

The expressions of the Northern press, and the echoes of Northern sentiment which load the winds that blow from across the Potomac, produce at one time a pleasing, and at another a repellant, impression. Now they breathe the spirit of fraternity and pacification; and then, presto change, they are, like those denounced in sacred scripture, full of all uncharitableness and bitterness. The latest emanation of this last, this uncharitable kind, is from the Chicago Tribune. That paper, commenting upon a recent declaration of the Grand Army of the Republic, to the effect that school histories of the civil war "should be truthful and impartial, and not offensive to the New Yorker or the South Carolinian," remarks that "we cannot nevertheless avoid the conclusion that treason can, and should be, made odious."

The author of the expression that "treason must be made odious," was Andrew Johnson, the renegade Tennessean who came to the Presidency by the most unfortunate, most abhorrent death of Abraham Lincoln, who was a true patriot, even if there be some who regard him as misguided in many of his views, and many of his acts. But when Andrew Johnson undertook to exemplify this sentiment that "treason must be made odious" by ordering General Grant, at that time Lieutenant General, and as such the Commander in Chief of the Army of the United States, to arrest General Robert E. Lee and other designated leaders of the Southern Confederacy, General Grant, to his eternal honor as a man of character and principle, and a fearless patriot, withstood the treacherous Tennessean, and dared and defied him. He said that as long as General Lee and all other Southern men observed their paroles they should not, by any act of his, be molested, and that rather than arrest them he would resign his commission as Lieutenant General. That was a lofty evidence of honor and good faith which will stand till the crack of doom as a testimonial to the integrity and nobility of the character of Ulysses Grant. We never tire of repeating this tribute. Let us lay aside our prejudices and give honor to whom honor is due.

And now to return to the Chicago Tribune. Pray tell us, if Jefferson Davis was a traitor, why was he not tried and convicted of treason? He was imprisoned for two years in Fortress Monroe, and subjected to all manner of despite and contumely. But when that sagacious lawyer and juriconsult, Chief Justice Chase, came to empanel a jury, and to place Mr. Davis at the bar of justice, he very wisely so ordered the august occasion as that Mr. Davis was permitted to go scott-free. It never was in the power of malice and malignity to convict Jefferson Davis.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Norfolk Virginian, in some comments recently made upon this subject of the trial of Jefferson Davis, remarks that "it was an open question, from the formation of the government down to the adoption of the thirteenth and fourteenth amendments to the constitution, whether a State had the right

to secede." This we most strenuously deny. It was not an open, or a controverted question, up to the year 1820. On many and sundry occasions previous to that time the Northern States, first one and then another, threatened to exercise their constitutional right of secession, and no one was found to dispute it. When Mr. Jefferson in 1803, acquired the Louisiana territory, extending with a mighty sweep to the Oregon river on the Pacific slope, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Connecticut threatened to withdraw from the Union. When the war of 1812 was at its height the New England States, assembled through their representatives, in the Hartford Convention, concocted secret schemes of secession from the Union. Indeed the right to secede was never disputed until each thought was finally (and from obvious motives of self-interest and cupidity) abandoned by the New England and Plymouth Rock States, and adopted, in self-defense as they thought, by the Southern States of the Union.

But be that as it may, the fact, the incontestable fact, is that Jefferson Davis was never brought to trial for "treason." Why was he not? As all the world knows, because it was not in the power of political malignity, nor legal ingenuity, to convict him of treason. Why, did not General Nathaniel P. Banks declare upon the floor of Congress, in the Andersonville debate, that Mr. Davis was released because it was known that he could not be convicted?

It is time, high time, to stop this cheap bravado of accusing the Confederate leaders of treason; no court has convicted them of treason; no court ever will.

#### AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

##### Capture of the Lake Erie Steamer Philo Parsons.

(Cincinnati letter in New York Times.)

To look up from a peaceful cigar and behold a 16-inch revolver pointed at one's head, to be metamorphosed from a tourist into a prisoner-of-war in the twinkling of an eye, to argue vainly with the short-spoken men, bristling with eloquent firearms, and, finally, to be marooned—such incidents are crowded when brought within the limits of a few hours. And when these things come to pass hundreds of miles from the scene of open hostilities, he who experiences them is likely to cherish a lively recollection of his amazing capture and its consequences.

It is at least the opinion of Mr. Frederick Hukill, a Cincinnati business-man of many years' standing, that few war-time adventures were more peculiar than that which befell him on a Lake Erie steamer and a Lake Erie Island in September, 1861. It was his fate to be a passenger on the Philo Parsons when that vessel was seized by daring Confederates, bound on an expedition to free several thousands of their brethren imprisoned on Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, and he still has his passage-ticket as a memento of the occasion. Circumstances over which the officers of the boat had no control prevented the collector from earning his salary that day, and Mr. Hukill has never been called upon to surrender the little blue card upon which S. F. Atwood, master, and W. O. Ashley, clerk, certify to his duly-paid-for right to transportation upon their craft.

"I was homeward bound from a trip to Niagara," says Mr. Hukill, "travelling with Alfred Skinner, then a Cincinnati, but now a resident of Chicago. We were taking things easily and following a rather round about route. We had crossed to the Canadian side at the falls, and had met a number of people at the Clifton House. Had we known how soon we were again to encounter some of our chance acquaintances we might have

been more deeply impressed with them, but, not being prophets, we almost forgot them as soon as we started for Ohio.

"Among the places at which we stopped was Kelly's Island, in Lake Erie, not far from Sandusky. Our plan was to take the Philo Parsons for that city, and on the day in question—September 21st, I think—she touched at the island about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. As we boarded her we noticed that she had an unusual number of passengers, but we were not particularly impressed by the fact. Among them, we observed as we bought tickets, were several Cincinnatians; a Mr. Werk, a wealthy wine dealer, his daughter, and a party headed by Mrs. Faran, wife of the editor of the Enquirer. There were, besides, a good many men of soldierly bearing. It surprised me somewhat to have one of them ask me if I didn't want my valise checked, but I declined his offer, and, leaving the luggage in a safe place aft, I went with Skinner to the upper deck, where we found chair a little forward of the pilot house. Mrs. Faran's party was near us.

"We lighted cigars and were preparing to enjoy the little cruise to the utmost, when something made me look up. For an instant I couldn't imagine what was happening, for a man was holding a pistol to the pilot's head. Then another man came forward with an explanation.

STAND BACK! STAND BACK!

"Stand back! stand back!" he cried. Well, we didn't offer to move, for in each hand he held one of the longest, prettiest revolvers it was ever my fortune to see; and he had us covered to a nicety.

"Men who are so thoroughly astonished as we were don't command a fine flow of language immediately. Finally, though, Skinner broke out:

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"It means," said the man with the pistols, who was Captain John F. Beall, the leader of the raiders, "it means that we've captured this boat in the name of the Southern Confederacy. You are our prisoners."

"Before anything more was said something happened to impress us with the stern realities of our situation. The engineer of the boat, who must have attempted to resist his captors, tried to reach the upper deck. There was the report of a revolver, and we saw him coming up the stairs. As he reached the top step he fell, and lay there almost at our feet, with a bullet through his shoulder. Nice, reassuring sight for all of us—the ladies, especially—wasn't it? In a moment or two, however, the wounded man was picked up and carried below and out of sight.

"Meanwhile another of the band had joined Captain Beall. The pair asked whether we had any weapons.

"No," we said, in chorus.

"Then they put the question to us one by one, ladies, as well as men. They took the ladies' word for it, but in the case of the men they felt our pockets to make sure that the truth had been told. This searching made me mad, and when my turn came temper got away with discretion. In fact, just then I was by no means as frightened as I dare say I should have been, or as I was afterward.

"Are you armed?" asked Captain Beall.

"No, sir; I am not," I snapped back at him in a mighty ugly tone.

"I asked that in a gentlemanly way," said he, sternly, "and it deserves a gentlemanly answer."

"I didn't debate the matter with him. After finding that I had no firearms he pushed me back and went on with his task. This completed, he marched us back to a cabin far aft, and left us under guard to meditate on the general uncertainty of things in this world.

NOT VERY CHEERFUL.

"We were not very cheerful, I can assure you. The steamer, we learned, was off her regular course, heading around Kelly's Island, and our notions as to what was to be done with us were extremely hazv. The conduct of one of

our guards—a man named Burley—was of the sort to add to our apprehensions, for he was flourishing his pistols and talking with a roughness which was hard to endure. There we sat in a sort of semi-circle near the piano, which was the biggest piece of furniture in the cabin, some of the women crying at the ruffian's oaths, and the rest barely able to control themselves. The fellow

was growing more abusive. Something had to be done, and that quickly.

"The officers would protect us from such insults if we could get word to them," I whispered to a young lady, sitting next to me. "I don't believe anybody would harm a woman if she tried to carry the message."

"I'll try it," said she; and up she rose, very bravely, and started forward. She made about 10 feet, and then she staggered and fell fainting to the floor.

"That settled my doubts as to the prudence of a similar attempt by a man. Wisely or foolishly, I'd do what I could. So I sprang to my feet and started on the mission she'd undertaken. Perhaps the guard was not as dangerous as he pretended to be; perhaps the sight of the girl lying unconscious on the floor was too much for him; at any rate, he failed to interfere. I had gone but a little way when I met Lieutenant Elbert, the second in command. He heard my complaint, then he led me back to our party.

"Point out the man," said he, mighty sharply.

"As I did so, Elbert took the fellow by the shoulder and gave him a push which sent him forward like a shot. That was the last we saw of him, but, pretty soon, we heard the crack of a pistol, and somehow we got a comforting notion that the bully had come to grief. Whether there was any real basis for the theory I never learned, but it was very consoling at the time.

"The plans of the raiders, which had been well laid, included the capture of more than one steamer. They had the Philo Parsons, but they also wanted the Island Queen, bound north from Sandusky, and about dusk they gobbled her neatly. She was at the dock of Middle Bass Island when the Parsons ran in beside her. The surprise was complete.

"The Island Queen had on board a company of soldiers who had served their time and were on their way to Toledo to be paid off, and were totally unprepared to fight. They, too, were made prisoners, and stowed away in a safe place until the Confederates were ready to land all their captives. Then the people of the two boats were drawn up in a line on the Parsons—a pretty long line it was, for there was more than a hundred of us. Just how many raiders there were I don't know. At the time I believed them to number thirty-two, but since then I have seen smaller figures allotted to them. However, they were sufficiently numerous for that part of their work. As they bustled about we had a good look at some of them. On the whole they were a fine set of men. Most of them were neatly dressed. Many wore black felt hats, but there was no other suggestion of uniform attire. Each man carried two of the big revolvers, and had a hatchet stuck in a belt. Their arms, we were told, had been brought aboard the steamer in a rough chest at Windsor, Canada, where most of them took passage. Afterward, when the time for action came, this chest was opened and the pistols and hatchets were distributed. Among the gentlemen so provided for offensive operations were some of our recent casual acquaintances, but neither side was disposed to devote time to empty civilities.

"Well, we Cincinnatians were at the head of the line. Up came an officer prepared to swear us not to divulge anything about the raiders' movements for twenty-four hours. He asked the name and residence of each passenger before he administered the oath. When he came to my friend Skinner there was trouble.

"You're a — black abolitionist," said he. Skinner was not the man to deny his conviction, even at such a time, but nevertheless the oath was administered to him. Then the officer came to me.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Fred. Hukill, of Cincinnati," said I.

"Another black abolitionist," said he, and he repeated the other words, which don't have to be printed to be understood.

"No, I ain't, by a long sight," said I. Well, perhaps 'long' isn't the word I used, but it will serve.

"I thought not," said he, with a look at me. Then he went on to the others in line.

"The next business they had on hand was to put us ashore on the Island. First they marched us down to the lower deck, then we stepped to the dock one by one. I noticed that some of the ladies' luggage was landed, and I wanted to save mine. A guard, armed with pistols and hatchet had me by the shoulder. He pushed me toward the landing place, but I hung back.

"Ain't you going off?" he asked gruffly.

"I want my baggage," I protested.

"You can't have it."

"Come ashore," cried Skinner from the dock. No doubt he understood the rashness of arguments.

"But when can I get my traps?" I asked of the Confederate.

"When we leave the boat we'll run her aground somewhere," he answered.

"Those other people have theirs," I objected. "I want mine." It was a bluff, but it counted.

#### VERY POLITE.

"I'll ask an officer," said he. In a moment he was back, and bade me take his arm. In that fashion we went aft, crawling under part of the machinery. I gathered up my belongings, and Skinner's as well, and presently I was safely on dry land. Only my friend and I and the ladies had their baggage; the other passengers were left with nothing but the clothes they wore.

"There were then three houses on the island, and there were 168 of us to be accommodated. Luckily for the ladies, room was found for them under roofs. The men had to bunk where they could. My companion and I slept in a haymow, and were fairly comfortable. In the morning he and I went fishing—we had saved our tackle—and had some excellent sport. The others amused themselves as best they could. They fastened an old shirt to a hoop-pole, and set the pole on top of a pile of cordwood, where the improvised signal of distress waved for a good many hours before it brought assistance. There were a few small boats on the island, and in the course of the morning a good many got away in them; and along in the afternoon the fishing-smack Gazelle put in. She was only 32 feet long, but her skipper let us crowd aboard until she was packed from stem to stern. We were in need of elbow-room, and there was nothing to eat on the Gazelle except some herring and crackers. It wasn't exactly a pleasure-trip.

"When we reached Kelly's Island we heard the sound of distant cannon shots. Some of the people left us there, but the rest went on in the Gazelle. The wind died down, and we drifted about until a tug picked us up and towed us to Sandusky, where we arrived about 8 o'clock in the evening. From that point our return to Cincinnati was made without adventure.

"We learned afterward of the failure of the bold attempt to free the Confederate prisoners on Johnson's Island. The government had been warned of the scheme, and a gunboat—the Fessenden, I think—was ready to do business with the relief expedition. She chased the Philo Parsons and the Island Queen, the latter being beached on the south side of Kelly's Island. Then the Parsons, with the raiders on board, steamed away for the Detroit river, where she, too, was run aground. Nearly all those concerned in the desperate venture escaped, but among the few captured was Captain Beall, who was, I believe, tried for piracy and hanged near New York.

"Everything considered, our captors treated us very well. The ruffianly conduct of the guard in the cabin was, of course, the most unpleasant feature of the day, and, as I have said, his superiors stopped that sort of thing as soon as it was brought to their attention. I tried to show my appreciation of Captain Beall's courtesy by bequeathing to him, when we left the boat, a cane I'd cut on Goat Island at Niagara. I'm afraid, though, that it was not a present of which he was able to make much use."

## "LAST OF THE PARTISANS."

JOHN S. MOSBY, who lies dying while these lines are written, was the "last of the Partisans."

He repeated in the Confederate war all the reckless prowess of Marion, Sumter and Pickens, under conditions so different from theirs that they would probably have been appalled by them.

He was always "a gallant knight," quick to sacrifice himself without stint where he deemed that loyalty called for self-sacrifice. Thus when Col. William E. Jones—he of the yellow coat, pot hat and drawing speech—was removed from command of the celebrated First Regiment of Virginia Cavalry, Mosby, deeming the removal unjust, promptly sacrificed himself by resigning the position he had achieved as adjutant and returning to the ranks.

Jeb Stuart appreciated him, as he always appreciated men of daring and devotion. He called him to headquarters as a scout, and it was not long afterwards that Mosby had opportunity through Stuart's procurement to organize his band and attempt the part of a partisan in the war.

His force of irregular cavalry was at first, as he has himself said, scarcely better than a company of bandits. He quickly converted the bandits into soldiers. His force consisted of reckless spirits unattached to either army and acknowledging no allegiance except to Mosby. There were deserters from both armies in it. There were men who in sheer lawlessness had refused to enlist in either. There were Confederate cavalymen whose horses had been killed and who took this means of remounting themselves, disregarding the expiry of their furloughs. All of them were adventurous spirits to whom "the danger's self was lure alone." At the time Mosby's men had no standing in the army and no pay. Their sole reward of service until late in the war was the booty they could capture, and their bond of connection with the Confederates was so very loose that one of Mosby's chief lieutenants was a deserter from the other side.

But as rangers Mosby's men accomplished results wholly out of proportion to their numbers.

They broke lines of communication, and so far interfered with campaigns that at one time it was estimated that the ceaseless activity of his 300 men fully occupied 30,000 of the Federal forces, and rendered them useless for aggressive operations.

No other man's career in the war was so romantic, no other was more in earnest than he or more ceaselessly active.

With that irregularity which had distinguished his military service, Col. Mosby became a Republican at the end of the war, at a time when to be a Republican in the South was to be anathema maranatha. And then when Grant offered him his reward in the way of office he declined in the same chivalric spirit in which he had resigned his commission as adjutant when his colonel was displaced.

From President Hayes, to whom he owed nothing, he accepted a place as Consul at Hongkong, after having declined all favors from Gen. Grant during eight years.

This in substance is the career of the great partisan.

His was a gallant soul. He never flinched in a duty. He never flinched from a danger. He had in him all that is admirable in the cavalier.

Personally I knew him well. In stature he was of medium height and weight. On foot he was in no way conspicuous, but on his horse he was every inch a cavalier. Sun-burned, weather-beaten and swarthy, he had a singularly winning countenance. He had gentleness as well as determination in it, delicacy as well as daring. He never "posed," but was always a modest man intensely in earnest. He had none of Stuart's "dandyism," none of that great leader's love of personal display. He singularly lacked that boyish vanity which has distinguished most of the world's great cavalry leaders. He did nothing for "effect," but everything for the accomplishment of results. No man was ever gentler or more considerate of others. At the same time no man was ever readier to meet challenge of any kind with fight. No man was readier to forgive a fault confessed—no man was more merciless towards wrongs unrepented.

It is a gallant and a chivalric spirit that is passing away.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON.

## LONGSTREET TO HIS CRITICS.

Vigorously Defends His History of the  
Late War Between the States.

## HE IS SATISFIED WITH HIS RECORD

And Pays His Respects to Col. Mosby, Dr. J. William Jones, and Gen. Fitzhugh Lee—Reply to the Latter's Statement.

The Atlanta Constitution of March 29th prints a long interview with General James Longstreet, in which he severely arraigns his critics and defends his book and war record. In this interview the General says:

"I never had thought of writing a book until these accusations were made against me—first, in 1872, by General Pendleton—although General Lee had suggested on one or two occasions that I should write one. My idea when I left Appomattox was to leave the war and everything connected with it, being satisfied to let my name go down with the records. But I was led by these accusations against me to write, first for some of the newspapers, and finally into the resolution to write a book. It is a book of the future. My thought always was that the South should try to build up and recover somewhat of that she lost.

"I will say that these many accusations against me were based upon statements made since the war; none have any reference to the official records, and they are trying to supersede the records by these later statements. After the battle of Gettysburg I held the position next to Lee in the army to the close of the war—a period of one year and nine months, from July, 1863, to April, 1865. A few weeks after the battle at Gettysburg the authorities at Richmond ordered me on to the army in Tennessee, under General Bragg, and General Lee recommended me to the supreme command. I was sent to Bragg's army to relieve him, and General Lee stated in a later letter that it was with that view he had ordered me there. After the battle of Chickamauga President Davis offered me the command of that army, but I thought it then too late to accept. During all the time of the war after Gettysburg I was trusted with high command; to say that General Lee and President Davis would have so continued me had I been guilty of what is now charged against me would be to impugn not only their loyalty but their intelligence. For eight years after the surrender and during the lifetime of General Lee there was nothing said against the record of any part of my command, so that everything connected with it in the way of criticism was started long after the war, and two years after General Lee's death.

"These statements were not made, as I have shown, during General Lee's lifetime, and were made by persons who were not responsible and who wanted a little notoriety, which they did not receive during the war. There cannot be found anywhere in the records any special mention of their services during active warfare. One of them was relieved from duty by General Lee because of his notorious inefficiency and failure. The others are all partisans, and writing for the exclusive purpose of making General Lee appear infallible, whereas the true greatness of our peerless leader does not require any such extravagant professions. The records themselves are enough for his fame and furnish the only proper criterion for it.

WHY HE WROTE THE BOOK.  
"Another, and the main reason, for writing my book was that I had been permitted by providence to outlive nearly all the leading actors in the great struggle. Davis and Lincoln, Lee and Grant, and the great host of those holding inside knowledge on both sides, had all passed away. Many of them had left memoirs to enlighten official documents. It was my lot to have read all of these, and I felt it to be my duty in the full light of inves-

tigation to add my share to the truth of history, so that the coming chronicler might have all the facts upon which to base the true estimate of the greatest of American wars. I will say, however, that I have not trusted to memory for anything I have written. Where the records mentioned points of fact, I have used my memory to connect them and illustrate. I have had many applications for replies upon points of memory, but have refused all of them for the reason that I could not get the records on the points at issue.

"In writing this book of the war I was dealing with a congenial subject and one which should be a matter of pride to every American heart. While it portrays the struggle of two contending armies, both of American birth and lineage, it holds them up as the highest ideals to be found in military history, and no matter to what side the reader may belong, he cannot but feel a pride that these high-minded and brave men were his countrymen—whose record will fill the pages of American history with lessons to enthuse and maintain the patriotism and emulation of the American of the future.

## THE BOOK BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

"The book has been very favorably received. It went into the second edition inside of thirty days after the first issue. Some unfavorable remarks by the old critics have greeted its appearance, especially some rambling remarks from Colonel Mosby, of the guerilla style; General Fitzhugh Lee of the cavalry style, and another by Rev. J. William Jones; but he is accustomed to consider that his sayings are gospel truths, I think, and that his mere mention makes overwhelming proof. I might say that some of the newspapers made severe remarks at the book before it appeared and before they saw it. It is sufficient to dismiss charges by such men as Mosby and Jones, with the statement that in military councils guerilla chiefs and chaplains are never called in for consultation, and reference to the records will show that they are as ignorant of the facts as persons in their situation usually are.

"There is but one point in all these criticisms which I deem it worthy my attention to notice, and that is concerning the crucial battle of Gettysburg. In a recent interview of General Fitzhugh Lee, which was printed in the Philadelphia Press, he claims that General Lee was in error at Gettysburg thus: "First the discretion allowed which separated him from his cavalry; second, the omission of positive orders to Ewell to advance on the evening of the 1st and the failure to replace an officer who opposed his plans with one who would have entered into them heartily and readily co-operated with him to whip the enemy in detail."

"It may be news to some of those who attack what they call my criticism of General Lee to know that General Fitzhugh Lee himself thus confesses that his great uncle could make an error, not in one single battle only, but three, and all of serious character. Nothing that I said could have been more severe than this statement of General Fitzhugh Lee, and it is one which I would have hesitated to make even had the facts justified it. Now, coming to the statements in the above quotation, it was my opinion that we should file around him and call him from his strong ground to defend his capital. He had left open an easy route for us to march by his left and good fields and routes for us to reach his rear and at the same time cover the line of our rear toward the Potomac and Virginia and cut off the capital from its enemy.

"Napoleon's instructions to Marmont, commanding an invading army, were that he should make the enemy attack him on ground of his own choosing. In the Franco-German war Von Moltke pushed MacMahon's army back until he found control of the route leading from MacMahon's army to the army fortified at Metz. MacMahon made an effort to join his army with that at Metz, but found that he must first give general battle, and make it successful. He concluded that the wiser course was to surrender his army. The surrender of the army at Metz followed, then the fall of Paris. The field and the opportunity of the Confederates at Gettysburg on the afternoon of the 1st of July 1863, were as favorable as for Von Moltke in 1870. The laws of war in analogous cases, closely adhered to, are unerring of results.

MUST RECEIVE BATTLE.

"In his official report of July 31, 1863, General Lee said: 'The march toward Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been had the movements of the Federal army been known. It had not been intended to deliver a general battle so far from our base unless attacked, but coming unexpectedly upon the whole Federal army, to withdraw through the mountains with our extensive trains would have been difficult and dangerous.'

"Hence it seems that both commanders felt the importance to each that he must receive battle. General Meade guarded closely his views and although urged from Washington, only once thought of aggressive battle. On the morning of the 2d he sent troops of his right to look for a way far battle, but the grounds were found so purely defensive that he could not open strong battle. This gave him greater confidence in his defensive, and quieted apprehension except of the open way around his left which was also called to his mind by wire from Washington, but too late for a change. My right was at that moment beyond his left and my scouts beyond Round Top and in the range of his packed wagons. So inviting was the opportunity to continue the move to our right that General Hood delayed to open the battle of the day, urging the move to the right, until a third order was sent him. On the Confederate side all thought of work for defensive battle was abandoned on the afternoon of the 1st, and troops on the march, were ordered forward by forced marches to be in hand for the next day.

"General Fitzhugh Lee says: 'Longstreet tries to explain why when ordered to attack with his whole force at sunrise of the 2d he did not get into action until 4 o'clock in the afternoon.' Fitzhugh Lee has read letters from all of General Lee's staff that no order for surprise was given, and he has read evidence conclusive from all authenticated sources that the order was not given, and that during the afternoon and night of the 1st, and until daylight of the 2d, General Lee and General Ewell were at work looking for an opening for his battle by the left, second corps. He says 'Meade was not eager for battle. Lee was.' But Meade was eager for battle—he had everything his own way—and no apprehension except that the delay might give time for his adversary to find the way to his rear.

"About eight years after the surrender this idea of sunrise attack was incubated and has been so often repeated that some have grown to regard it as a matter of historical record.

"Fitzhugh Lee says: 'As I have said, Longstreet ordered to attack at sunrise with the divisions of Hood and McLaws, which made no sign of moving until 11 o'clock. On the right the attack had been carried out according to orders, but failed because the scheme had not been carried out on the left.' If he knows anything about the matter he should know that there was no sign on any part of the line except that of the first corps until after night, when the advance was made against the enemy's right. He claims that General Lee thought to beat the enemy in detail, but General Lee was a little surprised when he found the Union army; so says he came up 'unexpectedly.' As a matter of fact, that army was up and concentrated and General Meade was anxious for battle, while yet the Confederate cavalry and Pickett's division of infantry and artillery were on the march.

"Of the battle of the 3d by Pickett's, Pettigrew's and Trimble's divisions he quotes Colonel Taylor, of General Lee's staff, as authority that the original order was that the attack was to be made by McLaws and Hood's divisions, supported by Pickett's fresh troops. That was General Lee's order when he joined me on the evening of the 3d, but when told that the divisions of McLaws and Hood were standing against twenty or thirty thousand of the enemy; that they had lost 20 per cent. of their numbers in the battle the day before; that they had but eight thousand men in their ranks, which, with Pickett's, would make a column of twelve thousand, seven hundred men to march a mile under concentrated fire of the enemy's artillery and infantry, strongly posted, eighty thousand men strong; that the withdrawal of the two divisions from the front of the enemy's left would be followed by that force, which would

swing around our right against the flanks of our attacking columns, gain the Emmetsburg road in his rear and cut off his retreat, he concluded to allow the divisions to hold their line and ordered the troops under Pettigrew and Trimble as the columns with Pickett's. As he failed to get any part of his command, except those under my immediate orders, in the battle the day before until after nightfall, and only five brigades then, it was not probable that he would be more successful on the third day, and I would have been left a mile of the enemy's front unguarded, marching against his army, which was well entrenched and guarded by stone walls, with 12,700 men, a work that should not have been ventured with less than eighty thousand men, fresh for battle. No part of the army except those with me joined action with the battle of the day.

"THE WAR IS OVER."

"He complains that the responsibility and fate of a great battle should be passed over to a lieutenant-colonel and always will be a subject of grave comment. Why did not General Lee assign an officer for the duty? All of his batteries were ordered into the combat, while I had only command of those of the first corps. General Lee had a chief of artillery, a brigadier-general, who was the proper person to observe the artillery practice and give notice of its effect. Besides he had Colonel Long, of his staff, a professional artilleryist, who would have been a proper assignment by the Confederate chieftain, all conditions being fair. But General Lee approved my assignment of Lieutenant-Colonel E. P. Alexander to that service because he knew he was a man of nerve, greater intellect, better judgment and better artilleryist than any of the artillery of his army.

"Fitzhugh Lee says that 'Lee expected to see these divisions (McLaws and Hood) in the attacking columns,' but General Lee says that he did not. 'He (Longstreet) was, therefore, re-enforced by Heth's division and two brigades of Pender's, to the command of which General Trimble was assigned.'

"But it is useless to take up the carping criticisms of every ill-informed person who chances to attack a book. The war is over, its record is made up and is on file. The great actors therein have left their memoirs. To the common mass I contribute mine, and I leave the result to the impartial historian who, removed from present prejudices and personal attachments, will see the whole truth and give it to the generations yet to come. In all that I have written I have been conscious of the important position which I played in the great struggle, of what I owed to those who followed me as well as to those who opposed me, and I am satisfied to leave the whole controversy to the leaves of history, which will judge of men from assured facts."

Among the passengers from Boston by the Cunard steamer *Marathon*, for *Liverpool*, last Saturday, was the Rev. Josiah Henson, the original "Uncle Tom" of Mrs. Stowe's novel.

Appomattox National Park.

The committee appointed by the Appomattox National Park Association to visit Washington in the interest of the movement to establish the park, were in the city yesterday, and will leave today for Washington. They are Colonel R. B. Poore, Messrs. Joseph Button, H. B. Flood, J. R. Atwood, W. C. Franklin, D. Mott Robertson and W. D. Thornton. The committee of Lee Camp, of Richmond, has been requested to meet and cooperate with the Appomattox committee at Washington.

TEXAS CONFEDERATE SHAFT.

First Monument in the Lone Star State Unveiled at Sherman.

The Confederate monument erected in Sherman by the Mildred Lee camps of Texas was unveiled Wednesday with appropriate ceremonies. The monument is the first of the kind erected on Texas soil, and is made of granite from the quarries of Stone Mountain, Georgia. The unveiling was attended by prominent ex-Confederates from every section of the state, and the day was fittingly observed.

GEN. ROSSER COMING.

We learn with pleasure that General Thos. L. Rosser, who commenced his brilliant military career as an officer of the Washington Artillery, will deliver a course of lectures, this fall and winter, in the interest of the Confederate Veteran Camp at Charlottesville, and of the National Memorial Association. We are not informed of the subjects of the proposed lectures, but assume that they will relate to the profession of arms of which the General is so distinguished a member. We guarantee to him a hearty welcome. We understand that the General at one time contemplated making astronomy the subject of his lecture; what he knows about the sun and moon we do not know, but the glorious manner in which he won the stars that decorated his uniform certainly entitles him to discourse ad libitum upon the stellar systems of the universe.

An Odd Relic.

An amusing relic of the civil war which has but lately come into public notice is in the possession of a young woman, into whose father's hands it fell some years ago with other effects of a southern relative. At the time of the siege of Mobile the women of the city were busy for many days making bags to be filled with sand. The young ladies in one popular boarding school not only made such bags, but decorated them with mottoes in silk or worsted. The relic referred to was one of the bags sent out from this school and bears in faded blue the unpunctuated device, "God Save the South From Harriet Brown."—Mobile Register.

—In his "Two Runaways," Harry S. Edwards tells of an old bachelor slave owner who resided near Milledgeville who had a slave that would run away every year, and after enjoying freedom for a short time, would return. He would steal off at the same time every year, and seemed incapable of curing himself of this idiosyncrasy; when the time for his departure arrived, he had to go. Eatonton has a similar instance. "Smut," the negro who makes himself generally useful about J. P. Wilson's store, is much given to the same peculiarity of temperament mentioned of the old slave. He has been in the employ of Mr. Wilson for a number of years. He is a good servant, and the white people about town place more confidence in him than in the average negro, but "Smut" will run away. The event occurs just about once a year. He generally leaves on Sunday, and without previous notice to any one. The impulse seizes him, and he has to go. Once more he has left for parts unknown; he disappeared Sunday.

Mr. HARRIS'S book has already passed through two editions, and we have no doubt that several more will be demanded before the curiosity of the Northern and the awakened recollection of the Southern reader will be satisfied. From the standpoint of one who in his earliest years was as familiar with the wiles of "Brer Tarrypin," the hairbreadth escapes of "Mr. Hyar," and the ever-baffled vindictiveness of "Mr. Fox," as he was with Mother Goose, we pronounce that Mr. HARRIS has performed his pleasant task admirably. No one who had not sat, like "Miss SALLY'S little boy," at the feet of Uncle REMUS himself could have written these stories. It is a work which ought to have been done, and it could not have been done better. The ethnological value of the work is not so great as it might have been had more attention been paid to this part of the subject during its progress. It will, however, be of use hereafter when the ethnologist shall discuss the origin of the Southern races of this country. The introduction touches upon this point, but very briefly. The *Nation*, in a very flattering notice of "Uncle Remus," suggested that Mr. HARRIS had furnished no evidence beyond his statement that these legends are a part of the domestic history of every Southern family. We can at least add to this the weight of our corroborative testimony as to those portions of the South with which we were acquainted. We can likewise substantiate what Mr. HARRIS says as to the reluctance with which the negroes now relate these stories. It is very rare in these days to hear even an allusion made to them. This is due partly to the disappearance of the old "uncles" and "aunties" who were the narrators in old times, and partly to the altered condition of those yet remaining. With slavery ceased the child-like light-heartedness that was not troubled with taking thought for the morrow. *Aesop* the slave told fables and delighted the court with his wisdom; *Aesop* the freedman attempted philosophy and was guilty of sacrilege. Mr. HARRIS, in the beginning of his introduction, makes a protest against his book being classed by the publishers amongst their humorous publications. To every Southern reader his reasons will appeal strongly. It may be humorous to read how Mr. Hyar played it on Mr. Fox and Mr. Wolf throughout a long series of adventures; but as we read,

"Remembrance wakes with all its busy train,  
Swells at the heart and turns the past to pain."

To every Southern reader, as he peruses these annals of Mr. Hyar and Mr. Fox, will come back the winter evenings of the olden time, when he too, like "Miss SALLY'S little boy," sat by the cabin fire and drank in through eyes, mouth, and ears these same stories re-

counted by some Unc' REMUS, Unc' JEEMS, or Unc' TORM. The author may well claim that he has given to his book the "genuine flavor of the old plantation." This is exactly what he has done. We find here the same marvelous coloring, the identical quaint description, the ready homely illustration always drawn at running rate from something familiar to the youthful audience, which astonished them at the same time that it made the history vivid to them as the tale of an actual occurrence. Uncle REMUS is almost painfully realistic. He cuts his shoe-pegs, or whets his knife on his horny palm, or delivers an abstract lecture upon the enormity of "knockin' folks eyes out wid a yaller-bammer sling," or of "sickin' pinter puppies after folks pigs," with a naturalness that is almost distressing. We cannot speak as highly of the illustrations as we have done of the reading matter. One or two of them are very good, but most of them are poor. We have said so much about the fables that we have not space to devote to either the songs, or the wisdom and stories. The corn-shucking song does not strike us as the best of its type; but the plantation serenade and the Christmas story are capital. The dialect in which the stories are told is almost identical with that of our Virginia negroes, and differs from the latter much less than it does from that of the South Carolina negroes on the rice plantations. In conclusion, we may cite a remark of CHRISTOPHER NORTH'S, that the wiliest fox that ever doubled before hounds was an idiot when compared with a rabbit. Perhaps the quickness of perception as to the characteristics of animals of the chase noticeable in all savage nations may account for the fact that the rabbit is selected in these stories as the embodiment of cunning in preference to the fox. We incline to this theory rather than to the one suggested by Mr. HARRIS.

\*UNCLE REMUS: HIS SONGS AND HIS SAYINGS; THE FOLK-LORE OF THE OLD PLANTATION. By JOHN CHANDLER HARRIS. With Illustrations by FREDERICK CHURCH and JAMES H. MOSER. D. APPLETON & Co. Messrs. RANDOLPH & ENGLISH, Richmond.

One of the two defective pillars to be removed from the pedestal of Lee monument has been purchased by the people of New Castle, Craig county. These people propose to erect a little monument there. The Governor of each State will be asked to contribute a piece of material to be used in constructing the pedestal. Upon this will be placed the pillar to be carried from here, and a figure of Lee, with drawn sword, will rest upon the pillar. The faulty columns are soon to be replaced with new ones, and the one to be used in New Castle will be taken immediately to that town.

At 9 o'clock this morning the Comte de Paris and party left Richmond under the escort of Colonel Anderson, Captain Haxall and Captain Benford for a visit to the battlefields of Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mills, Cold Harbor and Seven Pines. The entire party except Count de Nausonville and Captain Meecham used saddle horses.

## AN EX-CONFEDERATE

## Arrested for Repeating on the Street an Old War Song.

Under the caption, "A Disgrace to Scottsville—An Ex-Confederate Soldier Arrested On Our Streets for Repeating an Old War Song," the Scottsville Courier, of this week contains the following:

The town of Scottsville was stirred to its very center Monday afternoon by the arrest, on the charge of disorderly conduct and using profanity on the street, of Mr. S. F. Abrahams, a one armed ex-Confederate soldier from Buckingham county. The arrest was made by acting Town Sergeant Diehr; the offence consisted in Mr. Abrahams having repeated, on the platform before the Carlton House, an old war song, beginning, "I Hate the Yankee Nation!" Mr. Diehr being a Northern man, the song seemed to rile him, and after listening to it a while, just as Mr. Abrahams was starting home, he arrested and locked him up. Mayor Heath was out of town and rather than stay in a cell longer, Mr. Abrahams paid the ordinance fine of \$1 under protest. In a short time Councilman J. P. Blair learned the particulars of the arrest and agreed to try the case. In court it was conclusively proved that Mr. Abrahams was guilty of no offence against the corporation and Dr. Blair very properly dismissed the case and ordered the fine returned to him.

Such occurrences as this injure our town greatly and are deplorable. How can our merchants expect to have any foreign custom if a visitor in town is liable to be pulled up and put in a cell like a common felon on some trumped up charge? The Mayor should caution the Town Sergeant not to let his patriotic zeal for the "striped banner and the uniform of blue" get the better of his judgment when he is in a Virginia town.

Let there be no more such scenes to give Scottsville another black eye.

## Confederate Bonds!

Holders of CONFEDERATE COUPON BONDS are respectfully informed that if sent to the BANK OF COMMERCE the best market price will be obtained and prompt returns made. JOHN C. WILLIAMS, Cashier. nov2Hr

## GOV. ROBERTSON.

## BURIAL AT A HISTORICAL SEAT IN CHESTERFIELD COUNTY.

PETERSBURG, VA., Feb. 13, 1888.

The remains of the late Governor Wyndham Robertson arrived here at 11 o'clock to-day on the train from the West accompanied by Mr. Frank Robertson, a son of the deceased, and a number of friends of the family acting as pall-bearers. The body was buried at "Cobb's," in Chesterfield county, about nine miles from Petersburg. Owing to the distance of the place of burial and the difficulty of conveying the body over the muddy roads, it was decided to charter a tug and carry the body and friends down the river to the most convenient landing. The tug *Nelie* was secured for this purpose.

"Cobb's," the place of Governor Robertson's burial, is a noted place in the annals of Virginia. It was one of the oldest seats of the Bollings.

Governor Robertson was a descendant of Pocahontas and a relative of the Bollings and other distinguished families of the State. His ancestors were buried at "Cobb's," and about a year ago, feeling the infirmities of age creeping upon him, and knowing that his days upon earth were numbered, he visited Cobb's and selected the spot where he wished his grave to be dug and where his body was to be interred. His wishes were carefully obeyed.

# BRAVE MEN WHO FOLLOWED PICKETT.

## Post-Bellum Record of Those Who Served in the Division.

### THE VETERAN ASSOCIATION.

#### Interesting Story of How It Was Formed and What For.

### THE CAMP AND ITS WORK.

#### Sick and Needy Cared For Through Its Instrumentality.

### MONUMENT AND COTTAGE.

#### A Tribute to Valor and a Home for the Helpless.

### MEMORIES OF GETTYSBURG.

#### The Terrible Charge and Those Who Led the Fight.

### SPIRIT OF FRATERNITY.

#### Evidences of the Cordial Relations of Commands that Met on Many Fields—Personnel of the George E. Pickett Camp.

The nineteenth century, which was born amid the lurid light of battle, such as the world never witnessed before, whilst mankind listened appalled to the thunder of clashing armies, and the crash of falling thrones, is fading into the changeless past amid an universal peace. The "cobweb woven across the cannon's throat" at Appomattox has shaken its threaded tears in the winds of thirty vernal springs. These free, sovereign, and independent Commonwealths, linked by the law of the Constitution and the law of love into the mightiest nation on this planet, go hand in hand up the bright pathway of progress, domed by the star-gemmed heaven of freedom, encircled by the summer seas of peace.

Manassas, Gettysburg, Seven Pines, the Wilderness, Malvern Hill—fields where the blood of the best and bravest of the southern land ebbed away like waters to the sea—are become stories of the dim and dimming past. The long and weary marches, the midnight call to arms, the fever and the famine, the hunger and the thirst, the watching and the waiting, the prayers, and tears of sad-eyed women—all those terrible experiences which made life seem a phantasmagoria of troubled dreams through those four fateful years—what are they now, but vague, pathetic memories?

More than thirty years have passed since the war-cloud broke upon this Commonwealth; more than thirty years since the last gun's echo died away at Appomattox, and almost a third of a century has been added to the past since, as a division, "Pickett's men" formed at the dawn of a July day and marched to their position upon the field to bear their part in one of the greatest battles of ancient or modern times.

### LIVE IN THEIR MEMORY.

The world is prone to quick forgetfulness. As a poet has written, our very "birth is but a sleep and a forgetting," and it is true that the healing hand of time at last can bring a balm to solace even life's most grievous wounds. The sufferings, the agony, the privations through which these men went down into the valley of the shadow of death and glorified it forever more with the beauty of faith and courage, are things which in these latter years are hard for us to appreciate and understand. No marble shaft or monumental bronze was necessary to keep alive in the hearts of their comrades left behind the memory of their exalted virtues. Years of comradeship in trial and danger, during which time they exhibited a courage and fortitude worthy of all praise, and crowned with their lives their patriotic devotion to their native State has left a host of tenderest memories that will not lightly pass away, and from the depth of that love and honor sprung the desire on the part of the survivors of those mighty conflicts, to combine in an association for perpetuating the memories for generations to come of those who fell white wearing the gray on Gettysburg, for ministering to the wants and necessities of its maimed and scarred veterans, and providing for the needy, so that the evening of their life might fade away in peace amid the golden rays of the sunset of life's fulfillment, with the present consciousness that they had done that well and nobly, which had been set to them to do, and that their brethren were not unmindful or, or ungrateful for, their sacrifices and their service.

### PICKETT'S DIVISION ASSOCIATION.

And so it was that Pickett's Division Association was formed, taking at once under consideration various plans devised, and submitted from numerous sources, for the perpetuation of the fame of that gallant army. The idea of erecting a monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg, was, however, suggested by the action of the Philadelphia Brigade, Hancock's Division, which had originated a similar movement, and a number of designs and models were prepared to this end, when it was learned that objections would probably be forthcoming against the erection of a Confederate monument within the northern lines. Accordingly, a committee of three was appointed by the association to investigate the matter. The committee was composed of Colonels Maury and Reeve, and Judge Clopton. These gentlemen met a committee of the Battle-Fields' Association of Gettysburg, and were informed of the adoption of a rule that no Confederate monument should be allowed a place on the battle-fields controlled by that association except within prescribed lines. Nothing daunted, those who had the scheme at heart—and their names were legion—determined to find some suitable and appropriate site, and eventually decided upon Gettysburg Hill in Hollywood, over the grave of General Pickett. The work of raising funds for the accomplishment of this purpose was necessarily slow at the outset, as the survivors of the division were scattered all over the country, and apart from the difficulty experienced in discovering their whereabouts, the association was confronted with the fact that a majority of the men had returned home from the war only to find their fortunes wrecked, and, in many cases, their houses and lands devastated. At the time that the association was formed, men were just emerging from the dark days of poverty and woe that followed on the heels of the war, and, though they gave liberally of the portion of the world's goods that had fallen to them, the required total was built up so slowly that but for the pertinacity of its progenitors, the scheme would have been consigned to the limbo of good intentions. An incident that exercised a very powerful influence upon the ultimate result was the completion of the monument of the Philadelphia Brigade. It gave an impetus to the movement, born of the old antagonism, that it could scarcely have derived from any other cause.

### WENT TO GETTYSBURG AGAIN.

On July 2, 1887, the Philadelphia Brigade erected their monument on the battle-field of Gettysburg. A cordial invitation was extended to the Virginia contingent, but after considerable deliberation it was decided not to accept. Thereupon a still more pressing invitation was sent, and it was urged that if the association as such did not see its way clear to attend in a body, that individual members would make a special effort to be present at the ceremonies, and accept the hospitality of those whom they met in deadly conflict nearly a quarter of a century before. There had previously been cordial meetings of the veterans of the Blue and Gray, but there have been none so peculiarly significant as that between the survivors of the Philadelphia Brigade and the 150 good men and true who represented Pickett's Virginia Division upon that occasion. It was significant because the advance of Pickett's command upon Cemetery Hill, one of the most superb exhibitions of human valor that the world has ever seen, marked the turning point of the war. It was the highest wave of southern military prowess that broke against the guns of the Philadelphia Brigade. For a moment fate seemed trembling in the balance; then the remnant of the devoted band fell back and Lee was defeated and the Confederacy doomed. The men who had thus met face to face in desperate battle learned to honor and respect and trust one another, and there were no reservations or concealments when they clasped each other's hands upon this occasion.

The words spoken at Gettysburg when the Philadelphia monument was unveiled were as patriotic as they were frank and soldierly. On the one side was a full recognition of the results of the war and an earnest desire to turn away from the past and all its bitterness and to go forward in the new and fuller life of the reunited republic. On the other side a



### THE PICKETT MONUMENT.

(On Gettysburg Hill, in Hollywood.)  
brave and brotherly spirit of friendship and reconciliation that puts away all anger and recrimination and welcomes under one flag those whose valor had proved them to be such worthy sons of America.

### THOSE WHO WERE PRESENT.

Among those present from the Virginia brigades were the following, fifteen of whom took their wives and daughters with them:

- Mrs. George E. Pickett and son.
- Staff and Artillery—Chief Quartermaster, Major R. Taylor Scott, Colonel Robert M. Stribling, Dr. J. A. Marshall, Captain William L. Clopton.
- Kemper's Brigade—First Virginia, Captain E. P. Reeve, C. T. Locke, W. H. Dean, W. J. Armstrong, D. A. Jarvis, T. S. Riddick, W. P. Phumphry, Lieutenant E. W. Martin, W. W. Anderson, G. E. Redford, T. J. Robertson, G. W. Allen, V. Brown, J. J. Sinnott, R. H. Norvell, R. E. Dignum, B. M. Crow, M. Angle, Lieutenant R. McC. Jones, H. T. Miller, Captain J. E. Phillips, Lieutenant L. M. Blanton, G. W. Ivy, E. R. Loring.

Third Virginia, Captain John C. Fulford, R. A. Hutchins, John C. Lee, P. H. Miller, and Captain Tynan. Seventh Virginia, Captain J. W. Almond, Lieutenant N. T. Bartley, Dr. John N. Williams, D. E. Johnston. — Hoge, Eleventh Virginia, Colonel Kirk Otey, Lieutenant-Colonel J. R. Hutter, Charles H. Page. Twenty-fourth Virginia, Captain O. W. Burrow. Armistead's Brigade—Ninth Virginia, Captain C. T. Phillips, Major W. J. Richardson, Lieutenant John H. Lewis, Adjutant J. H. Crocker, W. T. Edwards, H. O. Phillips, Lieutenants Hudgins and Vermillera. Fourteenth Virginia, Captain S. P. Read, Lieutenant B. B. Finch, Lieutenant W. C. Curtis, M. A. Corbill, A. E. Smith, G. W. Jones, J. H. Haley, A. L. Edwards, and C. B. Edwards. Thirty-eighth Virginia, Lieutenant Arthur S. Segar, Lieutenant-Colonel Martin, and A. S. Darden, of Pickett's staff. Fifty-third Virginia, Colonel William R. Aylett, Captain J. A. Howard, Lieutenant A. B. Wingham, Lieutenant J. Irvin Sale. Garnett's Brigade—Eighteenth Virginia, Captain Z. A. Blanton, Captain W. T. Johnson, S. W. Faulstich, R. M. Burton, O. T. Wicker, R. D. Miller, C. M. Walker, C. Zimmerman, I. B. Glenn, N. T. Owen, A. W. Drumheller, E. N. Richardson, James T. Owey. Nineteenth Virginia, Captain John C. Culin, Lieutenant W. N. Wood, R. S. Bowles, G. W. Gillispie, W. M. Foster. Twenty-eighth Virginia, Captain Alfred R. James. Fifty-sixth Virginia, Colonel Timoleum Smith, Captain K. P. Dickerson, Dr. A. C. Smith, W. H. Young, J. B. Breedlove, Captain H. C. Michie, J. E. Trotter, Lieutenant Mat. Brown, G. W. Taylor, George W. May. Corse's Brigade—Dr. William H. Shick, of Yorktown, chief surgeon of the brigade; Captain William N. Berkeley, Eighth Vir-



CAPTAIN E. P. REEVE.

sible, in manner most congenial to yourself, the thanks we fall to find words to express, being assured, however, that we will feel that the measure of our cup of joy will be full and running over. As a result of the reunion, the bitterness of the past are buried, and brave and loyal hearts of both North and South are firmly cemented in the bonds of union, under the old Stars and Stripes, the emblem of our fathers, in defence of which at home and on foreign soil, the sons of the South have fought as valiantly as under our loved and cherished Stars and Bars, now laid away, sacred only to memory.

Invoking God's choicest blessings, I am, Faithfully and loyally yours,  
MRS. GEORGE E. PICKETT.

A SWORD PRESENTATION.

After the dedication of the Cowan Battery monument an incident occurred which took all by surprise. It was the presentation to the Pickett men of a sword captured at the close of Pickett's charge by Cowan Battery. Mrs. Pickett was on the stand, and so were Captain E. P. Reeve, Colonel William R. Aylett, and others, of Pickett's men. Among the Union soldiers present were General H. J. Hunt, chief of artillery at Gettysburg fight; Colonel R. Penn Smith, of Philadelphia, and General William F. Smith. Colonel Andrew Cowan contrasted the scene with the one witnessed on the self same spot at the same hour twenty-four years before, and told the story of the death of the heroic unknown Confederate officer. The wearer of the sword came over the wall in front of the guns of the First New York Battery, commanded then by Captain Carne, in the face of a terrific fire. The last charge, double cannister, was fired at less than twenty yards, and the wearer of this sword was killed as he cried, "Take the gun," falling within ten yards of its muzzle. Colonel Carne, in presenting this sword in a feeling speech, made the condition that in event of the failure to learn the descendants or kinspeople of its former owner after sufficient time had elapsed, the sword should be returned to Colonel Carne's possession. He made an affecting speech, and, in closing said: "You who heard Colonel Aylett's speech last night must feel, as I did, that we can place confidence in the honesty and sincerity of those who once followed the Stars and Stripes, but now cherish the Stars and Stripes. A great reconciliation has gone on between the two sections, because our hopes are now one."

KEPT THE AGREEMENT.

Mr. J. F. Crocker, of the Ninety-eighth Virginia, Armistead's Brigade, Pickett's Division, received the sword for Pickett's men, and made a response in which he promised to return the sword to Colonel Cowan if he could discover no kinsman to the dead officer. This was eventually done.

The sword had an enamelled blade, with Horstman upon it as the maker. The hilt was of pearl, and the guard contained a palmetto tree and 1776. The scabbard was of braes.

One of the many amusing incidents that occurred, during this reunion was when Captain Charles T. Lochr, secretary of Pickett's Division Association, was talking with a gentleman on the field of battle, who said, as he pointed

to a stake marking the spot where Armistead fell: "There died a brave and gallant soldier; he should have a monument." "Yes," replied Mr. Lochr, "but if we offered to build one Colonel Bachelder would not allow it to go up." The gentleman soon walked off, and then Mr. Lochr discovered that he had been talking to Colonel Bachelder.

THE PICKETT MONUMENT.

The completion of the Philadelphia monument revived the interest in the plan of the Pickett Division Association, and inspired with so much vigor those intimately connected with it that before many months had passed the \$1,800 required had all been subscribed, a design had been settled upon, and the work of erection was begun by Messrs. Hutcheon & Co., whose large granite quarry was situated in Chesterfield county. The monument measures 9 feet 2 inches at its base, and is within a shade of 25 feet in height. It consists of a base of rough-granite stones, on which rest six granite pillars, these surmounted by an urn wreathed in flowers. Between the pillars the six sides of the monument are inscribed as follows: On the side fronting the monument to the Confederate dead are inscriptions in memory of George E. Pickett, the commander of the division, and of the division. The four brigades composing the division have each a side, on which is inscribed the names of the commanders and the battles in which the brigade was engaged. The sixth side is to the memory of the Thirty-eighth Battalion of Artillery, and contains the names of the commanders and of the battles in which the battalion was engaged. A copy of the whole inscription is a most valuable addition to history; its plain statement of facts makes other eulogy seem poor and out of place. The front-plate of the monument has upon it the following:

PICKETT'S DIVISION, A. N. V.  
Major-General George E. Pickett, commanding.

"Wherever field was to be held or won,  
Or hardship borne, or right to be maintained,  
Or danger met, or deed of valor done,  
Or honor, glory, gained,  
Where men were called to front death face to face,  
There was its rightful place."



GEORGE E. PICKETT COTTAGE.  
(At the Soldiers' Home.)

inia, Fifteenth Virginia, A. Jennings, Henry Boone. Seventeenth Virginia, B. W. Petty, H. S. Petty, W. S. Harrison, P. S. Burford. Thirtieth Virginia, Captain John K. Anderson and delegation from Fredericksburg. Thirty-second Virginia, Ensign J. T. Parham.

LETTER FROM MRS. PICKETT.

The beneficial results and the cordial feelings aroused by this reunion cannot be better expressed than was done in the letter addressed by Mrs. G. E. Pickett to Captain E. P. Reeve, who was at that time the commander of Pickett's Division Association. It ran as follows:

22 GRANT'S PLACE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 8, 1887.

Captain E. P. Reeve, Commander of Pickett's Division Association:

My Dear Captain,—Permit me, through your kindly offices, to convey to the gallant men of Pickett's Division my heartfelt thanks for the more than regal entertainment extended me and my son on the occasion of the recent reunion at Gettysburg. And not only to our own brave boys, but to the gallant ex-soldiers and citizens of Pennsylvania, are we indebted for courtesies that can never be forgotten. Words cannot convey our gratitude, and time cannot efface the hallowed

memories of the events of July 2d, 3d, and 4th, 1863. Regal entertainment has its expression in lavish expenditure of money—empty display of pomp and splendor—but our entertainment was a lavish expenditure of soul; a display of civility and heartfelt rivalry, wherein the men of Pennsylvania vied with our own cherished sons in doing honor to us—not for any merit of our own, but in memory of the brave, chivalric soldier and loving, devoted husband and father—your own loved and loving commander, who has gone to his reward.

Please convey to "all" as far as pos-



EX-COMMANDER NORRHEN.

And though denied success, "on Fame's eternal roll, worthy to be filed." The other five inscriptions read as follows:

THIRTY-EIGHTH BATTALION OF ARTILLERY.

Battery B, Richmond Fayette Artillery: Captains—H. Coalter Cabell, Miles C. Macon, and William I. Clopton.  
Battery A, Fauquier Artillery: Captains—Robert M. Stribling and William C. Marshall.

Battery C, the Thomas-Hampton Artillery, Richmond city: Captains—William H. Caskie and Eugene T. Sullivan.

Battery D, Lynchburg Artillery: Captains—H. Gray Latham, James Dearing, Joseph G. Blount, and J. W. Dickerson. (The Thirty-eighth Battalion of Artillery or some portion of it, was engaged in the following battles: First Manassas, Yorktown, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Mechanicsville, Galnes's Mill, Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock Bridge, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Boonsboro', Crampton's Gap, Harper's Ferry, Carpsburg, Fredericks-

Burg, Suffolk, Gettysburg, New Berne (N. C.), Bachelor's Creek, Buck Grove (N. C.), Fort Gray, Fort Wessels, Plymouth, Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, The Crater, Reames's Station, Siege of Petersburg, Fort Harrison, Burgess's Mills, assault of Fort Steadman, Sailor's Creek, Cumberland Church, Appomattox Station.)

"The fame of their struggle will ever abide,  
And down into history grandly will ride,  
On a record of deeds that never can fade,  
From fields which their valor immortal have made."

KEMPER'S BRIGADE.

Commanders: James Longstreet, Charles Clarke, Richard S. well, Ambrose P. Hill, James L. Kemper, and William R. Terry.

First Virginia Regiment—eight companies: B, C, D, G, H, I, K, Richmond city; E, Washington city.

Third Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, Norfolk county; B, H, Portsmouth; C, Dinwiddie; D, G, Southampton; E, Petersburg; F, Nansemond; I, Isle of Wight; K, Halifax.

Seventh Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, K, Madison; B, G, Rappahannock; C, E, Culpeper; D, Giles; F, Greene, H, Washington city; I, Albemarle.

Eleventh Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, E, G, H, Lynchburg; B, C, Campbell; D, Botetourt; F, Montgomery; I, Fauquier; K, Rockbridge.

Twenty-fourth Virginia Regiment: A, Floyd; B, D, Franklin; C, Carroll; F, Pulaski; E, Giles; G, Mercer; H, Henry; I, Patrick; K, Montgomery.

(Kemper's Brigade, or some portion of it, was engaged in the following battles: Bull Run, First Manassas, Dranesville, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Seven Days' battles, Second Manassas,

Nor wreck, nor change, nor writer's blight,  
Nor times remorseless doom,  
Can dim one ray of holy light  
That glads their glorious tomb.

GARNETT'S BRIGADE.

Commanders: Phillip St. George Cooke, George E. Vickett, Richard B. Garnett, and Eppa Hunton.

Eighth Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, D, E, F, H, I, Loudoun; B, K, Fauquier; C, Prince William; G, Fairfax.

Eighteenth Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, B, Danville; C, G, Nottoway; D, Prince Edward; E, Cumberland; F, Farmville; H, Appomattox; I, Pittsylvania; K, Charlotte.

Nineteenth Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, B, C, D, E, F, K, Albemarle; G, Nelson; H, I, Amherst.

Twenty-eighth Virginia Regiment—nine companies: A, E, K, Botetourt; B, C, Craig; D, F, G, Bedford; I, Roanoke.

Fifty-sixth Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, E, Mecklenburg; C, F, Louisa; D, Buckingham; F, Brunswick; G, I, Charlotte; H, Albemarle; K, Hanover.

(Garnett's Brigade, or some portion of it, was engaged in the following battles: First Manassas, Ball's Bluff, Fort Donelson, Williamsburg, Drewry's Bluff (1862),

the two ideas which are the aim and object of such structures—the commemoration of the past and admonition in the future. Monuments are landmarks of civilization, and write the history of the nations of the earth, mark their epochs, and hand down to posterity their illustrious dead.

The Pickett monument tells of the dark, sad days of 1861; how we struggled to preserve "our union"—the union under the Federal Constitution—as we read it and "the forefathers" who made it taught us to construe it. It tells of Longstreet, Clarke, Ewell, Ambrose Powell Hill, and William R. Terry! How Kemper was wounded and left upon the field to die; how God spared his life, to be, when the war was over, Governor of this Commonwealth, and of his regiments—the First, Third, Seventh, Eleventh, and Twenty-fourth Virginia volunteers; their ranks filled with the young manhood of Richmond, Petersburg, Portsmouth, and Norfolk, and Washington city sending her contingent.

It tells of Moore, Williams, Skinner, Patton, Garland, Pollock, Geiger. It tells of Montgomery D. Corse, and of the Fifteenth, Seventeenth, Twenty-ninth, Thirtieth, and Thirty-second Virginia regiments of volunteers; of Manassas, Bethel, and Drewry's Bluff; of Fredericksburg, Sharpsburg, Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek; of Captain John Quincy Marr, the first blood of the war, how he met "the invaders" at Fairfax Courthouse, and fell in defence of his native State; of Thomas P. August, John Stuart Walker, and Robert S. Chew; of William Dulaney and his Fairfax men; of Jack Humphrey and Winston Carter, and the men of the Seventeenth Virginia who fell at Williamsburg; of Morton Marye, Arthur Herbert Bryant, Charles U. Williams, and Hooe; of David Funston and George W. Brent; of the patient service and sturdy manhood of Virginia's sons—"her jewels"—whose blood made red every battlefield of the war.

THE NOBLE ARMISTEAD.

It tells of General Lewis Addison Armistead, Fauquier's noble and gallant son! Of the Nineteenth, Fourteenth, Thirty-eighth, Fifty-third, and Fifty-seventh Virginia regiments, of Hodges, Owens, Edmonds, Magruder, Cabell, Phillips, Martin, White, and Aylett; of Generals Barton and Steuart; tells how Armistead led his brigade in the final charge of Gettysburg, and fell mortally wounded among the Federal guns upon the hilltop; of his cheery words to his men—how he bade them, "Remember! You are fighting for your liberties; strike for your homes, your wives, and your sweethearts; follow me!" How this brigade was always found where honor called and duty led, was first in the advance and last to retreat. It tells of General Richard Brooke Garnett, that noble heart and gallant soldier, whose body fills some unknown and unmarked grave upon the field at Gettysburg; of the brave men of the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth, and Fifty-sixth Virginia regiments. Of the old Eighth Virginia and the boys from Loudoun, Prince William, Fairfax, and Fauquier; their baptism of fire in First Manassas, and Antietam; how they charged at Gaines's Mill, and how at Gettysburg all "the field officers" were killed or wounded, and of the 200 men and 21 officers who went in, not a "baker's dozen" came out; tells of Grayson, the Berkeleys, and Hunton; of Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, and the farm, and Cold Harbor; of Colonel Robert E. Withers, Robert T. Preston, and his quaint commands; of Thrift, Carrington, Rust, Strange, Allen (Robert), and Watts; of Linticum. Of the only brigade that sent a report to headquarters after dread Gettysburg, and of the one-armed major commanding the Nineteenth Virginia Regiment, Charles S. Peyton, who made this report. On every battle-field the banners of "the Game-Cock Brigade" were unfurled and the blood of its heroes flowed.

It tells of Major James Dearing and his battalion of artillery; how he was made a brigadier-general of cavalry, and killed April 7, 1865; how he died as he had lived, "every inch a hero." Of Blount, Caskie, Clopton, and Stribling, and their men; of private Kendall, an uneducated, unknown boy from Fauquier, with a heart filled with noble promptings and heroic purpose, who, wounded at Malvern Hill and taken to the rear, called to his comrade who held the battery-horse to



COMMANDER J. E. SULLIVAN.

Turner's Gap, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Plymouth (N. C.), Drewry's Bluff, Howlett House, Millford Station, Cold Harbor, Clay House, Deep Bottom, Dinwiddie Courthouse, Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek.)

Virginia! mother of heroes, statesmen, patriots,  
In the long list of glory-lighted names  
that sleep  
Within thy bosom, none shall brighter  
shine than these—  
Who bravely, striving to bear aloft thy  
banner,  
Battling for duty, God, and native land,  
Fell on the field of honor.  
They died for thee!

ARMISTEAD'S BRIGADE.

Commanders: Lewis A. Armistead, Seth M. Barton, and George H. Steuart.

Ninth Virginia Regiment—nine companies: A, Petersburg; B, Isle of Wight; C, Chesterfield; D, G, K, Portsmouth; E, Maryland; F, Nansemond; I, Norfolk.

Fourteenth Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, Amelia; B, Bedford; C, Fluvanna; D, I, Chesterfield; E, F, G, Mecklenburg; H, K, Halifax.

Thirty-eighth Virginia Regiment—ten companies—A, B, C, D, E, H, K, Pittsylvania; F, I, Halifax; G, Mecklenburg.

Fifty-third Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, F, Halifax; B, E, New Kent; C, Prince Edward; D, H, King William; G, Nottoway; I, Pittsylvania; F, Henry; H, Albemarle; K, Botetourt.

(Armistead's Brigade, or a portion of it, was engaged in the following battles: Big Bethel, Rich Mountain, Fair Oaks, Seven Days' battles, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Chester Station, Drewry's Bluff, Cold Harbor, Clay House, Five Forks, and Sailor's Creek.)

DEO VINDICE.

Glorious is his fate and envied is his lot  
Who for his country fights and for his  
country dies.

Nor shall their glory be forgot,  
While the fame her record keeps,  
Or honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.



ADJUTANT M'CURDY.

Fair Oaks, Seven Days' Battles, Second Manassas, Chantilly, Turner's Gap, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Drewry's Bluff (1864), Cold Harbor, Clay House, Gravelly Run, and Sailor's Creek.)

Whatever changes time has wrought,  
How wrong or rash their course may  
seem,  
Though adverse views may be taught,  
The future surely will redeem,  
The patriot's cause for liberty,  
And keep their act from censure free;  
For "eternal right, tho' all else fail,  
Can never be made wrong."

CORSE'S BRIGADE.

General Montgomery D. Corse.

Fifteenth Virginia Regiment—eight companies: A, D, G, Henrico, A, B, H, Richmond city; C, E, I, Hanover.

Seventeenth Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, E, F, G, H, I, Alexandria; B, Warren; C, Loudoun; D, Fairfax; F, Prince William; K, Fauquier.

Twenty-ninth Virginia Regiment—eight companies: A, G, Russell; B, Smyth; C, D, P, Carroll; H, I, Tazewell.

Thirtieth Virginia Regiment—ten companies: A, B, C, I, Fredericksburg; D, Spotsylvania; E, F, G, H, Caroline; K, King George.

Thirty-second Virginia Regiment—seven companies: A, E, Hampton; C, Williamsburg; F, Yorktown; H, K, Warwick; I, York.

(Corse's Brigade, or some portion of it, was engaged in the following battles: Big Bethel, Aquia Creek, Bull Run, First Manassas, Williamsburg, Seven Pines, Fair Oaks, Seven Days' battles, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Turner's Gap, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Blountsville, (Tenn.), Bean Station (Tenn.), Dandridge (Tenn.), New Berne (N. C.), Drewry's Bluff, Howlett House, Cold Harbor, Clay House, Hatcher's Run, Dinwiddie Courthouse, Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, Appomattox.)

They marched through long and stormy  
nights,  
They bore the brunt of a score of fights;  
Hunger and cold and the summer's heat,  
On the advance and in the retreat,  
And many a noble form they gave  
To fill, alas, some nameless grave.  
Their dead lay thick on fields they won,  
As where they lost, were beat, undone,  
Yet, still, they left a deathless name,  
A glorious record of their fame,  
And memory of such deeds shall live,  
'Mid treasured thoughts that cannot die."

THIS MEMORIAL'S STORY.

The above is an epitome—how brief and how eloquent appears upon its face—of the history of one of the noblest, bravest, and best bands of soldiers that ever enlisted in any cause, and right well does it fulfil its purpose, embodying as it does

take his place at the guns, and said: "Though I cannot fight, my arm will make a good hitching-post for the horses!" How he held the horses, and when the fight was over they found him stark and cold in death.

#### THE DIVISION'S BRAVE COMMANDER.

And last, yet before all, it tells of kind-hearted, frank, generous, dashing, daring, and knightly George E. Pickett, beloved by his men, and their only commander, who, from the spring of 1862 to the surrender at Appomattox, bore with them their hardships and shared their triumphs. Educated at West Point, he entered the army of the United States at the beginning of the war with Mexico, and fought from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. At Cerro Gordo, Molino, Del Rey, Contreras, Churubusco, Chapultepec, and the assault upon the city, Lieutenant Pickett departed himself gallantly, was gazzetted and promoted, and, upon the island of San Juan—then Captain Pickett—defied the British fleet, and retained possession of that island. Who, in 1861, at the call of his Mother State, resigned his commission, and came to her, was made a colonel and assigned to duty upon the Rappahannock river. In the spring of 1862 was made a brigadier-general, and assigned to the command of Coker's Brigade; was severely wounded June 27, 1862, at Gaines's Mill; rejoined his command as the army returned from Maryland, and promoted to the rank of major-general October 10, 1862. General Pickett was highly esteemed by his superior officers, and in command of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina exhibited decided executive ability; he participated and bore conspicuous part in most of the engagements which immortalized the Army of Northern Virginia, and commanded his division in their walk to death up the bloody steep of Cemetery Hill.

It tells also of Walter Harrison, his Inspector-general, and of Lewis, his chief surgeon, their duty done, their work on earth completed; of his men and officers, who, though denied success—"on fame's eternal lead-roll, worthy to be fyled"—will tell of "a division."

"Wherever field was to be held or won,  
Or hardships borne, or right to be maintained;

Or danger met, or deed of valor done,  
Or honor, glory gained!  
Called to front death face to face,  
There was its rightful place."

#### THE UNVEILING CEREMONIES.

With befitting pomp and ceremony this monument was unveiled on the 5th day of October, 1883, during the progress of the Virginia Exposition. The procession which marched to Hollywood on this occasion, was of colossal dimensions, and the ceremonies were witnessed by a vast concourse of people. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. Richard Ferguson, the chaplain of the Pickett's Division Association, and the address of

welcome was delivered by President Reeve, and the orator of the day was Major R. Taylor Scott, of Warrenton, now Attorney-General of Virginia. An invitation was extended to and accepted by the Philadelphia Brigade, and a large delegation from that association came to Richmond for the unveiling. The members were met at the depot and escorted to their quarters by a representative number of the Pickett Association, and by Phil. Kearny Post, Grand Army of the Republic. The proceedings passed off serenely, save for a trifling incident, concerning which exaggerated reports gained currency, and it was considerably magnified to the discredit of the visiting association. The Philadelphia veterans brought with them an Union flag, which had been lent upon the express condition that it should not be carried in line if any flag of the Confederacy were exhibited. It was noised abroad that the Philadelphians would not carry their banner or appear in the line if Lee Camp persisted in carrying their southern flag. A committee waited on the commander of the brigade, and the matter was settled in a manner satisfactory to all parties by the substitution of a national flag belonging to Lee Camp for the one around which such restrictions had been imposed.

#### THEN FORMED A CAMP.

Thus did the Pickett's Division Association accomplish the object for which it was formed. There was, however, other work on hand for Pickett's men to do.

Hitherto the work of caring for the maimed and the helpless and the aged and the indigent had been carried on by individual members; and next to the accomplishment of their purpose in erecting the monument came the outgrowth from the association of a regular camp, the object of which was to minister to the necessities of their former comrades, who had been routed once again in fighting the battle of life. Rather more than three weeks after Pickett's Division Association had completed their labor of love, and committed it as a sacred legacy to the care of the State, George E. Pickett Camp of Confederate Veterans was organized. In the following year, on the 14th day of June, 1883, the camp was chartered by Judge Wellford, and launched upon its charitable mission with the following membership:

C. T. Lochr, Past Commander.  
E. P. Reeve, Commander.  
George W. May, First Lieutenant-Commander.  
R. H. Fox, Second Lieutenant-Commander.  
Alex. Jennings, Third Lieutenant-Commander.  
Peter McCurdy, Adjutant.  
R. H. Norvell, Quartermaster.  
P. R. Burke, Commissary.  
R. E. Tiller, Chaplain.  
R. N. Northen, Officer-of-Day.  
J. E. Stansbury, Officer of Guard.  
E. F. Chesley, Quartermaster Sergeant.  
Anthony, A. G., Allen, John.  
Burford, P. S., Boone, Henry.  
\* Ferguson, H. C., Grubbs, A. B.  
Haynes, A. G., Inge, R. W.  
Jones, H. C., Johnson, C. J.  
Lawson, W. M., \* Oeters, Martin  
Parrish, John E., Partington, W. E.  
Sale, L. E., Stone, R. H.  
Taylor, T. W.

\* Since dead.

#### THE CAMP AND ITS WORK.

Pickett's Camp now numbers 283. Its membership is no longer confined to Pickett's men, but it admits within its sheltering arms all who served in the Confederate States army or navy, and to all veterans, whether members of the organization or not, it extends that heaven-born charity which has brought balm to many a sore, distressed heart and rest and comfort to the aged and weary, the sick are visited, and something is done for all applicants to alleviate distress and suffering. Aside from the erection of Pickett's cottage at the Soldiers' Home the camp has disbursed no less a sum than \$1,200 among its disabled comrades, and the good work is still going on.

#### HAS HAD GOOD COMMANDERS.

During the seven years of its career, Pickett's Camp has had five commanders, including the incumbent. The first commander was Captain E. P. Reeve, who was largely instrumental in securing the formation of the camp. He served two years, and declined re-election. Captain Reeve's war record speaks for itself. He was wounded and captured at Williamsburg May 5, 1862; again wounded at Second Manassas, August 30, 1862; wounded for the third time at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863, in which battle he was the last commissioned officer in line of the old First Virginia Infantry. He was again captured at Saylor's Creek, April 6, 1865, and sent to Johnston's Island. Captain Reeve commanded Company D, First Virginia Infantry, Kemper's Brigade, of Pickett's Division. Since the close of the war he has been active in charitable work, and has borne a prominent part in local politics.

#### AT THE HELM THREE YEARS.

The second commandant was Mr. Alexander Jennings, who served one year; Commander Catlett Conway, only remained in office six months, and was succeeded by Colonel R. N. Northen, who after three years service, has just retired. Colonel Northen, who has always been a prominent member of "Pickett's men," and who has done so much for the welfare and prosperity of the association and the camp, was born in Northumberland county, Virginia, on the 8th day of August, 1844. In 1859 he took up his residence in Petersburg, and was successfully engaged in the tobacco business when the war broke out. He enlisted April 19, 1861, in the Petersburg Greys, in the Twelfth Virginia Regiment. He was appointed drillmaster. He was severely wounded in the seven-days fight around Richmond, on the 16th day of May, 1864, at Drewry's Bluff, and laid down his arms at the surrender at Ap-

pomattox Courtthouse.

#### THE PRESENT COMMANDER.

Captain James E. Sullivan, the present commander, is a native of West Point. He enlisted in the Thomas Artillery in April, 1861, and served with this command until after the Maryland campaign when it merged with the Hampden Artillery.

He was promoted to captaincy in 1861, for distinguished valor. He participated in the engagement at McDowell's and then, in the battle of Kernstown, sometimes called the First Battle of Winchester. On the day after this fight the battery was ordered on detached service with the "hero of the Valley," Colonel Turner Ashby, with whom it served until the death of that gallant cavalier. The battery then rejoined its old brigade in Jackson's Corps. Lieutenant Sullivan served with distinction in the affairs of Second Winchester, Newtown, Front Royal, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Slaughter's Mountain, First Fredericksburg, Second Manassas, Frazier's Farm, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, and Cold Harbor.

#### THE EFFICIENT ADJUTANT.

Adjutant McCurdy, whose executive ability has been of such material service to the organization, has occupied the position as adjutant since the inception of the camp. He was born in Richmond June 23, 1837. On the 14th of July, 1857, he enlisted in the Fayette Artillery, with which he served to the close of the war, attaining the rank of first sergeant for distinguished services in the field.

An interesting episode, which tends to illustrate the entente cordiale existing between the two opposing divisions of Gettysburg occurred a few years ago, when a committee of eighteen from Pickett Camp was invited to meet a committee from the Philadelphia Brigade in Washington in the month of June, 1890. The Brigade Committee presented our Richmond camp with a handsome and costly United States flag, made of silk. The meeting and presentation took place in the parlors of Willard's Hotel, and the men were dressed in their uniforms of blue and gray, respectively. Very touching addresses were made by Postmaster-General Wanamaker on the one side and Corporal Tanner on the other, at the close of which, it is said that there was not a dry eye in the assembly, the committees grasped hands in peace, and courtesies were exchanged. The emblem is one of the most valued treasures at the headquarters of the camp in Central Hall.

#### COTTAGE AT THE HOME.

With a view of encompassing the difficulties of providing for disabled and invalid veterans, it was determined to erect a memorial cottage in the grounds of the Soldiers' Home, which would furnish accommodation for a dozen or more men. A thousand dollars was raised for this purpose, and with this money a very pretty and spacious frame cottage containing four rooms was erected next to the chapel of the institution.

The cottage was beautifully furnished throughout through the efforts of Pickett Camp Ladies' Auxiliary, associated with whom in this good work were the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Union and Mrs. L. L. Lynch.

The following is the present roster of the camp:

#### THE ROSTER.

J. E. Sullivan, Commander.  
George Winfree, First Lieutenant-Commander.  
P. P. Winston, Second Lieutenant-Commander.  
S. R. Gates, Third Lieutenant-Commander.  
Peter McCurdy, Adjutant.  
R. H. Norvell, Quartermaster.  
W. T. Woody, Commissary.  
Rev. Dr. J. C. Hiden, Chaplain.  
Rev. W. E. Talley, Chaplain.  
Dr. J. A. Hillsman, Surgeon.  
Dr. J. G. Trevilian, Surgeon.  
A. Trewolla, Officer of the Day.  
R. H. Smith, Color-Bearer.  
L. B. Bott, Quartermaster-Sergeant.  
T. W. Hazley, Officer of the Guard.  
M. W. Hazzlewood, Historian.  
Atkinson, W. R., Aylett, W. R.  
Alfriend, T. L., Ashby, H. C.  
Austin, S. T., Angle, James B.,  
Allen, Jacob S., Andrews, Irvin,  
Allen, George W., Boone, Henry,  
Burford, P. S., Blanton, L. M.,  
Berry, A. J., Brown, W. J.,  
Earham, W. R., Bass, W. U.,  
Brooks, Camilus, Beveridge, W. H.,  
Barker, W. A., Bigger, C. P.,  
Bush, John W., Brown, J. Thompson,  
Bredus, John E., Brock, W. R.,  
Burgess, W. J., Bates, J. Lewis,  
Binford, W. J., Burk, P. R.,  
Bristow, L. C., Byrne, Thomas,  
Barber, E. A., Briel, Caspar.

COL. KIRKWOOD OTEY DEAD

Colonel Otey's Career.

Colonel Otey was a native of Lynchburg, having been born in this city October 19th, 1829, in the house on Federal street, now occupied by his brother, Congressman Otey. The deceased was a son of Captain John M. Otey, who came to this city from Bedford county, and was for eighteen years president of the City Council. Colonel Otey's mother was a daughter of Captain William Norvell.

Colonel Otey graduated in 1849 from the Virginia Military Institute. Afterwards, and prior to the war, he was first, associated with Daniel I. Warwick in the manufacture of tobacco, and, later, with the banking house of Peters, Spence & Co., spending two or three years with their branch house of Peters, Campbell & Co., in New York City.

When Virginia seceded in 1861, Colonel Otey was among those who responded promptly to the call to arms, and his war record was a brilliant one. He had before that been a member of the Virginia Volunteer Militia since 1849. At about the time of the John Brown raid, he assisted in the organization of the Lynchburg Home Guard. He was chosen its first lieutenant, Samuel Garland, afterwards general, being the captain. Lieutenant Otey was in South Carolina, and was with the troops of that State when Fort Sumter was fired upon. Upon the secession of this State, he returned to Lynchburg and rejoined his own company, which was mustered into the service as Company G, of the Eleventh Virginia Regiment, on April 23rd, 1861. Shortly afterwards, at Camp Lee, in Richmond, he became captain of the company upon the promotion of Captain Garland to colonel. After acting as captain for about a year, he became by promotion major of the Eleventh Regiment. He was wounded in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg, and was then made a lieutenant colonel. He was so severely wounded at Drewry's Bluff, on May 16th, 1864, that he was prevented from doing further active service. He suffered greatly from these wounds for years afterwards.

Colonel Otey was a gallant soldier, whose devotion to the cause in which he fought knew no bounds. In battle, on the march, or around the campfire, he was a comrade brave and true. He ever cherished the memories and the personal ties of those trying days, and to the day of his death, the old Confederate soldier found in him always a warm and generous friend.

Colonel Otey was one of six brothers who went to the front in the Confederate cause, while their mother conducted a soldiers' hospital in this city.

JUNE 2 1897

Tribute of Respect.

At the annual meeting of the Old Dominion Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Tuesday, June 1, 1897, this Chapter manifested its sincere sorrow at the sudden death of COL. KIRKWOOD OTEY, and resolved to place on record the following testimonial:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst Col. Kirkwood Otey, be it resolved,

I. That this community has lost a friend, staunch, loyal, and upright, whose honor was untarnished, and whose hand was ever open to the call of need.

II. That this city has sustained a grievous loss in the death of an earnest and public spirited citizen, who ever had her interest at heart, and who freely gave his services in her behalf.

III. That a brave spirit has taken its flight, which ever responded to the call of duty and of his country, and which, in time of war, was ever found

Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong, Guarding the right, avenging the wrong.

IV. That this Chapter tenders its united and heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family, and commends them to the source of all comfort.

V. That these resolutions shall be published, and a written copy sent to the afflicted family.

Mrs. WILLIAM H. JONES, Miss LILLIAN B. FRANKLIN, Miss MARIA E. WALKER, } Committee

- Brauer, John W., Burks, George G., Brouder, Phillip, Baird, Edward, Brock, R. A., Butler, R. H., Bidgood, J. V., Chesley, E. F., Clayton, D. B., Cogbill, M. A., Clayton, E. M., Calhoun, A. N., Cree, William E., Carter, Henry C., Chappel, John T., Craig, J. W., Chittum, J. A., Campbell, T. P., Cullingworth, W. H., Christian, George L., Dean, W. Harper, Dorsett, L. W., Epps, Charles H., Eikle, E. F., Fisher, R. H., Fernyough, E. S., Fussell, John K., Grubbs, A. B., Guest, James M., Gentry, Farron O., Gibb, E. Scott, Glenn, W. T., Goode, John R., Hendricks, J. H., Habliston, F. H., Hastings, J. T., Hughes, John T., Hooper, C. M., Holmes, W. H., Haynes, John R., Hasker, C. H., Huffner, W. T., Harrison, John E., Hancock, Wm. T., Hawes, G. Percy, Ivey, George W., Jennings, Alex., Jackson, Lucien, Jones, James C., Johnson, C. J., Lochr, C. T., Lawson, W. M., Langley, Frank H., Ledy, M. S., Lacy, James B., Lindsey, T. Walker, Morris, Robert F., Mason, Rev. L. R., Maury, R. L., Miles, W. J., Martin, Luther, Mears, Thomas, Munford, A. B., McCallister, Daniel, McCarthy, W. H., Northen, R. N., Parham, John T., Phillips, A. L., Parsons, Z., Parkinson, Jno. F., Parkin, J. C., Palmer, W. Benj., Palmer, W. H., Reeve, E. P., Roberts, T. H., Ryann, P. P., Richardson, Geo. W., Richardson, D. C., Richardson, Thos. E., Ryland, Josiah, Richardson, John H., Stansbury, James E., Sale, L. E., Scott, R. Taylor, Southward, J. W., Smith, Richard P., Smith, W. L., Schleiser, George W., Schmidt, Adam, Stone, James H., Spindle, John E., Sparks, James E., Seay, P. G., Terry, W. R., Tinsley, C. C., Toot, C. H., Tennant, J. R., Tomlinson, J. W., Vaughan, A. Jeff., Whitehurst, M. P., Wallace, A. H., Waller, T. J., Wrenn, W. D., Walton, J. W. C., Whitaker, J. L., Williams, Ditron, Wood, W. W., Williams, Ditrora, Wheat, Nat., Wood, Robert C., Tugg, W. N., Bass, Dr. J. F., Watkins, B. M., Brachman, T. M., Brauer, W. H., Bland, E. P., Burgess, D. M., Conway, Catlett, Clarke, James H., Cornick, George C., Childrey, S. Judson, Coldwell, W. W., Carmody, Michael, Cowardin, W. H., Clash, C. V., Cogbill, George E., Crouch, Dr. R. D., Chappell, J. A., Cayce, Milton, Chapman, O. J., Dunn, H. C., Downer, T. L., Elyson, V. L., Floyd, V. L., Fennerty, John, Fox, James, Frayser, R. E., Frances, Emanuel, Gardner, C. W., Gill, A. N., Gunn, E. K., Gregory, James M., Grubbs, H. B., Gunn, Joseph M., Holloway, W. B., Hubbard, J. W., Huband, H. C., Hobson, McNairy, Haw, R. W., Haw, William, Hay, James T., Haake, Gerhard, Hall, John T., Haw, George P., Harris, C. T., Hall, J. S., Jones, H. C., Jennings, George, Jobson, J. Tyler, Jenkins, W. H., Kennedy, J. E., Lipscomb, Henry, Lynch, L. L., Lowry, T. C., Lipscomb, J. A., Lumsden, A. L., Leath, E. C., Moore, J. S., Morris, H. A., Morris, Benjamin, Mitchell, George, Mattern, George T., Minor, E. C., Morecock, A. M., McLaughlin, J. A., Pumphrey, W. F., Paulett, S. W., Pitt, John, Palmer, W. J., Fuller, W. G., Perdue, A. E., Phillips, James E., Portswy, C. J., Robertson, T. J., Ray, Rev. Geo. H., Riddick, W. Batt., Riggs, W. R., Roger, T. Sidney, Robinson, W. T., Rider, M. T., Royall, R. W., Rouss, C. B., Seaton, W. E., Stansbury, W. P., Spraggins, R. N., Smithie, W. M., Spraggins, W. S., Schleiser, Conrad, Schaaf, William, Sweet, Pat. H., Scott, C. P. Rev., Smith, W. S., Simmons, W. H., Stanley, D. W., Tallafarro, J. L., Toler, W. W., Tallafarro, W. M., Thomas, Joseph P., Volkman, C. W., Vanderslice, George C. Rev., Whitlock, Wm. B., Whitlock, R. R., Whitlock, John E., Willis, Peter C., Woodward, W. A., Wrenn, A. C., Woodward, W. A., Webb, Robert T., Wise, Peyton.

# OUR HERO.

By Cornelius Warwick, Col'd.

1. We will write upon the Statue high,  
A Hero lived, he went up high  
To live with God, no more to die.  
His home is now beyond the sky.

CHORUS: His home is now beyond the sky:  
All honor due Gen. Robert E. Lee,  
From many a heart will ever be!

2. When heroes died,  
Their names will be  
A monument for all to see.  
Their names will live through coming time.
3. Sam Garland won a Lynchburg name;  
He commanded on the battle plain.  
'Twas there he got the general's name—  
He died without a single stain.
4. Jackson was true who did the same;  
Like a wall he stood upon the plain.  
He died, but many honors gained,  
For what he fought there are none can  
blame.
5. Oh, who could ever that good man blame;  
True to his country he was the same,  
But still he won a Southern name;  
While all good men will be the same.
6. True to their country and their name,  
A Southern man I am by birth.  
With heroic heart and God I trust;  
Too much for him I can not say.
7. While grass shall grow  
And water run,  
No man will ever live to see  
A greater hero than General Lee.
8. His name will live in coming time,  
All through the South in every mind.  
A braver man could never be;  
A hero's heart for all to see.
9. In distant lands on many plains  
Much territory he has gained;  
Taylor and Scott they said the same,  
On Mexican soil that we have gained.
10. On Mexican soil he gained that name;  
O, think about the battle plains!  
When Lee he won that mighty name.  
Though dead, he lives the same.

**A VIRGINIA ABOLITIONIST.**—Richard Randolph, brother of John Randolph of Roanoke, died in 1790, leaving a will by which he left four hundred acres to his slaves, whom he freed. The will gave the reason for his act as follows: "In the first place, to make restitution, as far as I am able, to an unfortunate race of bondmen, over whom my ancestors have usurped and exercised the most lawless and monstrous tyranny, and in whom my countrymen by their iniquitous laws, in contradiction of rights, and in violation of every sacred law of nature, of the inherent, inalienable, and imprescriptible rights of man, and of every principle of moral and political honesty, have vested me with absolute property. To express my abhorrence of the theory, as well as infamous practice, of usurping the rights of our fellow-creatures, equally entitled with ourselves to the enjoyment of liberty and happiness. For the aforesaid purposes, and with an indignation too great for utterance at the tyrants of earth, from the throned despot of a whole nation to the more despicable, but not less petty tormentor of a single wretched slave, whose torture constitutes his wealth and enjoyment, I do hereby declare that it is my will and desire, nay, most anxious wish, that my negroes, all of them be liberated," &c., &c.

Josiah Deloach, the man who is said to have saved General Grant from capture by the enemy near Memphis in 1862, has just died in that city. He warned the General of the approach of Van Dorn's cavalry, and this service was not forgotten, for Grant, when President, appointed him post-master at Memphis.

SEPTEMBER 14, 1875.

## LYNCHBURG VIRGINIAN.

TUESDAY, MORNING, SEPT 14.

### JUST TWENTY PACES.

THAT IS THE DISTANCE AT WHICH EDWARDS AND FOSTER FOUGHT—IT WAS ALL ABOUT THE ROCKFORD WOMEN AND JEFFERSON DAVIS—DETAILS OF THE AFFAIR.

(Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.)

ROCKFORD, ILL., Sept. 4.

The invitation of Jeff Davis to Winnebago county has turned out an unfortunate affair in more senses than one. It created a howl of indignation in certain quarters, and stirred up reminiscences which would have been much better left undisturbed. The people of this county have scarcely recovered from its effects, and an occurrence of to-day clearly proves that it will be some time before the ill-feeling engendered by the ill-advised action of the directors of the agricultural fair dies out, not only in the minds of the people of Illinois, but of the country. St. Louis was one of the cities which was badly affected by the agitation. The Times of that city, while the excitement was at the highest pitch, published

A RED-HOT EDITORIAL,

in which the following passage occurred:

We do not blame the women of Winnebago county so much for the fury which possessed them at the bare mention of the name of Jefferson Davis. The bulk of them, no doubt, had in their houses at the time the invitation was extended pianos stolen from Mr. Davis' Mississippi neighbors, and silver spoons with names upon them as familiar to Mr. Davis' eyes as household words, and while he was a gentleman of too much good taste to seem by his manners eye to recognize the fact, it would have been terribly

mortifying to the average of the indignant dames, if, in accepting an invitation to dinner or supper, he had chanced upon a house filled with the spoils of Sherman's march to the sea.

### THE WHOLESALE INSULT

to the women of the country was deeply felt by Major Emory S. Foster, editor of the St. Louis Evening Journal. He took up the cudgel in their behalf, thinking it was a direct slur on the character and fair fame of the mothers, wives and sisters of the Federal soldiers. In an article in his paper of August 25th, he hurled back the foul-mouth insinuation, and made a manly defense of the women of the country. "The soldiers," he wrote, "who whipped these cowards that insult women into a dog-like submission, should never forget that they are dealing with creatures incapable of anything but meanness. They should remember that these men who deliberately slander their mothers are now asking the people of this country to give them control of the Government, and, remembering these things, the true men of the North and of the South, whether Confederate or Federal, should unite as one man to save the country from such intolerable shame and degradation. Federal soldiers can trust each other, and they can trust former Confederates when they prove by their conduct that they are worthy to be trusted. But, as long as the loud-mouthed braggarts keep themselves before the people of both sections of the country, as representatives of public opinion in the South, so long will the Southern people suffer by such leadership. When the true gentlemen of the South take charge of her affairs there will be no longer any feud to heal between Confederates and Federals or between the North and South. Such a time will come, but its coming is retarded by such utterances as that found in to-day's Times."

COL. JOHN K. EDWARDS,

of the St. Louis Dispatch, who was the author of the article in the Times, got indignant over the utterances of the Journal. On the 27th ultimo, two days after the article in the latter paper, he sent a formal retraction, and referred him to Mr. William D. W. Barnard, who would take charge of his honor in the future. The next correspondence was between Mr. Barnard and Col. H. B. Branch, the latter wishing to know at the earliest convenience whether Maj. Foster was going to retract or not. Mr. Barnard reiterated the former statement of his friend. After further letters, a conference was held by Col. Branch and Mr. Barnard, which, however, failed to bring about an amicable settlement, the Edwards side still sticking out for

A THOROUGH RETRACTION OR AN EXCHANGE OF SHOTS.

Mr. Barnard, after every conciliatory effort consistent with his friend's honor, wrote to Col. Branch, naming Col's navy revolver, caliber 38, as the weapons to be used, the distance twenty paces, and the county of Winnebago, Ill., as the place of meeting.—The reasons which led to this selection are briefly these: The original article in the Times had contained language abusive of the people of the county so broad and general in its application, and Colonel Edwards

REFUSING TO WITHDRAW,

it was felt there would be no more personal danger here for the parties than in any other part of the country. Therefore Mr. Barnard chose the county as the meeting-place, thinking also his friend would not be among enemies.

At exactly 5 o'clock the men faced each other and took a mental aim; then came the words, "Are you ready?" in clear, distinct tones; "one, two." Before the word three

THE DUELISTS FIRED ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY,

The surgeons anxiously looked each to his man expecting him to fall, but neither was wounded. "A little high!" exclaimed Foster, as soon as he had fired. Edwards de-

manded another fire, in an excited tone. His second asked if he would adhere to that resolution. "Yes," he replied; "it is just as I told you before we came on the field. I will go on if it takes a thousand fires," and with this bloodthirsty remark he sat down on the grass. Foster declined another fire. He was the challenged party, and felt no bitterness against his antagonist. Therefore, he was not anxious for blood.

HIS HONOR HAD BEEN SUSTAINED

as the challenged party. Shots had been exchanged, and that was all that was necessary. Barnard went to talk with Edwards, who was heard to say: "I have admitted as much as I can do—have received no satisfaction to take with me." After the interchange of a few words Edwards concluded to make the thing up. He approached Foster, who was coolly awaiting the issue, pistol in hand, and shook hands. There was mutual congratulation all around, and it was interesting to see the brotherly love displayed by the men who two minutes before had faced each other with death in their eyes.

THE GENIAL BOURBON

was produced, and the agreeable termination to the affair toasted. A short time was spent on the grass in mutual explanation, and everything was forgotten and forgiven. The parties then returned to their backs, one shaping towards Beloit, the other to Rockford, which place they left in the evening, but for what point the reporter failed to ascertain.

THE Lynchburg *Virginian* makes a good point when it heads an article on the Senate eulogies of old John Brown, "Apotheosis of a Murderer."

The Rebellion in Ohio.

The following paragraph is credited to the Paris Figaro of September 6: "The news from the Ohio, which is one of the towns prominent in America, are of one nature most discouraging. Under the leadership of the Gen. John Tecumseh Sherman, the last rebellion has burst out anew and threatens to engulf the whole country. This Gen. Sherman was commandant at Georgia in the south, and more recently was minister of the finances under the government national. He has been reinforced by the general of Massachusetts town, which is the capital of Boston, to-wit, the Georges Frisbyhorr, a warrior of talent and to fear. The reason of the rising is for to prevent the re-establishment of the slavery in the south, and thus also the reduction of the tax on the sheep and the cheese, industries occupying the rank the most high in the town of the Ohio."

AN OLD SERVANT DEAD.

"Uncle" George Stevens Passes Away in His Seventy-Seventh Year.

"Uncle" George Stephens one of Richmond's oldest and most highly-respected colored citizens died at his residence on Duval street yesterday morning at 4:30 o'clock in the seventy-seventh year of his age.

"Uncle" George as he was familiarly known by a host of white friends whom he had served faithfully for more than three-score years was one of the most upright and honest of the old Virginia servants who are now fast "crossing the river." He was born at Studley Hanover county, the home of Patrick Henry, of which he often boasted, December 11, 1820. His father and mother were the trusted servants of the late Peter Lyons, the former his gardener and the latter his house maid, Mr. Lyons being a widower. George, being active and energetic, and possessing more intelligence than the average colored boy, was quite useful as an errand boy in and about the "great" house, looking after the gentlemen's horses, etc. Having at early age evinced a great fondness for horses, shortly after his master's death, he was put on the race track, and was a fine jockey till he was seventeen, then becoming too heavy to ride.

His private dying about this time, he came to this city, and hired himself to the late Captain William G. Sheppard, who was then inspector of tobacco at Seabrook's Warehouse. There, by his excellent conduct and strict attention to his work, he won the confidence of his employer, and soon became the best drawer of tobacco samples in the city. He soon became known to the various commission merchants and inspectors of tobacco, and always found employment, earning a sufficient amount of money to pay his own hire, and to live comfortably.

He was at different times in the employ of Messrs. Ludlam & Watson, Jesse Hutcherson, N. M. Wilson, Charles D. Hill, General Peyton Wise, George A. Haynes, and for several years was the faithful porter of the Richmond Tobacco Exchange.

Forty-five years ago he was married, and was the father of nine children, three of whom, with his wife, preceded him to the grave twenty years ago.

Since the war he has been the same industrious and honest "Uncle" George. His six surviving children, true to his teachings and advice, are useful men and women among their race, two of them being teachers in the city schools, one connected with a colored newspaper, two others having good trades, and his eldest daughter his housekeeper.

At an early age he connected himself with the Old African church, and has always been one of the church's most useful and conscientious members.

Though nearly four-score years, "Uncle" George was full of life and activity, and could do a full day's work, till about four weeks ago, when his health began to fail rapidly, bringing him finally to his eternal rest.

In his passing away, another link is broken in the chain of old-time Virginia servants, whose memories will always be cherished by their former masters and employers.

The funeral will take place from the Old African church Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

CHRISTIANSBURG.

Old Aunt Clarrisy, a colored woman of great respectability, died on yesterday, and will be buried today. She must have been over 90 years of age, and was once the servant of Uncle Billy Wade, one of the old Virginia gentlemen of this community. These old servants are fast passing away, as their old masters and mistresses have done before. The "new issue," will never appreciate the ties that bound the older generation of white and colored people together in the days of slavery, so-called. I never meet with one of these old time, self-respecting negroes, that I do not love to clasp his horny hand in mine, and call him uncle.

We publish elsewhere, an editorial article from the *Virginia Star*, a very neat looking paper published in the interest of the colored race, at Richmond. We had never seen the paper before, and are glad to know that such a journal is published, and that it shows such a true appreciation of the interests of both races in Virginia. The gentleman (a colored citizen) who sent us this copy, accompanied it with a letter, from which we make the following extract: "I respectfully enclose herewith a copy of the *Richmond Star*, containing an editorial from the pen of Robt. Peel Brooke, the chief political writer, and an article from the pen of Rev. W. B. Derrick, both representative colored men, in the highest sense. You will observe that their views are at variance with what many leading Conservative papers of this State have seen fit to think was the general sentiment of the colored voters. I have made no public declaration in regard to my views on the State debt question, though some colored men have. I am not now expressing an opinion, but sim-

ply this: I do not believe that any considerable number of colored men have expressed themselves either way. When I see it stated in some of the papers that *all the negroes* are Readjusters, I ask that some notice be taken of the fact that they are not all that way of thinking."

We have never believed that they were "all that way of thinking," and have so stated. The writer of the above is more than usually intelligent, is a government official, and has been justly regarded as a leader among his people. We hope that he will give those to whom he has access such instruction as will enable them to see clearly the way of duty in this crisis. As we have said time and again; this question towers very far above all considerations of party or party advantage. Parties are but for a day; but principles—the eternal principles of truth and justice—are for all time, and should never be ignored to serve party ends.

A COLORED MAN ON THE STATE DEBT.

From the "Virginia Star" of Richmond, owned and edited by colored men, we take the following article on the State debt. We commend its sound views to the colored people of this section:

"Are the colored people of Virginia willing to range themselves on the side of repudiation? If they, in the least, comprehend the nature and effect of such a crime, if they are brought to understand that repudiation is worse than robbery, (because it is accomplished by treachery and the betrayal of trust and confidence), they will never favor or assist in the perpetration of such an outrageous act.

There are reasons which appear peculiarly cogent and important to our mind why colored men should avoid even the appearance of evil in this matter. Personal dishonesty is a charge frequently alleged against the race. We have always denied it and contended that the Negro is no more dishonest than other men similarly situated. Slavery was a bad school for the cultivation of any virtues. What would be dishonesty among other men and under different circumstances—circumstances such as the race is now in, could not in the time of our bondage be regarded in the same light as in a condition of freedom and personal independence. How far the moral effect of any indifference to the sacredness of property rights which existed among us during slavery, may characterize many of our people at present, we shall not tarry to decide, but this much is certain; we cannot afford to neglect a careful and rigid development of a sense of honor; we cannot afford to dally with transactions of questionable honesty; we cannot afford to stretch our conscience in the effort to cover a fraud; we cannot afford to deal in the dangerous casuistry of matters involving doubtful morality; we cannot afford to expose our intuitions of right to the danger of being warped by a connection with dishonest persons and practices; and finally, we can least of all afford to vote for and identify ourselves with a cause espoused by a band of hungry office seekers, chafing under defeat, and, in their desperation, bent on ruining the State and its highest interest.

In this contest between the Conservative factions the colored people of Virginia have an opportunity of making for themselves a proud and honorable record. They have now the good fortune of showing to the world and to their traducers that they not only know and appreciate what is good and right but also have the will and the purpose to bravely do the right. We believe that they will so demean themselves in this matter that the country may learn how well they vindicate their right to equal citizenship and

now wisely and judiciously they use it."

G. A. R. IN VIRGINIA.

Elaborate Preparations for Attending the National Encampment.

GROWTH OF THE SEVERAL POSTS.

Work of "Phil Kearny" in the Cemeteries Around Richmond—Prominent Men in the Organization—The Woman's Relief Corps, &c.

It is estimated that not less than 500 Federal veterans will go from the Virginia and North Carolina Department of the Grand Army of the Republic to attend the national encampment, in Louisville, next month. The approaching event is occasioning no little interest and activity among the members of that organization in Virginia, especially. Many wearers of the blue in the dark days of 1861-'65 are making preparations to be present when the grand commander calls together that great body of ex-soldiers in the city which has long been the pride of the Blue-Grass State.

People of old Virginia are glad that the Grand Army of the Republic decided to hold its national encampment this year in a southern city. It is a mark of recognition with which we of this side of Mason and Dixon's line have not heretofore been honored. Virginians are ever-generous and loyal. They clasp the hand of an honest foe as readily and with as much sincerity and cordiality as they do that of the warmest of friends—after the fight is over. In 1861 they went into battle upon principle, and they fought unto the death. In 1865 they laid down their arms, and since then no Commonwealth has been more loyal, more loving, than that which bears as her motto the familiar words, "Sic Semper Tyrannus."

ORIGIN OF THE G. A. R.

The friendly relations in this State between the veterans of the Union and those of the Confederate side of the war was really what brought about the formation of Grand Army of the Republic posts in Virginia. It was in 1870 that the Virginia and North Carolina Division of the Grand Army of the Republic was organized. Its membership then was quite small—in fact, not a great many Union soldiers had cast their lots amid the hills of the Old Dominion, and the State famed for its "tar, pitch, and turpentine." However, the ranks steadily increased, and the number of posts grew, until now the Grand Army of the Republic in this department boasts of an active membership of more than 1,550. There are also many Federal veterans who have not as yet associated themselves with any of the posts, but who watch their work with great eagerness, and who participate in nearly all of their celebrations or reunions. Every annual meeting of the department attracts many wearers of the blue who are not identified in a business sense with the sessions, but who are associated with it by the ties of sentiment and affection.

RELATIONS WITH CONFEDERATES.

One striking feature of the Grand Army of the Republic posts in Virginia has been their pleasant, even cordial, relations with the camps of Confederate veterans. When Lee Camp, of this city, placed on foot its movement to establish the beautiful Soldiers' Home, just west of the city, Phil Kearny Post, G. A. R., took an active part in assisting to secure the means with which this home could be founded and built, and its work in this behalf has been highly appreciated by the ex-Confederates, not only of Virginia, but of the entire Southland. The ex-Unionists in this State will extend to the veterans of the Confederacy when they assemble in this city next May as hearty a welcome as will those who wore the gray and fell with Lee at Appomattox. There is none of the old hostility, and the one object of the posts and camps, so far as Virginia is

concerned, appears to be the perpetuation of old memories, dear to those on the one side or the other, and the distribution of love and kindness among the weak who fought with Grant or with Lee.

#### FIFTY-TWO POSTS.

In this department there are fifty-two posts. Phil. Kearny Post, of this city, is the largest and most influential of them all. It was organized in June, 1882, and shortly afterwards turned its attention to the national cemeteries in the vicinity of Richmond. These burial grounds had been sadly neglected. In them were hundreds of unmarked graves. The grass and weeds were rampant, and there was no special attention being paid to anything. Very soon a system was inaugurated by Phil. Kearny Post by which these cemeteries could receive proper care and attention—by which they could be visited each year upon Decoration-Day and each grave receive some significant mark of respect. The assistance of some 500 posts of the Grand Army of the Republic was soon secured in this connection, and the Women's Relief Corps of the posts all over the country were interested in the matter of improving and beautifying these spots where sleep hundreds of Federal soldiers, and year after year the Decoration-Day exercises become more and more interesting and attractive. Flowers, shrubs, and flags of the nation are planted upon the grave of every soldier, and at one cemetery Phil. Kearny Post holds special exercises appropriate to the occasion.

At present Phil. Kearny Post has about sixty members, most of whom have resided in or around Richmond nearly ever since the close of their war. They are permanent residents of the city and State, and are identified with the industrial and commercial interests of this the capital of the Confederacy.

#### VISITED BY GRAND COMMANDER.

Upon the occasion of the twenty-fourth annual encampment of the Virginia and North Carolina Division, held here last April, this department was, for the first time in its history, visited by several of the grand officers—General Thomas G. Lawler, Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic of America, and his staff, paid the department a visit while in session. Elaborate preparations were made for the coming of the dignitaries, and a most singular feature of the affair was that a brilliant banquet was given at Murphy's Hotel in honor of the visit of the grand officers before they had gotten here. They had been delayed down South, and the splendid dinner wouldn't keep, so it was enjoyed anyhow, and speeches of a most patriotic and complimentary nature were made. The occasion was a memorable one. The spread was complete in detail, and reflected great credit upon this department as a host. Commander-in-Chief Lawler and the members of his staff arrived the next day, and were royally received and entertained by the veterans assembled. The Commander-in-Chief made a warm and encouraging speech, and went away much pleased with the work being done in old Virginia and North Carolina.

#### PROMINENT G. A. R. MEN.

At this encampment Captain James E. Porter, one of the most prominent business-men in Roanoke, was elected to the high office of Commander, and since then he has admirably filled that position. The success of this department is largely due to the efforts of such men as Captain Porter. However, to no one more than to General Edgar Allan is due the thanks of the Federal veterans now residing in Virginia and North Carolina for their present fine organization, and for the great good now being done. General Allan is a prominent member of the legal profession in the national capital, though he for many years resided here, and now has a large practice in this city. He is thoroughly attached to the Grand Army of the Republic. He was in recent years elected to the high office of Junior Vice-Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic of America. Captain B. C. Cook, the present commander of Phil. Kearny Post, is another indefatigable worker in this cause. He is the treasurer of the American Home Building and Loan Association, and is identified with Richmond's principal interests.

#### DEPARTMENT COMMANDERS.

Since the formation of this department it has had the following department-com-

manders, who have spared neither time, labor, nor means to uphold the Grand Army of the Republic in the two States within their jurisdiction:

Hazlett Carlisle, of Post No. 1.

S. B. Kenny, of Post No. 1.

William H. Eaton, of Post No. 1.

William H. Appinzeler, of Post No. 1.

P. G. Staples, of Post No. 1.

Richard Bond, of Post No. 1.

John W. Woodman, of Post No. 1.

H. Hervey King, of Post No. 1.

P. T. Whitcomb, of Post No. 1.

P. T. Woodfin, of Post No. 3.

B. C. Cook, of Post No. 10.

H. DeB. Clay, of Post No. 17.

R. P. Wheeler, of Post No. 25.

N. J. Smith, of Post No. 10.

Edgar Allan, of Post No. 10.

H. B. Nichols, of Post No. 25.

Joseph D. Fulton, of Post 17.

Among those who have done faithful and efficient work as members of Phil. Kearny Post and been most active in restoring the Federal cemeteries around Richmond, were Messrs. Patrick Keenan (now dead) and D. R. Wilson, both of whom served terms as commanders of Phil. Kearny Post.

#### THE WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

The Woman's Relief Corps, of Phil. Kearny Post, is a most worthy and valuable adjunct to that organization. Mrs. Otis H. Russell, wife of the ex-postmaster, is president of the Woman's Relief Corps, and she has devoted a great deal of time and labor to the success of the post. Upon the occasion of the meetings or the reunions of the Grand Army of the Republic in Richmond, Mrs. Russell and her coworkers had provided bountiful entertainments for the veterans. As a rule, a delightful literary and musical performance has been provided, and this feature has been followed by splendid suppers or light refreshments.

Miss Mayme Leahy has been elected "Daughter of Phil. Kearny Post," and has done much to contribute to the pleasure of the wearers of the blue whenever they have had social gatherings here. She will accompany the members of the post to Louisville.

The most imposing ceremonies, of course, were held at the National Cemetery at Arlington, on the Virginia side of the Potomac, opposite Washington, which was before the war the magnificent estate of Robert E. Lee, the Confederate chieftain. This beautiful property had been sold a little over a century ago to John Alexander for six hogsheads of tobacco and was inherited by Lee from John Parke Custis, the son of Martha Washington, by her first husband, who served as an aide on Washington's staff. It was purchased by the Government from the Lee heirs in 1883 for \$150,000 after having been held as a national cemetery since the close of the war. Here bivouac almost 35,000 of the nation's dead, 2000 whose identity will never be known, being buried in a single grave.



