

First, there were the little pup tents of the enlisted men, then the line officers, and back of them the field and staff, and still further back in the woods the corral, where the pack mules, wagons, teamsters, and darkies, of which there was a large number, belonged to each company.

Our good chaplain, after two years' struggle, had divided the regiment into two classes, the cured and the incurable. He then entered into a new field ploughing deep—missionary to the contrabands. Prayer-meetings, with discourses upon the emancipation proclamation, were the texts every night, "when it did not rain," all leading up in a short time to more trouble and "cuss words" than could be washed out of camp by a June freshest.

In the first light of the morning, when sleep is so sweet and refreshing, the entire camp was aroused by agonizing cries for help from the quarters of the contrabands. Wails of anguish echoed through the woods in the quiet, peaceful air as though murder most foul was being done. The soldiers leaped from their tents at first alarm, each man grasping his trusty musket and cartridge-box, to repel invasion, thinking of nothing else in the way of clothing or equipments. Directed by the cries, they charged in undress uniform to the rescue. The colonel was one of the first out of his tent, carrying trousers in one hand and saber in the other. He joined the excited throng as they came rushing by, scarcely a man of them having more than a cotton shirt on. In those days of high-priced cotton army shirts were worn very short.

"What are you whipping my boy for, you black villain?" shouted the colonel. "I'll break your neck, you black rascal. I'll have you shot. Yes, damn you, I'll have you hung, and cut up, and fried, and blast your black hide."

"Ain't dis yer P'simmons my boy? Ain't I dis boy's fadder? An if I'se his fadder and a free nagan, ain't I got a right to strap him. Seems like the time cum right now when I bleeed to whip dis feliah. Wat's de proclamashun for if taint dat a-way?"

cursing the luck that had
half an hour's sleep. At 11
were modestly retiring to their
leaving the colonel and surgeon thoroughly
demoralized, fighting it out between them-
selves.

"You see, massa, I se a ole niggah now, but de time was when I was young and peart, and I coted an' married a likely gal. Sho nuff, you ought to see dat gal dat an' time; she was a powerful fine woman, but she is gittin ole like me now. Well, 'bout once evvy summer dere's a pickaninny cum to us reglar as de sezun, an' dats de way it was, 'til dere's so many it bodder me to find names to know 'em by, an' I 'clor to man I can't count dem chiluns; but, massa, he keep 'em in a big book, so dat don't bodder me.

"My ole massa, he say dat he jist de color ob ripe p'ssimmons, an' dats de name he made in de book. By an' by all de niggahs on de plantation git erbolt ob it an' eum roun to look at de boy, an' dey goes way wunkin, one at de ooder, but after awhile nobody said nuffin' bout de boy, ceptin massa, he say dat he lows 'dat dere's bin a female indescreshun in my family,' an' I said den i'ts all right, but somehow I nebber took well to de boy but de ole cooman sot a heap by de yaller coon, an' lows dat he's de best one on de plantation, an' dat makes me mad again, an' when de preacher tole us all las' night bout de proclomashun, an' dat we goins to hab rights, dat yaller coon P'ssimmons bodder my head.

That night P'simmons vanished in the darkness, and along with him one of the colonel's best wool blankets. Every man in the regiment had orders to look out for him, not that he was valuable, but the colonel didn't want to lose the blanket.

To our great humiliation he did not recognize or remember any of us. His bearing indicated that he had borrowed no ideas from our regiment and was not worrying his soul with thoughts of the past or fears for the future.

CHARLES E. BELKNY

To Be Removed, to Chicago, But Returned After the Exposition.

"On the 21st of July last Mrs. Martha W. Ragland, widow of N. H. Ragland, Esq., who prior to the war and for some years after the war, was a prominent merchant of your city, sold to Mr. W. E. Dunlap, of New York, the McLean house, now known as the surrender house, in the village of Appomattox Courthouse, for \$10,000, and on the 14th of March, 1891, Mr. Dunlap sold one half interest in the

Another syndicate of gentlemen from Washington City have purchased the hotel at Appomattox Courthouse, all the property in the village that could be bought, several farms near the Courthouse, and all land from the village to Appomattox depot, some three miles distant. These purchases include the land upon which Generals Lee and Grant met, the headquarters of General Grant, the property upon which the last charge was made, etc. It is rumored that they propose to erect a grand hotel for the accommodation of visitors to the surrender-ground, and will also establish an encampment for the Grand Army of the Republic.

As Told by the Man Who Took Him to Sherman

A little previous to this time one of our Generals had been captured in his own lines, I think somewhere about the Shenandoah Valley, and Gen. Kilpatrick used frequently to say to me, in a joking way, "Northrup, you must capture some rebel General in his own camp."

About noon of the day before the battle of Averysboro, with the scouts and 50 bummers more or less, we pulled up at an old church in the pine woods where the road forked, and I decided to take two or three men and go down this left-hand road to see where it went to and what I could learn, being then several hours ahead of the command.

But we did not know this, and it was a dark and foggy sort of day in the thick pine woods so, thinking they had gone up the road, we started that way. It only took a moment to find out that we were facing the enemy drawn up in line of battle; so it was our turn to make a squeak.

and his Aid-de-Camp to get away ourselves. We knew who he was, and he thought we were his men.

When we reached Kilpatrick, after some conversation with Gen. Rhett, he ordered me to

The Alabama-Kearsarge Duel.
The memorable battle between the Kearsarge and the Alabama rendered the vessel the subject of patriotic

The sarge and the Alabam
sel sunk yesterday an object of pa
and historical interest to every American
The Alabama had for several years been
the dreaded scourge of American ship
pling She was swift, she was long an
low and black and was manned by a non
lowest crew of ruffians to whom mere

The Kearsarge had a short time previous improvised an armor of railroad rails, and the answering shots of the Alabama rattled harmlessly against these. With every shot of the Kearsarge the Confederate cruiser trembled and shook. The aim of the Kearsarge gunners was deadly accurate, while the firing of the Alabama gunners was too rapid to be effective. The combatants circled about each other, the Kearsarge moving swiftly, the Alabama laboring from the loss of her rigging and men, due to the accurate aim of the Kearsarge gunners.

At this last broadside a white flag was shown over the stern of the Alabama and a small boat was dispatched to the Kearsarge with an officer, who declared to the surrender of the Alabama and begged for assistance. The Alabama was sinking fast and her decks were incumbered with dying and wounded men. Her small boats were shot away and unless help was promptly rendered all must drown. The Alabama sunk and was never raised. The crew was rescued by an English yacht, which acted to international difficulties. The Kearsarge was unscathed and had destroyed the greatest terror ever known to American shipping.

A valuable old war relic was yesterday brought to the Pleasure office by the veterans to whom it has been temperarily intrusted. It is the stained, bullet-torn battle flag of the Third Louisiana Regiment, the ensign that was at the front of the command throughout the war.

The flag is one of the few that returned to the south after the surrender. It has been since then been the property of Gen. W. R. Stafford, who has placed it in charge of camp No. 3, United Confederate Veterans, at Shreveport. The flag yesterday was in charge of Commander Wm. Kenny and then W. Higginbotham, of the Shreveport delegation. The former was captain of Company E. of the Third, and the latter is "one of the few privates left, a fact," he said, "that I am proud of." Both of its constituents fought under the old flag all through the war.

THE NEW YORK CAMP PRESENTS GENERAL
DEAUBERD WITH ITS EMBLEMS.

"Resolved, That the badge and button for this camp be presented to General George Beauregard with a request that he accept the same and that he will do the camp the honor of wearing it not only as a token of paying this organization the compliment of wearing it at the meeting of Confederate veteran camps, which is about to be held in New Orleans. And as our comrade Eugene H. Levy, is about to visit New Orleans; the badge and button for General Beauregard are herewith intrusted to his care, with the request that he deliver the same with a copy of this resolution, signed by the presiding officer of this meeting."

That Comrade Levy discharged the duty intrusted to him was shown by the fact that General Beauregard wore the badge and button at yesterday's exercises.

The Alabama-Kearsarge Duel

The Alabama-Kearsarge battle.

Surviving Civil and Military Leaders Hastening to the Old Capital.

IMPOSING CEREMONIES AT MRS. DAVIS'S FUNERAL.

Fast and Present Generations to Unite in Memorable Tribute to Distinguished Woman Whose Crowded Hour of Glorious Life Was Passed in Richmond.

Mrs. Davis's funeral train will leave New York to-night, accompanied by a guard of Confederate veterans.

The following telegram was received by Lieutenant-Governor J. Taylor Ellyson this morning:

Richmond, Va.
A special car with the family, the remains and a guard of honor, arranged by Major Owens, of the Confederate Veterans, will leave here Thursday night at 9:30.

Any additional pall-bearers you might ask will be welcome. Please make all necessary arrangements for services at St. Paul's and cemetery.

Mrs. Davis did not wish to lie in state. You can arrange hour of interment at your discretion.

JEFFERSON HAYES DAVIS.

The sender of the above telegram is a son of Mrs. Hayes, who is Mrs. Davis's daughter. He had his name changed to that of his grandfather by act of legislature.

The body of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who died Tuesday night in New York, will arrive in RICHMOND, at the Byrd-street station, to-morrow morning at 8:35 o'clock, where it will be met by members of the Davis family in this city, together with a military escort.

From the station the body will be carried to St. Paul's Episcopal church, where it will lie until three o'clock in the afternoon, when the services will be conducted by the Rev. Dr. Robert W. Forsyth, assisted by Bishop Van de Vyver, Dr. J. William Jones, Dr. J. P. Smith, Dr. E. N. Calisch, Dr. Landon R. Mason and Bishop Granbery.

The body will then be escorted out to the Davis section in Hollywood cemetery, and laid to rest near the grave of President Davis, in the very spot selected by Mrs. Davis some time ago.

It had always been Mrs. Davis's wish to have a military funeral, and from the arrangements now being made it may be safely said that the procession from the church to Hollywood will be as imposing as any event of the sort ever observed in RICHMOND.

Governors of the thirteen States of the Confederacy, nearly all the surviving Confederate soldiers of high rank, survivors of the Confederate congress and other branches of the government, State and city officials, Confederate veterans of Virginia and other Southern States, the volunteer military organizations, the Daughters of the Confederacy, the Sons of Veterans, the various Confederate memorial organizations, the Confederate Memorial Literary Society, the Jefferson Davis Monument Association and similar organizations will unite in this final tribute to the wife of the civil leader of the Confederacy.

When the body, accompanied by Mrs. Davis's daughter, son and immediate connections, arrives in the city, it will be met by a detail of six veterans from Lee Camp and six from Pickett Camp, which will escort the casket to the church. The men who will act as escort will be selected to-night at special meetings of the camps. From the time the body is taken into the church until the funeral services are begun it will be in charge of Le Roy Sutherland, funeral director. All the morning an honorary guard will stand over the body, the men coming in details of two, and remaining an hour or so each near the bier.

All the details of the funeral have not yet been arranged, and will hardly be completed before to-morrow, but from the beginning to the end the ceremony will be marked by the greatest solemnity and simplicity. From one end of the country to the other tributes to Mrs. Davis have been pouring in; various meetings are being held all over the United States and resolutions of respect and sympathy being framed.

While the military escort will be one of the great features of the march to Hollywood, the part taken by the Daughters of the Confederacy will be equally attractive. The different chapters all through Virginia and the neighboring States are preparing to send delegates, and every hour or so Lieutenant-Governor Ellyson, Adjutant-General Anderson and Dr. George Ross are receiving telegrams giving the names of representatives of the various societies who will take part in the march.

It has been requested that those desiring to send flowers will have them in the St. Paul's lecture-room before one o'clock to-morrow afternoon. A great number of wreaths, crosses and other designs have already been ordered, and the florists in this city are busy filling other orders.

The section in which the body will be buried is one of the most quiet and secluded in the cemetery, and yet is very accessible. Mrs. Davis said during her lifetime that she preferred to be buried near the sepulchre of her husband, and it is here that the grave will be made.

It will be smoothed over and sodded immediately after the burial. No mound will be left, but at the head a simple tablet will be set up to remain until a suitable monument can be determined upon.

FOR A MONUMENT.

General Munford Secures Two Cannon for Miller Park.

It has been the design for several years of Garland-Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans to appropriately mark the spot in Miller Park where the Second Virginia Cavalry regiment was mustered into and also mustered out of the service of the Confederate States army. A committee for this purpose was appointed some time ago with General T. T. Munford as chairman, and it has recently been able to secure the promise of a gift of two cannon and a pyramid of cannon balls which will greatly aid in the work. Through the efforts of General Munford he has recently received letters from General J. Franklin Bell, chief of staff, U. S. A., and from General Wm. Crozier, chief of ordnance, U. S. A., promising to give two 3-inch rifle cannon and cannon balls enough to make a pyramid.

These officers write that "the old cannon that figured in the Civil war are in great demand and that these two are the only ones left."

They are at Rock Island Arsenal, Illinois, while the balls and carriage are at Watervliet Arsenal, New York.

Under the United States regulations these guns, etc., will be donated to the city through the mayor, who will make regular application for these relics of the days that have gone into history.

It appears that the gun carriages can not be given away by the United States, but are sold at the nominal sum of \$10 each, which is but a small part of the actual cost. The city will have to pay the freight on these guns and material from the arsenals to this place, and letters have been written to the general freight agents of the C. & O. and Southern railroads with a view of getting favorable rates.

Much interest will, of course, attach to these guns and they will ever prove objects of attraction to the thousands of visitors to the park.

In the letter of General Bell to General Munford he appends a personal note wherein he alludes to the fact that "many of his kin were on the Confederate side" and that his own is still unreconstructed."

THE FLAG IS ACCEPTED.

CAPTURED AT FORT MAGRUDER AND SENT BY COL. TITUS.

Report of Gen. Peyton Wise Chairman of the Executive Committee for the Reunion of the U. C. V.

The regular meeting of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, was held Friday night in their camp hall, Colonel James T. Gray, commander, in the chair.

A letter was read from J. J. M. Smith, adjutant of Mountain Remnant Camp, U. C. V., No. 526, Burnet, Tex., transmitted by Mayor Taylor, asking for the address of the proper party to whom to pay a contribution of twenty-five dollars to the monument to be erected to President Jefferson Davis. The letter was ordered to be turned over to Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, president of the Jefferson Davis Monument Association. Captain Smith stated that Texas would be present in Richmond in 1896 in full force.

THE FLAG RECEIVED.

A letter was read from S. W. Titus, Brooklyn, N. Y., turning over to R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, U. C. V., a Virginia flag captured at Fort Magruder in 1862. This flag was sent by his father, Colonel Silas Titus, of Syracuse, N. Y., who is now upon his death-bed. Colonel Gray presented the flag to the camp, and it was directed that the emblem be photographed and the thanks of the camp be sent to Mr. S. W. Titus. The flag will be placed in the Confederate Museum.

A circular was read from Colonel William A. Smoot, grand commander Department of Virginia, and Major-General Thomas A. Brander, commanding Virginia Division United Confederate Veterans, urging the formation of New Camp and the importance of early and united action to prepare for the great reunion in this city in 1896.

Commander Gray appointed the following committee to assist Assistant-Surgeon A. L. Crouch in looking after the sick of the camp: Joseph C. Dickerson, Marshall ward; James E. Phillips, Jefferson ward; John E. Laughton, Jr., Madison ward; Miles T. Phillips, Monroe ward; J. Henry Kracke, Clay ward; Joseph B. McKinney, Jackson ward.

THE BIG REUNION.

Comrade Peyton Wise, chairman of the executive committee for the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, made a verbal report of the work of his committee, and offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted, the same being the action of conference of the committees of the two camps:

Resolved, as a sense of this conference, That the committee on the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Richmond in 1896 should be composed of two persons appointed by the Jefferson Davis Monument Association, two persons appointed by the Council of the city of Richmond, two persons appointed by the Chamber of Commerce of Richmond, five persons selected by R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, U. C. V., and five persons selected by George E. Pickett Camp, U. C. V. Commander Colonel J. E. Sullivan, commander of George E. Pickett Camp, U. C. V., was introduced to the camp and handsomely received by Commander James T. Gray on behalf of Lee Camp. Commander Sullivan acknowledged the compliment paid him in a short speech.

Interest in the grand reunion in 1896 is being aroused, and very soon the committees will go actively to work. The indications are that there will be an immense crowd here next May.

Gallant Conduct of North Carolinians.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please tell me if the following is correct, which I quote from memory.

A writer in the Dispatch, published at the time of Lee's death, three years ago, mentioned General Lee, of "Ravenswood," telling of a battalion of North Carolinians holding a bridge against the Federals. They had orders to hold the bridge at all hazards. The Federals tried in vain to take it, till a negro piloted them to a secret ford up the river, where they crossed, and coming down behind the Carolinians they surrounded them, calling upon them to surrender, but they refused to do so, and the last man of them fell in his tracks, killed or wounded. General Lee witnessed the fight of this Spartan band from a house on the hill overlooking the bridge, where he was lying secreted at the time recovering from wounds received in a cavalry fight.

If any one, after reading this, knows to what command these gallant heroes belonged, he will please tell us in these columns.

"Findowrie."

R. S. D.

The company that made the very gallant fight at the railroad bridge across South Anna river, near Wickham's crossing, belonged to the Twenty-first North Carolina Regiment of Infantry. It was when a detachment of cavalry and artillery, under the command of Colonel Spear, of the United States army (estimated to be about 1,200 strong), rallied from the White House to destroy the bridges across the South Anna river, and also to take prisoner W. H. F. Lee, then brigadier-general, who was lying at General Wickham's home severely wounded. State Senator H. T. Wickham (one of General Wickham's sons) informs the Dispatch that he was a small boy at that time and witnessed a part of the engagement.

"I remember distinctly," said he, "the great number of wounded men and prisoners who subsequently passed, and the number of the dead. Whether they were all killed or wounded I cannot say, but they were surrounded and not one of them escaped. It was a very gallant action on the part of a little company, not over thirty men. I cannot recall the names of the officers or the men, but I have written to some friends who may be able to give me the information. General ('Rooney') Lee did not witness this fight, as he was in bed from a very serious wound received in a cavalry engagement at Brandy Station."

MARCH 15, 1913

MARTIN WINS OUT OVER TILLMAN

Virginian Accorded the Appropriations Chairmanship.

WILL NOT ACCEPT DECISION

South Carolinian Expected to Lead a Fight In Democratic Caucus To-day in Effort to Have Steering Committee's Decision Overthrown.

Washington, March 14.—Senator Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina, today lost his long and hard fight for the chairmanship of the powerful Senate committee on appropriations. The Democratic committee lists, completed tonight by the "steering" committee, headed by Senator Kern, accords the appropriation chairmanship to Senator Martin of Virginia, and places Senator Tillman at the head of the committee on naval affairs.

Flight Expected Today.

The decision of the committee will not be accepted by Senator Tillman, it is understood. A Democratic caucus has been called for 10:30 tomorrow morning when the committee lists will be presented to the Senate. Democratic membership of the Senate is expected that Senator Tillman, counting upon support of four or five members of the "steering" committee, will lead a fight in the caucus to overthrow the committee's decision. The chief reason for head planting Senator Tillman, who headed the list of Democrats on the

appropriations committee, is understood to have been the belief that his health would not enable him to undertake the severe tasks attached to the position.

Radical changes in the method of controlling Senate legislation and committees, which formed the basis for the so-called progressive Democratic re-organization fight begun last December, were approved by the Democratic managers and will be offered for adoption by the caucus tomorrow. These recommendations are:

All committee chairmen shall be elected by the Democratic member of the committees. The practice has been for the "steering" committee to appoint all chairmen; a majority of the Democratic members of any committee can call a meeting of that committee at any time; members of "conference" committees shall be selected by the Democratic majority of the committee having charge of the legislation in question; "steering" committee members shall be selected by the Democratic caucus instead of through appointment by the caucus chairman; appointments by the "steering" committee to fill vacancies on all Senate committees must be passed on by the full caucus.

The recommendations to be made tomorrow constitute important departures from the practice that has prevailed in the Senate and are similar in many ways to the changes that were made in the House at the beginning of the last Congress.

Personnel of Committees.

The complete personnel of the leading committees, including Democrats and Republicans, has been agreed upon as follows:

Appropriations—Democrats: Senators Martin, Virginia, chairman; Tillman, South Carolina; Culberson, Texas; Overman, North Carolina; Owen, Oklahoma; Smith, Maryland; Chilton, West Virginia; Lea, Tennessee; Bryan, Florida; Shaffroth, Colorado.

Republicans—Senators Warren, Wyoming; Perkins, California; Gallinger, New Hampshire; Smoot, Utah; Oliver, Pennsylvania; Dillingham, Vermont; Jones, Washington.

Foreign Relations—Democrats: Senators Bacon, Georgia, chairman; Stone, Missouri; Shively, Indiana; Clarke, Arkansas; Hitchcock, Nebraska; O'Gorman, New York; Williams, Mississippi; Swanson, Virginia; Pomerene, Ohio; Smith, New Mexico. **Republicans**: Senators Lodge, Massachusetts; Smith, Michigan; Root, New York; McCumber, North Dakota; Sutherland, Utah; Borah, Idaho; Burton, Ohio.

Judiciary—Democrats: Senator Culberson, Texas, chairman; Overman, North Carolina; Chilton, West Virginia; O'Gorman, New York; Fletcher, Florida; Reed, Missouri; Ashurst, Arizona; Shields, Tennessee; Walsh, Montana; Bacon, Georgia. **Republicans**: Clark, Wyoming; Nelson, Minnesota; Dillingham, Vermont; Sutherland, Utah; Brandegee, Connecticut; Borah, Idaho; Cummins, Iowa; Root, New York.

Banking and Currency (new)—Democrats: Senators Owen, Oklahoma, chairman; Hitchcock (Nebraska), O'Gorman (New York), Reed (Missouri), Shaffroth (Colorado), Hollis (New Hampshire), Pomerene (Ohio).

"BEAST" BUTLER'S FAMOUS ORDER.

Recalled by the Domiciliary Clause of the Force Bill.

The Force Bill, and especially the domiciliary clause of the bill, cannot fail to recall to the minds of those who figured on the stage of action in "the days that tried men's souls," the appended order of General Benjamin Butler, when in command at New Orleans in 1862, which helped to earn him the sobriquet of "Beast."

Let the people of today try to imagine such a state of affairs: Provost marshals, backed by armed police, prying into the homes and into the most private and intimate relations of the people, and into their very thoughts and sentiments! The police fined for failing, and rewarded by "extra pay" for succeeding in ferreting out evasions of this infamous order! The Force bill is intended to inaugurate a somewhat similar state of affairs. One of its chief provisions is for the employment and feeing or rewarding of spies and informers for prying into the personal and local affairs of the people. Surely American citizens of the present day will not tolerate such an infamous interference with their inalienable rights.

Following is a copy of "Beast" Butler's order:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE GULF.

NEW ORLEANS, September 24, 1862.

General Orders No. 76.

All persons male or female, within this department, of the age of eighteen years and upward, who have ever been citizens of the United States, and have not renewed their allegiance before this date to the United States, and who now hold or pretend any allegiance or sympathy with the so-called Confederate States are ordered to report themselves on or before the first day of October next to the nearest provost marshal with a descriptive list of all their property, rights of property, both real, personal and mixed made out and signed by themselves, respectively, with the same particularity as for taxation. They shall also report their place of residence, by number, street, or other proper description, and their occupation, which registration shall be signed by themselves and each shall receive a certificate from the marshal of registration as claiming to be an enemy of the United States.

Any person of those described in this order neglecting to so register themselves shall be subject to fine or imprisonment at hard labor, or both, and all his property confiscated by order as punishment for such neglect.

On the first day of October next every householder shall return to the provost marshal nearest him a list of each inmate in his house of the age of eighteen years and upwards, which list shall contain the following particulars: The name, sex, age and occupation of each inmate; whether a registered alien, one who has taken his oath of allegiance to the United States, a registered enemy of the United States, or one who has neglected to register himself or herself either an alien or a loyal citizen, or a registered enemy.

The householder neglecting to make such returns, or making a false return shall be punished with fine or imprisonment at hard labor, or both.

Each policeman will within his beat be held responsible for every householder failing to make such return within three days from the 1st of October is reported to the provost-marshal, and a fine of five dollars for such neglect for every day in which it is not reported will be deducted from such policeman's pay, and he shall be dismissed; and a like sum for conviction of any householder not making his or her return shall be paid to the policeman reporting such householder.

Every person who shall in good faith renew his or her allegiance to the United States previous to the 1st day of October next and shall remain truly loyal will be recommended to the President for pardon for his or her previous offenses.

By command of Major-General Butler,
Geo. C. Strong,
[Signed] Asst. Adjt. General.

TO DEPOSE ABE LINCOLN.

It is doubtless forgotten by some who may have known it long ago, and has probably not been heard of by a large majority of those now living, that Edwin Stanton, the great war minister of our history, once deliberately suggested that Lincoln be deposed from the Presidency and throne General McClellan as military dictator. Lincoln knew it when he called Stanton to the war portfolio; but Stanton was wiser then than before and he was called to his great office because he was needed there. Few remember or have ever learned that General Hooker also once advised that Lincoln should be deposed for a military dictator, but only a year or so thereafter Lincoln called Hooker to the chief command of the army of the Potomac, not because—as Lincoln said in notifying Hooker of his assignment—he had advised revolution, but rather in spite of it. How General McClellan vexed Lincoln; how he hurled the bitterest denunciations against him from the headquarters of his defeated army, and how he became the central figure of both military and political faction organized to overthrow Lincoln, are well-known matters of history. How Generals Hunter and Fremont declared their insubordination by untimely, irritating and most perilous proclamations of freedom to slaves, in obedience to the intense radical partisan sentiment that assailed the administration, is known to the readers of history, but there are few now living who can measure the fearful complications these acts put upon Lincoln.

Richmond, Va., December 28.—Governor Swanson announced today that he would call a meeting of the Gettysburg Monument Association of Virginia to meet in the city of Washington during the latter part of the month of January to take up the matter of selecting a memorial for the Pennsylvania battlefield to perpetuate the memory of the Virginia troops which participated in that memorable struggle, in which so many of the young men of the State yielded up their lives.

The character of the monument has not yet been determined, the members of the commission not having agreed on any special design. At this conference it will be decided if the memorial shall be in the form of a monument or whether the lines occupied by the Virginia troops shall prove the valor of the Old Dominion soldiers. The commission will visit the battlefield for the purpose of making a personal inspection of the grounds.

The Commission is composed of the Governor, United States Senator John W. Daniel, State Senator Edmundson, of Halifax; Captain S. P. Read, of Mecklenburg county, and Colonel Thomas Smith, of Warrenton.

CROSSES OF HONOR.

Pearisburg Celebrates Birth of South's President.

Pearisburg, Va., June 4.—(Special.) McComas Chapter, U. D. C., of this place, celebrated the 100th anniversary of the birth of Jefferson Davis yesterday. After great preparations and expectations the day dawned with a down pour of rain, but not withstanding this, more than one hundred old Confederate veterans came to town from the different sections of the county to receive and witness the presentation of the Crosses of Honor that had been prepared for them. Besides these veterans the people generally of the county manifested their interest in the occasion in large numbers by their presence.

The exercises of the day were held in the Baptist church, which was crowded to its utmost. The opening prayer was made by Rev. E. C. Reed, pastor of the Baptist church, the choirs of the different churches in the town combined and with the assistance of Mr. E. S. Jones, of Radford, rendered sweet music, suitable to the occasion.

Judge Martin Williams, acting

the Chapter, presided and introduced the speakers. Speeches were made by Mr. W. D. Snidow, an attorney of this place; Hon. Daniel E. Johnson, a native of Giles county, but now of West Virginia; Rev. J. S. W. Neal, of the Holston Conference, located in Dublin, and Rev. S. S. Catron, pastor of the Methodist church. The speeches were well delivered and appreciated by the large audience, reviving the memories of the lost cause, and perpetuating the sentiment in the mind of the young. After the speeches fifty-eight Crosses of Honor were bestowed upon as many veterans, some of them showing their appreciation thereof with tears.

Surely the cause for which they fought, is indelibly impressed upon these old veterans as they came here today for miles through the rain and stood the ordeal of the day's proceedings as though renewed in youth and strength. Dinner was served free to the ladies, and all enjoyed a beautiful feast. The Odd Band rendered free music, and the occasion was in every respect a success.

By a unanimous rising vote the Board of Supervisors of this county were requested to appropriate \$500 to supplement the fund already raised by the McComas chapter to erect a Confederate monument on the Court House Square at this place. Should this be done, work will be commenced on the monument at once.

under General Johnston, who was with the division the whole day until he was wounded late in the afternoon. Nor was it true, says General Smith, that "the division which bore my name was to advance on the right flank of the Union force which Hill and Longstreet should engage in front," as stated by Swinton. He quotes in corroboration of this General Johnston's order to General Whiting directing him "to be ready to move by the Nine-Miles road," and adds by way of explanation of any delay attending Whiting's movement that the head of his division was obstructed in its progress by Longstreet's troops across its line of march. Becoming impatient at the continued delay General Whiting sent to General Johnston for instructions, and received a reply stating that it was intended that Longstreet should precede him. General Smith's claims, therefore, as far as military criticism of the Confederate operations at the battle of Seven Pines is concerned, that he could not have been guilty, of slowness, as he had no special command whose movements he could accelerate, that his division was under Whiting, who was directly under Johnston all day, and that any delay attending the movement of Whiting's troops was due to the obstruction of their march by Longstreet's forces which, by General Johnston's own order, were to precede Whiting's.

With regard to the alleged slow movements of Huger's division, General Smith quotes from the official records to show that it was not true that Huger was ordered unconditionally "to attack in flank the troops who might be engaged with Hill and Longstreet." On May 30, 1862, at 8.40 P. M., General Johnston sent Huger written instructions, telling him to move as early in the morning as possible to relieve the brigade of General Hill's division on the Charles City road, so as to enable General Hill to concentrate on the Williamsburg road. He added that Huger, on reaching his position, should be ready, if an action should begin on his left, to fall upon the enemy's left flank. These were his first instructions, but subsequently, on May 31, the hour not stated, General Johnston wrote: "I fear that in my note of last evening I was too positive on the subject of your attacking the enemy's left flank. It will, of course, be necessary for you to know what force is before you first. As our main force will be on your left, it will be necessary for your progress to the front to conform at first to that of General Hill. If you find no strong body in your front, it will be well to aid General Hill, but then a strong reserve should be retained to cover our right." It is argued that these later instructions modified the first, and coupled the attack on the left flank with conditions that deprived the original orders of their imperative character. But apart from the somewhat hazy nature of the order, General Smith asserts that if Huger's division "did not go into action by 4 o'clock," it was "because General Longstreet did not require it, as it was in position and awaiting his orders."

General Smith puts the blame of the failure of the Confederate troops to be in position to make a simultaneous attack primarily on General Johnston, and secondarily on General Longstreet. "It was but little after midday, May 30, when General Johnston 'resolved' to attack as early as possible next morning. There was ample time for Huger's division to move out on the Charles City road, relieve the brigade of D. H. Hill's division on that road, and for that brigade to unite with the three brigades of D. H. Hill's division on the Williamsburg road before or very soon after dark (on May 30). There was nothing to prevent Longstreet's division from moving that afternoon or early that night." When Longstreet did move next morning, General Smith claims, he consumed much time in getting ready, proceeded by way of Huger's camp, near the east suburb of Richmond, instead of directly toward the enemy, and taking precedence of Huger's troops delayed their march. Between 10 and 11 o'clock, to quote from General Smith, "Longstreet had about 30,000 men under his control on the Williamsburg and Charles City roads. At that time, by authority of General Johnston he took command of Huger's division, in addition to his own and that of D. H. Hill. At 1 P. M. Hill's four brigades advanced to the attack. After more than two hours' hard fighting these four brigades, unaided, captured Casey's earthworks. In the meantime Longstreet held six brigades on the Charles City road, where there was no enemy." After stating in detail the positions of the various Confederate commands, he sums up by saying: "So, out of thirteen brigades in the right wing under the control of General Longstreet, he succeeded in putting five brigades in close action, and of these only one was from his own division, in which there were six brigades." In addition to Longstreet's alleged mismanagement in the handling of his troops he declares that Longstreet misunderstood General Johnston's orders and moved to the attack by the Williamsburg instead of by the Nine Miles road by which he was expected to proceed, thus adding to the general delay and confusion. He adduces the testimony of a number of witnesses besides the evidence of a letter from General Johnston, to show that the latter desired to suppress the fact of Longstreet's misunderstanding on this point, and concludes his review of the subject as follows: "Instead of action even at 4 o'clock the victory would have been more complete," General Johnston might well have said, "Had Longstreet put Keyes's corps into action at 4 o'clock and the victory over McClellan's left wing would have been complete."

In regard to his alleged failure to follow up the Confederate successes by a prompt renewal of the attack on June 1, when the wounding of General Johnston had placed him in command of the army, General Smith contends that the advantages gained were by no means so decisive as General Johnston supposed. There was, however, he maintains, considerable fighting on June 1, and in reply to a statement made by General Longstreet, in 1874, that he "did not remember to have heard of any fighting on the second day except a sharp skirmish reported by General Pickett," he quotes three notes from General Longstreet sent to him on that day, in which he made urgent appeals for help and expressed fears of being overwhelmed unless he received reinforcements.

A VALUABLE WORK

MR. CASKIE'S ADDRESS ON "TRIAL OF JOHN BROWN."

Was Delivered at the 1909 Meeting of the Virginia Bar Association—Editorial Comment From the Richmond Times-Dispatch.

The following editorial comment on an address delivered by Hon. George E. Caskie, of this city, at the 1909 meeting of the Virginia Bar Association on the trial of John Brown is taken from the Times-Dispatch:

THE TRIAL OF JOHN BROWN.

A most valuable and able contribution has been made to the legal history of Virginia by the Hon. Geo. E. Caskie, of Lynchburg, in the recent publication of his address on "The Trial of John Brown," which was delivered at the 1909 meeting of the Virginia Bar Association. This paper, which stresses the legal phrase of the trial of the famous Abolitionist, shows many evidences of careful research into the personal and political life of John Brown. Says Mr. Caskie: "The trial of John Brown did not establish any great legal principles, nor is it pre-eminent as a great legal battle, but the conditions out of which it grew were as momentous as those connected with any of the great contests which had preceded or which have followed it and place it well up in the list of important trials."

After reviewing Brown's early career and pointing out the ever-increasing intensity of his hatred for the slave holders of the South, Mr. Caskie gives in full the facts of the insurrection at Harper's Ferry. "Brown thought that the whole country should be aroused. He believed that the attack upon Harper's Ferry would be as a great bugle blast at which all of the slaves and their friends would rally, and, armed with rifles and pikes, would be practically invincible." The story of the siege and taking of the arsenal in which Brown and his confederates were entrenched is told, bringing out the interesting fact that Capt. J. E. B. Stuart, afterward the great cavalry leader of the Confederacy, was the first Virginian to recognize Brown, having known him in Kansas.

An illuminating comment is made by Mr. Caskie when he says:

"When Brown reached Harper's Ferry, his first act was to take possession of the United States property and to overpower and remove the United States guards found there. When finally captured, it was by United States troops upon United States property, after a fight in which one of the United States marines was killed. Were these occurrences to take place today, it will hardly be doubted that jurisdiction of the whole matter would be taken by the United States courts."

"As Brown was anxious for time

and doubtless would have preferred that his trial should be held as remote from the scene of his crime as possible, it seems strange that he and his friends did not make an effort to invoke the Federal jurisdiction. It only goes to show how the rights of the States were then regarded as paramount to even those of the General Government."

There was a preliminary examination of Brown and his associates by eight justices of the peace, according to law. The Commonwealth was represented by Charles Harding, the Commonwealth's attorney of Jefferson county, and Andrew Hunter, who was appointed special prosecutor. The court assigned C. J. Faulkner (who later declined to act) and J. Botts to defend the prisoners. The examination was uneventful and the prisoners were sent on to the grand jury. Brown made a statement to the court of a rather erratic nature, declaring that he wanted no "mockery of a trial."

It so happened that the Circuit Court of Jefferson county was about to open its fall session, and when it did so, a grand jury was impanelled and it returned five bills against Brown, Stevens, Coppoc, Copeland and Shields Green (the last two negroes for treason, advising and conspiring with others to rebel and for murder, each offense punishable with death).

The first day of the actual trial was devoted to the selection of the jury. "It is remarkable that in the condition of the public mind," says Mr. Caskie, "and the universality of the feeling, that twenty-four jurors free from exception, should have been obtained out of the first thirty-eight persons called."

It is interesting to note that the plea of insanity as a defense to punishment was in vogue. We are told by Mr. Caskie that on the second day Mr. Botts stated that he was in

Brown's family and he desired a short time to obtain the facts as to that information. While he was in the midst of his argument on this point, Brown rose from his cot—on which he lay in the court room—and denied "that there was any insanity in his father's family, denied that he was mentally defective, and took issue with the position of his attorney." Mr. Botts and Mr. Green, his other counsel, insisted on an investigation, but the Court ruled the request out, because there was no sworn statement as to the defense of insanity.

The evidence introduced was largely that of persons of the vicinage, who testified as to the acts of Brown and his associates. Correspondence with leading Abolitionist agitators was brought in, as well as the constitution and ordinances which had been framed by Brown for the government of his followers. The constitution had been adopted by a "Provisional Constitutional Convention" which met at Chatham, Canada, in 1858, and elected Brown commander-in-chief, of the army. He seems to have been the only one of the officers elected who even carried out any of his duties.

The third day of the trial took on a slightly sensational turn, when George Henry Hoyt, of Massachusetts, a very young man, arose in court and said that he had come to defend the prisoner. None, not even Brown, knew anything about him, and there was some contention as to whether he should be admitted as counsel; but he was finally allowed to do so.

While his attorneys had mapped out a fairly good line of technical defense for Brown, he insisted on directing the path to be followed. "The witnesses introduced for the defense were, for the most part, the gentlemen whom he had held as hostages, and the object of their testimony was

to show that he was humane and considerate in the treatment of his prisoners, and did not desire unnecessarily to shed blood. This, together with the testimony showing what he alleged to be the improper treatment received by the men sent by him to negotiate terms of surrender, was about all he had to offer."

When the defense had nearly closed its case, Brown arose and declared the trial a "farce;" his counsel were not to be relied on; and he demanded that the case be adjourned, and he be given further time.

As soon as he took his seat, Messrs. Botts and Green retired from the case, after "expressing their surprise and disgust at the reflection that had been made upon their conduct." Young Hoyt was left alone in the case, and was especially handicapped because "he had never expected to defend the prisoner, but was the advance agent of a party who contemplated a rescue, if the conditions were favorable, and had assumed the role of counsel solely in order that he might have access to the jail and prisoners." Hoyt explained his ignorance of the Virginia practice to the court and begged for a further delay. Messrs. Green and Botts, though they had ceased their connection with the case, volunteered to help the young man in the preparation of the case.

The delay asked for was given. The next day, Samuel Chilton, of Washington, and Hiram Griswold, of Cleveland, lawyers of ability secured by Brown's friends, appeared in court and were admitted as counsel for defendant. The day was consumed in arguments. The next day being Sunday, the court adjourned till Monday.

On the final day, the counsel on both sides made forceful speeches. After short absence, the jury returned with a verdict of guilty on all counts. Brown received the verdict with perfect composure. Two days later he was brought into court for sentence, and when asked by Judge Parker if he had anything to say why the court should not pass judgment upon him he made dramatic reply:

"I deny everything but what I have all along admitted, the design on my part to free slaves. I never did intend murder or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to make insurrection. I feel entirely satisfied with the treatment I have received in my trial. Considering all the circumstances, it has been more generous than I expected. But I feel no consciousness of guilt."

He was, after a pause, sentenced. His counsel entered three bills of exceptions, but the Court of Appeals later refused a petition for a writ of error. On December 2d he was executed.

In summing up, Mr. Caskie declares:

"Brown's efforts in behalf of the cause which he had espoused, so long as they exhibited themselves in proper ways and along proper lines, are not to be harshly criticised. But when he adopted a constitution and a set of ordinances so as to provide that his followers should disregard the laws of the State and the United States, and render allegiance to the government set up by him, and organized an army, however small and inefficient, to enforce his mandate, he was guilty of treason. When he gathered together a body of men, armed them with guns and pikes with which to kill and slaughter, and put that intention into effect, he became a murderer."

"He met with no mob violence. An able and impartial judge presided at his trial, able lawyers looked to his defense. Every fact was proven in evidence. His guilt was absolutely established, and whatever divergent view may have existed upon the question of slavery all fair and impartial minds must concede that the judgment was just."

These conclusions of Mr. Caskle accord with the facts, and establish his thesis that the trial was orderly and impartial, and that, though popular feeling against Brown ran high, it never once sought utterance. It was "no mockery of a trial."

OBSERVANCE OF STATE HOLIDAY

Arrangements for Lee-Jackson Day at Richmond.

SITE FOR BATTLE ABBEY

President Ellyson Talks of the Situation and Circumstances That Affect It—Verdict of Not Guilty in the Case of John W. Rowe.

Richmond, Va., January 18.—Besides the general observance of tomorrow as a State holiday, designated by the Legislature as Lee-Jackson Day, in commemoration of the birth of these great Southern generals, the day will be observed in several instances by special celebrations. A number of people left this morning for Washington to attend the celebration of the Confederate Veterans' Association, to be held in the national capital tonight and tomorrow night. The Knights of Columbus will also hold a celebration tomorrow night at which time General George L. Christian will deliver an address on General Lee. A number of Richmond veterans have been asked to attend the celebration to be held in A. P. Hill Camp in Petersburg tomorrow night. Memorial services will be held in Centenary church on Sunday morning, January 31, the Rev. J. N. Lathan to conduct the services and deliver the sermon. On account of the holiday every bank and public building in the city will be closed tomorrow and the majority of the business houses will declare a day off. The schools will close and the children turned loose for the day. The State library, capitol and city hall will be closed for the day. All the courts will also be closed except that of Justice Crutchfield, which is never closed except on Sundays.

Site for Battle Abbey.

In spite of the reports as to the selection of a site for the Confederate Museum building, popularly known as the Battle Abbey, J. Taylor Ellyson, president of the Confederate Memorial Association, which has the final judgment in all matters pertaining to the erection of the building, stated this morning that the matter has not come up for discussion in the association since the meeting in November. The resolutions of other societies in the city in regard to the site and building can only be taken as suggestions, the whole matter must be passed

which has the building of the Abbey in hand.

Mr. Ellyson stated this morning that the members of the Association were unanimous in the opinion that Monroe Park would be the most desirable site in Richmond, but on account of the opposition to that site on the part of the people of the city another selection would have to be made. In regard to the park he said that the building, being a museum and open only during stated hours, would interfere very slightly with the general use of the park. The building itself, as proposed at present, would not be of great size. The architects, who would design it would be instructed to make it as nearly architecturally perfect as possible and as beautiful as possible. The size of the building would be sacrificed to beauty. There would be no person living in the building. Only the offices of the officers who would have charge of the Abbey would be located in the building.

After the Monroe Park site the next most desirable was the High School site. It was proposed to purchase the property on either side of the High School, if the city would present the Association with the High School site, and beautify it. The Abbey would then be built on the present site of the High School. With the new High School and its grounds opposite, the location would be made very beautiful and desirable. The city, however, has made no promise to give the High School site, and the matter still stands in abeyance.

Mr. Ellyson states that if the city will not give a site one will necessarily have to be purchased, in which event very little money will be left for the construction of the building. If the city furnishes the site a desirable building can be erected with the money in hand. No action will be taken until either more money is obtained or the city or some other donor presents the Association with a suitable site.

To Preserve Historic Tree.

The board of directors of the Westmoreland Club have sent special messages to Washington for the purpose of securing the best known tree expert to preserve the life of the great weeping willow which adorns the yard of the club house. Probably no tree in the world has a prouder lineage or has been more closely identified with the great people of the earth than

the weeping willow which has been held for forty eight hours. On the second visit of General Lafayette to this country he brought with him a twig from the weeping willow which grew close beside the grave of the dead Napoleon. This twig was planted at the tomb of Washington, at Mount Vernon. Some twenty years ago E. V. Valentine, a prominent sculptor and some time friend of Edgar Allan Poe, brought to this city a small branch of the Washington tree, which was planted in the yard of Richmond's most exclusive social organization. Under the kindly care which it received the little branch sprouted fast, and in the score of years since it was given to mother earth has grown into a magnificent specimen. The Washington and Napoleon willows have long since been destroyed, and the Richmond scion of this worthy family is badly crippled. Every effort will be made to save the tree.

John W. Rowe Acquitted.

John W. Rowe, formerly bookkeeper and confidential clerk in the employ of J. B. Mosby & Company, was tried in the Hustings Court today on an indictment charging him with appropriating to his own uses fifty dollars belonging to that firm. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty, it being shown that the discrepancy was promptly made good when the tangle on Rowe's accounts were discovered and pointed out. Commonwealth's

tion, but after the trial remarked that it was almost impossible to secure a conviction in a case such as this.

The jury was inclined to the belief that there was no evidence to warrant an adverse verdict. It was shown that Mosby and Rowe had compromised whatever difficulty there was between them. Rowe left Richmond soon after his financial entanglement, and now holds a responsible position with a firm in a Northern city.

Circuit Court of Appeals Adjourns.

Richmond, Va., January 18.—The United States Circuit Court of Appeals reconvened this morning with Circuit Judge Pritchard in attendance. Court made and entered its order denying the petition for a rehearing in the following case:

No. 790. W. H. Boken, appellant, vs. John D. Kutzner and Alice Kutzner, appellees. Appeal from the Circuit Court at Bluefield, W. Va. Petition for a rehearing denied.

Court then adjourned until the first Tuesday in February.

A WARTIME FEAT.

BRIDGING OF THE GAULEY WITH THE ENEMY CLOSE BY.

Entertaining Account by Colonel Forsberg of a Thrilling Episode—Work That Made Possible the Successful Retreat of Floyd's Brigade

The meetings of Garland-Rode Camps, Confederate Veterans, of this city, are made extremely entertaining by the talks given by members concerning incidents of the war. The general aim is to bring out the personal experiences and observations of the speakers, and the narratives are frequently of thrilling interest. At a recent meeting, Colonel A. Forsberg gave an account of the campaign in West Virginia, and of the bridging of the Gauley river—a feat of bridge-building performed under staggering difficulties. The part of Colonel Forsberg's paper relating to this exploit is given below:

The duty has been assigned me to give you a talk on the subject of the campaign in West Virginia during the first year of the war between the States, and while poorly prepared for such a talk, I take pleasure in relating to the Camp some of my experiences.

To elucidate the subject, let me commence with a brief sketch of the military situation in the State of Virginia—especially the Northwestern part—at the time referred to.

[At this point Colonel Forsberg introduced a carefully prepared paper teeming with valuable statistics, on the series of events connected with West Virginia.] Continuing Colonel Forsberg said:

This series of historic events has been gathered from well known writers, from official statistics, and from my own knowledge.

Now I come to personal reminiscences centered about Carnifex ferry, or a talk about one of my first exploits in the service of the Confederacy. Let us go back to the month of August at Camp Jackson, near Wytheville, about which I had the pleasure to talk to you at a former occasion. General Floyd's brigade was organized in Southwestern Virginia for special service in the Kanawha Valley. For that purpose the General with two of his regiments and some cavalry advanced to White Sulphur Springs, where he expected to form a junction with the Fifty-first Regiment, leaving the Fifty-first Regiment, Colonel Wharton, to follow as soon as arms and accoutrements could be obtained. To this regiment I was first temporarily attached as drill-master when engineering services were required, and later as the commander. I had the honor to follow the fortune of those gallant and devoted men all throughout the war, even to the bitter end.

When ready for the field we took train for Bonsacks and encamped near at village waiting for our wagon train. While there measles broke out in the camp and in a few days the command was reduced to less than half its strength. Orders from the General and news of the battle of Knives and Forks, as General Wise facetiously termed the fair at Cross Lanes, hurried us on. Many pleasant recollections are associated with our first march by Fincastle, Covington, Lewisburg and Big Sewell mountain. In every town and village we met the most enthusiastic reception. It was like a triumphant march of a victorious host. Alas! in what condition and under what circumstances did not the same troops return in a few months!

The Gauley River.

We crossed Gauley river at Carnifex ferry and reported to headquarters early in September. After some rest my first employment in camp was to reconnoitre the position selected by the General as a "stand," and its surroundings. My observations were not satisfactory. On the north bank of the Gauley, several hundred feet above and about two miles from the river on a rugged plateau in the mountain the camp was located. Its flanks were well protected by nature, but heavily wooded land in front, was rather favorable to an enemy who could advance and deploy under cover. In the immediate rear of the camp were cliffs and precipices with a steep and tortuous mountain road leading to the river, where an ordinary ferry boat contributed the only means of transportation over a deep and rapid stream nearly four hundred feet wide.

Again, on the south side of the river was accessible to inroads of the enemy's forces stationed at Gauley bridge, or Kanawha Falls. To my inexperienced eye the situation looked anything but favorable, especially in case of an unavoidable retreat; and in the simplicity of my mind, I so expressed myself to the General, who in a very emphatic manner reminded me of the fact that

our object in coming there was to fight and not retreat.

My apprehensions may not have been shared by the General, but some afterwards he suggested the probability of having a bridge over the river to expedite the crossing of reinforcements. Of course I readily acquiesced in this proposition, but it was not to me how men and means could be obtained for the erection of such an enterprise, and respectfully I pointed out that question. "Why," was the answer, "look around you, see the magnificent timber in the woods on all sides; that better material could you want for a bridge, and as to labor I will give you one hundred men, if necessary."

Here was a dilemma that an engineer or a bridge builder would have considered a clever joke, but to me it was a serious matter, for practical impossibility was expected at my hands. The following morning, while noting the situation on the river, a liaison with forty men reported for duty, this working party was supplied with two axes.

A Perplexing Situation.

For a while I was greatly puzzled in contemplation of such a stupor as to attempt the construction of a bridge in such a place with no resources than the timber on the near side, fifty recruits and ten days. But there was no time for retired something had to be done, may question was, what?

The first suggestion to my mind was to improve the approach to the river and proceeding to do so, we had to move a large flat boat, placed on the bank apparently for the sake of the river. In turning over this boat we made a remarkable discovery. Underneath it was a lot of carpenters' tools, evidently hidden there by the enemy. This valuable find enabled me to have recourse to my original plan, and at once I directed a squad to cut suitable timber, which floated down the river, and by the end of day we had a fair supply of material near the ferry.

While this work was going on I had occasion to consider what structure I was about to erect soon concluded as a last resort a common trestle bridge. At the time it occurred to me that

desire retreat, the immediate de-
struction of the bridge was of utmost
importance, and to that end I deter-
mined to leave out longitudinal brace-
work which means the mere cutting
of sills at the landings would de-
stroy the stability of the bridge. Next
September 9th, the work commenced
earnestly, and the progress was sat-
isfying considering the numerous diffi-
culties under which we labored. Anoth-
er fortunate find cheered us greatly. A
mile from the ferry a sawmill
found where a lot of flooring could
be obtained, also a new tow-line, which
enabled me to double the capacity of
the ferry.
On the 10th, in the morning, I had an
early call to report at headquarters.
I was informed that scouts reported
enemy advancing in force, and
within a few miles of camp. It was
my duty to understand that the situa-
tion was precarious unless reinforce-
ments arrived in time and means to
cross the river established. I promised
to spare no effort in bringing about the
completion of the work, upon which
so much depended, so I hastened
to the river, where my men were al-
ready hard at work.
A little incident just here:
While pacing the river bank and con-
templating the probable issues of the
day an incipient headache admonished
me that I had neglected my creature
comfort. By my early start from camp
I was cheated out of breakfast. I was
late for supper the day before, and,
in fact, I had tasted no food for over
twenty-four hours. I was hungry, and
then and there, to appease my
pangs was a problem not easy to solve.
I called on the officer of the picket,
he could do nothing for me, and his
men were out of rations, except one,
from the depth of his haversack
he pulled out something in the shape of a
cracker or biscuit. He handed it to me with
remark, "If you can chew it, ye are
come."
perhaps some of you can recol-
lect characteristics of an old stale
cracker biscuit? This was a fair
one. I took it down to the water's
edge, placed it on a flat stone, and with
the tip of a round boulder, reduced it
to crumbs, which I took in the bottom
of my hand and soaked in the river;
soft enough for mastication I
and a sweeter morsel has seldom
passed my lips.
A Shell from the Enemy.
The excitement increased every
time the enemy advanced, reinforce-
ments expected every moment, and the
on the bridge going on briskly.
3 o'clock p. m., the Federals
I with artillery on the camp.
Hell passed over our heads. You
remember, perhaps, the sweet, mu-
sical sound of a Parrot shell, and its
upon men who had never been
before. One of my men, a young re-
cruit who had just joined the command,
rather demoralized, and in great
trouble called out: "Mister! I say,
wasn't that one of them things
all bums!"
Then, in a more composed man-
ner, he said, "Capt'n, I want you to let
me have this 'ere job."
"What is the matter?" I asked.
"It is the boys are fight-
ing in camp, and I want to go there
to take a hand."
"Right," I suggested, "finish your
job, and we will all go up and take
a hand."
I never seen men work harder.
5 o'clock the bridge was flooded
and went double quick up the moun-
tain "to take a hand in the fight."
I lived during the hottest part of
the engagement, and rejoiced to see
the men of the Fifty-first
their baptism of fire.
The dusk of the evening the last
of the day was repulsed, and the enemy
from our front. About the same
orders were received to prepare
treat under cover of the night.
The men had already been stretched and
packed. Special orders directed
the take charge of the movement
down the river.
By way down I found the narrow
road blocked by a wagon without
a driver. It was afterwards ascer-
tained that the teamster, in fear of
the danger, had cut the traces.
The horses and sought safety
in the brush. Other teamsters, anxious to
remove the obstruction by the
process of tumbling the wagon
down the precipice, and as the contents
down the mountain side, I re-

some trunks as my personal
property, which by mistake had been
sent to camp. These trunks contained
all my worldly goods south of Mason
and Dixon's line, save those on my
back, and now I had the misfortune to
see my poor possessions disappearing
from sight, perhaps finding a watery
grave in the Gauley. It was a hard lot,
but such is the fortune of war.
Down at the ferry the greatest activ-
ity prevailed, wagons and artillery
were crossed on the large flat boats,
and a number of horses had been tak-
en over the bridge, although it was in-
tended to use it exclusively for the in-
fantry. Some time before midnight the
troops were gradually withdrawn from
the temporary breastworks. Silently
they moved down the dark mountain
road like so many specters, and crossed
on the bridge, which I had illumina-
ted with torches. It was a weird scene,
worthy of an artist's pencil.
When the General and his staff pass-
ed I asked for a detail of men to destroy
the bridge and prevent pursuit. An
officer with twenty men were, for that
purpose ordered to remain with me.
Chopping Under Fire.
About dawn of day the last stragglers
had crossed the river. There was not a
moment to be lost—communication be-
tween the banks must be broken up, say,
at once. I looked around for my work-
ing party, but lo! they were all gone.
Now I was in a predicament that wam
my memory an event when, under the
hard to appreciate. On one side of the
river our army in full retreat, on the
other the enemy advancing in force, and
between them on the bridge, I was stand-
ing alone, and helpless as to means of
checking the enemy and saving our
men. In a frantic effort to do some-
thing I seized an axe, knocked off some
flooring and commenced cutting one of
the sills.
Just then I noticed a little ahead of
me something like pebbles dropping in
the water. What could it be? I looked up
and there in the distance, far off on one
of the high cliffs, some Federals were
firing at me. This stimulated me to still
greater effort. I swung my axe as more
than my life depended on the issue, but
the task was too much for me—my
strength failed, and my heart was
sinking within me in despair. When
suddenly help appeared from an unsus-
pected source. Two men of the detail
which had deserted me during the
night, returned to their duty. They were
experienced axemen, and with their
help I soon had the sills cut. Then with
the aid of a rope and a lever we im-
parted a rocking motion to the bridge,
which soon fell with a crash and was
speedily swept out of sight by the rapid
stream. We then cut the tow-lines and
scuttled the boats. Now the river was
clear, and Floyd's army safe.
Many years have passed since the
events I have just narrated, and, like
similar details of warfare, not of such
importance as to merit a place in his-
tory, they will soon be forgotten. But
the participants in the struggle of those
"days that tried men's souls" cannot
readily forget the trials and perils to
which they were exposed.
Colonel Peters' Letter.
The affair at Carnifax ferry is yet
lingering in the memory of some sur-
viving members of that gallant little
brigade. Only recently I received a let-
ter from a valued friend, Colonel Wil-
liam E. Peters, of the University of
Virginia, who, at the time referred to,
was Adjutant General of the army of
Kanawha, hear what he says:
"The events of the Gauley campaign
are vividly impressed upon my memory.
I was at the time of the battle of Gau-
ley General Floyd's Adjutant General.
He had on the day of the battle 800
men. His position was very strong. It
could not be flanked. If carried this
had to be done by attack in front. Col-
onel McCausland and his regiment was
on outpost duty in the direction of
Cheat mountain, the theatre of Gen-
eral Lee's operations, who was con-
fronted by General Rosecrans. About 5
o'clock a. m. on the day of the battle
Colonel McCausland sent a courier an-
nouncing that he was falling back be-
fore a large force, numbering not less
than 12,000 men. This intelligence was
repeated about 7 o'clock a. m.
"In the rear of General Floyd's bri-
gade was the Gauley river, a rapid and
dangerous stream without a bridge.
The enemy was rapidly advancing, and
there was no time to retreat and no
way of retreating. It was then that I

suggested to General Floyd that you,
whom I know to be an able engineer,
might offer some useful suggestions.
You were requested to report at the
General's headquarters. Our condition
was laid before you. You promptly re-
plied that if we could hold our position
you would bridge the river by 3 o'clock
p. m. A detail of 100 men with axes
were placed at your service. The bridge
was completed by 2:30 p. m.—a bridge
adequate for all purposes—a feat not
paralleled by any during the war. There
can be no question that the bridge saved
the brigade.
Our small force held their position
against 12,000 Federal troops until night,
when they withdrew across the Gauley.
The battle of the Gauley was remarka-
ble; not surpassed, in the gallantry of
the Confederates, by any of the war.
"With sincere esteem, I remain
"Your friend,
"W. E. PETERS."
"I ought to have stated that the Gau-
ley, at the point where it was spanned
by the bridge, constructed by you, was
about 200 yards wide. That was a won-
derful feat of engineering skill. It saved
the brigade beyond all question. Floyd
could not have withstood attack of the
Federal army next day. Rosecrans had
some twenty or twenty-five pieces
of artillery.
"W. E. P."
Testimonials like these, I need not
say, are priceless to me, for they give
me the assurance of duty performed,
and, moreover, they serve to keep fresh
in my memory an event when, under the
guidance of Providence, I was instru-
mental in saving a number of my Con-
federate friends from capture and im-
prisonment, or a deadly struggle.
DAUGHTERS TAKE FAITHFUL PART
Mrs. James Y. Leigh Appointed as National Representative at Mrs. Davis's Funeral.
LYNCHBURG'S DELEGATES
Alexandria Pays Solemn Tribute as the Train Passes That City.
[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]
NORFOLK, VA., October 18.—Mrs. James Y. Leigh, president of Pickett-Buchanan Chapter, Daughters of the Confederacy, and a national officer of the United Daughters, to-day received a telegram from Mrs. Lizzie G. Henderson, president-general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, appointing her to represent the national body at the funeral of Mrs. Jefferson Davis to-morrow. Mrs. Leigh accepted the appointment and leaves for Richmond to-morrow morning.
W. W. Old, Jr., commander of the Virginia Division, United Sons of the Confederacy, to-day received a telegram from Thomas M. Owen, of Montgomery, Ala., commander-in-chief of the United Sons of Veterans, informing him of the appointment of the following from Virginia to represent the Sons' headquarters at the funeral to-morrow: W. W. Old, Jr., of Norfolk; E. P. Cox, of Richmond, and E. Leslie Spence, Jr., of Richmond.
Brigadier-General Theodore S. Garnett, commanding the United Confederate Veterans in Virginia, who, under appointment from general commander-in-chief, has in charge the civic and military arrangements for the United Confederate Veterans' participation in the funeral of Mrs. Jefferson Davis to-morrow afternoon, left this afternoon for Richmond where he will immediately confer with the local committee of arrangements, after which he will issue an official order designating the positions of the various civic, military and other organizations that will appear in the funeral procession.

Commander William H. Stewart was
appointed the following Past Commanders
of Stonewall Camp, C. V.,
Portsmouth, to attend the funeral of Mrs.
Jefferson Davis, which takes place at
Richmond on Friday, the 19th instant:
Judge James F. Crocker, Judge Leigh R.
Watts, Colonel H. C. Hudgins, Captain C.
T. Phillips, Captain James H. Toomer,
Hon. John W. H. Porter, Captain C. W.
Walker, Colonel R. C. Marshall and Ser-
geant L. P. Slater.
Messrs. E. L. Cox, James E. Howard,
Rev. J. A. Speight, Captain W. H. Kirby,
Captain J. S. Whitworth O. M. Lynch
and Dr. Wallace have been appointed by
Niemeyer-Shaw Camp, Confederate Vet-
erans, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Jef-
ferson Davis in Richmond to-morrow.
CONFEDERATES GATHER AGAIN
Mr. A. W. Hawks' Pen Picture of Their Recent Reunion.
MAJOR'S OLD UNIFORM
Pathetic Incident of a Journey to Dallas—Contents of Paste-board Box.
[Special Correspondence of the Sunday Herald]
Fort Worth, Tex., April 21.
"Crowns of roses fade,
Crowns of thorns endure."
When I took the train at Stuttgart,
Ark., I thought I was going to Manquin,
Okla.
The train was jammed, jammed and
packed. They ought to have had the
S. R. O. sign out, but they did not.
People were all over the cars and under
them, and at every station 50 more got
on and 763 came down to the station to
see them off.
It was the most unanimous crowd I
have ever seen. They were all going to
one place, and that was Dallas, to the
reunion.
I was to change at Texarkana for Fort
Worth, but when I arrived there, three
hours late, I was told that there was no
car for Fort Worth.
I said to Mr. Wells, the polite and
accommodating agent: "Where will I find
the Fort Worth sleeper?"
"The Fort Worth sleeper goes to Dallas
tonight, sir."
"But I do not want to go to Dallas."
"That's the only way you can reach
Fort Worth. Everything goes to Dallas
tonight."
So I got an upper berth in a crowded
car.
The train was a study. Crowds of men
in gray clothes. Everybody had a U. V.
C. badge on; the red, white and red was
everywhere; boys and girls, lads and
lasses, boy babies and girl babies, all
wearing the colors.
The words kept ringing in my heart
and through my head:
"Crowns of roses fade,
Crowns of thorns endure."
There was one old gentleman from
Tennessee. He was 75 years old.
He came to me and said:
"I know you now, and I knew your
father in the army. You are going to
Dallas? Not going? Why it's a duty you
owe your country, sir. I followed Stone-
wall until he died, sir. Surrendered at
Appomattox. Have two sons in the
Philippines. This is my wife, sir, and
there are my three daughters. This one
is named Roberta Lee. That batch of
youngsters are my grandchildren and the
baby is named Thomas Jefferson Stone-
wall Jackson, sir, and we always call him
by his full name. Will you eat some-
thing? We brought our rations with us,
sir. My wife fried this chicken and made
these biscuits. Help yourself, sir. Yes,
sir; I was a major when the war closed,
and took Marse Robert's advice, went
home and went to work, and the Lord
prospered me. We make a good
living and go to the reunion every year.

roll call. He fought a good fight. We will miss him. Gordon is getting a bit feeble, but I trust he will be with us at many reunions." All the time the old gentleman held on tight to a large paste-board box.

"Finally I told him good-night. He had packed his family away for the night. He gave me a hearty good-night, saying:

"I can't sleep in these stuffy things. I will sit up and think about old times."

Early the next morning I found my old friend sprucing up. He gave me a cheery greeting and said:

"Do you want to see my coat, sir, and help me on with it? I want to surprise the folks when they wake up."

With trembling hands he untied the strings, opened the box and very tenderly and carefully took out an old Confederate major's coat. It was faded and a wee bit moth-eaten, but the gold lace had been brightened up. I helped the old gentleman put it on, buttoned it up for him and cried like a child.

"Why, young man," he said, "don't cry. It's not to cry about, it's to be proud of. I am going to be buried in it."

"Crowns of roses fade.
Crowns of thorns endure."

He went in and woke up the children first. They tumbled out, crying:

"Oh! look at grandpa in his uniform!" He was the proudest, happiest man I ever saw. When he left us at Dallas he stepped out as briskly to the music of "Dixie" as he did back in the 60s.

I found the station at Fort Worth decorated with the "Star-Spangled Banner" and the red, white and red, and as the soft wind stirred them they embraced. At the Hotel Worth they were trying to take care of the overflow from Dallas. Cots were everywhere. Long and late in the night I listened in the lobby to war talk and tales of the glories of the 60s.

The next morning at the breakfast table a gentleman from New York said to me:

"These people make a heap of fuss over this reunion. I am afraid they are not very loyal."

"They are," I said, "the most loyal people on earth—loyal to the Union and loyal to their memories. The Confederate veterans will fight for the flag as quickly as the G. A. R. will."

Just then a band went by playing "My Old Kentucky Home." I went to the window. It was raining softly, silently. Down the street went a long line of old men in gray. Above them floated an old tattered and torn Confederate battle flag. They kept step well, and their silver-covered heads were held erect.

Oh, how it all came back to me!

I saw the boy leaving home. I saw him living on scant rations reading the letters from home telling of privations there. I saw him on the forced march, in the fight, in the charge, in the battle line, in the hospital, in the prison. I saw him, bowed and worn out, stagger home from Appomattox. And then I saw him put back the tears, forget the heartache and go to work to rebuild his shattered fortune. And now, years afterward, he puts on the old coat and proudly marches.

"Crowns of roses fade.
Crowns of thorns endure."

I believe the man who is conquered is truer to his memories than the man who conquers.

These old men will be buried in their gray uniforms and to all eternity be true to the principles for which they fought and starved.

A. W. HAWKS.

CHIVALROUS AND HONORABLE.

Gen. H. G. Gibson's Tribute to and Recollection of Calhoun Benham.

Editor Post: The correspondence and discussion in your columns of decent dates in regard to the status of the late Col. Calhoun Benham as a paroled citizen suspected of an intention to take up arms against the Federal government has deeply and painfully interested me. I am gratified, however, to say that my recollection, knowledge, and opinion of the matter agrees with that of your correspondent, Charles S. Hill, that Calhoun Benham did not violate his parole (justly or unjustly required of him) by bearing arms in defense of the lost cause.

Calhoun Benham and myself had been warm and intimate personal friends from the golden days of '49, and more especially during the last five or six years of my sojourn in California. Our friendship grew out of my relations with his compadres in Mexico, the late Senator Pugh, of Ohio, and the late Judge Mosher of Oregon, both of whom were officers with him in the same company and regiment from Ohio in the city of Pueblo in Mexico, and from my subsequent acquaintance, just before my embarkation for the new El

Dorado, with his sister, Lady Fairfax, afterward the wife of Charles Snowdon, Fairfax, of the Barony of Fairfax and Cameron in the peerage of Scotland. Our friendship was cemented and strengthened by frequent association, by congeniality of temper and feeling, and full accord of social and political sympathies. When elsewhere glowed and flamed with fervor or separated, although we differed widely as to the right, wisdom, and expediency of the act of secession, our friendship never wavered, abated, or lessened. After the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln and the subsequent summer as commander of the region on the Pacific, the feeling of internecine contention, conflict, and strife grew more intense and bitter, and devoted friends each of the other, and one knew not what or might not mean. There came a political dividing line in the Golden State between North and South, like the dividing geographic line of Maryland and Pennsylvania. The troops on the Pacific coast had been concentrated at San Francisco preparatory to their departure for the East to carry on the war so inauspiciously begun at Bull Run in July, '61. The bitter antagonism between Northern and Southern grew more intense, and arrests of prominent citizens were threatened.

In a dilemma resulting from this condition of affairs, as my relations with him had always been frank and cordial, Calhoun Benham came to me and said that Dr. Gwin, the late Senator from California, and himself were anxious to go East, but that the popular feeling was such that they apprehended arrest en route. He told me also that Gen. Sumner, who was to embark with the troops on the next steamer, had been approached on the subject, and had stated that he should not molest Dr. Gwin and his friends en voyage. I said him that I was satisfied that Gen. Sumner was no doubt honest at the moment in giving that assurance to Dr. Gwin, but that before they could reach the isthmus, some one with more zeal and loyalty than discretion would instigate their arrest. When I told Benham this, he asked: "But when can I go?" I replied that I could not then foretell, but in view of the then prevalent excitement, it would not be safe for him to board old "Bull Sumner" in his corral of troops or the lion in his den. Nevertheless they did so, and the result was as I had predicted. Gen. Sumner was persuaded to order their arrest, and carried them, corraled by his troops, across the neutral territory of New Grenada against its futile protest.

I embarked myself for the East on the second steamer after Benham's departure, to take part in the honors and glories of flagrant war, which "politicians for their own evil purposes had inaugurated." I reached Washington some time in December, and after establishing myself in camp, one evening with Lieut. (now general) Dundy (who had been detailed to search the suspects' baggage upon their arrest), I went to call on Benham (of whose arrest and release I had heard on my arrival from California), at Welcker's or Wormley's—I do not now recall which. We found him with Mr. Samuel Butterworth, of New York, at dinner, and after the other two gentlemen had gone, Benham and I had a long talk together, and he spoke frankly and confidently. I felt satisfied, though he did not so tell me, that he would, sooner or later, take part with his people, as he called them, and if there had been any complication, obstacle, or obligation in the way I am confident that he would have referred to it. I am also confident from my knowledge of his personal character that had any obligation been exacted from him he would not only have mentioned it to me, but religiously kept it. It was not in his nature to be untrue to any obligation—to be untrue to any man—and though he is dead, his marked characteristic of a chivalric sense of honor, speaks for him. After leaving the hostelry Benham and I walked and talked until we reached the corner of the avenue opposite Willard's, where we parted—the writer to go to Gen. Ingalls' rooms close by, and Benham, whither I knew not, beyond the night. Soon after I learned he crossed the river into Dixie and took his stand under the standard of the mighty host then beleaguering the Capital. I did not meet Calhoun Benham again until the close of the war, at Louisville, and thereafter meeting occasionally in New York, where he had come on professional business from California. Frank and free and confiding with me, at some time or other he would have spoken of any alleged bar sinister on his escutcheon. I grieved at his death, but I should grieve still more if I believed that there was the slightest stain upon that escutcheon—the arms of a gallant soldier of Mexico and of the lost cause—a noble gentleman.

H. G. GIBSON.

February 12.

GEN. BOYNTON.

The gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article will deliver the stated address to the Society of the Army of the Cumberland at the Stone Church, tonight. Those who are fortunate enough to obtain

seats in the church will hear one of the most instructive and valuable discourses they ever listened to. We regret that there is no auditorium in the city capacious enough to accommodate the crowd that ought to hear the able, eloquent gentleman.

Gen. Boynton is one of the best friends Chattanooga ever had. Aside from his attachment to the place as the scene of his notable military services, he believes in the town as one of the most promising young cities of the country, and he has never hesitated, on proper occasion, to say this in a way to be of benefit to us, to the city's growth.

His initiation of the great Chickamauga-Chattanooga Military Park has been with him a labor of love for the gallantry of his countrymen and his attachment to the location. This, of course, was not with the primary purpose of benefiting the city, but to memorialize American valor for the instruction of future generations, no less than to do justice to the generation that fought in the civil war; but an inevitable incident of the movement was, and will continue for all time to be, of immense importance to the growth and greatness of the city, and no man of us all can be gladder or prouder that this is so, than is Gen. Boynton. He likes the place; it is endeared to him as places are always endeared to the brave and loving patriot where he endured privation and danger for his principles and his country.

When Gen. Boynton entered, almost single handed, upon the task of having created a great national mecca, and a great national historic object lesson on the once bloody field of Chickamauga, all who knew him felt sure of his success. His espousement of the scheme brought to its support the most thoughtful and enterprising representatives of both Southern and Northern States. Its plan, a product of his vigorous mind and broad views, was of the most generous catholic, comprehensive character. With out taint of sectionalism, it discriminated in nothing; was to be (as it will be) a magnificent composite monument, raised to the memory of American courage, patience, endurance, as well as the perpetuation in imperishable marble and bronze, in the eternal forests and the soil that drank the heroic blood, of the story of two American armies.

This park, with its approaches and adjuncts, will stand unique. There is no other like it in civic or military parks or memorials. Its physical scope is larger and its moral purpose greater than that of any rival. It may be imitated, it can never be equaled.

Its foundation and its future the country will owe to the patriotic impulse and great influence of Gen. Boynton, more than to any other or all others, though he has been aided, as we say, by many of the influential citizens of all States and sections.

It will prove a most powerful factor in the advancement, not alone of Chattanooga, but a beneficence to the Central South; an attraction to bring thousands of visitors to view its beauties and drink in its lesson, and many of these will be induced, by the grand scenery, the progressive spirit and prosperity of our young city, to cast their lot with us.

To the father of all this the people most signally benefited owe thanks—living, and a monument to his memory when he shall obey the final summons.

A CRISIS IN OUR HISTORY.

(Richmond Evening Journal.)

Yesterday was the anniversary of First Manassas, that great battle of '61, in which the Confederates achieved a signal triumph, which it might have followed up with the capture of Washington and the acknowledgment of the independence of the Southern Confederacy. The Alexandria Gazette, in yesterday's issue, recalls the scenes in Alexandria before and after the battle—contrasting the passage South through the city of the Federal Army, confident and boastful,

and the return rout through the field of battle on the back across the Potomac. We quote from the Gazette:

"Today is the forty-eighth anniversary of the first battle of Manassas, fought on Sunday, July 21, 1861, when Bee and Bartow fell and Jackson, by his soubriquet of 'Stonewall,' the Confederate forces were under the command of Beauregard and the Federal in superior numbers, under McDowell. For days prior to the fight thousands of Federal troops and hundreds of cannon passed through the city with the cry 'On to Richmond!' the soldier, causing terror among the Southern people left in the city by their threats of the annihilation of the South. Early in the day the booming of distant cannon could be heard in this city, the sounds becoming more distinct as the evening came on, but at night that a battle had been fought, but the result was unknown and people went to bed awaiting the news the morrow would bring. There were rumors of a Federal victory that night, and the Washington and Baltimore papers which reached here early that next morning declared that the Federal forces had vanquished the Confederates, and were 'On to Richmond.' But a few hours, however, told a different tale. Then the head of the worst routed army in history, the city with but one desire, and there was to put the Potomac river between them and the Confederates. This continued all day, and the scenes of July 22, 1861, are still vivid in the memory of the older inhabitants of Alexandria. The Federals had met the Confederates on the day before and had been defeated and routed. Beauregard was in full pursuit, when Joe Johnson, who had arrived with his troops on the field, took command and decided not to pursue the Federals any farther. There is no doubt in the mind of any soldier on either side in the battle that if Johnson had continued the pursuit he could have captured Washington with his victorious army—and then the history of the country might have been changed. Who knows?"

DENIES SNIPING CHARGE

Col. John S. Mosby Writes to the London Times.

Washington, D. C., April 19.—The famous Confederate raider, Colonel John Singleton Mosby, who is now in his 82d year, writes to the London Times from Washington, under date of December 19, a remarkable letter, in which he denies the charge of sniping in the American Civil War.

The Times on November 14 has printed a letter from George Haven Putnam, of New York, in regard to the question of sniping in Belgium. In the course of this letter, Mr. Putnam said:

"In the Shenandoah Valley, in 1864, day the crippled old farmers whom we saw in the day time hobbling around their fields became at night active Federal raiders with Mosby and rarely troubled themselves to change their garments. I do not believe, however, that any attempt was made either in the Shenandoah Valley or elsewhere (except in the case of a man shown to be a spy) to make the absence of uniform a ground for the execution of the citizen who was using his rifle to defend his home."

In reply to this letter, Colonel Mosby wrote:

"The homes of a large portion of my command were not in the region where we operated; many of my men were from Maryland. There were some Canadians who joined us for love of adventure. I was never in the Shenandoah Valley before the war; my home was more than 100 miles away. The Union cavalry knew

were thought worthy of citizenship the republic. The accounts between the two races are not one-sided. When the balance is struck it will be found that the obligation is on the side of the negro. We do not underrate their services to the country, but they have received much more than they have given. To return to the pension question, the negroes may as well dismiss the idea of ever receiving pensions from the Federal government. It is a forlorn hope.

BENNET YOUNG'S GREAT SPEECH.

A Gettysburg special of the 1st instant to the Philadelphia Public Ledger, thus described General Bennet H. Young's great speech delivered Tuesday before the Confederate and Federal veterans:

"The speech was made before an assemblage of Union and Confederate veterans, the Union men greatly in the majority, and before a distinguished gathering of prominent men.

The tears not only came from the veterans, they fell unashamed from the eyes of Secretary of War Garrison, Major General Leonard Wood, United States Army; Governor Tener, George F. Baer, president of the Reading Railway Company, and scores of others. General Young struck the keynote of the anniversary celebration and he struck with shafts of accuracy.

When he concluded, what a scene there was! What a picture! Up from his chair jumped Commander-in-Chief Alfred B. Beers, of the Grand Army of the Republic. He grasped General Young and wrung his hands. Both were laughing and crying. And so they stood on that platform with hands clasped, the leaders of the Blue and of the Gray, while Senators of the United States, Governors, a member of the President's Cabinet, statesmen and judges, yelled lustily and wiped mists from their eyes.

And so they stood, a noble tableau, while the thousands of veterans in the big tent jumped around, got on chairs, cheered, the famous rebel yell mingling with the cries of the North.

It was a pure distillation of patriotism, a demonstration evoked by the revelation sent home in crashing words by General Young that Amer-

ica has entered into a new era of national life, an era whose slogan is 'One for all and all for one.'

The Secretary of War had made a speech, the Governor of Pennsylvania had made a speech. They were good speeches, and they evoked applause, but it was General Young who brought the thrills, the big message of South to North.

A great tribute of appreciation was tendered to the State of Pennsylvania, its people and its Governor by the veterans. Secretary of War Garrison delivered a splendid address, and Governor Tener gave a talk from the heart. But it was General Young, of the Confederates, and Commander Beers, of the G. A. R., who were the great central figures.

General Young wore the officer's frock coat, with its double rows of buttons on his soldierly chest, from which hung medals for valor. His hair is silvered and his voice is golden. He is a tall, straight man, with the true patrician Southern face. He did not take long to warm the hearts of his auditors.

He had scarcely been introduced by Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker, chairman of the Pennsylvania Commission, when the band crashed into "Dixie," and from all parts of the vast tent came thousands of yells. General Young stood erect until the demon-

stration was over. All the others had read their addresses, but not so General Young. He spoke from the heart and he spoke extemporaneously. He said:

"I am half a thousand miles away from home, but all the same I am at home. This is my home, this country of ours, America.

"There can be no better guarantee of the perpetuity of this nation than this assemblage here today. It is the birth of the new America.

"We love our country not because of the great war, but because of what has happened since the war. It is not only an American but a world-wide message, this spectacle of two hostile armies meeting as brothers on the field where they killed and maimed each other.

"For this splendid spirit you men of the North deserve more credit than we of the South. You—"

From all over the tent came cries of "No, no!" from Union veterans, for all were in generous mood. General Young waited for the cries to stop.

"I say yes," he said. "I know better than you. You inaugurated this great reunion movement, we men of the South only had to come to it. Thank God you didn't ask us to come with apologies or regrets for what we have done. If any Confederate veteran comes here with regrets on his lips, his uniform should be stripped from him.

"Nor do we ask you to come with apologies. Principle was involved and you fought for it, and we fought for it. We did not lose because we were wrong. We lost because the North had more men, more money, more resources; but not more courage. Thank God we had plenty of that.

"You men of the North had your great generals, your Grants, your Meades, your Sheridans and a hundred others, but we believe that Robert E. Lee, soldier and statesman, was the greatest production of humanity.

"And we had Stonewall Jackson, that saintly warrior who wrestled in prayer. You cherish yours, we'll cherish ours. These memories are ours, we love them more than life itself.

"We come here with unshaken faith in our cause. We wouldn't come any other way and you wouldn't want us to come any other way. We wouldn't be brave men if we did. Don't put but we did our dearest and angels but we did our dearest and angles could do no more.

"We're here, we of the South, and we are Americans, and we are here to tell the North so and to shake hands and let the dead past bury its dead. We are alive and we are all brothers, of a common blood, and we'll fight for our country and die for it gladly. That is the South's message to the North.

"I expect you'll say that's an intensely Southern spirit, but that's the kind of spirit I know. To get anything here in Gettysburg you have to be either a governor or a Gray, and the Grays are getting more than the governors. I desire to thank Pennsylvania's people for the gracious welcome to us. My hand has been shaken until it is sore. We Southerners shall carry the story of your matchless generosity home with us. Pennsylvania has done what no other Commonwealth ever did, and it did it in the biggest way possible. It must be a great State, with a great people, a great governor, to do what it has done. I am here as the representative of the South, and I thank you

for what you have done for me and for my people. I am here as the representative of the South, and I thank you for what you have done for me and for my people. I am here as the representative of the South, and I thank you for what you have done for me and for my people.

ON THE DECORATION OF THE CONFEDERATE GRAVES.

Well may they come a countless throng,
With eager hands to spread
Fresh flowers upon the honored graves
Of the Confederate dead.

They crowned them oft in triumph when
With old Stonewall they trod,
But prouder now they are to strew
Bright flowers upon their sod.

For in that crowd there is not one
Who would not say with pride
Of father, husband, or of son,
'Twas for the South he died.

Well may they come in thousands thus,
With every spring's bright hours
To crown their fallen soldier's graves,
With fair and fragrant flowers.

They flung them wreaths and laurels, when,
As champions of the South,
They marched, barefooted, ragged men,
Unto the cannon's mouth.

Thrice hallowed and immortal now
Their proud and glorious fame;
And sacred to each mourner's heart
Is now the rebel name.

Yes, dearer the Confederate dead,
Youth, age and manhood's pride,
That when with shouts of victory
They once fought side by side.

Fame speaks not where in triumph waves
The Federal flag unfurled,
Its glory from the "rebel" graves
It blazons to the world.

In years to come the mother shall
Teach infant lips to call
A blessing on the hallowed names—
Jeff. Davis and Stonewall.

And Southern sons upon the fields
Where their forefathers bled,
Will have for Freedom's battle-cry,
"The brave Confederate dead."

The conquerors are not those who flaunt
Their banners now in pride,
They are the heroes of the South
MORGAN'S RAID

(Wall Street Journal.)

Preparedness advocates thus far have overlooked the striking parallel between the complacency of the present day and the security felt by citizens of Ohio and Indiana 53 years ago, prior to Morgan's raid. President Wilson said recently that no man knows what the events of a single day may bring forth.

Ohio and Indiana felt secure in the spring of 1863. The North had more than 500,000 troops in the field, with large numbers of militia under training. The war had lasted nearly two and a half years. More than 100,000 men were in arms at one place or another, to catch General John H. Morgan. The Northern commanders had every advantage in the way of transporting troops, obtaining information and disposing forces to intercept or oppose him.

Nevertheless General Morgan crossing the Ohio River into Indiana on

July 8, 1863, with 2,400 effective men and four small pieces of artillery, passed through Salem, Vienna, Lexington and Vernon, Indiana, entered Ohio at Harrison, passed through the outskirts of Cincinnati, visited Williamsburg, Wilkesville and reached Pomeroy, on the Ohio River, on July 13. Had the river not risen at a most unusual time, Morgan and his forces would have effected their escape by fording the river into Tennessee at the very point where he had contemplated recrossing it.

If such an insignificant force against such odds could avoid a decisive battle for 12 days and could escape capture for 18 days, surrendering July 26 near the Pennsylvania line, it requires little imagination to believe that a force of veterans from any one of the armies now contending in Europe, landing on our coast 100,000 strong, properly outfitted and using railroads, motor cars and other conveniences of modern transportation,

might dominate the triangle from Boston to Rock Island on the Mississippi and Newport News and keep their sea communications open, with in that arc are concentrated practically all our steel manufacturing and our facilities for producing munitions of war.

With Morgan's raid there was no trace of "frightfulness," little private property was destroyed. The raid, however, demonstrated what irreparable damage might have been done. War today, as conducted by at least one of the belligerents, carries with it an organized devastation never before witnessed in the history of the world. Remember that the United States has never been so well prepared as it was in July, 1863. Present conditions of the army and navy are only too well known. Who dares doubt that history could repeat itself?

GLIMPSE OF SLAVERY TIMES.

Mr. Samuel H. Miller Writes Interestingly of Negro Attendant of His Youthful Days.

A recent issue of the Philadelphia Record contains the following interesting article from the pen of Mr. Samuel H. Miller, of this city. The article is accompanied by half a page of more in newspapers.

When I was 10 years old I lost my sight by an accident, which rendered me totally and permanently blind. My father, who owned many slaves, gave me a boy for my constant attendant. It was his duty to go with me wherever I went and lend me the use of his eyes. We rambled through the fields and woods, along with the other boys, taking part in all their sports, climbing trees, swimming in the river, riding horses and, in short, amusing ourselves in all the ways known to boys in the country. Some of the other children taught Alek his letters and I taught him to read. This accomplishment doubled his value to me. He learned rapidly, and soon became a good reader; in fact, he read better than the average educated man. He was always at my command, but the work was not so hard, nor so constant as working in the field. He read not only histories and biography, but such books as Butler's Analogy, Cousin's Philosophy, Hamilton's Philosophy, Whateley's Logic and Locke's essay on the Human Understanding. These books were like so much Greek to him, but still he read them well. He took more interest in such books as Prescott's and Motley's histories, and still more in Newspapers.

When I grew up I entered the profession of journalism, and established a paper in the thriving town of Danville, Va. Alek was then invaluable to me. He read my exchanges for me, and he could get through a big pile of papers in a shorter time and with more satisfaction than anyone else, because he knew just how I wanted it done. Alek was very vigilant, and would never let anyone take advantage of me. Many people have the disagreeable habit of testing the ability of a blind man to recognize them by their voice. Alek would never allow them to put me to that test. Sometimes they would wink at him, but he never understood the signal to keep silence.

Though Alek would not allow others to take advantage of me, he sometimes played me shabby tricks himself. One day I told him to get me a certain pair of pants. He looked all through the wardrobe, apparently with much care, and did not find them. He said he thought I must be mistaken, and then I described them more minutely than before. My friend, Mr. Wade, who happened to be in the room heard me describe the pants and laughingly said, "Why Alek has them on now." Alek answered with an air of surprise and innocence. "Oh, these! I did not think you would want these any more."

said nothing about it at the time.

Alek was in a position to keep well-informed on current events, and naturally took much interest in politics, especially in the exciting campaign of 1860. He declared himself a Douglass Democrat. I, too, was a Democrat up to that time, but I became disgusted with the party for throwing away the victory, by dividing in the face of the enemy, and decided to vote for Bell and Everett, with the forlorn hope that the conservative sentiment of the country would support the compromise ticket with its short platform, "The Union, the constitution and the enforcement of the laws," but the hope was vain. I was much opposed to secession, but when the inevitable collision came I was an ardent Confederate. My physical infirmity alone pre-

GIVE BUST TO STATE.

Indianapolis, Ind., June 9. — Veterans of the armies of the Confederacy today honored the memory of a gallant Union soldier, when their representatives presented to the State of Indiana a bust of Col. Richard Dale Owen. Colonel Owen was in command at Camp Morton, near Indianapolis in 1862 when the men who have donated the bust were numbered among the Confederate prisoners there. They carried away with them appreciative recollections of the courtesy and consideration which the commander showed them, while they were his involuntary guests.

Indiana made a place in her State house for the bust and today Vice-President Thomas R. Marshall, former governor of Indiana, accepted it on behalf of his State. The presentation was made by General Bennett H. Young, of Louisville, commander in chief of the United Confederate Veterans and S. A. Cunningham, editor of the Confederate Veteran, who was one of the prisoners of Colonel Owen.

The cord releasing the draperies covering the bust was pulled by Mrs. Owen Armstrong, a granddaughter of Colonel Owen and now a "Daughter of the South," her home being at Memphis, Tenn. It is believed to be the first time in history that a Union soldier has been so honored by Confederate veterans.

ANNIVERSARIES OF 1912.

The year which we have just entered will bring notable centennials and semi-centennials of important events and births. June 18, 1812, Congress declared war against England. It was the last of the wars between us and that country. Committees have been appointed in the United States, England and Canada to arrange for the celebration of the 100 years of peace between those countries. Observances will take place in all of them. Some of these will come in 1912. The most important, however, will be in the latter part of 1914, for it was on December 24, 1814, that the treaty of peace was signed at Ghent, Belgium. The battle of New Orleans, in which a Pakenham, took

The battle of New Orleans, in which Jackson overwhelmed Pakenham, took place January 8, 1815, two weeks after the signing of the peace, but several weeks before the news of the signing reached here in the slow-moving sailing vessels of that day.

During 1912 will arrive the semi-centenaries of many important battles of the civil war. These include, with others, Grant's capture of Fort Henry, February 6, and Fort Donelson, February 16, the fight between the Monitor and the Merrimac, March 9; Shiloh, April 6; the death of the Confederate leader, Albert Sidney Johnson, April 4, the capture of New Orleans by Farragut, and General Benjamin F. Butler's capture of Mobile Bay, April 9.

The Unvarnished Truth in History.

The study of history in our Southern schools, so far as it relates to the causes leading up to the Civil War, to the occurrences in that war and immediately after, and to the doctrines of government and to the theory of the rights of the States held by the Southern people and by the Northern people, respectively, is a matter of the gravest importance not only that the memory of those staunch Southern men who participated in the occurrences of those days may be kept green and sacred, but that their motives may be shown to have been founded on the loftiest patriotism. The people of the South do not demand that the youth of the South shall accept as right what their fathers believed and did in those days; but what they do demand is that the youth of the South learn first hand what interpretation their fathers put on the organic law of the land; why they so interpreted it; why they felt that the preservation of Southern liberty and right depended on their interpretation of these laws, and why they were ready to enter into an unequal contest and fight to the death to maintain these rights. If knowing the whole truth the youth of the South reach the conclusion that their fathers and grandfathers interpreted wrong their constitutional rights, and were wrong to fight for what they believed to be right, that is a different question; but the people of the South it would seem have the right to put before their children a statement of their side from their own viewpoint.

Now, there have been a few Northern men of great ability who could see the position of the South from a Southern standpoint, who have generously recognized the correctness of that position, and have not hesitated so to express themselves; but these men have not written school histories, and we cannot, therefore, refer our sons and daughters to these able and generous Northern men for a vindication of our position. We must therefore, look to Southerners to write down what our children shall study concerning those memorable times and occurrences. We should not ask or expect these to set down anything in malice, or to color anything, but we should expect them to begin at the beginning and give the reasons for the faith that is in them. The doctrines and declarations of the other side ought to be set down fairly, so that the whole story may be told. It must be shown that our position was a defensive one altogether, and that we were not trying to impose on any other section our system or our will, but were trying simply to defend from aggression.

Let the youth of our land have the plain story from the pens of those who know what the South was contending for, and then we should be content to leave with them the decision of whether the South wronged any man or section of country who

it chose to stand alone in defence of what it considered its rights. Experience has shown that we cannot get this history from north of Mason and Dixon's line, however honestly writers there may have striven to set down the facts. We have found that where the actual statements have not been wrong, the omissions and the treatment have presented mistaken views. So the South must for the present, at least, furnish its own history of those times; must depend on its own writers for the facts and for the reasons, and this the South may safely do. There is no excuse for instructors in the South to use colored outside histories, and care should be exercised to see that they refrain from using it. We are not afraid of the facts, and where our theories do not agree with the theories of Northern writers, we should have no objection to hearing from both sides, provided pains be taken to give fully the attitude of each, and the documents and actions on which both rest. The South does not fear the truth and should not fear it, but it wants the unvarnished truth and all of it. On this it has stood and will stand.

Card from Former Senator H
the Patron of the Measure.

Editor of The News:
Nearly a month ago I addressed
letter to the Richmond Times-Dispatch
in which I took issue with Governor
Montague in his statement concerning
the Lee Statue Bill, of which I felt
the honor of being the patron when
passed the Legislature. In that
communication I denied his statement
that the Lee family were opposed
the bill, and that it was disapproved
by the Confederate soldiers. The
Governor doubtless saw that com-
munication, but he made no reply.
Furthermore, he did not reiterate his
statement until last night in his
speech at the Academy of Music,
when he did repeat the statement
Confederate soldiers were opposed
the bill. Upon this point I again
challenge his correctness. To sustain
point he said that Governor
H. Payne wrote a letter against
bill, and also that all the votes
Legislature against it were from
ex-Confederates. As far as Governor
Payne is concerned I do not think
could speak for Confederate soldiers
with greater force than such men
as Rev. J. W. Jones, Judge Geo. W.
Christian, and many others of similar
standing, who favored the bill. Judge
Christian made a speech on this sub-
ject before Lee Camp in Richmond,
which created the greatest enthusiasm
among the veterans and drew from
them the warmest expressions of
praise of the measure, and I think
that veterans throughout the State
have endorsed the measure. I think
votes against it there were only
in the Senate and one of the
not that of a Confederate soldier.
The House there were only seven
opposing votes, of which I think
of Major Green, of Fauquier, was
only one cast by a Confederate.
of this I will not be positive.
both Houses together a large
majority of the Confederates favored
the measure and voted for it. I
think they made speeches in its
favor. The Governor is no more
saying that the Confederates
the measure than he was in
the Lee family opposed it. In
attention he did not repeat last
so I take it that he realizes

He did make another statement, however, which was astonishing. He said that he would have vetoed the bill, but doubted his constitutional power to do so. The first words of section 76 of the constitution are: "EVERY BILL," and the Governor has the power therein prescribed to veto "every bill," without distinction as to kind, whether it merely embodies sentiment, as he says this bill did, or deals with practical matters, such as, for instance, making an appropriation. If the latter is the only kind that can be vetoed the Governor had a chance to exercise his constitutional power in a way that would have effectually defeated the statute proposition, when the bill to appropriate money to pay for it came before him. This bill he did not only did not veto, but signed.

I regret that His Excellency did not make these statements earlier in the campaign in which this matter has become an issue. Why has he not said before that he would have vetoed the bill, except for doubt of power to do so, instead of defending his action in not signing the bill upon other grounds? To save this argument for the last night of the campaign looks as if he did not think of it before, or else did not wish to furnish fair opportunity for reply.

This matter is near to my heart, and I am sorry to have it discussed in a partisan manner in a heated political canvass, but I am unwilling to see a candidate for office make capital out of his attitude of opposition to this movement to honor the memory of General Lee, without at least trying to get the true facts before those in whose presence the facts have been incorrectly stated, and for this reason I beg the use of your columns.

Very respectfully,

DON P. HALSEY

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1911.

SHERMAN BURNED COLUMBIA.

Some time ago when books were being selected for use in the public schools of South Carolina, Governor Blease objected to the use of a certain history unless a statement contained in it relative to the burning of Columbia be changed so as to make it clear that Columbia was burned by Sherman on his "March to the Sea." There is abundant proof that Sherman was responsible for that fearful calamity; the testimony of eye-witnesses, some of whom are still living and others who gave their testimony before they died, the testimony of officers of Sherman's army contained in official reports to Sherman's Government, the testimony of soldiers of Sherman's army who saw with their own eyes the torch applied by Sherman's men to houses in the city doomed to destruction before ever Sherman had reached Columbia in his awful campaign of blood and fire and plunder. The objection made by Governor Blease to the rather indefinite statement contained in the history under consideration was commented upon severely by a number of Northern newspapers, and he has written a letter to them defending his position, and has done it well, giving his authorities in true lawyer-like style, and citing his critics who desire information upon the subject to—

Howard's report, official records, Series I, Vol. XLVII, page 199.

Logan's report, page 227.

Cox's (March to the Sea), Page 174.

Slocum's (Sherman's march from Savannah to Bentonville).

"The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," 4, page 688.

Rhodes's "Who Burned Columbia?" American History Review, 7, page 485.

Governor Blease also quotes the following from the letter, or order, written by General Halleck, Chief of Staff and Military Adviser of President Lincoln, to General Sherman:

"Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed, and if a little salt should be sown upon its site it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession."

In his reply to the order, or suggestion, of Halleck, General Sherman sent this dispatch on December 24, 1864:

"I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and don't think salt will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will bring them, naturally, into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of that corps, you will have remarked that they generally do their work up pretty well. The truth is the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina."

With Sherman's army there was a newspaper correspondent from Ohio, one Whitelaw Reid, now United States Ambassador to Great Britain, and a man of large importance in this country, who says in his book, "Ohio in the War":

"It was the most monstrous barbarity of this barbarous march. Before his movement began General Sherman begged permission to turn his army loose in South Carolina and devastate it. He used this permission to the full. He protested that he did not wage war upon women and children. But, under the operations of his orders, the last morsel of food was taken from hundreds of destitute families that his soldiers might feast in needless and riotous abundance. Before his eyes rose, day after day, the mournful clouds of smoke on every side that told of old people and their grandchildren driven, in midwinter, from the only roofs there were to shelter them, by the flames which the wantonness of his soldiers had kindled. Yet, if a single soldier was punished for a single outrage or theft during that entire movement we have found no mention of it in all the voluminous records on the march."

If Governor Blease had stopped with the quotation of these authorities, or had added to his statement still other testimony bearing upon the question at issue, he would have answered his critics and confirmed his judgment; but that is not Blease's way, more's the pity for him and more the shame to his State. He proved his point, and should have stopped there; but the rest of his letter, which has been printed in the New York Times, the Brooklyn Eagle, the Boston Transcript, and probably other newspapers of like high character and dignity, is taken up with praise of himself and denunciation of his enemies; who he is, how he was elected Governor of South Carolina a year ago by fifty-seven thousand white voters (many of whom, we feel sure, are now heartily ashamed that they voted for him), notwithstanding a set of liars and character thieves editing certain newspapers of this State" (South Carolina), and the rest of a rignarole about lies and liars and "free niggers" to the end of a most disgusting communication.

As to his attitude on the question of "free niggers," Governor Blease insists that he does not hate them, and in proof of his concern for them he says: "I have paroled or pardoned more of them in seven months than any Governor we have had has done

in his four years of office." To prove that he entertains no "hatred for the Yankees, who came into South Carolina, who came into South Carolina and got into trouble, and they have gone home," and he notes one case particularly—that of a convict now in the penitentiary, who, when asked by the solicitor who prosecuted him if he were not with Sherman's army, answered that he was, and proud of it. To this man, the Governor will extend the Executive clemency, which shows, he thinks, that he cannot be charged with hatred for Sherman's bummers.

Here is one specimen paragraph from the letter of Governor Blease, which shows the general style of his letter and proclaims the man:

"I have in the North some of the best friends I have in the United States; many relatives; some quite close, and I have not the slightest feeling against any human being on account of the war; but when an attempt is made to blacken the name of a Southern soldier, I will defend him, and, as I said in my speech, if I were sitting in the largest cathedral on earth and the pulpit was occupied by the greatest preacher that has been in the world since the days of Christ, and he were to state that the South fought for an infamous cause, or that the Southern soldiers were traitors, I would rise in my seat and tell him that he was a liar—let come what may."

The "free niggers" he has paroled or pardoned, the "Yankee" murderers he has set free and who have gone home, and the convict who served as a soldier in Sherman's army and is proud of it who is promised relief by Governor Blease, these and all and sin—
ar may rejoice in the violent speech this vainglorious political mistake; there are many among the 57,000, whom the Governor points with pride as his supporters, who rue the

MONDAY.....JANUARY.

DANIEL'S ORATION.

It would be unjust to say that his address upon JEFFERSON DAVIS was less than a great speech. Great it was—great in conception, great in argument, great in illustration, great in fulfillment. Brief, vivid as a flash, light was his introductory sketch of Davis from birth to death. When his papers, private and public, were subjected to the closest scrutiny, there was naught found by his enemies to condemn him. When he died "Governors of Commonwealths bore him to the tomb, and multitudes gathered from afar to bow in reverence." Those who knew him best loved him most. "Genial and gentle, approachable to all, especially regardful of the humble and lowly." Even disease could not still his interest in the people. He declined public gifts, and he divided the remnant of his broken fortune with his soldiers. Conspicuous was his humanity to prisoners and for their sufferings not to, but the Federal authorities were responsible—authorities who have recorded their opinions that it was cheaper to let their own men languish and die in Southern prisons where their Confederate guards languished and died with them than reinforce the wasting ranks of the Confederacy with recruits from Northern prison pens. Through all attacks upon him he passed unscathed, and

with no malice in his heart wished GRANT on his death bed "peace."

With the even, incisive pen of the careful historian Senator DANIEL described DAVIS as the gallant soldier in Mexico, as the patient student on his estate in Mississippi, as the profound and commanding statesman in Congress, as the active, progressive Minister of War in the Cabinet. Powerful was the contrast between DAVIS maintaining the flag of his country in Mexico, LINCOLN denouncing that war as unconstitutional; DAVIS pleading for the Union, LINCOLN defending revolution. DAVIS "will stand revealed as a political philosopher to be numbered amongst the greatest expounders of American principles and the great heroes and champions of the Anglo-Saxon race."

The speaker then delivered a tribute of surpassing beauty and eloquence to the traits, emotions, characteristics, aims, forces and unity of the Anglo-Saxon race. Accurately, succinctly, comprehensively he traced the history of the discussion and division on the question of slavery, weighing down the scale of the North with proof that there secession had earlier and more intense advocates than in the South. But recognising that as a settled question, he declared that "the United States have been reunited by natural laws"—by the broad Mississippi—"a greater interpreter than the opinions of statesmen who lived when the great new commonwealths were in the wilderness." "We are now like all Americans, born of and for the Union, bound up in its destinies, contributing to its support and seeking its welfare. I feel that as he was the hero in war who fought the bravest, so he is the hero now who puts the past in its truest light, does justice to all, and knows no foe but him who revives the hates of a by-gone generation." These are words brave and true that Senator DANIEL speaks. Few men there are in the South to-day, whether they were the gray and marched and fought in that great struggle, or were only children dreading the broad blue phalanxes of the invading foe, leaning with admiration upon the knees of the heroes of their homes, or bearing a cup of cold water to a wounded soldier, from whose lips will not rise the solemn, earnest response, Amen.

With consummate skill, with wide and sweeping reach the orator painted in true colors the panorama of the war—the enthusiasm of the Southern people, their self-sacrifice, their courage, their endurance, their privations, their sufferings, their poverty. "At last the very fountains of nature fail. The exhausted South falls prone upon its shield." "It is gone. All gone. Forever gone." At last "its chieftain rests, his body mingling with the ashes of the brave which once quickened with a country's holy passion." "To the dust we give his body now. The ages receive his memory." Then the speaker made an earnest appeal that the remains of the dead statesman may be buried "at the tomb of the Confederacy."

Randall's "My Maryland" Set to Music by Jennie Cary

Among the Southern war lyrics sung by women during the years 1861-65, none created a greater degree of enthusiasm than James Randall's "Maryland, My Maryland."

It will interest Southern women to know that the patriotic words of this poem were set to music by Jennie Cary, the daughter of Wilson Miles Cary, of Baltimore, Md., who with her sister, Hetty Cary, afterward the great war-time belle of the Confederacy, took great prominence in the secessionist movement among the young girls of Baltimore.

Mrs. Burton Harrison is authority for the statement just made regarding Miss Jennie Cary and Randall's war song, and says further in "Recollections Grave and Gay," now appearing from her pen in Scribner's, that the air to which "My Maryland" was adapted was that of "Lauriger Horatius," brought from Yale College by Burton Harrison when he was a student there. Miss Jennie Cary has the credit of inserting the word "My" in the refrain to make the music and the refrain harmonize.

Much has been written and told about Miss Jennie Cary and Mrs. Burton Harrison—then Miss Constance Cary, daughter of Archibald Cary, of Carysbrooke—who were visitors to the Confederate camp near Manassas in September of 1861, and stood during their visit in the doorway of Captain Sterrett's tent, with the soldiers of the Maryland line fronting them, to sing "My Maryland," and have the chorus taken up and echoed by the men, who had begged for the sound of a woman's voice in song once more. This was one of the most romantic incidents of the early days of the Confederate War.

Miss Jennie Cary had a magnificent voice, and was one of a trio whose names represent the patriotism, beauty and grace of the old South's splendid womanhood.

THE FIRST BATTLE FLAGS AND THEIR FAIR MAKERS

Several years ago, in June of 1901, on the memorable occasion of the unveiling of the Jefferson Davis Monument, Colonel J. A. Chaloron, custodian of Memorial Hall in New Orleans, and member of the Washington Artillery of that city, brought with him to Richmond a Confederate battle flag, presented to General Beauregard by Miss Jennie Cary, of Baltimore and Virginia, who, with her cousins, Misses Hetty and Constance Cary, had been asked by the Confederate Congress in the autumn of 1862 to make the first specimens of these new battle flags.

The flag proudly borne by Colonel Chaloron during the parade in Richmond, and at the unveiling of the Davis Monument, had survived all the chances of service, had been sent to Cuba for safekeeping when the war between the States closed, then brought back to Memorial Hall, New Orleans, and used to drape the coffins of President Davis and General Beauregard. When Colonel Chaloron died about two years ago the flag, which he had guarded so sacredly and defended so bravely was also his funeral pall. It is the most cherished possession of the survivors of the Washington Artillery, and is sacredly kept at their headquarters.

Mrs. Harrison, in writing about the three first battle flags which she and her two cousins made, says that the idea of these flags being manufactured from silk gowns belonging to the trio is false. Their wardrobes did not furnish anything in the necessary colors, and they had a long search before they could secure the proper materials.

Miss Hetty Cary's flag was bestowed on General Joseph E. Johnston, of Maryland, and Miss Constance Cary's to General Earl Van Dorn, of Virginia and the Trans-Mississippi Department.

How the War Began In This City

On January 7, 1861, the Virginia Legislature met in extra session and passed resolutions against the power of the Federal government to coerce a seceding State. On the 11th of the month a banquet was given Hon. John B. Floyd, ex-Secretary of War, resigned, at the Exchange Hotel. Former President John Tyler was sent to Washington to confer with President Buchanan, and \$1,000,000 was appropriated by the Legislature for the defense of the State.

On February 4 "The Great Southern Drama of Parlor and Cabin," considered to be a thorough vindication of Southern institutions, was enacted at the theatre. On the 17th of April the Virginia Convention passed the ordinance of secession, and on April 23, 1861, General Robert E. Lee, in the presence of a brilliant assembly at the Capitol, accepted the appointment of commander-in-chief of the Virginia forces.

On May 21, 1861, Richmond became the Confederate capital, and on May 29, President Jefferson Davis, of the Southern Confederacy, arrived in the city. On July 21 the first battle of Manassas sounded victory for the Confederacy and plunged the country into war.

At the beginning of 1862 Richmond was in the midst of commotion. The Hermitage grounds on Broad Street were used for a vast encampment called Camp Lee. All the public buildings were crowded, the tobacco factories taken for government offices, hospitals and army quarters. On February 22, in the hall of the House of Delegates, Jefferson Davis was inaugurated President of the permanent government of the Confederate States.

The realities of invasion were sharply realized on May 15, 1862, when a fleet of Federal gunboats were repulsed at Drewry's Bluff. The Seven Days battles followed and saved the city from McClellan's advance.

FANCY DRESS PARTY OF THE CONFEDERACY

Woman of to-day will like to know what a Confederate fancy dress party would represent as to the costuming of pretty girls attending it.

Mrs. Burton Harrison describes such a party and what she wore at it in her recollections of war days spent by her and her mother as refugees in Richmond.

She says the party was given in the McMurdo home on Grace Street, and refers to one of the daughters of that home, "Miss Saidee McMurdo, an exquisite creature with large dark eyes and arched brown eyelids, who married Mr. Alfred Rives, of Castle Hill, Albemarle county."

Mrs. Harrison's costume, that of a court lady of Louis XV., under the title of Mme. le Marquise de Creve Coeur was made by her mother. Her petticoat was wine-colored reps silk, her shoes and fan were spangled, her hair rolled high and powdered, her jewelry pearls and the patch on her cheek, coach and horses, cut from court plaids and adorned her corsage and her mask was velvet.

WHAT JOHN SAID WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER

A story is told of a poor Southern soldier, who, after the surrender, was "guaging his lane" over the red hills of Georgia.

His old gray jacket that his wife had woven and his mother made, was all tattered and torn, his greasy haversack and cedar canteen hung by his side. From under his bullet-pierced hat there beamed eyes that had seen many a battlefield.

Said one of his neighbors: "Hello, John; the Yankees whipped you, did they?"

"No, we just wore ourselves out whipping them."

"Well, what are you going to do now, John?"

"Why, I am going home, kiss Mary, make a crop and get ready to whip 'em again."

Says J. L. Underwood, in a eulogy on Confederate women, delivered in 1896: "John's 'Mary' is our theme today. God help me to tell of the soldier's 'other self' behind the battlefield. The brave Southern Army was defending home, but never has there been a war in which woman's enthusiasm was so intense and her heroic co-operation so conspicuous. Her effectual and practical work in the departments of the commissary, the quartermaster and the surgeon and her influence at home and on the spirit of the army were something wonderful. The Federal General Atkins, of Sherman's army, said to a Carolina woman: 'You and others like you keep up this war. We are fighting you.'"

Fifty years ago, on April 3rd, 1865, Richmond fell prey to the victorious Federal armies, was devastated by the stragglers and rioters, and eaten up by flames. The Federals, when they came, found a city of ruins, a smoking, blackened mass of brick, accentuated by the skeletons of buildings here and there whose stout walls defied the fire.

Then came the surrender at Appomattox, a week later; the amnesty and the end of arms alarms. Little by little the fugitive citizens returned to Richmond, the soldiers laid by their gray uniforms and began the difficult task of earning a livelihood in a land that was ratted with cannon wheels and stripped of vegetation.

Richmond presented a picture that wrung tears from the eyes of beholders. Nine hundred buildings valued at millions of dollars, together with vast quantities of cotton and tobacco, had been consumed; streets were blocked by fallen walls and debris; industry was at an end.

When the remnants of the Confederate armies gather in Richmond on June 1st, 2nd and 3rd, fifty years after the destruction, for the twenty-fifth annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, they will find a wonderful change in the picture. They will see towering above the waters of the James a city of 190,000 inhabitants, a city rich in wealth and industry, the strongest city financially in the South. They will find that, though their four long years of bitter struggle availed not against the outnumbering foe, yet the indomitable courage of their brothers in arms and their children have raised up on the ashes of 1865 a proud and wealthy metropolis.

Richmond will give over to the Confederate heroes in June the title to the city. All honor will be done to the men who gave themselves in her defence. Once more Richmond will be the capital of the Confederate States of America, and the thoughts of those within the city will turn back an half-century to review the sad events of that time.

surplus of \$3,000,000.00 and resources of its own fleet of steamers and its own Wonderful has been the progress and \$20,000,000.00. These are but isolated examples of what wonders were wrought over and again, and illustrate the indomitable courage and industry of the real builders of Richmond.

Preparations for the entertainment of thousands of veterans and visitors are being made by Richmond. Money has been liberally subscribed to defray the cost of the extensive plans for reunion week. Visitors will find in Richmond during the first week of June a Confederate city.

Chief interest in the reunion centers around the preparations for the grand parade and military spectacle on June 3rd, the last day of the reunion. Beautiful Monument Avenue, with its two broad streets divided by grass plots, is to be converted into a court of honor in which all the ceremonies of the reunion

will be held. The city will be in a state of high excitement, and the people will be proud to welcome the veterans and their families back to the city that was the capital of the Confederate States of America.

will be staged. Ten thousand gray-clad veterans will march in the parade through the court of honor, seating themselves finally in stands around Lee Monument to review the parade of military commands. Militia organizations from the North and South will participate in this pageant.

One of the most attractive events of the reunion will be the formal opening of the Confederate Memorial Institute, or Battle Abbey, which has been built in Richmond after years of anticipation as a treasure house of Confederate relics. This massive structure, of simple stone and pure lines, is being decorated on the interior with battle scenes by a famous French painter. The fact that the artist was called to colors when the European War broke out will delay the completion of the paintings for some time.

During the 1915 reunion the South will pay that visible tribute to the memory of Stonewall Jackson that has been said in the hearts of the people for years. On the third day of the gathering in Richmond will be laid the cornerstone of a magnificent statue of Jackson, the gift of the Commonwealth of Virginia, the City of Richmond and the public at large. It will be placed in Monument Avenue, where stand the Davis Memorial, the Lee Statue, and the Stuart Monument. Simple and appropriate ceremonies are planned for the laying of the monument cornerstone.

There will be a brief ceremony, too, when the monument in Hollywood Cemetery to the unknown Confederate dead is committed to the perpetual care of the Hollywood Memorial Association. A brass cannon of old-fashioned mould will be unveiled in Monument Avenue on the spot where stood the old earthworks that defended the inner lines of Richmond.

Great attention is being paid to the entertainment of the veterans in Camp Stuart, as the committee has named it. Instead of being camped in tents, the veterans this year will be housed in the comfortable buildings of the Virginia State Fair Grounds, in which they will be sheltered from inclement weather and assured of pleasant lodgings. The accommodations prepared will be ample for any number of veterans who attend the reunion.

RELIC OF CIVIL WAR

Telegraph Message Transmitted During Year 1862.

An interesting Civil War relic is now in possession of W. H. Wade, of this city, says the Bluefield Telegraph. It is a telegram sent by his grandfather, Dr. Joseph S. Edie, of Christiansburg, to his father, Capt. J. C. Wade, at Richmond. The message bears the date of September 11, 1862, and is a request for five dollars worth of chloride of potash. The old document is interesting from several points of view; recalling the turbulent days of sixty-two; illustrating the scarcity of drugs at that time, when drugs of all kinds were so badly needed in the South; recalling the day when messages were transmitted by the aid of printed characters, instead of the present method of sound, and the printed instructions of the message are interesting in themselves.

The telegraph line had been in operation west of Lynchburg for only a short time when this message was sent. The form is very neatly printed and is headed "The Southern Telegraph Companies." It warns the pub-

lish, in order to avoid mistakes in the transmission of messages, every message of importance should be repeated, adding that half the usual price of transmission would be charged for repeating the message. J. R. Dowell, of Petersburg, was then general superintendent of the companies and W. S. Morris, of Lynchburg, president.

BURNED AT THE STAKE.

The One Hundredth Anniversary of the Death of a Martyr to Indian Avarice—How Colonel William Crawford was Tortured to Death.

A recent letter from Upper Sandusky, Ohio, says:

One hundred years ago Colonel William Crawford suffered all the agonies that Indian cruelty could inflict. He was burned at the stake, and the news of his death cast a gloom all along the frontier. Five years ago, at Crawford township, on the spot where the fatal stake was driven, a monument bearing this inscription was erected:

In Memory of
Col. Crawford,
Who was burnt by the Indians in this
Valley,
June 11, A. D. 1782.

The story of Colonel Crawford's sufferings is one of extreme cruelty. He was captured by the Delaware Indians and the warriors decided that he must die. But before they could carry out the decree it was necessary to obtain the consent of the Wyandots. The Delaware Indians were tenants-at-will of the Wyandots' country and burning the stake was an obsolete custom with them. Without the consent of the Half King the captors of Colonel Crawford did not dare to inflict the death penalty. A messenger, bearing a belt of wampum, was sent to the Half King with the following message: "Uncle! We, your nephews, the Lenape (the Indian name of the Delaware), salute you in a spirit of kindness, love and respect! Uncle! We have a project in view which we ardently wish to accomplish if our uncle will not overrule us! By returning the wampum we will have your pledged worders, and threw on him, so that in a Half King, concluding it was a contemptible expedition of a Delaware war party intending to strike some of the white settlements, returned the belt of wampum, Colonel Crawford was hurried forth to his place of torture. It was on the 11th day of June, and the afternoon was well spent when Crawford, under escort of his tormentors arrived at this ever memorable spot on the ground. They here met many Wyandots from the Half King's town; and men, women and children from the village, over which Capt. Crawford was brightly burning. He was stripped naked and ordered to lie on his back. The Indians, with their fists and sticks, struck him—a post about five

feet high—had been set firmly in the ground and piles of hickory poles, thicker than a man's thumb and from eight to twelve feet long, lay at the distance of four or five yards from the stake. Crawford's hands were tied behind his back. A strong rope was produced, one end of which was fastened to the ligature between his wrists and the other tied to the post near the ground. The rope was long enough to permit him to walk around the stake several times and then return. Crawford, observing these terrible preparations, called to Simon Girty, who sat on horseback at a distance of a few yards from the fire, and asked if the

Indians were going to burn him. Girty very coolly replied in the affirmative. Crawford heard the reply with firmness, merely observing that he would bear it with fortitude. When the poles had been burned asunder in the middle Captain Pipe arose and addressed the crowd in a tone of great energy and with animated gestures, pointing frequently to Crawford, who regarded him with an appearance of unruffled composure. As soon as he had ended his harangue a loud whoop burst from the assembled throng and all made a rush for the unfortunate prisoner. When they left him his ears were gone and blood was streaming from the cruel wounds.

A terrible scene of torture now began. The warriors shot charges of powder into his naked body, commencing with the calves of his legs and continuing to his neck. Three or four Indians by turns would take up one of the burning pieces of poles and apply the burning end to his naked body, already burnt black with powder. These tormentors presented themselves on every side of him, so that whichever way he ran round the post they met him with the burning brands. Some of the squaws took broad pieces of bark, upon which they could carry a quantity of burning coals and hot embers, and threw on him, so that in a short time he had nothing but coals of fire and hot ashes to walk upon. In the midst of these extreme tortures Crawford called to Girty and begged of him to shoot him through the heart. "Don't you see I have no gun, colonel?" replied the white savage monster, bursting into a loud laugh, and then turning to an Indian beside him he uttered some brutal jests upon the naked and miserable appearance of the suffering prisoner and seemed delighted at the horrid scene. The terrible scene had now lasted more than two hours, and Crawford had become very much exhausted. He walked slowly around the stake upon his fiery pathway, and in a low tone of voice earnestly besought God to pardon all his sins and have mercy on his soul. His nerves had lost much of their sensibility and he no longer shrunk from the fire brands with which his tormentors incessantly hurled at him. At length he sank in a fainting fit upon his face and lay motionless. Instantly an Indian sprang upon his back, knelt light upon one knee, made a circular incision with his knife upon the crown of his

head and, clapping the knife between his teeth, tore the scalp off with both hands. Scarcely had this been done when a withered old hag approached with a piece of bark full of coals and burning embers and poured them upon the crown of his head, now laid bare to the bone. The colonel groaned deeply, arose and again walked slowly around the stake. Nature at length could endure no more and at a late hour in the evening he fell for the last time.

FITZ LEE IN A SOCIAL WAY.

Was Perhaps the Most Universally Popular Man in Virginia.

The Richmond Times-Dispatch says: General Fitzhugh Lee was, perhaps, the most universally popular man in the State of Virginia. His acquaintance was as broad as the State, and his recollection of persons and events was marvelous. It was this wonderful gift that tended to endear him to his barest acquaintances.

In conversation not two weeks ago he smilingly remarked that he was as young as he had been on the day he graduated from West Point. "I never expect to grow old," he said; "I shall always grow young."

And so he was as close a friend to his youngest intimate as he was to the brother in arms who fought beside him in the grim days of the sixties.

In Stafford county, where he lived when he ran for governor, he was amazingly popular, and when he came to make his first speech at the Episcopal High School, near Alexandria, the boys nearly tore down the school building, so hearty was the welcome they gave him.

No governor within the memory of those now living enjoyed the popularity that General Lee enjoyed. His home was as open as his hand, and the Governor's Mansion was the center of the social life of the capitol. There was no party given in Richmond that was voted a success unless the Governor were present. The receptions at the mansion were delightful and possessed a charm, not because they were given by the Chief Executive, but because of the genial, gentlemanly who honored the high office.

No great actor or singer came to Richmond who did not find a welcome from Governor Lee. The music at the official residence was remembered yet by those whose privilege it was to be present. The brightest and prettiest girls in town were to be found surrounding Governor and Mrs. Lee, whose greatest pleasure seemed to be to give pleasure to those around them. At the races, the Governor was always a prominent figure, for his love of horses was in-born and no man in Virginia loved a clean bred more than did he. He had been riding instructor at "The Point," and often he was heard to say to some stranger who did not know this fact: "I used to know a little bit about a horse."

In the clubs he was always surrounded, for, as a story teller, he was at his very best. Many a time in the Westmoreland Club has he drawn a crowd around him so great that the room in which he sat would be filled and the rest of the club deserted. More remarkable still, he was an excellent listener, and that, too, when he was obliged to hear his own jokes rehearsed.

The story is told that on one occasion he was sitting in the Westmoreland Club.

At 23 Cents.

100th Anniversary of Confederate Ad-
miral's Birth Observed in South.

The centenary exercises at New Orleans were elaborate.

Montgomery, Ala., September 27.—In this the home of Raphael Semmes II and Raphael Semmes III, the 100th anniversary of the the birth of the naval hero of the South was commemorated with marked enthusiasm, exercises being held at 10 a. m. in the local theatre under the auspices of half a dozen Confederate organizations.

FIRST BLOOD SHED
HALF CENTURY AGO

A number of well-known men have been invited, including Governor Mann, Lieutenant-Governor Ellyson, Judge George L. Christian, the Virginia delegation in Congress, and many others. There will be much speech-making, and a large crowd is expected.

Went Early to Front.

a member of the law firm of Strong & Cadwellader, before he became Attorney-General, had upon several occasions advised the United States Steel Corporation.

This statement was brought out in the course of the inquiry of the committee into the prosecution of the sugar trust and the sales of the friars' lands in the Philippines to the American Sugar Refining Company.

Mr. Wickersham told the committee that Henry W. Taft, brother of the President, had at one time been the counsel of the sugar trust, and that he himself had shared in the fee Mr. Taft had turned into the firm, about \$26,000.

John Henry Hammond became connected with the firm of Strong & Cadwallader after Mr. Wickersham left it to become Attorney-General, and subsequently Mr. Hammond represented the sugar trust in the purchase of the friar lands. When Mr. Wickersham tendered his opinion, which permitted the

Impressive Ceremony at Miller Park
In Presence of Large Crowd—Num-
ber of Veterans Appeared in Uni-
forms.

In the presence of about three hundred people, the monument erected by the city of Lynchburg to the Second Virginia cavalry, C. S. A., was unveiled in Miller Park yesterday at 11 o'clock with appropriate and impressive exercises. The memorial is situated near Superintendent Driver's residence, close to that section of the park set aside for children, and on the spot where this regiment was organized on May 10th, 1861, and disbanded April 10th, 1865.

In the crowd gathered in front of the stand on which were seated the speakers, were a number of veterans in their suits of gray, and references made in the remarks of those who addressed them were greeted with enthusiastic applause and cheers, especially when attention was called to the valiant service of the members of the regiment in whose memory the monument was erected.

The meeting was called to order by T. C. Miller, adjutant of Garland-Rodes Camp, U. C. V., and Major S. P. Halsey was elected chairman, Adjutant Miller acting as secretary. The unveiling proper took place immediately after the invocation by Rev. T. M. McCorkie, Misses Boyd, Radford and Putnam Watkins being in charge of the ceremony of removing the veil from the attractive granite monument on which the tablet, with the following inscription, is placed:

"Here on the 10th of May, 1861,
the Second Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.,
was organized.

"Here on the 10th of April, 1865, the same command, after years of valiant service with the Army of Northern Virginia, and after cutting its way through the enemy's lines at Appomattox, was regularly disbanded.

"Desirous of commemorating these memorable events, I have directed this tablet to be placed here.

"CLAUDE A. SWANSON,
"Governor of Virginia."

Just before the monument was presented to view, nine little girls, directed by Miss Hilda Forsberg, sang several southern songs, and when "Dixie" was rendered the veterans, as well as others in the crowd, cheered heartily. General Thomas P. Munford, the last officer of the Second Virginia cavalry, talked for a short while about the services rendered the state and the city of Lynchburg by the regiment from the time it was organized to the close of the war.

In introducing Colonel Breckenridge, who presented the memorial, Major Halsey said that so much had been said about him that he felt that he did not have anything to say. There is no officer in the Confederate army, he said, who has done more brilliant service than Colonel Breckenridge.

Colonel Breckinridge
of the service of the regiment, out-
lining the work and hardships of the
regiment, commencing those who had

been slain, wounded and captured in battle. He said that the intimate association of Lynchburg with the events in the history of the regiment and the fact that the liberality of the city council made possible the erection of the memorial, and the further fact that it stands in this beautiful park, now the property of the city, makes it eminently proper that to the city should be committed the care and preservation of this monument. In behalf of the committees having this work in charge, he turned this memorial over to the city with every assurance that long after the last survivor of the regiment has passed away it will be cared for as a valued addition to the park and city.

Representing the mayor, Don P. Halsey made the speech of acceptance. He paid an eloquent tribute to the soldiers in the Second-Virginia regiment, and spoke in feeling terms of the warriors who had served the South and now had passed away. Following the recitation, "The Sword of Lee," rendered with deep feeling and ex-

pression by Miss Hilda Forsberg, ben-
ediction was pronounced by Rev. R.
M. Chandler.

(Philadelphia Evening Ledger.)

Many of the military devices in use in the European war are of American origin. The automobile, the telegraph, the telephone, certain types of arms and ammunition, the aeroplane, the submarine—all these received their first development in this country. That most terrible of modern weapons, the torpedo, is a "Yankee notion." David Bushnell, an American inventive genius, made a torpedo in 1777, but his attempt to destroy the British ship *Cerberus* was a failure. Robert Fulton made a successful torpedo in 1805, but could not interest any Government in his idea. In the American Civil War torpedo shells ignited by electricity were successfully used, and from that time forth the torpedo has been employed by nearly all nations.

The present-day torpedo is a very different sort of weapon from that used half a century ago. It is shaped something like a cigar and is about 23 feet long and 21 inches in diameter. It weighs considerably more than a ton, and its construction costs from \$5,000 to double that sum. It is made to travel in a certain direction in a fixed line and to explode which it strikes some solid object, such as a ship's bottom. A torpedo of the largest and most modern type will tear a gaping hole in the staunchest ship ever built. The nose or "explosive head" of a torpedo contains the deadly charge of high explosives, nitroglycerine and guncotton being oftenest used.

When the torpedo strikes its target a tremendous detonation follows instantly, driving in both the outer and inner "skins" of a vessel. The hole it makes in a ship's bottom varies in size, but is seldom less than 10 by 30 feet. The torpedo travels toward its victim at the rate, roughly, of about 1,000 yards a minute. The rate of speed has to be calculated to a nicety before the torpedo is discharged. It is kept to its destined course by perpendicular rudders in its tail. The modern "dirigible" torpedo was first used in a naval war during the Chilean revolution of a quarter of a century ago.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF MOSBY AND HIS GALLANT MEN

The letter below was written some months ago for the Confederate Column. It was crowded out at the time by the press of other matter and was then mislaid.

"Mosby's men" had their reunion at Fredericksburg last week. This letter, written by a Virginia woman, is appropriate enough just now:

Clifton Forge, Va., 1905.

I was very young and small, too, when the war began between the North and South, but I remember well the day my father left home in his gray uniform to join the Confederate army. My mother's tears, and a dinner table without father's presence, are two scenes made indelible upon my mind on that sad spring day. But scene after scene followed in quick succession, for the cry "war" was heard throughout the land, and we soon became familiar with the sight of the beautiful flags, the gleaming of the bayonets in the sunlight, and the sound of the drums.

The impression of such sounds often send a thrill through the veins that are never forgotten, and I'm sure if I should live a hundred years I would not outlive the strange fascination produced by the sound of the bugle; it seems to charm my very soul and recall—yes recall, perhaps, a thousand years, somewhere far off in another country. I had heard the bugle call before and enjoyed the music.

We lived not more than thirty miles west of the city of Washington, therefore, saw much of both colors—the Blue and Gray—and good men and bad were both. We were fortunate in knowing only the good, being peculiarly blessed by the utmost kindness shown us from both sides during the four years the great conflict lasted. There were five of us children, the eldest being most too young to realize the tumultuous condition our country had been thrown into. Therefore, we were happy, enjoyed life, making the best of our dependent, helpless condition, though we never suffered for the necessities of life, as many others did.

We saw Jackson's entire army, and Jackson himself, heard the booming of the canons at Manassas, and saw angry men hunting John Wilkes Booth, but these things did not interest us as much as the sight of Mosby; how we loved and honored him. He was the greatest hero, and the star of the Confederacy in our estimation. And after forty years, I have not changed my opinion of him. There was never but one Mosby, one who was far greater than the hero of the most artistic novel. Who, to this day, meets one of his men who is not proud of being one of his company; how they loved him. We knew Mosby as far as we could see him; he usually rode in a brisk trot, and watched every movement of things around him.

I remember one morning I begged my brother to take us with him to his rabbit traps after a light snow had fallen during the night. He was anticipating quite

a number would be in the traps in consequence of the snow, and owing to his anticipation of good luck he agreed. We went across an old field and entered the pine woods where the pine trees were small and grew close together. We often crept with difficulty beneath the boughs bowed with snow. After going some distance we found a broken trigger to one trap, and began repairing it. We tied strings together and set it. As we arose to our feet we were astonished to behold Mosby sitting on his horse right behind us. Such a place for a horse, a horse with velvet slippers, for we never heard his footsteps. It mattered not where we strayed we were liable to meet him, but this, of all places, surprised us most. "Good morning," he said, "have you seen any Rebels in these parts lately?" He was evidently thinking his disguise was complete. "No," replied brother, "none but Mosby's men." "Ah, indeed!" he exclaimed with a drawl, and repeated it. He was taken by surprise, but tried not to show it, and turning his fine horse, he casually remarked: "Nice morning

ing for rabbits," and disappeared into the pines. Mosby had several fine scouts very much after his own style, one we well remember. When we would meet him, brother invariably said to him by name, and he in turn, always corrected him, "You are mistaken," he would say. "I am Guy Broadwaters," and next time if brother called him that, he would again be some one else. I hope he learned in after years that children are often silenced when not convinced; for never once did "Frank Stringfellow" fool our eyes. Years and years have come and gone, infants in those days are now gray-headed, and through all the changes of time we still often recall our childhood days during the war, and fan the blaze of admiration.

A ROLL OF HONOR.

Tablets to Be Unveiled at the University of Virginia.

Professor James M. Garnett, of Baltimore, an alumnus of the University of Virginia, sends to the Baltimore Sun the following:

"A most interesting ceremony will take place at the University of Virginia at 4 p. m. on Wednesday, May 10—the unveiling of two bronze tablets in memory of the students of the University who were killed in battle or died of wounds or of disease contracted in the war of 1861-65. There are at least 500 names on the tablets, with place of residence and place and date of death of these alumni of the University.

"The erection of the tablets is the patriotic and pious work of the ladies of the Confederate Memorial Association of the University of Virginia and Charlottesville. The tablets will be presented to the University on behalf of the ladies by Rev. Dr. J. William Jones, a distinguished Baptist minister of Richmond, Va., a former private and later chaplain in the Confederate service, at one time chaplain of the University of Virginia, and now Chaplain-General of the United Confederate Veterans and treasurer of the Confederate Battle Abbey Association. The tablets will be received in behalf of the University by Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, president of the University, and the address in memory of the deceased alumni will be delivered by Rev. Dr. Randolph H. McKim, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, in Washington city. Dr. McKim is a Marylander by birth, an alumnus of the University of Virginia, and a former private in the First Maryland Regiment, Confederate States Army, later aide-de-camp to Brigadier General George H. Stewart and afterward chaplain to the Second Virginia Regiment of Cavalry, Confederate States Army commanded by Colonel Thomas T. Munford. Both Dr. Jones and Dr. McKim have, therefore, marched and fought with 'the boys,' shared their trials and privations, and know from personal experience what service in the Confederate army meant.

"The ladies of the Memorial Association are extremely desirous that all alumni of the University who can possibly do so will attend on this occasion and thus honor by their presence the memory of these deceased alumni. It will, doubtless, recall to many the stirring scenes at the University during the session of 1860-61, the formation of the two companies of students—the Southern Guard and the Sons of Liberty—during that winter, the erection of the Confederate flag on top of the University rotunda after the formation of the Southern Confederacy, but before the secession of Virginia, its immediate removal and the impatient waiting for the secession of the State, which occurred on April 17, 1861, just two days before the firing of Federal troops on the citizens of

Baltimore, on which day early in the morning the two University companies reached Harper's Ferry. They were not, however, allowed by General Lee, then in command of the Virginia forces, to enlist as organizations. General Lee saying that he wished that material scattered through the service, and they were soon 'scattered.' It may safely be said that almost to a man the 600 students of that session enlisted in the Confederate service, as well as numerous others of former sessions, and these tablets preserve in imperishable bronze the names of those who did not come back; but there is preserved in the memory of the survivors the monument more lasting than bronze, which death itself cannot destroy. Each alumnus, then, especially the surviving comrades of those who have gone before, should make it a point to be present on the 23d instant at the University and thus honor those who gave their lives for them."

VIRGINIA:

At Lynchburg Corporation Court, September 3, A. D. 1907.

J. L. Thompson,
Jno. Holmes Smith and
J. W. Wray,

Ex Parte.

Upon a petition praying that the muster roll or rolls of the following troops of cavalry and companies of artillery and infantry, which were organized, recruited or enlisted, in whole or in part, in the city of Lynchburg, during the war between the States, for the defence of Virginia, may be recorded among the records of said city: to-wit:

Rifle Grays, Co. A, 11th Va. Regiment.

Lynchburg Rifles, Co. E, 11th Va. Regiment.

Homo Guard, Co. G, 11th Va. Regiment.

Jeff. Davis Guards, Co. H, 11th Va. Regiment.

Wise Troop, Co. B, 2d Va. Cavalry.

Lee Battery, Co. A, Braxton's Battery Artillery.

Moorman's Battery.

Latham's Battery, Co. D, 38th Battalion Va. Artillery.

Kirkpatrick's Battery, Co. A, 31st Battalion Va. Artillery.

Lee's Body Guard, Co. E, 39th Battalion Va. Cavalry.

Davidson's Battery, Co. C, 13th Battalion Va. Artillery.

Reserves on local duty, Staff Officers and Miscellaneous.

This day came the said J. L. Thompson, Jno. Holmes Smith and J. W. Wray, reputable soliders who served in defence of Virginia in the war between the States of eighteen hundred and sixty one and eighteen hundred and sixty five, and filed their said petition as provided in Section 381a Code of Virginia, edition of 1904, together with a copy of the muster roll aforesaid, which said petition is set for hearing on the second day of the October term next.

A copy, teste:
THOS. D. DAVIS, Clerk.

ON AN "OLD CONFED"

Editor of The News:

Making note of the death of James E. Williams, announced a few days ago in The News, an "Old Confed." would drop a tear, and say a word, in honor of this worthy son of Buckingham county. His father, his uncles, and a full company, including many representatives of the French Huguenots, who had years ago moved up

COMING, FATHER ABRAHAM

(Watchman-Examiner.)

Who wrote the song beginning "We are coming, Father Abraham?" In August, 1862, at a large meeting in Boston, Josiah Quincy drew a newspaper cutting from his pocket and read it, saying that it was the latest poem written by William Cullen Bryant. It was the poem named at the head of the paragraph. The words were soon set to stirring music. Among the composers was one member of the famous Hutchinson family of singers. The verses appeared anonymously in the New York Evening Post of July 16, 1862, and Mr. Bryant was then the editor of the newspaper. It was long supposed that Mr. Bryant was the author; several of those who wrote music for the words so believed. In "Who's Who," the song is ascribed to Mr. Bryant. But it is now certain that the song was written by John S. Gibbon, a Hicksite Quaker, who had, it is said, "a remarkable leaning toward wrath in cases of emergency." In 1839 he joined in the abolition movement. In 1833 he was married to the daughter of Isaac T. Hopper, the distinguished Quaker philanthropist. At the outbreak of the war his wife and one of his daughters went to the front for hospital service. During the riots of 1863 the father and the younger children took refuge in a house near his own. Their lives were thus saved. Here they remained until they could escape over the roofs to a carriage furnished for them by Joseph H. Choate. Those were strenuous days; slavery died hard indeed. Lincoln had called for 300,000 men as volunteers. The song took shape in the mind of Gibbon while he was out for a walk. The words, as it has been said, "seemed to fall into ranks and files and to come with a measured step." It took several walks and evenings to complete this stirring patriotic song. It is said that the great Lincoln came down to the red room in the White House to "listen with bowed head, and patient, pensive eyes," while a visitor sang the verse. This song, when this writer came to the United States, was a mighty force for American patriotism.

THE BABY IN THE BATTLE.

An Incident of the Battle of Fredericksburg.

It will be remembered that at the battle of Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, the Confederates were driven out of the city on the 13th, and did not recapture the town and enter it again till the 16th. On the 13th the last regiment to leave the place was the 21st Mississippi, and the last man, who brought up the rear, being closely pressed by the invading troops, was Buck Denman. He was a Mississippi bear hunter, a superb specimen of manhood, tall and straight, broad-shouldered and deep-chested. With the eye of an eagle and a voice like a bull of Bashan, he was rough in manner as a bear and tender in heart as a woman. When the invaders were charging up the principal street and shells from the siege guns across the river were bursting over the housetops, Buck Denman was kneeling behind a house corner to take a last shot. Just as his finger tripped on the trigger a little baby girl, three years old, toddled out an alley, and with a New-England dog ran after a big roll that had spent its force and was rolling along the pavement—the dog barking at it and the little girl clasping her hands in glee. To rescue her from such deadly peril was Buck Denman's thought. Without pausing to consider he rushed to her and clasped her to his bosom. Next moment nothing to do but run, which he did, pursued by shot and shell, holding the baby with one arm.

trailing his gun with the other, to join his sped up Mary's Heights to join his retreating comrades. And there behind that historic stone from the 12th the adjacent trenches from the 12th till the 16th of the cold December and while the shells were shrieking and the storm of battle raged—Buck fought the storm and nursed the baby girl by turns. Never was child so cared for. There were other nurses as fierce and bear-like as he who took turns patting and soothing her engaged in sharp rivalry for her quiet slumber under their soldier blankets. Couriers were sent far and near to procure milk and the camp ransacked for a dainty morsel of food. And so the days and nights wore on. When the Confederates recaptured the city on the 16th, the 21st Mississippi was the first to enter, and what happened as they passed with yells and shouting through the streets may be best told by Buck himself, as reported by Adjutant Stiles, who published the story: "I was holding the baby high. Adjutant, with both arms, when above all the racket I hear a woman scream. The next thing I knew I was covered with calico and she fainted on my breast. I caught her before she fell and laying her down gently put her baby on her bosom. She was most the prettiest thing I ever looked at, and her eyes were shut; and—and—I hope God'll forgive me, but I kissed her just once."

GARLAND-RODES CAMP

Meeting of Veterans—Tribute to Hampton and Marshall

The Garland-Rodes Camp of Confederate Veterans met at the Home Guard Armory last night at 8.15 o'clock with a large attendance. Commander Fleet presiding, and Adjutant Jennings at the secretary's desk.

Comrade Robert Stratton offered prayer, after which the roll was called. The minutes of the March meeting were then read and approved.

A communication from the Old Dominion Chapter, U. D. C., was presented, read, and, on motion, was noted on the minutes of the meeting.

Treasurer Nowlin submitted a written report of moneys received and paid out.

The Uniform Committee was granted further time; and the Monument Committee, through Comrade Humphreys, asked for additional time.

The Committee on Credentials, through Comrade Robert Stratton, recommended the following ex-Confederates for membership, and, after complimentary endorsements by several comrades, they were duly elected and enrolled, viz.:

Dr. E. A. Craighill, Co. G., 2nd Va. Infantry; John J. Scruggs, Co. I., 49th Va. Infantry; J. B. Watts, Co. I., 49th Va. Infantry; Lieutenant Jno. E. Willis, of Amherst, Co. G., 51st Va. Infantry; W. C. R. Dowdy, Perrow's, Co. I., 2nd Va. Cavalry; Jno. N. Gilliam, Amherst, Lee battery; Jordan Watson, Kilso, Co. E., 34th Va. Infantry; Wm. H. Snow, Confederate Navy, on war vessels Alabama and Sumter; Mathias B. Noel, Co. G., Booker's Regiment, and Nor-

reported, several comrades spoke feelingly of both General Hampton and Colonel Marshall. Among those who spoke were General Munford, Captain Blackford, and Comrade Edwards, and their remarks were listened to by the veterans with moistened eyes.

General Munford then asked that the following resolutions, prepared by Comrade John H. Lewis, be adopted, which was done by a rising vote:

"Whereas, in obedience to the last inexorable command, our beloved comrade, Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton, full of years and full of honors, has surrendered his 'soldier's white soul,'

"Be it resolved:

"1. That members of Garland-Rodes Camp, of the city of Lynchburg, many of whom have followed his waving plume on the field of battle, view with unspeakable regret the passing away of this superb commander.

"2. That he will go down in history with Murat and Kellermann and Forrest as one of the great horsemen, who have conspicuously and successfully employed the cavalry arm of the military service in conflict.

"3. That in our estimation no knightlier Knight, no Chevallier Bayard nor Cid, in history or in fiction, challenges a larger share of our admiration for honor, courage, kindness, and great

good sense in the hour of peril than the gallant Hampton.

"4. That he was no less distinguished in the paths of civil life, as a true leader of his people, representing them in the national councils, always with signal dignity and wisdom, and ever expecting the respect and friendship of his political adversaries.

"5. That an authenticated copy of these resolutions be transmitted to the surviving relatives of General Hampton as an evidence of our esteem and respect for the deceased, and of our sympathy for the survivors."

Captain Blackford then presented resolutions in memory of the gallant Colonel Marshall, and by a rising vote these were adopted. Both sets of resolutions were then ordered to be entered upon the records of the camp, and as a further mark of respect to these gallant dead, the camp broke ranks.

BRAND ELSON'S HISTORY FALSE

Confederate Veterans Ask College to Stop Using It.

WHOLESALE SLANDERS MADE

Committee Appointed by Hupp-Deyerle Camp, U. C. V., Finds Textbook Is Prejudicial to the South and Full of Inaccurate Statements.

Roanoke, Va., March 4.—(Special.) The Hupp-Deyerle Camp, Confederate veterans, this afternoon adopted the following resolution condemning the use in Roanoke College of Elson's history of the United States:

To the Commander and Comrades, Members of the Hupp-Deyerle Camp, No. 69, U. C. V.:

Your committee appointed at the regular meeting on Feb. 25th to examine and report upon Elson's history of the United States, lately adopted and now used as a textbook by Roanoke College, and report upon the character of same, would respectfully report that from the examination given the book we are of opinion it was written by one holding extreme Northern views upon slavery and of great prejudice against the South. The extracts from the book published recently in the Roanoke Times and others papers and, which it is not necessary to reproduce in this report, confirm this view. The foul and false slanders made by the wholesale upon the mothers, sisters and daughters of the South without any exception, the untruthful representation of the condition of the negro in slavery, and other declarations, stamp the book as too untruthful, too prejudiced and too partisan to be considered a reliable history of the times and conditions it pretends to portray. Without mentioning in detail the many unjust and untruthful statements about the South which he gives as historical facts, the attempt to besmear the character of the Confederate soldier as aiding a rebellion and fighting to uphold a "slave holders' rebellion," and the attempt to send his name down to posterity with the stigma of rebellion and treason attached should not go unnoticed and unrebuked, and this camp should set the seal of its disapproval and condemnation upon such puerile and slanderous declarations. Roanoke Col-

lege has adopted this so-called history upon the recommendation of its professor of history, as we are informed, as a textbook to be taught to young men and young ladies attending this institution, and by such adoption, has given the book its approval. It is not necessary to dilate upon the effect such a course will have upon the young men who study the book and whose attachment for their alma mater and their confidence in the integrity and judgment of their teachers will produce.

We do not desire to do injustice to the college. It is an institution of learning of wide reputation, high character, and lofty ideals, and whose traditions and sympathies have always been with the South. It is in our midst, we have always been and are now its friends, but in defense of our comrades who fought with us in the war from '61 to '65, whether living or dead, we are compelled to condemn such action on the part of Roanoke College, and this camp should set the seal of its condemnation upon, and disapproval of, such action. The sentiment of mankind has long since crystallized into the conviction that the war was between sovereign States, a civil war but not a rebellion, and in accord with this conviction the Senate of the United States but a little while ago, by unanimous consent, erased and struck out the word "rebellion" for a bill it was then considering, and inserted in its stead the words "civil war." This is correct history and it is to be hoped will correct any false impressions made by this book upon the young men.

In conclusion, we recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That all the members of this camp, on behalf of themselves and of all the Confederate soldiers in Roanoke county, without presuming to dictate to Roanoke College what action it should take in the matter, do kindly request the authorities of said college to discontinue at once in its department of history the use of Elson's so-called History of the United States."

(Signed.)

W. W. BALLARD.
J. H. KAMPER.
G. W. UHLE.
W. GRIFFIN.

Lexington, Va., March 26.—With unusual military honors, the body of Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, widow of General "Stonewall" Jackson, the Confederate leader, was placed beside that of her husband today in the vault beneath the Jackson monument in Lexington cemetery.

Among those gathered beside the monument were Confederate veterans, the Sons of Confederate Daughters of the faculties of the Virginia Military Institute, in which General Jackson was an instructor at the beginning of the war between the States, and where he met his wife and of Washington and Lee University. Mrs. Edmund Randolph Preston, Mrs. Jackson's grand-daughter, also was present with her husband.

The body arrived from Charlotte, N. C., on a special car, accompanied by Mrs. Preston, a military escort composed of militia from the Confederate societies. Funeral services were held in the Presbyterian church, Mrs. Jackson's pastor, Dr. D. H. Rolston, of Charlotte, her husband's staff chaplain during the war, Dr. James P. Smith, of Richmond, Va., and Dr. J. R. Howerton, of Washington and Lee University, aiding the pastor, filled with flowers sent by friends in all parts of the country.

The body of Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, widow of Gen. T. J. (Stonewall) Jackson, which was taken yesterday morning to Lexington, Va., for burial, accompanied by a number of friends and relatives. The funeral party used an extra Pullman and a baggage car, and it was brought to the West End station on train No. 32, which reached Lynchburg at 4:10 o'clock. The two special cars were transferred from the West End station to the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and these were attached to the train leaving at 5:20 o'clock for Lexington.

Funeral services were held Thursday in the First Presbyterian church at Charlotte, N. C., and were attended by a large crowd of friends. A Confederate veteran camp and the U. D. C. chapters attended. The body was shipped Thursday to Lexington for burial. Practically all business was suspended in Charlotte yesterday.

By coincident Mrs. Jackson's body was transferred from the Southern Railway to the Chesapeake and Ohio tracks at almost the same spot at which the body of her husband was removed from the old Orange and Alexandria road the evening of May 13, 1865. The body of General Jackson was brought to Charlottesville and transferred to what is now the Southern Railway. Upon arrival here was taken from the train near foot of Cabell street.

Mayor William D. Branch, by proclamation, requested all business be suspended in the city at 5 o'clock that minute guns be fired and that the bells of the churches of the city be tolled. The train reached the station at 6:30 o'clock, and it was met by an immense throng of people. In a casket was placed in Diuguid's hall, and a procession was formed and the cortege went down Jefferson street Bridge (now Ninth street), thence at a Main, up Main to Seventh, thence then Church, down Church to Twelfth, back in to Main, thence to Bridge street at the down to the packet boat landing.

In the procession were 1,500 Confederate and maimed Confederate soldiers, together with the city of dinner and private citizens. Gen. C. Henry Dimmick was the chief marshal, his aides were John G. Meem

S. Langhorne, Lorenzo Norvell, William M. Blackford and F. B. De the committee of citizens named by Branch to accompany the body. Lexington was composed of J. Speed, Edward D. Christian, Flood, James R. Holt, Robert and A. McDonald.

Governor Letcher, Dr. H. Guire, Major Pendleton and ants Morrison and Smith accompanied the body.

The body and funeral were taken to Lexington on the Lynchburg to Lexington on the packet-boat Marshall, the which now lies between the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway and canal a short distance above ange bridge.

DEEDS OF THE SOUTH

THE NEW ENGLAND HISTORIANS
SHOW GROSS PARTIALITY.

Hon. Champ Clark Calls Attention to
the Necessity of the South and
West Writing Their Own Histories
and Not Trusting to Others for
Such Work.

Hon. Champ Clark, of Missouri,
writes an interesting article for the
Southwest on the "Importance of
Writing Our Own Books," in which
he says:

"Our ancestors in the South and
West were a masterful race, eager to
accomplish things, but careless about
recording them, and we have been too
negligent about celebrating them and
their achievements. In New England
it is different. There every perform-
ance is carefully noted, and in due
time not only appears in print, but is
greatly magnified.

"To walk the streets of Boston and
to read the inscription upon her mon-
uments, statues and public buildings
is a liberal education in patriotism.
Were an inhabitant of another plan-
et conversant with both English and
Latin, and without knowledge of our
history, to descend on that devoted
city and study those inscriptions, tak-
ing them at their face value, he
would inevitably conclude that single-
handed and alone Massachusetts in-
augurated and achieved the Revolu-
tion and had conducted the govern-
ment ever since.

Well-Known Events.

"Everybody knows the story of the
landing of the Pilgrims, of the de-
struction of the tea in Boston harbor,
of Lexington, of Paul Revere's ride
and of Bunker Hill. These have been
chronicled in history, chanted in song
and woven into romance until they
have almost crowded out of human
remembrance the patriotic words and
deeds of everybody else and of every
other portion of the Republic. New
England never had any monopoly on
brains, patriotism or heroism.

"What she has had in large degree
is a monopoly in making of books,
which, by courtesy, are called histo-
ries and biographies.

"If Sir Walter Raleigh had planted
the first white colony in Massachu-
setts instead of in North Carolina, if
the first white child born in the West-
ern World had looked forth upon the
stern and rock-bound coast of New
England instead of under the sunny
skies of the Old North State, if the
Mecklenberg Declaration had been
made in Essex county, Massachusetts,
and if the battles of King's Mountain,
Gulfport Courthouse and Cowpens had
been fought in New England, instead
of the Carolinas, the world would
have scarcely contained the books
written about them by New England
scribes.

Splendid Deeds Not Mentioned.

"These important events, these
splendid feats of arms, would have
stirred the hearts and fired the imag-
inations of historians, biographers, es-
sayists, orators, poets and artists un-
til the world knew them by heart.
As it is they are not mentioned at all
or are blurred over with a few words
in what are advertised as standard
histories of the country; yet if there
had been no King's Mountain and no
Gulfport Courthouse, there would in
all human probability have been no
Yorktown and no republic.

"What I am driving at is not to
arouse any jealousy of New England
or of New England writers, but to

arouse our own people to a realizing
sense of the importance of our own
history and to the fact that our own
worthies are being killed off by the
'rule of exclusion,' the most deadly
conceit known to the writers of
history.

"Certainly the South has no reason
to take a back seat when it comes to
the history of the American Revolu-
tion, for her sons were foremost in
oratory, in statesmanship and in the
field. It is high time that we were
seeing to it that they are foremost in
the histories which our children read.
Notwithstanding Job's exclamation,
'Oh, that mine adversary had writ-
ten a book!' I say to any young man
or young woman who reads this:
'If you want to render human-
ity and estimable service and at the
same time lay hold of earthly im-

mortality, write a history of the men
and women who blazed the pathway
of civilization in the South and South-
west.'

State Builders.

"Surely there could be no more
grateful task; for Lord Bacon, who
possessed the most exquisite brain ev-
er housed in a human skull, places
state builders, konditores imperio-
rum as he dominates them, in the
front rank.

"Long, long ago Sir William Jones
voiced the same idea when he said:

"What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or labor-
ed mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and tur-
rets crowned;

Not bays and broad-armed ports
Where, laughing at the storm, rich
navies ride;

Not starred and spangled courts
Where low-browed baseness wafts per-
fume to pride,

No; men, high-minded men.

"Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing,
dare maintain,

Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend
the chain;

These constitute a state.

"The South and Southwest have al-
ways been rich in such men.

His Speech on Hoar.

"I was led into this train of thought
in this way. In my speech on Sen-
ator George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachu-
setts, in the House, speaking of the
wisdom of public men writing books,
after referring to how greatly Cae-
sar's Commentaries contributed to his
fame, I ran this brief parallel between
Xenophon and General Alexander Don-
iphan, of Missouri:

"Others have marched as strenu-
ously and fought as bravely as Xen-
ophon and his ten thousand only to
vanish into oblivion; but he and his
band are among the immortals be-
cause he wrote the Anabasis, which
has delighted and instructed millions
of ambitious boys and which will de-
light and instruct succeeding millions
till the earth shall perish with fer-
vent heat.

"The triumphant expedition of
General Alexander W. Doniphan and
his heroic Missourians into the heart
of Mexico by way of Santa Fe, tra-
versing a vast wilderness full of
hostile savages; subsisting on the en-
emy's country; winning numerous vic-
tories; over the very flower of the
descendants of the Knights of Castile
and Aragon; never losing a gun, a
flag, a prisoner or a skirmish, though
frequently engaging ten times their
own number; never drawing from the
government a dollar, a ration, a piece
of clothing or an ounce of ammu-
nition from the moment they left Fort
Leavenworth, Kansas, till, ragged,
starving, but invincible, they reported
to General Zachary Taylor on the red
field of Monterey. In difficulty, in
courage, in fortitude, in glory, in re-

sult, it eclipses utterly the far-famed
retreat which Xenophon has embalm-
ed in immortal prose.

Glorious Name of Doniphan.

"Every schoolboy knows by heart
the fascinating story of the Greeks;
but few remember the more wonder-
ful performance of the Missourians.
Mirable dictu! The glorious name
of Doniphan, the conqueror of New
Mexico, Arizona and Chihuahua, does
not even appear in some of our most
pretentious encyclopedias.

"The reason is that General Don-
iphan, of Missouri, did not emulate
the laudible example of General Xen-
ophon, of Greece, by writing a history
of his own campaign; consequently he
and the brave Missourians who fol-
lowed his all-conquering banner are
to dumb forgetfulness a prey."

SOME FINE OLD VIRGINIANS (Charlottesville Progress.)

In the current number of the Re-
view of Reviews appears a brief
article—indeed two—of interest to
Virginians and to many beyond that
class. Under the title of "An Honored
Citizen of Virginia" there is a notice
of Mr. John L. Williams. It is en-
tirely too brief and yet it contains the
annals of a distinguished life lived
with high purpose and characterized
by useful service. He was born in
Richmond more than eighty-two years
ago and received his educational
finishing, to use the usual inaccurate
phrase, at the University of Virginia.
He is one of the old time master of
arts and is to the present day a lover
and champion of the humanities. Be-
ginning as teacher, continuing as law-
yer, his active career was rounded out
as banker and railroad financier. In
the latter capacity he did a great con-
structive work for Virginia and the
South for many years following the
great war. During that war his firm
was the fiscal agent of the Confed-
erate government and floated the var-
ious series of bonds issued by it. It
was a high and responsible position
for a man in the early thirties and
brought him into intimate relation
with the great chieftains of his cause.
Mr. Williams could contribute a won-
derfully interesting chapter to the his-
tory of the Confederate struggle. His
intimate relations with President
Davis, General Lee and a score of
others at the forefront at that day
must have left behind much evidence
written and unwritten of the intensity
of the time, and his memory is doubt-
less stored with reminiscences that
would delight us all. Mr. Williams is
an accomplished writer and would
throw about any subject to which he
might address himself the charm
which add value to history or essay.

He contributes to the North
American Review two or three pages
in the style natural to his mental
habit of generalizing "in a large way
about the history of mankind and the
ethical and social progress which lie
before us." The article is made even
more engaging by an illustration in
which appear Mr. and Mrs. William
and Professor and Mrs. F. H. Smith
of the University of Virginia, all Vir-
ginians whose lives have contributed
much that is of supreme value to the
Virginia of their day, which is also
our day. It is a saying of ancient
well as modern acceptance that the
child is better than his parents. In
some cases it is hard to understand
how this can be.

OUT OF RESPECT TO SOUTH

Rhode Island Representative Objects
To "War of the Rebellion."

Providence, R. I., Feb 7.—An ob-
jection to the words "war of the re-
bellion," similar to one which was
made recently by a Southern Con-
gressman in the national House of
Representatives was put forward in
the Rhode Island House today.

An amendment to include marines
with the militia, soldiers and sailors
of the "war of the rebellion," as ex-
empt from poll taxes was under dis-
cussion when Representative W. A.
Shawcross, Democrat, asked that "civ-
il war" be submitted for "war of the
rebellion." The motion was carried
by a vote of 50 to 23. Representa-
tive J. J. Richards, Democrat, who
seconded the motion, said he did so
out of respect to the South.

HAS DAVIS' SEAT

John Sharp Williams Succeeds In
Lifetime Ambition.

Washington, April 6.—John Sharp
Williams, the new junior Senator from
Mississippi, has succeeded in a life-
time ambition. He has the seat in
the Senate which was occupied by
Jefferson Davis, the president of the
Confederacy. The desk still bears the
bayonet marks made by Union sol-
diers during war times, in an effort
to destroy it. The bayonet stabs were
filled with putty but are easily dis-
cernible.

The Maury Monument.

Regarding the suggestion endors-
ed by the Boston Globe and numer-
ous other journals in various sec-
tions of the country, that the United
States government erect, in Hampton
Roads, a memorial to Commodore
Matthew Fountaine Maury, the Bal-
timore Sun says:

"The nation owes him a monument;
it should be erected in the waters
of his native State, and the best me-
morial that could be devised would
be the creation of an island where
Hampton Roads and the ocean meet,
and the erection thereon of a fort
that will command the entrance to
the Chesapeake and complete the de-
fenses of Norfolk, Washington and
Baltimore. When this fortification
is completed, there should be erected
a statue of the famous commodore
in the centre of 'Fort Maury.'"

Commenting upon the proposal, the
Norfolk Virginia-Pilot adds:
"No sooner had the Taft board
several years ago, recommended the
creation of an island fort on the Me-
dle Ground, at the entrance to
Chesapeake, as a necessary protect-
to the most vulnerable and most im-
portant point in all the country's
tended coast line, than the Pot-
mouth Chapter, Daughters of
American Revolution, inaugurated
movement to have the fort, when
erected, named in honor of the 'P-
finder of the Seas.' The idea of
to be carried into effect; and,
doubt, it will, as soon as Congress
be induced to provide for the pro-
strengthening of the weakest link
all the chain of the country's de-
fensive armor. Such a monument
fitly testify to the debt of grati-
tude which the nation, in common with
the world, owes to this leading
historian and geographer of the South."

FLAG BACK TO VIRGINIA

Returned to 17th Regiment by State of New York.

Albany, N. Y., July 11.—Col. A. J. Smoot and Major Edward Warfield, commander and adjutant, respectively, of the R. E. Lee Confederate Veterans Association of Alexandria, Va., came to Albany today and were given custody of the battle flag of the 17th Virginia Regiment which has been in the possession of this State since the Civil War. The colors will be presented to the surviving member of the regiment at a re-union to be held on the battlefield of Manassas July 17. The return of the flag was authorized in a bill recently signed by Gov. Dix.

"The Burial March of Dundee" and Gen. G. W. Custis Lee

Editor GAZETTE: The highly impressive ceremonies attending the funeral and burial of General Lee in the "Chapel Mausoleum" on February 21st, just one day before the date of the birth of the great man after whom he was named, were so suggestive of the lines below that I send them to you for publication. They come from that delightful collection of poems to be found in "The Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," by Professor Edmondstone Aytoun of the University of Edinburgh, such as "Edinburgh After Flodden," "The Heart of Bruce," "The Execution of Montrose," and others equally as beautiful.

There is some little change in the wording.

"Open wide the gates of Athol, (or Lexington)

Where the bones of heroes rest;
Open wide the sacred portals
To receive another guest.

Last of Scots and last of freemen
(A Virginian and a freeman)

One of all that dauntless race
Who would rather die unsullied

Than outlive the land's disgrace,
Oh! thou lion-hearted warrior

Reck not of the after time
When honor may be deemed dishonor

And loyalty be called a crime.
Sleep in peace with kindred ashes

Of the noble and the true;
Hands that never failed their country,

Hearts that never baseness knew;
Sleep until the latest trump

Shall wake the dead from earth and sea,
Scotland shall not boast a braver chief-

tain than Dundee.

(John Graham of Iverhouse)

(Or Virginia braver chieftains than our

Lees,
Father, son and nephew.")

H. O. LOCHER, Sr.,

Glasgow, Va.

The glasses, usually eight by were carried in dustproof boxes. The plate was carefully coated with collodion, which carried in solution the chemicals bromide and iodide of potassium or ammonia or cadmium. The coating of the plates was a delicate operation even in the ordinary, well organized studio.

After coating the plate with collodion and letting the ether or alcohol evaporate to just the right degree of stickiness it was lowered carefully into a deep bath holder, which contained a solution of nitrate of silver, about 60 degrees for quick field work.

This was done in the dark, except a subdued yellow light. When coated it was placed in a slide. When it had been exposed, which must be within five minutes, it was returned to the dark room to be developed within five minutes also, else it was love's labor lost.

The accessories were a four-wheeled covered wagon for preparing and developing the plates, and a small two-wheeled affair to approach the less accessible position. When it is considered that many of these pictures were of battle scenes taken under fire, it will readily be seen that it required a man of nerve to carry out the work.

The first to undertake this arduous and oftentimes hazardous task was M. B. Brady, a native of Ireland, whose name has become a household word. He expended more than \$100,000, and practically bankrupted himself. The government relieved his distress temporarily by purchasing his plates at the moderate cost of \$25,000. But he lapsed again into poverty and died in a hospital in New York in the '90's, neglected save by a few old friends.

The wagon was sometimes enlarged to provide sleeping quarters for the operators, and its presence at the front always excited much curiosity, and was commonly known as the "What is it?" Brady's example was followed by others, both north and south, one operator, A. D. Lytle, of Baton Rouge, training his camera on Union troops and furnishing the results to the Confederate government, thus incurring the additional risk of being hanged as a spy.

Col. Waller H. Taylor Dies at His Home in Norfolk.

Norfolk, Va., March 1.—Colonel Waller H. Taylor, one of the best known men in the South, died at his home in this city tonight. He served as adjutant to General Lee in the civil war. He was one of General Lee's advisers and served in every campaign with the Southern chieftain. The severe wounding of General Joseph E. Johnson, during the fighting when McClellan's army was closing around Richmond, put Col. Taylor, then adjutant, in command of the field of Confederate forces. He won great renown in the fighting that followed.

He was author of the book entitled "Four Years With General Lee," and was considered an authority on things pertaining to the South and the Confederacy. He was president of the Marine Bank of Norfolk, and, from point of service, was the oldest director of the Norfolk and Western Railroad. He was 74 years old, and is survived by a widow and eight children.

Verse of War-Time Melody.
"It matters little now, Lorena;
The past is in the eternal past.
Our heads will soon lie low, Lorena;
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
But there's a future, oh! thank God,
Of life it is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
- But there—up there—'tis heart to heart."

Famous War Pastors of the Confederacy

Indissolubly connected with the memories and cause of the Confederacy was the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, of the Second Presbyterian Church, of Richmond, born September 18, 1818, died January 6, 1899.

Dr. Hoge's pastorate of his church was begun in February, 1845, when he came fresh from the hall of Union Theological Seminary to undertake this, which proved to be his only charge. Before his end came he had the happiness of seeing the success of his work, and of knowing that his congregation was one of the strongest of the Presbyterian denomination in the South.

Dr. Hoge went abroad twice during the War Between the States, to secure Bibles and hymn books for the Confederate soldiers. His heart was full of loyal enthusiasm for the cause in which they fought, and after the surrender at Appomattox no man did more than he did to help and to rebuild and to memorialize the patriots who had fallen in defense of their State and country. Dr. Hoge was buried January 8, 1899, in Hollywood Cemetery, where members of his family who went before him lie.

Rector of St. Paul's.
The Rev. Dr. Minnigerode filled the pulpit of St. Paul's Church in Richmond during the war period, and President Davis and General Robert E. Lee both had pews in his church, and attended service there. Dr. Minnigerode was a man of the greatest piety, learning, strength and earnestness of character. When President Davis was in prison at Fortress Monroe his former rector visited him, administered to him the holy communion and cheered his spirit in every possible way. No man could have been more beloved during the many years of his incumbency than was Dr. Minnigerode, who, as rector emeritus, passed the declining years of his life in Alexandria, Va. Another beloved Richmond minister was the Rev. Joshua Peterkin, of St. James Church, whose name was the symbol of his godly life, and whose home on Leigh Street was a centre from which emanated the most elevating and helpful influence.

The Rev. Dr. Burrows, of the First Baptist Church, is remembered by many who sat under his war-time ministrations. He preached to great congregations in the Richmond Theatre and remained in the city for many years after the war was over, finally retiring from active pastorate to make his home with his son.

Dr. Duncan, of Broad Street.
The Rev. Dr. Duncan, of the Broad Street Methodist Church, was one of the most eloquent of the many ministers, whose mission it was to stand firm in the midst of a war-encompassed city, and a people who constantly mourned their dead. In a sermon delivered by Dr. Duncan during the last days of the Confederacy, he said that the people of the South must remain unconquered and unconquerable, and did not take on the manners and the habits of their foes. The church was crowded to its full capacity when this sermon was preached, and it made a profound impression.

A Confederate Heroine.
The late Dabney H. Maury, in Southern Historical papers, tells the following story of a Confederate heroine:

In 1864 General Ramseur, commanding a Confederate force near Winchester, was suddenly attacked by a Federal force, under General Averill, and after a sharp encounter was forced back through the town. The battle field was about two miles distant from the residence of Mr. Rutherford, and the wounded were gathered in his house and yard.

The Confederate surgeons left charge of these wounded men appeal to the women of Winchester to come out and aid in dressing the wounds and nursing the wounded. The women promptly responded, to the appeal, and more than twenty of them went to Mr. Rutherford's to minister to their suffering countrymen.

There were more than sixty severely wounded men lying in the house and garden of Mr. Rutherford. Among them was a beardless boy named Randolph Ridgely.

His thigh was broken by a bullet, his nervous system was shocked and unstrung and he could find no rest. The surgeon felt that quiet sleep was all-important for his patient. He placed him under charge of a young girl who had accompanied the Winchester women, told her his life depended on his getting rest, showed her how to support his head and promised to return as often as he could.

All through an anxious night this brave girl—Miss Russell—sat sustaining the head of the wounded youth and guarding the slumber that was to save his life. She had never seen him before, nor did she see him afterward, but when dawn came the surgeon found her on watch and the soldier who had only waked once during the night, sleeping soundly.

SOUTH'S OLDEST HOTEL

The St. Louis in New Orleans Now Is Being Razed.

New Orleans, Oct. 22.—The work of razing the historic St. Louis Hotel, Hotel Royal, one of the old landmarks in the French quarter of the city, was begun today, the material having been sold to a wrecking company. The structure has been associated with memories of some of the most important social and exciting incidents in the history of the city and States. In the last few years, however, the dilapidated building has served only as a show place.

The hotel was erected in 1836 at a cost of more than \$600,000, and then was considered one of the finest in the country. Owing to a fire, the structure was rebuilt in 1840 on the original plans and at a greater expense. Among the notable entertainments given in the hotel was a dinner by New Orleans citizens to Henry Clay in 1843, which cost more than \$20,000.

Before the Civil War the local slave market was in the rotunda of the hotel, where hundreds of negroes sold on the block in a small area, and many slave traders had offices in the building.

From 1874 until 1882 the hotel was used at the Louisiana State capital, the State having purchased the building, and it was the scene of several stirring incidents of reconstruction days. September 14, 1874, a large committee of citizens attempted forcibly to enter the hotel to demand the resignation of Governor Kellogg, but was prevented by armed forces in the building. The next day, however, the garrison surrendered Kellogg and other State officials having fled to the customs house. Federal troops took possession of the building two days later.

Again in 1877, the Democratic members of the Legislature were refused admission to the building. They retired to a hall and inaugurated Francis T. Nicholls Governor. The opposing faction swore in S. B. Packard as Governor, with quarters in the hotel. Citizens then laid siege to the hotel, and for about two months some eight hundred men were shut up in the building. After Packard's flight the garrison surrendered.

WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPHY.

Difficulties Under Which Brady and Others Worked.

(American Review of Reviews.)

The art of photography was introduced in this country in 1840, and had been in general use not over fifteen years when the war broke out. The discovery of a method of multiplying pictures from a single negative by photographic process was made only a few years before the secession of the Southern States. The dry plate was unknown then, whereas in the recent war with Spain every squad and company was provided with a kodak.

The veteran George D. Rockwood, the dean of New York photographers, who died last July in his eightieth year thus describes the wet process of the war period.

Washington, July 13.—The reciprocity debate in the Senate today was preceded by the endorsement of the plea of Senator John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, for the retention on the Senate payroll of "Jim" Jones, an aged negro bodyguard of Jefferson Davis.

In supporting Senator Williams, the Senate overthrew its own committee on patronage which had recommended the removal of Jones from the payroll. Bitter words were exchanged between Senator Williams and Senator Heyburn of Idaho over Mr. Heyburn's characterization of the Confederacy as an "infamous cause." Mr. Williams retorted that he was unprepared to hear that expression from a "civilized man."

"But for the parliamentary rules that restrain me," declared Mr. Williams, "I would have a few words to say about the kind of human being in whose heart such thoughts can exist."

Williams Sustained.

Senator Williams had asked to have "Jim" Jones, the 82-year-old negro who had been Jefferson Davis' bodyguard, and in whose custody the seal of the Confederacy was entrusted, retained on the Senate payroll as a laborer.

Senator Heyburn acquiesced in retention of the negro for his service formerly given to the Senate "but not because of loyalty to the glory of an infamous cause."

Senator Williams replied with great feeling that he was "not prepared to hear a civilized man in the twentieth century call an 'infamous cause' the cause for which his (Williams) father laid down his life."

"Lee and Jackson may have been wrong," added Mr. Williams. "That the government is now in existence is a cause for congratulation to the children of the men who died with Lee and Jackson, but I cannot express the sentiment I have for a human being in whom such sentiments can remain as have been expressed here."

"There is no right of American citizenship," he added, "that permits a man to insult the dead."

"Well, was it a glorious cause?" asked Mr. Heyburn.

"There was much glory in it," replied Mr. Williams.

The Senate sustained Senator Williams by a vote of 37 to 18, leaving Jones on the payroll at \$720 a year as a laborer.

Mr. Heyburn, following his bitter altercation with Mr. Williams, voted against the negro.

Enraged Williams.

Senator Heyburn's use of the phrase "infamous cause" seemed to enrage Senator Williams. Walking into the middle of the aisle and shaking his head at the gentleman from Idaho he exclaimed passionately:

"Loyalty and courage and honor are things that are precious to honorable men. The senator from Idaho seems to have constituted himself a censor to see that no kind word is ever spoken of the men who wore the gray. Whence comes this censorship?"

When Senator Heyburn rejoined that he was simply exercising his rights as an American citizen, Mr. Williams retorted:

"There is no inherent right in an American citizen to insult the dead. The constitution recognizes no right to trample on the feelings of the living. The idea of saying that the men who gladly sacrificed their lives in behalf of constitutional principles were engaged in an infamous cause."

In opening the address which precipitated the bitter encounter with Mr. Heyburn, Mr. Williams said:

"I rise for the purpose of pleading the cause of an old faithful and honest negro man. I do not know that I

TO REMAIN ON PAY ROLL

(Continued from First Page.)

have anything to urge in his behalf except sentiment. Among all the magnificent attributes of the human race I think Tom Carlyle was right in saying that loyalty was the greatest of them all, loyalty to a country, to a cause, to a leader, to a man; loyalty to something. It is not peculiarly one of our virtues. This old darkey possessed it in a high degree."

James Jones, around whose name the Senate oratory raged, has been on the Senate payrolls for many years. In late years he has been so helpless that he has been able to render no service. Recently at a celebration here in honor of Jefferson Davis' birthday anniversary Jones was introduced to a monster gathering, by Senator Bailey, of Texas, as the man who holds inviolate the secret hiding place of the seal of the Confederacy. This incident aroused much enthusiasm among the followers of the lost cause.

Many Prominent Men Applaud an Unbiased Picture of the Most Unique Figure of the Rebellion—The Motive of the Conflict.

The remarkable man and leader, Stonewall Jackson, was pictured by Hon. George R. Wendling last night at the Universalist Church in a lecture, of which no more can be said than that it did justice to the subject. It was an admirable literary and oratorical effort, both in its analysis of character and fiery, glowing description of marches and battlefields, with a ring of Americanism untinged by partisanship. Mr. Wendling, who is widely known as a platform orator, speaks but seldom at his home. The character of his audience, last night was the highest compliment which could be given. Senators, Representatives, and other high officials in numbers applauded frequently and with enthusiasm, nor was the attendance or the approval at all sectional.

Mr. Frank Hatton introduced the lecturer in a few words, saying: "A private soldier in the Federal army, who played an humble part in the great struggle between the two sections of our country more than a quarter of a century ago, I am glad that I have been spared to stand in this beautiful Capital City of a reunited, happy, and prosperous country to enjoy the honor of introducing to this intelligent and patriotic audience a gentleman who will in eloquent words portray the grand character, the heroic bravery, and the inner life of one of the most conspicuous generals of the Southern army. It was an army made up of brave men, who proved their courage on many a well-contested battle-field. Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Hon. George R. Wendling."

"A great man never is an accident," Mr. Wendling said in beginning his lecture. "A personality so wonderful, a force so unique, as Stonewall Jackson was not projected aimlessly by the hand of God into the universe."

After describing the excitement at the outbreak of the war, he said: "A quiet, modest man, a professor in the university at Lexington, goes to rest Saturday night saying that he hoped for a quiet Sabbath to celebrate the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. He is aroused in the morning by an order from the governor to take his cadets to Richmond. However strenuously the North insisted that the man was committing a great error in strenuously placing allegiance to his State highest, he believed he was right, and as a great man performed nobly what he thought was his duty."

Mr. Wendling described Jackson as a clumsy, angular man, with a broad, white forehead, long nose, and bluish gray eyes, mild, but full of volcanic sparks when aroused. On horseback he was the awkwardest man in either army. He was reticent and prayerful.

"Is he more than a routine military professor, unbalanced when out of his groove?" the lecturer asked. In answer he said that in forty days Jackson had acquired unlimited influence over the soldiers. The reputation of his bravery in the Mexican war, his care for his men, his God-fearing character made them

trust him. Ambition for some, and desire for large opportunity; in others a craving for personal honors. To him it was the first. When promoted to brigadier general he wrote his wife that it was all the honor he had a right to expect.

The incident of Jackson watching the camp through the night when all his 2,600 men were sleeping evoked the comment, Ten times 2,600 men could not restrain Americans from following such a leader—if there be no flaw in his leadership—down through an inferno.

At first the Confederate government doubted Jackson's capacity to command Harper's Ferry. Mr. Wendling said, and later contrasted this distrust vividly to the turning of the tide at Manassas by the exhortation to the Confederates, "Rally! rally! there is Jackson standing like a stone wall." From that day the country accepted the description and the name. At night, while a routed army was flying to the Union Capital, Stonewall Jackson said quietly to a surgeon dressing his wounded hand, "If they'll only give me 10,000 fresh men I'll take Washington to-morrow," and in the morning he wrote to his wife, "All the glory belongs to God." Manassas has been written of as a Confederate victory, but it was not, it was a flash of lightning revealing the strength of the thunder cloud behind.

The war came as a necessary link in the evolution of the nation, the lecturer declared. The time has nearly come when people will turn with impatience from the so-called American history of to-day. Horace Greeley, Alexander Stephens, Logan, Jefferson Davis, and Blaine had recorded dates, but not written history. African slavery was a mere episode, and he would not insult God by saying that divine wisdom exchanged the freedom of three or four million negroes, which was surely coming, for the lives and wealth expended in the war. It was two types of men struggling for supremacy, the antagonistic cavalier and Puritan. The war was to make one nineteenth century American from two seventeenth century Englishmen. As long as a Yankee believed himself morally and mentally better than a Southerner, and a Southerner thought he could whip five Yankees, it was inevitable. Jackson was a cavalier in blood, with the noblest strain of Puritan character, looking on life as a conflict, not a play ground.

As Napoleon in his first campaign struck the word impossible from his vocabulary, so did Jackson. It was no exaggeration, but a plain statement of historical truth that with 15,000 men he controlled the movements of 100,000 Union soldiers, and paralyzed McClelland's magnificent campaign. In his absolute disregard of human life he was like Grant, growing wrathful at a brave officer who did not fight against artillery when ammunition was exhausted. When a girl spoke of the hateful Yankees, he said you and I have no right to our homes. After his most magnificent march, surpassed only by Napoleon's achievement, he celebrated communion in the camp.

Some future Plutarch will find three points of likeness between Jackson and Grant—secrecy, tenacity, and disregard of cost. So well were his movements veiled that he was the utterly unexpected and disturbing factor.

After a brilliant and fiery sketch of Jackson's battles, Mr. Wendling said that history repeated itself on the plains of Manassas, and the star of Pope went down before the stone wall as the star of McDowell had sunk a year before. At Chancellorsville once more the whole fate of a great army hung on Jackson, and once more, like a lion leaping from his lair, like a tornado Jackson swept down the enemy. But that night his fate was sealed. Mistaken in the dark for enemies, he and his men were fired upon, and lingering a few days he died.

At Chancellorsville the tide of Southern victory and generalship reached its tide, and from that hour ebbed. God decreed that these people should be one and laid his hand on Stonewall Jackson.

Summing up the character, Mr. Wendling said that in some mysterious way the man sustained peculiar relations to

God. While Cromwell waged an intolerant religious war, Jackson had tolerance for all creeds. His inner life showed no scars of his early struggle with poverty. He gave life and brain to duty as he saw it, and firmly trusted in God. After he had passed behind the veil, and saw things as they are to-day, he must have said as he did on his dying bed, "It is all right." When a sad and careworn face, the great spirit of Lincoln was touched by God, and later the stately Lee followed, and then Grant, the great leader of the Union cause, and they beheld a great nation where before were great States, and one nation where had been two, they must have said, with Divine approval, in Jackson's dying words, "It is all right."

A SWIFT SHIP'S CRUISE

She Mysteriously Disappeared at the Close of the Rebellion.

CONFEDERATE COTTON MISSING

Inside History of the Late War, with a Singular Story Connected with the Sale of Bonds Issued by the Confederate Government—Four Men's Possessions.

IT is probable that some steps will be taken by the Government to investigate anew a matter which is of great interest, and of which much has been said and written, viz., the amount of property yet in existence in Europe that belonged to the Confederacy at its collapse. The full truth has never yet been made known, but such an investigation as could be made by those who know what they are talking of would astonish the country by the importance and magnitude of its discoveries. Some years ago, while the late Hon. Kenneth Raynor was Solicitor General, the Treasury Department entered into a contract with a gentleman who professed to know a great deal about this matter, agreeing to give him one-half of all the property he might find. Though he had ample time to do so, he never made any report of property discovered, although there are large quantities he might have found had he been in possession of the proper information. There is every reason for believing that in England, and on the continent, there are many millions of dollars' worth of war material that was paid for by the Confederacy, but never delivered to its agents because the war ended, and the material was not required. It was then sold to whomever would buy it and the money pocketed by the people who were paid for material, and then sold it again, after it was finished. Who was to prevent them? Not the United States, for the United States consuls and other agents abroad did not know where one-tenth of the Confederate contracts were placed. It is said that between \$20,000,000 and \$30,000,000 might be obtained with the proper knowledge and due diligence. This may seem a like very large sum, too large, in fact, but when it is remembered that in England and on the continent there were vast depots of supplies and a good deal of cash, both of which had to be concealed under the names of local firms and banks, the amount will not seem to be overstated. Some of the property was in the form of eight or ten ships of war, of the best build then afloat, waiting for opportunities to get out of the neutral ports they had been constructed in; small arms and munitions of war, money on deposit, and cotton belonging to the Confederate government.

It would probably be difficult to track the last named species of property, but a person who had the necessary information, which is still in existence, would have no great difficulty in finding where the cotton went to, and getting a good deal of its value back. It is surprising that the United States Treasury has acted with so little intelligence in this matter. The United States might as well have this money as a lot of aliens, though, considering how the business has been managed, it is not at all surprising that none of the property has ever been recovered. Had the proposition of Capt. Henry B. Littlepage, of Virginia (a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and late of the Confederate Navy), been accepted, a fair amount of this property would have been unearthed, for he knew whereof he spoke. But it was not accepted, and Littlepage did not press it upon the Government. In 1881, while Garfield was President and Mr. Blaine Secretary of State, an American, who knows England and the continent well, by accident discovered a deposit of what he believes to be about \$750,000 belonging to the Confederacy in an English bank. On his return he communicated the information to the State Department, with some suggestions as to the best means of reclaiming it. But Garfield was dead; a new President came in, the Cabinet changed, and the matter was dropped.

In December, 1864, a very swift and light blockade-runner was captured off Wilmington, N. C. It had been built for the purpose of running drugs and medicines in to the Confederacy, and had made a great many successful trips. When a concatenation of circumstances and accidents one foggy morning in December she found herself a long way outside of her intended course, and within 300 yards of the United States cruisers, who immediately captured her without a struggle, or any injury to the beautiful prize. One of the officers, who was present at her capture, declared that he had never seen in any ship such a combination of grace and swiftness. She was condemned and sold in New York on or about the 10th day of February, 1865. Four men became her owners, three of whom are dead, and one is living. They had her machinery very carefully overhauled, everything put in thoroughly good condition, and selected a captain who was known to them all as not only a thorough seaman, but a man who could and would keep a still tongue. He was directed to coal up, proceed to Halifax, and there await orders. When he received a dispatch he said it meant that he was to start for Liverpool and go as fast as steam and wind could take him, and it was estimated that he would make the run in about three and a quarter days. He was given sealed orders and told that he would be instructed by telegraph when to open them. He sailed for Halifax February 18, 1865.

The Confederacy was then in its death throes. Hood's army had been driven out of Tennessee, with great loss of life. Its destitution was something no man can understand who did not see it. Men were absolutely starving and dying for the want of food and clothing. Generals of brigades were half clad and wearing boots and shoes taken from dead Union soldiers' feet. How they lived, who did live through it all, is only known to God and them. It was a time which those who participated in can never forget. Their comrades' faces were gaunt and haggard with privations and famine, and men had in their eyes the look of those whom hunger has nearly made mad. The few horses that were left were like skeletons. Yet how these men fought Franklin, and Duck River will bear witness. There was no word of surrender amid all this starvation and death. They preferred to fight, for in the tents of their enemies they found food and clothing, warmth and the breath of life, and they attacked whether they could with the courage of trained soldiers and the fearlessness of men almost mad. Never was there seen on North American soil such splendid contempt for death. Lee's army was in almost as destitute a condition, and any day might see the ending of the Confederacy. Time went on. February passed away, then March, and the waiting captain got no word. He kept his fires banked and his men on board, as he had been told. April came, and at 4:30 on the 9th Capt. Blatch received a telegram containing these words: "Go and execute the orders given you in the sealed writing. Open them one day before you arrive in Liverpool." This was all. At 7 p. m. he steamed out of Halifax Harbor, and in three days and twelve hours he was dropping anchor in the Mersey off Liverpool. When he arrived at Fastnet Light, the first light seen on the Irish coast, he opened his orders. They simply directed him to deliver two packages of papers inclosed to the addresses on them as soon as he landed, at day or night, and then to report to a well-known firm of ship brokers for further orders, meanwhile to talk with nobody. He obeyed them strictly.

The end of the Confederacy had come. Two great London and Liverpool houses sold Confederate bonds short till they had out over \$3,000,000 of shorts. At that time there were in Liverpool, London, and Manchester 9,000 bales of cotton belonging to the Confederate government. A week

after the arrival of this swift ship the mail steamers brought the news of the surrender of Lee's and Johnston's armies, the final collapse of the Confederate states government, and the flight of Mr. Davis and his cabinet. Confederate bonds fell from 35 to 40 cents to nothing. The American minister in London, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, immediately directed the United States consuls at Liverpool, Manchester, and in London to seize all the Confederate cotton in those cities and hold it till further orders. But when these officials attempted to execute these orders not a bale could be found! Three million six hundred thousand dollars' worth of cotton had disappeared, and from that hour to this the United States Government has never been able to find a dollar's worth of it. Four persons who owned a very swift ship that sailed from Halifax on the evening of April 9, 1865, could tell where it went to, if they were disposed to do so, and were all alive. But all four who planned this mighty coup are dead but one, who is an old man now in a Northern city and very rich. Among the four were two men who were noted in those days for their wealth and devotion to the Union, and two Southern men. One of them held a very high confidential position at the Confederate capital and the other was a very prominent confidential European agent of the Confederate government. They made on the short sale of bonds not less than \$12,000,000, and on the cotton about \$3,600,000 more. In other words the four "landed" about \$4,000,000 apiece, less the expenso, which was not over \$20,000 each for the four. Such is one of the curious inside incidents of the great war. WM. HUGH ROBERTS.

Colonel William Cabell, Sr., of Union Hill.

Colonel William Cabell, Sr.,* the eldest son of Dr. William Cabell (the founder of the family in Virginia), was born March 13, 1730, at or near Dover, in Goochland county, at a place called "Licking Hole." I think; at any rate, his parents lived there when he was only five years old. Of his youth no record is preserved save in letters of his mother to his father, written between 1735 and 1741, during which period the latter was in England. These letters prove that the education of their offspring was a subject of continual solicitude to his parents, who, having cast their fortunes in the frontier forest of a new world, must have found many impediments thereto, which, however, were all overcome, and Dr. Cabell lived to see every one of his sons occupy honorable positions in society and become the foremost men in their section. When William was eight years old he "read well and had commenced learning to write;" and his father sent him from England a prayer-book, a Bible, and "a small gun." From 1751 to 1753 William Cabell was sheriff of old Albemarle, the second in order of election. In 1753 he was an assistant surveyor to Colonel Joshua Fry. In 1754 he was an assistant surveyor to Colonel Peter Jefferson, the father of President Jefferson, and also "a captain of a troop of horse," which no doubt saw service along the frontier in the French and Indian war, but prior to 1769 I have but little data regarding him. He married, in 1754, Margaret, the third daughter of "Colonel Samuel Jordan, of the Seven Islands." He was "his Majesty's presiding justice" for Albemarle in 1757 (possibly prior thereto). He continued in this office until 1761, when Amherst county was taken from Albemarle. He then held the same office in Amherst until August 5, 1776, "when he took the oath prescribed by the last convention" as the first presiding magistrate of Amherst under the United States Government, which position he held, I think, until his death in 1776. He was first elected a Burgess for Albemarle in 1757, and continued to be re-elected until 1761. He was commissioner for settling militia claims in Albemarle in 1758, colonel of Albemarle militia in 1760, and a subscriber to the bounty for making wine and silk in the colony.

The order taking Amherst from Albemarle was passed at the March session of the House of Burgesses in 1761, to take effect from "the first day of May next" (1761).

The dividing line was Rockfish river "to the mouth of Green creek, and thence a straight line to the house of Thomas Bell to the Blue Mountains." The first court of old Amherst was held at Henry Key's ordinary on Monday, the first day of June, 1761. The dividing line was run "June ye 20th 1761," from the mouth of Green creek,

north 23° 30', west twenty-one miles 296 poles to the end, by Colonel William Cabell. His fee for the service was 1,596 pounds good tobacco.

Colonel William Cabell was a vestryman, or church-warden, from manhood until his death.

From 1761 to 1775 he held all of the leading offices of Amherst county being elected to some and appointed to others by the Governor and by William and Mary College. He was a church-warden, an important secular and civil office; the presiding justice, the chief executive office; the county lieutenant, the highest military office; a Burgess, the chief legislative office; the county surveyor, one of the most, if not the most important office in a new country; the coroner and the treasurer. The seven principal offices. Of course he could not perform all the work of so many offices; but it was all done by himself, or by his agents under instructions from himself. In 1764 he was one of the trustees for clearing the Great Falls of James river; in 1765, a commissioner for receiving subscriptions for clearing the Great Falls of James river; in 1784, a commissioner to obtain subscriptions to the stock of "the old James River Company," and in 1785 a director and stockholder in "The James River company;" in 1764, a commissioner for settling militia accounts, &c., for the counties of Augusta, Louisa, Orange, Albemarle, Amherst, Bedford, and Halifax; in 1765, commissioner for Augusta, Bedford, Halifax, and Amherst; in 1775, the same for Fincastle, Bedford, Botetourt, Culpeper, Pittsylvania, Halifax, and East Augusta; and in 1775, the same for Cumberland.

The Stamp Act became a law March 22, 1765, although it was not to take effect until the 1st of November following. The colonial courts "refused to sanction the act by sitting." There was no court held in old Amherst from November, 1765, to June, 1766. (The act was repealed in March, 1766, and the repeal reached this country in May, 1766.) Colonel William Cabell was the presiding magistrate. Howe, in his Historical Collections of Virginia, says: "After the passage of Henry's resolutions (1765) the Governor dissolved the Assembly; but the people re-elected the friends and excluded the opposers of the resolutions." Colonel William Cabell was re-elected a Burgess. In 1764 he discontinued his subscription to the Virginia Gazette, published as the Government organ, but was a subscriber to Rind's Virginia Gazette, "open to all parties but influenced by none," from its first issue, May 16, 1766. I am sure he had no idea of actual rebellion against Great Britain at this early date, and after the repeal of the Stamp Act he "had strong hopes that the grievances of the colonies would be redressed and the dispute adjusted." On the 12th day of December, 1766, he was appointed escheator of the counties of Albemarle, Amherst, Buckingham, and Bedford, by Colonel Peter Randolph of the Council, who was the escheator for the colony of Virginia. It was necessary, I suppose, that this office should be filled by a friend to the King. Colonel William Cabell did not accept the office. The tradition in the family is that although Colonel William Cabell bitterly opposed the oppressive acts of Great Britain, still he had strong hope of a final satisfactory settlement until the passage of the Boston Port Bill, which was to take effect on the 1st of June, 1774. He returned home from Williamsburg on the 31st of May, and observed the 1st of June as "a day of fasting, prayer, and humiliation."

In November, 1766, he was appointed by the House of Burgesses one of the trustees for winding up the estates of the Hon. John Robinson (Speaker of the House of Burgesses) and Colonel John Chiswell. In 1769 "the Assembly met on Monday, the 8th of May, and was dissolved on Wednesday, the 17th of May." The next day they met in the Raleigh Tavern and drew up the articles of the "Mercantile Association." Colonel William Cabell signed these articles, and was so heartily supported by his

[Concluded on Fourth Page.]

Do they Miss me at Home.

Do they miss me at home, do they miss me!
"Twould be an assurance most dear,
To know that this moment some loved one,
Were saying I wish he was here,
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam,
Oh, yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure
To know that they miss'd me at home,
To know that they miss'd me at home.

When twilight approaches, the season
That ever is sacred to song,
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long!
And is there a chord in the music
That's miss'd when my voice is away,
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay,
Regret at my wearisome stay.

Do they sit me a chair near the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh,
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And the stars in the calm azure sky?
And when the "good-nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of the absent, and wait me
A whisp'd "good-night" while they weep,
A whisp'd "good-night" while they weep.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me
At morning, at noon, or at night!
And linger one gloomy shade round them
That only my presence can light!
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is miss'd from the circle,
Because I am with them no more,
Because I am with them no more.

OBITUARY

Major Thomas S. Taylor was born Nov. 21, 1838, in Henry County, Va. When he was twelve years old his family moved to Pulaski County and from there to Giles County, the present home of the Taylors. At the age of eighteen, having lost his father, he assumed the responsibility of caring for his mother and her family. In 1861, after the marriage of his mother to Robert Buchanan, he volunteered as a soldier in the civil war. He was a member of Longstreet's Corps, Pickett's Division, Kemper's Brigade and was in Company D. This company was composed entirely of Giles County boys. During the four years of the war he served as private, Lieutenant and Sergeant. He was in the thickest of every battle of consequence, fought by the Army of Northern Virginia, first and second Manassas, Fredericksburg, Antietam, Seven Days Fight, Beensboro, Drury's Bluff, Defense of Petersburg, also at Washington and Plymouth, North Carolina, under General Hoke, and at Gettysburg.

He marched under Pickett in that "Immortal Charge" and one fellow comrade and writer has said that he advanced further into the enemy's line during that charge than any other soldier who escaped capture. He saw Kemper, Garnett, Armistead and over two thirds of Pickett's men fall beneath the Stars and Bars, while a kind Providence shielded him from death.

He was captured at Sailor's Creek, April 6th, 1865 and was sent to Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, from where he was discharged June 21st, '65.

He returned to his home from the war and taught school and farmed near his mother for whom he tenderly cared until her death.

On September 26th, 1865 he married Nichatie C. French, of Tazewell County.

In 1866 Governor Walker, of Virginia ordered the Militia to be reorganized and at that time, Major Taylor was elected Captain of a company. When the company officers met to elect regimental officers, he was elected Major, his commission being issued by the governor of the state.

For three consecutive terms he was made sheriff of Giles County and upon refusing re-election was made deputy of the county. Major Taylor was an enthusiastic and prominent Mason throughout his life and for eighteen years was deputy Grand Master of District No. 41.

At the early age of eighteen, he professed his faith in Christ and from this time until his death, a period of fifty-seven years he never missed a service from his church unless ill or out of the County.

He was Superintendent at the Sunday School at Thessalia, his home church, for forty years and until very recently was most active in Sunday School work.

On March 7th, 1901, Major Taylor lost his wife. Nine children survived her: Walter Lee, Albert Tyler Hicks, Berta A., Mary A., India F., Marvin S., Mattie N., Bayard Hankle, and Vera.

Some years after the death of his wife, Major Taylor married Mrs. Laura J. Stafford, a sister to his first wife and the widow of J. M. Stafford.

Mrs. Taylor survives her husband. The long life of devotion and service to his family, to his country and to his God, was quietly surrendered while visiting at the home of his son-in-law, Dr. C. R. Shumate, Lynchburg, on the morning of Jan. 22.

The respect to his memory and the sympathy to his family were shown by the numerous and beautiful floral designs from many friends and the orders in whose ranks he was such a loyal comrade.

Exonerates General Pickett.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—In your paper of March 21 there appeared an article headed, "Picture Pickett as Enemy of General Lee," that tells of a painful meeting of the two generals at the Ballard House, in Richmond, "which was cold and formal, and evidently embarrassing" to both commanders. Fortunately, a noble woman of Richmond (Miss K. Stiles), was present at this very meeting, and she writes, "She saw no stiffness, that Colonel Mosby speaks of," but that "General Lee rose and introduced me" (her) to General Pickett and Colonel Mosby "in his own cordial, dignified manner. We chatted together a while pleasantly and then these two gentlemen took their leave."

Now this statement of Miss Stiles is sufficient to prove the falsity of Colonel Mosby's impressions to every true Confederate, but I deny that there was ever any unpleasant feelings from General Pickett to General Lee; but that General Pickett always to the day of his death spoke of General Lee, as every Confederate always did, in the kindest and most reverential manner. Now, I was the brother-in-law of General Pickett; I married his only sister, and there was always between us the most cordial and confidential relations. I was an officer in General Pickett's division the last two years of the war, and was perhaps nearer to him and saw as much of him as any one, save his brother, Major Charles Pickett, who was adjutant-general of his division, and always with him, and from the day after the battle of Five Forks, I rode with him and my regiment every step of the way to Appomattox, and was with him at the very time of the announcement of the flag of truce being sent in by Grant, and shortly afterwards when the terms of the surrender came to General Pickett's headquarters. I know, therefore, that General Pickett was in command of his division at Five Forks, and after that his division brought up the rear of General Lee's army all the way from the Petersburg lines to Sailors Creek, where his division bore the brunt of that fierce fight, and where one of his brigadiers (General Hunton) was captured, with some of his men, and from that fight we escaped that night and got together the same night near the High Bridge at Gwathmey's farm, about two miles below Farmville. The next morning we began the retreat, the ranks having filled up considerably, and we marched along together, and I am sure I was with General Pickett almost every hour until the close of the Confederate struggle. I, therefore, feel confident and competent to assert, that General Pickett never was under arrest at any time, and that he was in command of his division to the latest moment of the existence of General Lee's army at Appomattox. It is most painful and distressing and difficult to understand how an officer, who was as

distinguished as Colonel Mosby was, can now, after twenty years (he says he has known this), publish such a slur upon the name of a distinguished comrade, and that, too, after he is dead and every officer above a major, in his division, is dead, except one (Lieutenant-Colonel Edmond Berkley, of the Eighth Virginia, I hear, is living), who could and would brand this statement as a most infamous falsehood.

Shame, I say, on Colonel Mosby, and shame upon all others, such as Paul Venable, that did utter such a libel. I have just been shown a most worthy and positive refutation of this vile slander, written by Dr. M. G. Elzey, and published in The Times-Dispatch of Sunday, April 2, every word of which is true, as Dr. Elzey was an officer in the same command as myself, and was with us all the way from where we commenced the retreat to the final end of our army at Appomattox. His article expresses the whole truth, and so much better than mine that I accept it and thank him and will close by reasserting that General George E. Pickett was never at any time nor at any place under arrest, but was in full command of what was left of his division until the end of General Lee's army, and consequently of the death of the Confederate States.

BLAIR BURWELL, M. D.
Surgeon of the Eighth Virginia Regiment, Hunton's Brigade, Pickett's Division,
Powhatan county.

DEATH OF "OLD PETE."

The Darkey Who Served as the Inspiration of American Minstrelsy Passes Away.

"Pete" Henderson, the old darkey from whom Sam Sanford, Eph Horn, Frank Brower, the fathers of negro minstrelsy, and such latter-day end-men as Curncross, Simmons and Moran drew their inspiration, died in this city on Friday afternoon. Pete has been known among the people as a "character" for more than 50 years. He was born at Gettysburg some time about the year 1803, his parents having been slaves who lived just across the Maryland line. Nearly a half century he lived in the neighborhood of Eleventh and Market streets, and at time Sanford turned the church on Eleventh street above Chestnut, into the present opera house, Pete was looked upon as a model "nigger" for minstrel playrights. Until his death he of 1 years occupied a room in the rear of the Ker's saloon, 29 South Eleventh, and looked out at a window upon the back part of Curncross & Dixie place and at another upon the rear of Fox's. He was a kind of "Handy-Andy" around and on Monday morning even built the fires in Kern's saloon. After his chores were through with he said that was "a gettin' weaker an' weaker, like de ole dat's lef' unawked," so Mr. Kern led him back his room, where the darkey's life leaked out wit out so much as a gurgle. Pete was known and acquaintance sought by all the ambitious person of negro characters and singers of negro song. In appearance he was the perfect plantation hand and this the stage men tried to catch. He was lank in one leg, and very often Curncross would get his troupe around Pete so that they could imitate his limping. The limp is now seen on all the minstrel stages throughout the country. His repartee proverbial among the profession.

"Good morning, Mr. Henderson," one would say. "Yes, O ho, yes, fine day for dem dat dun ow nothin," Pete would drawl in reply.

Pete was often behind the scenes at the opera house, and rolled over on his back at the singing of the "Swanee River," but he could never be induced to appear. Persuasion, money, drinks, everything was offered him if he would roll his street push cart across the stage, but Pete swore that he was not cut out for an actor. His name, however, was made familiar to the public by frequent insertion in the programmes.

MOSBY'S WAYS.

A REPLY TO GEN. A. M. PLEASANTON

How the Confederate Partisan Leader Found Out the Plans of General Hooker on a Certain Important Occasion—A Defense of General J. E. B. Stuart. Questions for General Pleasanton.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

In the WEEKLY TIMES of January 19 is a paper contributed by General Pleasanton which contains statements that should not be allowed to go uncorrected. General Pleasanton says: "General Stuart, at Ashby's gap on the 21st of June, was as ignorant of the position of Hooker's army as were Generals Lee and Longstreet on the 27th of June, at Chambersburg." Nothing could be further from the truth than this. So far from either Generals Lee or Stuart being at that time ignorant of the position of Hooker's army they both knew where Hooker's headquarters were established and the exact location of the camp of each corps of his army just as well as General Pleasanton did. General Stuart reached Middleburg (Loudoun county) in the afternoon of June 17 with two brigades of his cavalry. He took this position, about fifteen miles to the east of the gaps of the Blue Ridge, to prevent the enemy from making a reconnaissance through them to discover the position of the Confederate army or from harassing its rear while crossing into Pennsylvania. On the day before I had been on a scouting expedition along the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and having learned that the bulk of Hooker's army was in the neighborhood of Manassas, had reported it to

mountain, I passed every night with my command through an unguarded pass of the Bull Run mountain, and operated on the line of communication between Hooker's and Pleasanton's headquarters. Having acquired a thorough knowledge of the people and the country, it was far easier for me to gather information than a stranger. The captures which during this time we made, although considerable, were of secondary importance. My operations had two objects in view: First, to supply Stuart with information about Hooker's movements, which was done frequently through couriers; second, to give as much annoyance as possible by capturing trains, detachments, etc., on the lines of communication connecting Hooker's scattered army corps with their depot of supplies at Fairfax Station, so as to prevent the division of cavalry stationed in Fairfax to guard the defenses of Washington from being released from that duty and going to the front to reinforce Pleasanton.

GENERAL HOOKER'S TESTIMONY.

Now Pleasanton fought Stuart a whole week, and yet this cavalry division, which General Hooker says in his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War numbered 6,100 sabres, was kept away in the rear. General Hooker says, Vol. I., page 162:

I may here state that while at Fairfax Court-House my cavalry was reinforced by that of Major General Stahl. The latter numbered 6,100 sabres and had been engaged in picketing a line from the Occoquan river to Goose creek. This line was concentric to, and a portion of it within, the line held by my army. The force opposed to them was Mosby's guerrillas, numbering about two hundred (not over thirty men); and if the reports of the newspapers were to be believed, this whole party was killed two or three times during the winter. From the time I took command of the Army of the Potomac there was no evidence that any force of the enemy, other than that above-named, was within one hundred miles of Washington City; and yet the planks on the Chain bridge were taken up at night during the greater part of the winter and spring. It was this cavalry force, it will be remembered, I had occasion to ask for, that my cavalry might be strengthened when it was numerically too weak to cope with the superior numbers of the enemy.

Although this division of cavalry reinforced Hooker's army it rendered Pleasanton no assistance against Stuart. It did not join Pleasanton until he got to Frederick City, Md. Hooker's published dispatches all show that he was per-

fectly ignorant of General Lee's whereabouts and movements at that time, and that instead of Pleasanton preventing Stuart from unmasking Hooker, that Stuart was performing that service for General Lee until the evening of the 21st when Pleasanton, reinforced by infantry, drove him back to Ashby's gap. General Pleasanton Meade heard of Stuart's crossing the Potomac between him and Washington, that he laughed at it, while General Meade took it seriously and wanted him to send his cavalry after Stuart. General Pleasanton says:

I assured him that Lee was of more importance than Stuart; the latter was in a false position and useless to Lee, and that it was a maxim in war never to interfere with the enemy when he was making a false move. That Stuart could only join Lee by recrossing the Potomac, which would occupy so much time as to prevent his being in the next battle; or he must pass round to the north of our army, in which event I should have the cavalry placed that he would not be able to escape us.

QUESTIONS FOR GENERAL PLEASANTON.

General Pleasanton seems to have forgotten that he did not act on any such theory, but the contrary sent off two of his divisions (Gregg and Kilpatrick's) in pursuit of Stuart, leaving only Buford to watch General Lee who not only did not capture him or "hit plunder," but did not reach the battle-field until after Stuart got there. It is true that Buford reached Gettysburg before the Confederate army did; but I have elsewhere shown that that was no fault of Stuart's, but of General Beverly Robertson, who had been left in command of nearly four thousand cavalry in front of Hooker, in Virginia with orders to observe his movements and follow him when he withdrew, but who remained inactive four days in the gaps of the mountains in Virginia after both armies had marched into Pennsylvania. General Pleasanton severely criticizes General Grant and General Lee for what he charges as a violation of the principles of war in "operating on an exterior line and leaving his adversary secure in his communication and bases of supplies."

Now, will General Pleasanton tell me how General Grant could have moved on an interior line to Richmond, or General Lee to Gettysburg? The army operating on an interior line must have a course of action more direct than the one on the exterior line. Of course General Grant exerted all his power to get on the interior line on the march to Richmond, and if he had succeeded the campaign would have been won. General Lee maneuvered to do the same thing in the campaign of Gettysburg, but Hooker, being on the interior line when the campaign began continued to hold as Lee did against Grant. As to the suggestion of General Longstreet to reface our left flank by our right flank so as to turn the strategic position held by General Meade, General Pleasanton says this was impossible, because "the Army of the Potomac from Cemetery Hill would have been swept down and turned Gettysburg into an impregnable fortress." In reply to this I will say that it required the genius of a Napoleon to win at Gettysburg, and this the commander of the Army of the Potomac did not possess, if what General Pleasanton says be true, that even after our pulse at Gettysburg "the Army of the Potomac did not leave Gettysburg for four or five days after." If it would not come down from the natural fortress to attack General Lee when retired from an unsuccessful assault, it would hardly have done so when his army was intact.

JOHN S. MOSBY

WASHINGTON, April 1, 1878.