crusade of accusation that seemed overwhelming—all these and hundreds of others, of kinship in worth and reputation with these, who marched through the thrilling and desperate scenes of the past three decades, with the hearts of men and the consecration of saints. Ah! there is an impulse and inspiration in the lives of these men—in the history of Georgia's aspiration and achievement in the thirty years gone, that would fill the wrist of an imbecile with throbbing and eager sentences.

I shall look with the greatest interest for the appearance of Col. Avery's book.

**LEGACIES THAT Lapsed.**—A bundle of the papers of the late John Robin McDaniel, consisting of Confederate bonds and insurance policies, have been placed in our possession. On the back of one of them we find an interesting memorandum, headed:

|                                                                                         |                  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------|
| "Provision for the following public donations, see entry on my books."                  |                  |
| For free male school, Lynchburg, house and lot.....                                     | \$ 3,000         |
| Endowment.....                                                                          | 15,000           |
| Free female school, same.....                                                           | 18,000           |
| Public Library, Lynchburg, building, \$5,000; books, \$25,000; endowment, \$20,000..... | 50,000           |
| Church and schoolhouse in Bedford, at my old schoolhouse.....                           | 5,000            |
| Subscription to a fund to pension soldiers' families in Lynchburg.....                  | 10,000           |
| Old Methodist church, L.....                                                            | 1,000            |
| Radical Methodist church, L.....                                                        | 1,000            |
| Odd Fellows, L.....                                                                     | 1,000            |
| Sons of Temperance, L.....                                                              | 1,000            |
| <b>Total.....</b>                                                                       | <b>\$105,000</b> |

The document on which this memorandum is made is dated May the 20th, 1863, so it is probable that it was somewhere about that time that it was written.

monuments to... swept away his fortune and left him stranded on the shore of patriotism.

A telegram from Richmond says: Southern people purpose to use every endeavor to make the Jefferson Davis Monument, to be erected in this city, a grand affair. Mr. P. H. Boissieu, of Danville, Va., made an offer to head the list of 100 Virginians to give \$100 each to the fund. Then he wants a like number to give \$50 each, and so on down to \$5. It is his purpose to see if this scheme cannot be worked in all the Southern States.

What the Southern Writer has Accomplished—His Literary Ancestry.

(Philadelphia Press).

One of the youngest and most successful of the so-called "school of southern writers" is Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, author of "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady." We say so-called "school," for it may be doubted whether there is any proper occasion for introducing sectional differences or distinctions in the field of literature, and setting one class of writers apart as a "southern school," and another as a "western school," all this, notwithstanding the views of Mr. Hamlin Garland to the contrary. Mr. Page is a southern writer, and all his sketches thus far have had their setting and their coloring in the South country, but after all he has no peculiarities nor provincialisms that should cause him to be set apart in a "school" distinct from the great body of American writers of the present generation. It would be really doing an injustice to Mr. Page to narrow his literary gifts by bestowing on him a sectional designation. He ranks deservedly with such authors as George Cable, Richard M. Johnson, F. Hopkinson Smith, and Joel Chandler Harris, all of whom belong not only to the South, but to the whole country.

Mr. Page began his literary career in the orthodox fashion by being, first of all, a limb of the law. Why the legal profession should be hit upon as a sort of training school for men of letters we cannot pause here to discuss, but it is an interesting fact that the largest number of the great poets, novelists, and other writers of modern times have gone so far at least as to study law, if not to practice it. So it was with Scott, Dickens, Charles Reade, Longfellow, Bryant—and so it was with Thomas Nelson Page. It was in his law office at Richmond, Va., that Mr. Page wrote his first and, perhaps, his best negro-dialect story, "Marse Chan." This story was based on fact.

In the autumn of 1880 a friend of Mr. Page showed him a letter which had been taken from the pocket of a dead private of a Georgia regiment. It was from his sweetheart, and was very badly written. She told him of her love, and expressed sorrow for her bad treatment of him. She declared that she had loved him all the time, and, indeed, ever since they had gone to school together, when he used to be so good to her. Finally she said that if he would get a furlough and come home, she would marry him. There was a post-script scrawled across the blue Confederate paper to the effect that he must not come without a furlough, for if he didn't "come honorable" she would not marry him. The poor fellow got his furlough at Malvern Hill, or Fair Oaks, by a bullet.

Mr. Page was so touched by the incident that he went to his law office and began to write "Marse Chan," which he finished in a few evenings and sent off to Scribner's Monthly. A few months later "Marse Chan" was accepted, but was not published until April, 1881, in The Century, which had succeeded Scribner's Monthly. The story was received with marked favor all around, and since that time Mr. Page's literary wares have always found a ready market.

Mr. Page inherits some of his taste for writing, his father, John Page, being a man of fine literary attainments. John Page came of distinguished stock. He was a grandson of Governor John Page, of Rosewell, who was Jefferson's great friend, and was a leading patriot in the Revolution, being the first member on the Committee of Safety in Virginia. John Page was also a grandson of General Thomas Nelson, jr., Revolutionary War Governor of Virginia and a signer of the Declaration of Independence. The author's mother was a granddaughter of General Thomas Nelson, jr. Mr. Page's father was a major in the Confederate army on the staff of his brother-in-law, General Pendleton, General Lee's chief of artillery. Young Page was about 8 years old when the war broke out. He was living at Oakland, Hanover county, Va., a part of the old Nelson domain, situated between two of the principal roads that led "on to Richmond," and for two winters the army of Northern Virginia was encamped not far from his home. So, although a boy, he saw and heard a good deal of the war. He was educated at

Washington College and at the University of Virginia, where he studied law.

About the 22d of this month a contract was made in Lexington, Rock-bridge county, Virginia, for all the brick and stone work of a building which is to receive the monument to the great Confederate General, designed by Valentine. This monument is a tomb bearing the recumbent figure, in remarkable likeness of General Lee. He is in uniform, the sabre has just slipped from his grasp, and his cloak partly covers his limbs, quietly composed. The attitude is perhaps rather of deep rest than of death. It is a beautiful work of art, and worthy of the effort made in Lexington to give it an appropriate shelter.

The remains of General Lee, of his wife and of other deceased members of his family will be interred in a large vault immediately under the apartment which will receive the statue.

After the election of the General to the Presidency of the Washington and Lee University in Lexington, there was built in the grounds of the institution, and mainly through the efforts of its President, a small church or chapel intended for the public service of the university. It is a neat, simple brick building, rather Norman in style, of a design selected and modified by the General. It had a very small chancel, mostly for the purpose of making a stairway to the platform for speaking. This has been removed, and a building, which about represents in form and dimensions the chancel of an Episcopal church is soon to be erected as a mausoleum. It will contain on the the level of the basement of the church a sort of open vestibule, and reach through a large open arch. Within this vestibule are doors, one of iron, opening into the vault, two others to the basement of the present church, and one to a covered stairway reaching conveniently to a vestibule above, which divides the church from the mausoleum or chapel. One of the lower vestibule doors opens in the office of General Lee. It is found in the condition he left it. It is carefully preserved, cleaned or dusted, and the visitor sees it exactly as the General did for the last time.

All the new building accords with the present church, but it is of very superior construction and entirely fire proof. The old chancel arch remains; a corresponding one in the mausoleum walls gives a full view of the statue, but it is arranged with heavy iron sliding doors, and every precaution has been taken to cut off even the access of smoke to the mausoleum chamber. This portion of the building, about twenty-five feet square, is to be built inside of Baltimore pressed brick, laid with red joints, and finished with a considerable quantity of cream colored stone. The colors will contrast well with the pure white of the statue and its heavy base. The ceiling of the mausoleum will be of ground glass in the panels, of a richly moulded iron of construction. The light will come in through a skylight on the northern side of the roof. There will be in the mausoleum, also two windows for the admission of air.

The iron work for the roof doors and other parts of the building will be procured in Baltimore, where a contract has been made for it and other portions of the structure. The design is also from this city, and was furnished by Mr. J. Crawford Neilson. —*Baltimore American.*

**The Hill Monument Unveiling.**—The Lynchburg Artillery Blues have been invited to attend the unveiling of the monument to General A. P. Hill, near Richmond, on May 30th. All the military of Lynchburg have been requested to attend and it is probable that some of them may be present. A. P. Hill was not only a favorite with the men of his own corps, but he was a favorite of both Lee and Jackson. They called for him in their last earthly moments and the hail was one of affectionate confidence and regard.

**Programme for To-Morrow Evening.**

The following is the programme for the concert at the Soldiers' Home to-morrow at 4:45 P. M.:

**PROGRAMME.**

1. March.....Reeves
2. Overture—"Blossoms".....Boettger
3. Song and Dance—"Marriage Bells"—M. O'Reardon
4. Religious Potpourri.....J. Baseler
5. Grand Medley—"Pleasant Memories of Long Ago".....Beyer
6. A Hunting Scene.....Bucalossi
7. Veteran's March.....Geo. Voelker
8. Medley—"Southern Plantation Airs"—L. Contorno

**A Northern View.**

From the Providence (R I) Journal: When the ex-confederates march under and cheer the union flag as they did at their celebration in Bedford county, Va., they are welcome to all their jubilation. In fact it will not be many years before the memories of the confederate cause will be like those of Sir Walter Scott and other loyal Scotchmen of the pretender, while ardently and personally devoted to the representatives of the house of Har- over, and heartily glad that the rebellion did not succeed.

Belle Boyd, the famous "confederate spy," will shortly take to the stage and appear as Daisy Brown in *The Professor*. After the war she married Lieut. Harding, of the federal navy, and with him moved to Texas. She has two beautiful daughters, and by the death of her husband she has been made responsible for their support.

**MALLORY ELECTED SENATOR.****The Opposition to Chipley Was Consolidated, With This Result.**

Tallahassee, Fla., May 14.—Ex-Congressman Stephen R. Mallory, of Pensacola, was elected United States Senator today, the vote on the 25th ballot of the contest that began April 29th, standing:

Mallory, 53; W. D. Chipley, 44; Wilkinson Call, 1. Chipley came so near election yesterday, lacking only three votes, while the opposition was divided among four candidates, that the leaders of the forces hostile to him, consisting of the following of Call, Stockton, Hocker and some of Raney's adherents, realized that if they should let another day pass without combining their entire strength, Chipley would surely win. A caucus in the Senate Chamber last night was the outcome. Several ballots were taken, in which the leading candidates were Mallory, Raney and Hocker. Finally, at 2 o'clock this morning, the caucus came to an agreement upon Mallory.

Senator Mallory spoke before a large gathering in the House of Representatives tonight. He said that he endorsed all of the planks of the Chicago platform, dwelling particularly on the financial question and advocating the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, regardless of foreign countries. He did not express decided views on the tariff question.

Washington, May 14.—Stephen Russell Mallory was a member of the Fifty-second and Fifty-third Congresses from the First Florida district. He lives in Pensacola, where he was born in 1848. He entered the Confederate army in Virginia in the fall of 1864, and later served as a midshipman in the Confederate navy. After the war he entered Georgetown College, District of Columbia, and after graduating taught school and studied law. In 1878 he returned to Pensacola and since then has practiced law in Florida and also been interested actively in politics, serving in both branches of the State legislature, beside the national House of Representatives, where he was a leading member of the Committee on Commerce.

**A SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.** By Susan Pendleton Lee, author of "Life of General William N. Pendleton." With Questions and Summaries for Reviews and Essays, by Louise Manly, teacher of Literature and Languages, and author of "Southern Literature," Richmond, Va.: B. F. Johnson Publishing Company. Price, \$1.50.

At last we have a history of the United States which we can put into the hands of the children in our schools with the full assurance that from it they will learn the truth of history, and will be taught to honor their ancestors, instead of being influenced to regard them as rebels, as little better than half civilized. Mrs. Lee has been eminently successful in presenting the main facts of our history in a volume of 570 pages, in a manner attractive to the reader, whether young or old, and with utmost candor and fairness to both North and South. Our schools have been filled with histories by northern writers, who magnified their own section, and who failed to do the South justice—a thing not possible with them. Our task heretofore has been to select the least objectionable among their publications. Now we have an unobjectionable volume by a southern lady, of unexceptionable capacity, and of experience in teaching youth. She has the happy faculty of condensing without obscuring her subject, and of giving sufficient incidents to keep up the interest of the youthful reader. She has given, with sufficient fulness the history of the country before the late war between the States, and has properly presented in fuller detail the history of that memorable struggle, showing the heroism and genius displayed by the South on every battlefield, without doing injustice to the northern foe. Had she been on the staff of her gallant father, General William N. Pendleton, and witnessed the battles of the war, she could not have better described the struggle, in the limited space necessarily allowed for the history of the war in so small a volume. No part of her work is better done. Her account of the causes of the war is very just, and puts in a strong light the continued infraction of the United States Constitution by the North, which caused the South to secede. The author has undoubtedly produced the best school history of the United States that has yet appeared, not excepting even the much-praised volume of John Fiske, who though making strenuous effort, has not succeeded in entirely throwing off the bondage of northern prejudice against the South, nor been able to apprehend how much this country has been indebted to southern statesmen and soldiers. The accuracy of the author may be tested by the authorities given at the end of the chapters. The publishers have profusely illustrated the volume, and given all the maps needed, and Miss Manly has done her work admirably well. The volume reflects the highest credit on the author and publishers.

It is to be hoped that it will become a standard school history of the South, and find its way also into the northern schools. It is what our school system has long needed.

Tuesday was observed at Danville as Confederate Memorial Day, and the celebration, which was under the auspices of Cabell Graves Camp, Confederate Veterans, and the Ladies' Memorial Association, was the largest and most elaborate one yet held. The exercises commenced at 4:30 at the Academy of Music, where the feature of the day was an address by James P. Harrison, whose subject was the "First Gun at Sumter." A long military and civic procession proceeded to Green Hill Cemetery, where the graves of Confederate soldiers were decorated with flowers, after which a monument, erected by friends over the grave of Captain William Rickney Graves, was unveiled.