1880

The Lost Cause

Longwood University


OUR LOST CAUSE
APPOMATTOX

WAR MEMORIES.

A DEFENCE OF THE SOUTH.

Professor Leon C. Prince, of Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., contributes to the April No. of the Arena an article on "The Passing of the Declaration," which contains a vigorous defence of the right of secession and a ringing indictment of the Federal Government for its imperialistic treatment of the South after the war between the States.

As to secession, Professor Prince cites the reservations made by Virginia, New York, Rhode Island, and South Carolina, and the various State affirmations and reaffirmations of the right, and then adds:

But there was another and a philosophical reason to support the principle of secession. It is to be found in the fact that, since the parties to the contract were sovereign States, there was no superior tribunal to which the question of State rights could be referred. The Federal courts were not competent to pass upon it, because they were the creatures of the Union and the Union was in turn the creature of the States. In the event, then, of a dispute between the States and the Union over the question of respective powers, should the Union, the creature, be permitted to say how much power it received, or should the State, the creator, determine how much power it conferred? In all logic and justice there can be but one answer. Manifestly the seceding States had the right to go. They had a right under the Constitution and they had the further right of revolution, expressly affirmed by the Declaration of Independence as being inherent in all communities and upon which each of the thirteen States had justified its secession from the Mother Country in 1776."

Next the writer notes that when at last the United States Government, by virtue of its superior resources and greater strength, had reduced the seceding States to subjection, it deprived them of their Statehood, overturned their home rule, nullified their statutes, displaced their civil by military jurisdiction, and forced upon them the alternative of either accepting the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth amendments to the Constitution, or remaining forever in the status of subjugated territory. This action—"the action of the Federal Government towards the South from 1860 until the last State was 'reconstructed'"—was, Professor Prince contends, imperialistic and usurpative in the extreme, and without possible constitutional or legal aspect that can make it anything else.

Professor Prince is a northern man, and believes now that it was better for the South and the country at large that the conflict of 1861-'65 ended as it did. He accepts, as does the South, the fact that discussion of the right of secession is academic. None the less, it is refreshing to see a man of his environments stand up so boldly in vindication of the South's cause and the great principle for which the South fought—stand, indeed, so fearlessly for the truth of history.

WOLSEY'S TRIBUTE TO LEE.

What the Great British Leader Said of Our General.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I beg leave to enclose you herewith Lord Wolseley's tribute to General R. E. Lee. You are doubtless familiar with the visit of Lord Wolseley to General Lee at his headquarters during the war, and was his guest for some time.

As you are also aware, Lord Wolseley was at that time commander-in-chief of the armies of Great Britain, and held that high office until succeeded by Lord Robert Roberts ("Bobs") recently.

A tribute from such a distinguished military chieftain should afford interesting reading to those, pure and unadulterated patriots who did not consider General Lee's picture worthy of a place in the so-called "Hall of Fame." I copied this article many years ago from some paper (probably the Dispatch), and in looking over some papers to-day came across it. It is too good a thing to be lost, so I will send it to you to be filed for future use.

W. H. P.,
3019 Broad street.

Richmond, Va., February 3, 1902.

General Garnett Joseph Wolseley's Tribute to General R. E. Lee.

"The fierce light which beats upon the throne is as a rush light in comparison with the electric glare which our newspapers now focus upon the public man in Lee's position. His character has been subjected to that ordeal, and who can point to a spot upon it. His clear, sound judgment, personal courage, untiring activity, genius for war, absolute devotion to his State, mark him out as a public man, as a patriot to be forever remembered by all Americans. His amiability of disposition, deep sympathy with those in pain or sorrow, his love for children, nice sense of personal honor, and general courtesy, endeared him to all his friends. I shall never forget his sweet, winning smile, nor his clean honest eyes, that seemed to look into your heart, while they searched your brain. I have met with many of the great men of my time, but Lee alone impressed me with the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who was cast in a grander mould and made of different and finer metal than all other men. He is stamped upon my memory as being apart and superior to all others in every way, a man with whom none I ever knew and few of whom I have read are worthy to be classed. When all the angry feelings aroused by secession are buried with those that existed when the Declaration of Independence was written; when Americans can review the history of their last great war with calm impartiality, I believe all will admit that General Lee towered far above all men on either side in that struggle. I believe he will be regarded not only as the most prominent figure of the Confederacy, but as the greatest American of the nineteenth century, whose statue is well worthy to stand on an equal pedestal with that of Washington, and whose memory is equally worthy to be enshrined in the hearts of all his countrymen.

(Signed) "WOLSELEY."

The 19th of January—The Anniversary of the Birth of Robert Edward Lee.

By Mrs. J. William Jones.

(For the Dispatch.)

Once more this honored day rolls round,
And loyal all are we;
For out of the past steals a martial sound,
And our hearts beat quick, while our pulses bound
To the memory dear of those days renowned,
When we followed the banner of Lee.

We honor ourselves when we honor this day,
And we of the South agree
To tell to our children while we may
Of the knightliest knight who "wore the gray."
Come, orator, statesman, and veteran, pay
Your tribute to Robert Lee.

Oh! tell us the thrilling story again,
Familiar to you and to me;
'Tis a glorious song, with a sad refrain,
But a history grand, which will yet attain
A stainless right to live and reign,
In the hearts which are loyal to Lee.

You can tell to our youth of a warrior brave,
A king among men to see;
Of his wonderful life which he willingly gave
To the people he loved and struggled to save—
Historian can write, and poet can rave
O'er the glorious career of Lee.

To the closing days of his life we will turn,
And then we will silent be;
He gave us a lesson of patience to learn,
One faithfully practiced 'mid duties stern.
Oh! comrade and soldier, our hearts doth burn
When we speak of our matchless Lee.

Richmond, Va., January 19, 1898.

LEE AND THAT FLAG STORY.

Col. Floyd, of Lynchburg, Va., Gives the Correct Version.

Colonel N. J. Floyd, of Lynchburg, recently published a letter in the Daily News of that city, and which is pronounced by a member of General Lee's staff as a correct version of an incident at Chambersburg, Pa., during the late war, and which was incorrectly stated in a recent article in the Pall Mall Magazine, attention to which was called in the Sun in a letter from Rev. William Munford, of Millersville, Md., and which was reproduced in several southern papers. The following is the letter of Colonel Floyd, who was a Confederate officer, and is now a prominent citizen of Lynchburg:

"I notice an inquiry from Rev. William Munford, of Millersville post-office, Md., published in your paper of yesterday, asking information concerning the accuracy of an incident which a writer on this side of the ocean furnished to the Pall Mall Magazine as having occurred with General Lee in Chambersburg, Pa., and which is calculated, if accepted as correct, to give those who never knew him an erroneous impression as to the nice sense of dignity which, even on trivial occasions, characterized the great Confederate leader. I feel impelled to give a correct statement of the incident because it happened that I took a small part in it, and I believe myself to be the only Confederate who was so circumstanced as to be able to know positively that he saw and heard all that occurred.

"As General Lee's army passed through Chambersburg, going along the main thoroughfare, and not through any narrow street, as stated, some women here and there at shop doors and windows were disposed to be sarcastic, if not insulting. But the soldiers were in their usual amiable mood—many of them had had a full meal of Pennsylvania bacon that morning, which, no doubt, made them particularly amiable—and they laughed at the gibes and taunts directed at 'les miserables' so good-naturedly that even the most spiteful shrew among the women could hardly hold on to her ill temper against the witty, but courteous, if sometimes sarcastic, replies that were fired back as the men tramped steadily forward.

"After passing through the centre of the city we came to a large building on the left hand—the side of the street on which we were marching—which had a lawn, with handsome shade trees in front. The street had been graded down and the lawn was some 6 feet or more above the sidewalk, and supported by a heavy retaining wall, surmounted by a substantial railing. A number of handsome, well-dressed young ladies were leaning against the railing, and waving the Stars and Stripes over the heads of the soldiers as they passed below. Having some curiosity to know how the refined people of the country would deport themselves under the circumstances, and also desiring to be an unobserved observer of the frolic which both sides were making, I placed my back against the retaining wall and let the troops drift by. There was an increasing fusillade of wit and repartee as the young ladies would order 'you saucy rebels' to 'pass under the flag,' and as now and then the young men would make vigorous leaps up to capture it, or else spring into the muddy street and pass around it with a threat to flank the 'beauty battery' and take it by a charge in the rear. The young ladies were enjoying the fun greatly, when one of them called attention to the handsome old officer approaching in the distance on a gray horse. All eyes were turned in that direction, and as General Lee approached nearer, one of them said: 'I know that he's a gentleman, and I'm going to make him salute the flag. If he does, he'll be the ninth.'

"When General Lee, riding in the middle of the street, had arrived within 50 feet of the party the flag was given several extra flourishes, raised aloft, and then drooped until it flapped upon the muskets of the men passing below. The manoeuvre was successful. It attracted General Lee's attention, and turning his face toward the young ladies with a benignant smile, he took his soft felt hat by the crown with that slow, majestic motion, which so many of the young officers vainly essayed to imitate, and raised it a few inches above his head. He had passed, had covered his head, and the young ladies were taking a rear view of his side face before the silence which had ensued was broken by exclamations of admiration and of surprise as to his identity. I then made myself visible, and informed them that they were looking upon the commander of the army, Robert E. Lee, and among other exclamations was one canvassing the probability that one possessing his mild, sad eyes 'could be the terrible Lee.'

"This is the whole incident, exactly as my memory recalls it, and is the only one with which General Lee was connected in Chambersburg. An account of it was published a number of years ago, and a Philadelphia artist made a very creditable sketch of it, except that he failed to do justice to General Lee in either face, form, or figure. Otherwise, the picture is fairly accurate, and the curious may see a copy of it on page 321 of 'Thorns in the Flesh,' published by Hubbard Brothers, Philadelphia, 1884.

"To any one who knew General Lee, the story, as published in the English Magazine, carries its contradiction on its face almost as plainly as the silly one told of Stonewall Jackson at Frederick, Md., and which the poet, Whittier, much to his subsequent regret, embalmed in verse."

Lee.

On thy brow, in a rapt vision, I have gazed to-night;
O, man, serene and calm, amid the dark, amid the bright
Of battles. A woman knelt before thee and her weeping
Found but these words, amid her blinding tears:
"Ah, hope of all who love me, and by my shrine their watch are keeping,
Despite their haunting fears.
Above thee, in the dim air, still are trembling
The hands that hold the future, and one bears
The victor's wreath—but one—a wreath resembling
The crown of thorns a martyred Saviour wears" * * *
Thou art the man of men—Virginia's Lee,
And she who weeping kneels is—Liberty.

ANONYMOUS.

General Lee at the Battle of the Wilderness.

(By Tenella.)

There he stood, the grand old hero, great Virginia's godlike son;
Second unto none in glory, equal to her Washington,
Gazing on his line of battle, as it wavered to and fro
'Neath the front and flank advances of an almost conquering foe—

Calm as was that clear May morning ere the furious death-roar broke
From the iron-throated war-lions crouching 'neath the clouds of smoke;
Cool as though the battle raging was but mimicry of fight,
Each brigade an ivory castle, and each regiment a knight.

Chafing in reserve beside him, two brigades of Texas lay,
All impatient for their portion in the fortune of the day;
Shot and shell are 'mong them falling, yet unmoved they silent stand,
Longing, eager for the battle, but awaiting his command.

Suddenly he rode before them, as the forward line gave way,
Raised his hat with courtly gesture, "Follow me and save the day!"
But as though by terror stricken still and silent stand that troop,
Who were wont to rush to battle with a wild, avenging whoop.

It was but a single moment, then a murmur through them ran;
Heard above the cannon's roaring as it passed from man to man.
"You go back and we'll go forward!" now the waiting leader hears,
Mixed with deep, impatient sobbing, as of strong men moved to tears.

Once again he gives the order, "I will lead you on the foe!"
Then through all that line of battle rang a loud, determined "No!"
Quick as thought a gallant major, with a firm and vice-like grasp,
Seized the General's bridle, shouting, "Forward, boys! I'll hold him fast!"

Then again that hat was lifted, "Sir, I am the elder man;
Loose my bridle; I will lead them," in a measured tone and calm,
Trembling with suppressed emotion, with intense excitement hot,
In a quivering voice the Texan, "No; I swear, sir, you shall not!"

By them swept the charging squadron, with a loud, exultant cheer—
"We'll retake the salient, General, you'll watch us from the rear."
And they kept their word right nobly, sweeping every foe away,
With that grand, gray head uncovered, watching how they saved the day;
But the godlike calm was broken, which no battle shock could move,
By this true, spontaneous token of his soldiers' child-like love.

The Southland's Hero.

(To the boys in gray, in whose faithful hearts is enshrined the glorious memory of Robert E. Lee, these lines are inscribed by their author, Walter Thomas Pope.)

Southland, attune thy lyre to sing
The praise of him whose name will ring
Down through the distant ages;
Of all thy noble sons, not one,
More deathless fame has ever won
On field, where conflict rages.

'Twas in the day of greatest need,
He came, thy gallant sons to lead
On fields of battle gory;
His lofty courage did inspire
The boys in gray with souls on fire
To fight for home and glory.

The Southland calls! he gives up all
In her dear cause to rise or fall;
To conquer or to die.
In that dark hour, he stood alone,
The brightest star that ever shone,
In all our southern sky.

No name in this or other age
That shines as bright on glory's page,
No soul from stain more free.
Of all her sons, who bled and died,
The grandest—old Virginia's pride—
Her own—her matchless Lee!

He did not fall on crimson field,
No foeman's lance could pierce the shield
Our chieftain proudly wore;
He rode unharmed, with flashing eye,
And knightly sword uplifted high,
Where deadly cannon roar.

When in defeat our cause was hurled,
When glorious battle-flags were furled,
And Southland's hopes did flee;
He laid his stainless blade away,
And bid farewell to boys in gray,
Who bled; oh, South, for thee!

When war's dark cloud had passed away,
He lived to see a brighter day
Dawn on our sunny land;
And on the crimson field of strife,
Where heroes fell and lost their life
In union, now, we stand.

We laid him with our southern dead,
When autumn's sun of golden red
Was sinking in the west;
He sleeps on sacred soil to-day
Among the fallen boys in gray,
Our chieftain lies at rest.

When joyful nature's soul is stirred
In spring, when gladdest songs are heard,
And sweetest flowers bloom,
Our stately dames and maidens fair
Weave garlands that are rich and rare
To decorate his tomb.

And long as southern hearts do beat
Around our annual fires we'll meet
In memory of thee!
The grandest hero of them all,
Who drew their sword at Southland's call,
Our own immortal Lee!

DR. ANDREWS ON LEE

PRESIDENT OF BROWN UNIVERSITY LECTURES ON OUR HERO.

THE IDOL OF THE SOUTH EULOGIZED.

Distinguished Educator and Thinker Says He Was as Great as Adolphus, Napoleon, or Wellington—Comes Under Lyceum Course To-Morrow.

President E. Benjamin Andrews, D. D., LL. D., of Brown University, will deliver the ninth lecture of the Richmond Lyceum course to-morrow evening at 8:15 o'clock at the Academy of Music, the subject being General Robert E. Lee. Could a subject be more popular here? Could a more enthusiastic and sympathetic audience be secured anywhere than here? Could an abler, more distinguished lecturer have been chosen?

Everybody knows of Dr. Andrews. During the last presidential campaign this powerful thinker and distinguished educator, being convinced that the free and unlimited coinage of silver would be a means of incalculable benefit to this country, spoke and wrote for the cause he believed to be right and patriotic. His views were distasteful to the trustees of Brown University; he was informed of this, and requested to abstain from any

PRESIDENT E. BENJAMIN ANDREWS

further work for free silver. Dr. Andrews's reply was thoroughly characteristic, and a surprise to the Board of Trustees, for it was a firm and polite resignation from the presidency and faculty of the great school, to whose power his presence and efforts had added so much. After the campaign the trustees asked Dr. Andrews to withdraw his resignation, and he did so, being free, of course, to entertain and express such views on the financial question as he chooses.

HIS TRIBUTE TO LEE.

The lecture of Dr. Andrews on General Lee has attracted widespread attention, and while his superb eulogy has been warmly commended in the South, he has not escaped harsh criticism in the North. Of the southern chieftain, Dr. Andrews says in the lecture:

"General Lee joined the Confederacy because Virginia asked him to. He was a Virginian. The call of Virginia to any of her sons is the voice of law and duty. He had the faith of the crusader; his letters would make a guide to holiness. He was always a soldier; never impure in thought or act, never profane or obscene. He did not touch the cup, as did Grant, Hooker, or Phil. Sheridan; and when he lost a fight, it was never said of him that the defeat was due to the habit which makes men's heads into muddles. He was never outgeneralled by Grant in all the campaign from Rappahannock to James river, never trapped, and never caught napping. It usually happened that, when the men on our side ordered a march at 5 in the morning, they never made more than half the distance between the two armies. Lee had ordered an advance at 4:30.

GREAT AS NAPOLEON.

"I fail to find in the books any such masterful generalship as this hero showed, holding that slim, gray line, half-served, with no prospect of additions, fighting when his army was too ... to stand and the rifles were only

He was as great as Gustavus Adolphus, or Napoleon, or Wellington, or Von Moltke. His cause was not the Lost Cause so much as is suspected. All that was good in his cause has been grafted into our laws and our Constitution. The doctrine of States' rights as now interpreted by the Supreme Court is in exact accordance with his claims on the point. General Lee lost at Gettysburg because the Federal troops had received a new motor of tremendous strength, whose power no one knew—General Hancock. He also lost because Meade's men were fighting on Union soil—almost within hearing distance of the prayers of their wives and children for victory. They were at their hearthstones. Men are tigers when wives and families are the inspiration in war."

In this lecture, delivered recently at Chicago, Dr. Andrews blamed General Burnside for throwing away the battle of Fredericksburg, and General Pope for losing ground because of bombast at the first try for Richmond, and in summing up his estimate of Lee, compared with the Federal generals, declared he was as brave, more watchful, and doubly skilful, in addition to having his head filled all the time with miseries and disappointments which did not exist on the other side of the line. He concluded by declaring that he was glad the republic is getting into that state of mind where it is beginning to give credit to manhood and valor without regard to section, boundaries, or parties.

Dr. Andrews was himself a Union soldier, and these burning words, coming from such a one, speak volumes of what time has done towards bringing the two sections to a better understanding of each other. The lecturer is described as an orator masterfully eloquent, who has a rolling voice and the presence of a giant.

SOME REMINISCENCES.

Speech of Congressman Otey on Lee's Birthday.

Washington, D. C., February 5, 1898.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

One of the most notable, humorous, and interesting speeches made at the recent banquet of the Confederate Association in celebration of General Lee's birthday was that of Representative Otey, of Virginia. It is greatly in demand, and at the request of many friends a synopsis of it has been prepared for the Dispatch.

Major Otey followed Private John Allen, and in his opening remarks said that on the Confederate side it was always dangerous to follow a private, and as an officer he knew of no more dangerous undertaking now than to follow Private John Allen. Had he known that such was to be the case he would have asked for a leave of absence. He said to attempt to do justice to such a soldier as General R. E. Lee would bankrupt his vocabulary, place his wits in the hands of a receiver, and make a heavy draft on the patience of his hearers. He dared not attempt it, but as a soldier would hang his knapsack only so high that he could reach it. To have a talk around the camp-fire of the "old rebel" would be his aim.

He spoke of the love of money being the root of all evil, and the fact that the old rebels were freer from evil than any class in the land was because they had generally less of the root.

He paid a tribute to the Confederate soldier, and said he loved honor and virtue more than money. Said he: "Just as I mean no disrespect when I use the word 'rebel' (and I revere the name of rebel, for we made it respectable), so I mean none when I use the word Yankee. These were the terms used respectively by each side sitting by their camp-fires, and when the shock of battle made each respect the other; and I want to say that I am as incapable of using any opprobrious term of any gallant soldier who wore the blue as I am of one who wore the gray. * * *

"When I shake hands with an old rebel I think of that rebel yell, the music of which always encouraged his comrades to greater deeds of daring and sent consternation and dismay to the hearts and wings to the heels of our brother in blue." * * * * * * * *

"In the language of Old Jube (and I use the term with great respect, for he was my beloved commander, and we always called him this, and he has now crossed over the river to rest in the shade of the trees with Lee and Jackson, whom he loved so well), in his words, I say, 'We wore ourselves out whipping the Yankees.' Look at these figures, and tell if there be such a record in the world. We began to fight the Yankees in 1861. Balance of this year we fought 156 engagements; 1862, we fought 564 engagements; 1863, we fought 627 engagements; 1864, we fought 779 engagements; 1865, we fought 135 engagements. Total, 2,261 engagements, or an average of six fights every four days, or, in fact, really one and a half fights every day, including Sundays, of the four years made so glorious by you. I may be pardoned for adding that 519 of these fights, or over one-fourth, were fought on the soil of my native State—Virginia.

numbers greatly inferior numbers, we (according to the Yankees) always outnumbered them—that is, when we whipped them, and, as an old rebel said, 'Which most in general was always.' But we shall see that when one is looking through the glasses of superior strategy and tactics, as well as superior staying and fighting qualities, they magnify numbers greatly.

"The Yankees enlisted 2,600,062 men in their army. No exact records exist of the number enlisted by the Confederates; 600,000 is a full estimate, however, but I give it as 600,000. Here they were four to one, or 433 per cent. more in numbers, and yet with one we always (so they said) outnumber four.

The census of 1880, twenty years after the beginning of the war, showed that the male population of the Confederate States between the ages of 18 and 44, including negroes, did not reach the monumental sum of the enlistments in the Yankee army, and it can thus be easily seen that the number in 1861 was much smaller, and that 600,000 men would really be an over-estimate.

"In the seven days' fight Lee had 80,000 men, the largest army he ever commanded, which included the men in the defence of Richmond. McClellan had 130,000. It is true Lincoln detached McDowell with 30,000 men from McClellan's army, but still kept them on his right flank. The defeat of the Federal army magnified our number to 200,000, and yet it is now well established that General Lee never used more than 53,000 during the seven days, and it is equally well established that McClellan had over 100,000 men. Everybody who has read the official records knows that Pope had 100,000 men at the Second Manassas, and that Lee, all told, had only 49,000, and yet he placed 15,000 Yankees on the pension rolls, routing their grand army, all by his superior numbers (?) At Fredericksburg Burnside had 100,000 and Lee 75,000, but our 'overwhelming numbers' compelled him to recross the Rappahannock, leaving a Waterloo behind him.

"At Chancellorsville, the greatest of Lee's victories, the scene of Jackson's last achievement and most brilliant triumph, Hooker had 132,000, while Lee had only 57,000, yet his (Hooker's) 'inferior force' caused his 'withdrawal' (?), or 'overwhelming numbers' against him did the work.

From the Wilderness to Petersburg there was not a day but that Grant had from 30,000 to 40,000 more men than Lee. Yet Lee placed more Yankees on the pension rolls between those two points than he actually had men in his army, including all additions to it up to the surrender at Appomattox. And our usually "superior numbers" forced Grant to abandon his plan "on to Richmond," and finally adopt McClellan's plan to starve the Confederacy out.

* * * * * * * *

"What a treat," said Major Otey, "it would have been to any old rebel to have been behind the scenes here in Washington, to have heard the talk, and witnessed the consternation produced now and then by the mere mention of the names of Lee and Jackson.

"Even Mr. Lincoln could not forbear giving way to his keen sense of humor at times, as you will see if I have time. On June 18, 1862, the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, the Federal army was marshalled to give Lee battle. McClellan was called at one time Napoleon. Whether the 18th of June and the connection of Napoleon, &c., influenced this marshalling of the Federal forces I do not know. However, it was reconsidered, perhaps because there were visions of another Waterloo. So Lincoln was telegraphed to as follows: 'After to-morrow we shall fight the rebel army as soon as Providence will permit.'"

PROVIDENCE! REBEL! WELL, I LIKE THAT.

One week having passed, and Providence, that "clothes the lily and feeds the sparrow," having for some reason (not made known) not permitted the aforesaid attack, another telegram was sent Mr. Lincoln as follows: "I regret my great inferiority of numbers." (Revelation from Providence, no doubt).

But somehow Providence had let old Stonewall Jackson slip down from the Valley, and on the 27th Lincoln got the following telegram: "Heavy fighting all day against greatly superior numbers."

Lincoln knew what that meant. He always had had suspicions of Jackson since his "erratic" movements in the Valley, and he telegraphed at once to the Federal commander:

"Save your army."

On the 28th Lincoln received another one: "Have lost this battle because my force was so small."

Lincoln knew that his force was largely superior to Lee's, but he simply repeated his telegram:

"Save your army."

On July the 1st he received this telegram:

"I now pray for time."

"Save your army," said Lincoln.

Pope superseded McClellan, and he came announcing that he had never seen anything but the "backs" of his enemies, and that henceforth his headquarters would be in the "saddle."

Jackson (old Stonewall) gave part of his army a taste (which was not pleasant) at Cedar Mountain, and some days after Pope telegraphed Lincoln that "Jackson had disappeared" from his front.

Now Lincoln was more than ever suspicious of Jackson, and remembering Pope's order about "backs" of his enemies, he telegraphed Pope in reply: "Watch your back."

However true this may be, we do know that Lincoln's suspicions were well grounded, and that Jackson did get in Pope's rear, or at his "back," and routed the grand army, which McClellan had to be called back to in order to "save" it.

About the same time that Pope telegraphed that Jackson had disappeared, &c., he also telegraphed Reno as follows: "March at earliest dawn on Manassas; Jackson and Ewell are between Gainesville and that place, and we will bag the whole crowd." (He wanted to surprise Lincoln by letting him know that he had bagged Jackson after his disappearance.) "We shall bag the whole crowd." Ye gods! Bag Jackson? Bag Stonewall!! Well, my! What did happen?

Why, old Jack bagged them.

The same day Lincoln wired, "Any news of Pope?"

On the 28th of August, 1862: "Where is Pope?"

Again: "Do you hear anything of Pope?"

At last there was an ominous sound which reached Lincoln's ear—the sound of Jackson's guns, who was then nearer to Lincoln than Pope was. That was sufficient answer, for the sage of Washington at once ordered all the clerks in the departments into the trenches around the capital city.

To repeat the humorous sayings of Mr. Lincoln, to show the consternation caused by Lee and Jackson, would require too much time. Only one more.

The advance of Lee into Pennsylvania created great consternation and panic.

Mr. Lincoln had learned to control himself, and not yield to his great fear and anxieties so much.

The War Governor of Pennsylvania, knowing that Lee was approaching, telegraphed to Mr. Lincoln: "Send me 10,000 men and I'll stop Lee."

Lincoln replied: "Your stopper is too small."

And the next day: "There are rebels opening up a galling fire all along our lines here, and no troops to meet them."

Lincoln replied: "Whom are they shooting at?"

* * * * * * * *

No people will have a history who fail to preserve their memories. Keep them before the rising generation—your glorious memories and your great achievements—that, in the midst of perverted history, unerring tradition may engrave the truth into their minds, more enduring than bronze, as lasting as time itself; that the mirror of their future may reflect the lustre of your past.

The speech was applauded throughout, and at its close Major Otey was warmly congratulated.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

Lee.

Breathes there a man with soul so lost
To all that true men cherish most.
Who grudgeth honor to the brave?
Beats there a Southron's heart so base,
A veteran guilty this disgrace
Who says our flag he will not wave?

Lives there a Northman thus doth feel,
Unworthy he such foeman's steel
As Lee—whose soul was chivalry.
But Southron's shame no words can tell!
If dead could speak the brave who fell
Would quick disown Confederacy.

If such there be, degenerate brand,
Renegade from that Army Grand
That thus turns traitor in the camp.
Come, North and South, united stand
Exalt, unveil that statue grand,
Which bears the godlike hero stamp!

Though artists' bronze were Ophir's gold,
And cast in Rhodes's Colossus mould,
It would not measure half his worth!
Rejoice, O Land, from east to west;
Let pride swell every patriot's breast
That this our country gave him birth!

Come, Manhood all, in grand array,
Beauty and Art, your power display,
Thus Mercie's work to dedicate.
Our "Bars and Stars" unfurl, fling out—
Raise one wild "Confederate" shout!
Thus our dead Chief commemorate.

'Mid "Stars and Stripes" then let it float,
And swell that cheer each generous throat
And long may God our "Union" save!
Ah, victors' deeds seem doubly great
When they descend triumphant state
To homage pay the fallen brave.

Let us, oh South! in memory dear
Hold image of our chevalier.
This martyr to our lost estate,
To ye on whom his mantle fell,
Who bear his name and serve us well,
Humbly this verse is dedicate.

Oh, guard ye well that sacred trust!
Let not the great soul's armor rust
Of Robert Lee, our matchless knight.
In peace keep ye his mantle white,
As he in war kept honor bright;
Tho' we rebelled, yet he was right.

May 15, 1890. VIRGINIA.

LEE AS GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.

It is not correct to speak, as is often done, of General Lee's having been the "commander-in-chief of the Confederate army." The Constitution of the Confederate States, following that of the United States, made the President the commander-in-chief. But, for a short time previous to the close of the war, Lee was "general-in-chief."

Mr. Davis, on more than one occasion, signed himself as commander-in-chief, notably so in a letter which he addressed to President Lincoln, complaining of the breach of the cartel for the exchange of prisoners. He addressed his letter to "Abraham Lincoln, commander-in-chief of the land and naval forces of the United States," and signed himself, "Jefferson Davis, commander-in-chief of the land and naval forces of the Confederate Government."

For some months before taking command in the field of the Army of Northern Virginia, Lee had occupied a position almost equivalent to that of general-in-chief; but, as the Confederacy's life drew towards its close, there was much popular demand that Lee should be placed in actual command of all the armies. This demand arose from the fact that Lee had been more successful than any other of our generals, and because the necessity of Lee's army cooperating with Johnston's army was foreseen.

The President and General Lee had talked over a scheme for withdrawing the army from Richmond and Petersburg and going to Danville. It was proposed to unite Lee's and Johnston's armies in North Carolina, and fall upon and crush Sherman, and fight Grant when he came up, with the disadvantage to Grant of being far away from his base of supplies. But, unhappily, the time never came when this movement could be executed.

When Lee had his conference with Grant at Appomattox he could not be induced to discuss the surrender of any Confederate forces except his own army there present. In the treaty with Grant, Lee signed his name as "R. E. Lee, general." Nowhere do we recollect to have seen any paper signed "R. E. Lee, general-in-chief."

In view of this fact, which has been often noted, it has been questioned by some whether Lee ever actually assumed the office and title of commander-in-chief; but there can be no doubt that he did. Indeed, on February 9, 1865, General Lee issued an order assuming command as general-in-chief of the armies of the Confederacy.

President Davis, in his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," says there had always been "entire co-intelligence and accord" between General Lee and himself, but that Congress thought Lee's power would be increased by giving him the nominal dignity of general-in-chief, under which Lee "resumed as far as he could the general charge of armies from which at his urgent solicitation I had relieved him after he took command in the field of the Army of Northern Virginia."

However, there was this difference between the two positions referred to—that Lee had formerly acted as general-in-chief under assignment of the President, but was now to act in an office whose title and authority were created by Congress.

No doubt, too, Lee was willing to "resume" the office so that he might have Johnston restored to the command of the Southern army. Mr. Davis says in his book that "with the understanding that General Lee was himself to supervise and control the operations of Johnston," he assented to the assignment of General Johnston to the command of the Southern army. And so General Johnston on the 23d of February, 1865, at Charlotte, N. C., relieved Beauregard and assumed command. "General Lee's first instructions to General Johnston were to concentrate all available forces and drive back Sherman," says Mr. Davis.

At various times during the war it had been the ardent wish of the people of the Confederacy that Lee should be put in supreme command of the armies, so far as that might be found consonant with the constitutional function of the President as commander in chief. But Lee always objected that he could not retain command of the army of Northern Virginia, and supervise the movements of other armies, too. The Legislature of Virginia and the Confederate Congress, however, thought that it was his duty to yield. And so he became general-in-chief, with the cordial approbation of the President, on February 9, 1865. The Confederacy was then near its end, but he didn't know it. When he evacuated Richmond and Petersburg he had no idea that he would be forced to surrender. But the attacks upon our army on its retreat, the capture of our supply-trains, the lack of food, and the loss of sleep on the part of the men brought about a different result. The surrender at Appomattox was the climax. Then the whole Confederacy crumbled—and here we are to-day in the old Union, ready to defend the old flag against any foe—but loyal as ever to the memory of Lee.

The Sword of Lee.

(By the late Edward S. Gregory.)

This is the sword of Lee, the true and tender;
Four years he wore it through the battle's blast;
If it were drawn the sad day of surrender,
'Twas, then, perhaps, the first time as the last.

Four years our belted knight of battle bore it;
Great armies moved beneath his sovereign sway;
Legions of heroes marched in pride before it.
And haughtiest hearts were eager to obey!

What time it slept in its embroidered scabbard
It shook with power the wondering world around;
Sacred as herald in its mystic tabard,
It moved the nations without sign or sound.

This stem of steel meant, for the southern legions,
The soldier's land—the captain's right and might—
In every home through the far southern regions
It shone, a guardian's power and beacon light.

Before all eyes within the northern borders
It flashed a meteor ray of storm and strife:
To all the world the weapon of Lee's orders
Appeared to carve new nations into life!

Yet never drop of blood nor stain of murther
Dimm'd the bright surface of the blameless blade;
For that, as well it had been borne no further,
Than the Toledan forge where it was made.

This is no curtal-axe of Coeur de Lion,
Nor doughty blade which Charles the Emperor bore,
Nor Roland's lance, in the far chivalrous aeon,
Nor mace of Norman William, thick with gore.

And yet, O bloodless sword of the commander,
How dost thou dim the prowess of them all,
Alone that rose victorious in surrender,
And mad'st thy cause most mighty in its fall!

O, magic symbol of command and glory,
How like the "still, small voice" of power divine,
Unus'd, thou led'st the currents of earth's story,
And, sheathed, dost still with world-wide splendor shine.

The Death of Lee.

[Republished by request.]

The drapery of Heaven hung low
In dark and gloomy shrouds,
And angels used the weeping stars
In pinning back the clouds.
The shades of gloom and woe prevail
O'er all the land and sea,
And eyes so long unused to tears
Now wept for Robert Lee.

A Christian soldier, true and brave,
Beloved near and far,
He was the first in time of peace
And first in time of war.
Virginia never reared a son
As good and brave as he
Save one, and that was Washington,
Who lived and died like Lee.

His peaceful sword is laid away,
His work on earth is done,
He loved the people of the South,
They idolized their son.
There's not a woman, man, or child,
I care not where they be,
Throughout this still sweet sunny South
But love the name of Lee.

He had no enemies on earth,
There's not a voice can say,
Say aught against the name of Lee,
The soldier or the man;
And that would be a proud, cold heart,
That e'er would cease to be
A place where memory wrote the name
Of Robert Edward Lee.

Bow down your heads, ye southern sons,
A few brief moments spend
In weeping for the loss of one
Who lived and died your friend.
He loved you as he loved his life,
So when on bended knee
Look up and let the angels hear
You pray, "God bless our Lee."

GENERAL LEE'S RESIGNATION.

Full Text of His Letter to President Davis.

The forthcoming supplemental volume of war records to be issued by the War Department will contain the letter in which General Robert E. Lee tendered to Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, his resignation as commander of the Confederate army. It is dated August 8, 1863, a month and four days after the battle of Gettysburg.

The letter is as follows:

"Camp Orange, August 8, 1863.

"His Excellency, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States:

"Mr. President,—Your letters of July 28th and August 2d have been received, and I have waited for a leisure hour to reply, but I fear that will never come. I am extremely obliged to you for the attention given the wants of this army, and the efforts made to supply them. Our absentees are returning, and I hope the earnest and beautiful appeal made to the country in your proclamation may stir up the whole people, and that they may see their duty and perform it. Nothing is wanted, but their fortitude should equal their bravery to insure the success of our cause. We must expect reverses, even defeats. They are sent to teach us wisdom and prudence, to call forth greater disasters. Our people have only to be true and united, to bear manfully the misfortunes incident to war, and all will come right in the end.

"I know how prone we are to censure and how ready to blame others for the non-fulfilment of our expectations. This is unbecoming in a generous people, and I grieve to see its expression. The general remedy for the want of success in a military commander in his removal. This is natural, and in many instances, proper. For, no matter what may be the ability of the officer, if he loses the confidence of his troops, disaster must sooner or later ensue.

"I have been prompted by these reflections more than once since my return from Pennsylvania to propose to your Excellency the propriety of selecting another commander for this army. I have seen and heard of expressions of discontent in the public journals at the result of the expedition. I do not know how far this feeling extends in the army. My brother officers have been too kind to report it, and so far the troops have been too generous to exhibit it. It is fair, however, to suppose that it does exist, and success is so necessary to us that nothing should be risked to secure it. I therefore, in all sincerity, request your Excellency to take measures to supply my place. I do this with the more earnestness because no one is more aware than myself of my inability for the duties of my position. I cannot even accomplish what I myself desire. How can I fulfill the expectations of others? In addition, I sensibly feel the growing failure of my bodily strength. I have not yet recovered from the attack I experienced the past spring. I am becoming more and more incapable of exertion, and am thus prevented from making the personal examinations and giving the personal supervision to the operations in the field which I feel to be necessary. I am so dull that in making sure of the eyes of others I am frequently misled.

Everything, therefore, points to the advantages to be derived from a new commander, and I the more anxiously urge the matter upon your Excellency from my belief that a younger and abler man than myself can readily be obtained. I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts; and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader—one that would accomplish more than I could perform and all that I have wished. I hope your Excellency will attribute my request to the true reason, the desire to serve my country, and to do all in my power to insure the success of her righteous cause.

"I have no complaints to make of any one but myself. I have received nothing but kindness from those above me, and the most considerate attention from my comrades and companions in arms. To your Excellency, I am specially indebted for uniform kindness and consideration. You have done everything in your power to aid me in the work committed to my charge, without omitting anything to promote the general welfare. I pray that your efforts may at length be crowned with success, and that you may long live to enjoy the thanks of a grateful people.

"With sentiments of great esteem, I am, very respectfully and truly yours,

"R. E. LEE, General."

Mr. Davis wrote, declining to accept the resignation.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

O kingly form! O knightly grace!
O heart, so brave and true!
We venture timidly to trace
Thee in our rev'rent view.

Our feeble words are faint and poor
For theme so great and grand;
But he may well be pardoned more
Who gives both heart and hand.

Since in our land of song and sun
No laureate sings thy praise,
Accept this humble lay from one
Uncrowned with poet's bays.

I.

Immortal spirit! Passed away
From earth and us who loved thee well,
If what is done by us to-day
Be known to thee where thou dost dwell,

Approve—or pardon, if it be,
Thy gentle soul shrinks this display;
To whom should such be done but thee?
Who more than we such meed should pay?

True patriot, soldier—traits of all
Of human greatness in thee dwelt,
While, too, the Master's loving thrall
By all around thee o'er was felt.

Where duty called was o'er thy place,
It mattered not the grief or pain,
Thy feet ne'er faltered in the race
Though broken ties ne'er bound again.

With place and pow'r the wreath of fame,
The tempter beckoned thee to stay;
A true transmitter of thy name,
Thou brush'dst the glittering bribes away.

And heark'ning to thy country's call,
Unmindful of the gain or loss,
Thou cam'st with her to stand or fall,
To earn a crown or win a cross.

They call thee Rebel. Even so,
Thy deathless prototype was height;
Henceforth twin stars shall grandly glow,
And make Fame's firmament more bright.

II.

Through years of weary strife and woe
Thou bor'st the burdens of the weak.
No mortal mind shall ever know
How oft thy heart was fain to break.

Thou stoodest as the hills upreared,
Rock-ribbed and breasting every storm;
Unshaken, though thy brow was seared,
By gales that beat against thy form.

And when at last Defeat's wan face
Full stared—the last faint hope had fled—
Who bore the blow with nobler grace?
Who bent a less-dishonored head?

Sublimely looked thy mighty soul,
Unflinching through naught-fearing eyes;
No tremor marred thy firm control
E'en midst Defeat's sharp agonies.

So nobly didst thou bow and fall,
So bravely yield to bitter fate,
That in the future men shall call
Thee, rather than thy conqueror, great.

III.

War's woe and ruin passed away,
And peace reposing on her throne,
Again the tempter's rich display
We see thee shun in quiet scorn.

And, turning from the world's turmoil—
As still thy wont had ever been,
Engage for others' weal to toil,
A gentle task of love begin.

Though vanquished, all the earth was thine,
To choose was all thou hadst to do;
But from the straight and narrow line,
Nor pelf nor place thee ever drew;

But by disaster undismayed,
With faith unshaken in thy God,
And honor stainless as thy blade,
Thou still pursu'dst the beaten road;

And as thy shortening steps advanced,
And on thy head life's snows came down,
Thy glory every day enhanced,
Thy people's love grew more thine own.

Blest those who in thy presence dwelt,
Who heard thy words, so wise and true,
The heart of Heaven saw and felt
Thine own heart softly beating through!

Thy life so true should stir the best
That in weak human souls there is,
And every breast that holds thee guest
Be cleansed of meaner memories.

IV.

The page of Fame is broad and full,
But few the names that glisten there,
Which, as thine own, have naught to dull,
Are, as a virgin, pure and fair.

As dear to those who do them claim
Are some, as glorious some may be;
But hardly shines a hero's name
As *spotless* as the name of Lee.

Illustrious in its lineage long,
Resplendently it gleams and glows,
And lightens history and song
Down through a century's corridors.

Dishonor's shadow never fell
On it, no stain its lustre dims,
Where Lee's pure spirit loved to dwell
No borderland of blackness rims.

Untarnished is the laurelled crown
Which he alone of all men wears,
Though I had all but writ him down
Who now the name so nobly bears.

Virginian youth! This name for you
A beacon burns to guide you on;
Be sure that it will lead you true
Though breakers roar or cliffs should frown.

V.

When she of old was asked to show
Her jewels she did prize the most,
She led her manly sons to view,
With mien of pride, unspoken boast.

These held she dearer far than all
The gems that in her coffers lay,
But they who could her "Mother" call
Were richer still than she could say.

So with Virginia and *her* sons;
These are her wealth of greatest worth,
No braver blood in manhood runs,
Than theirs there is no nobler birth.

For they who own her stainless name—
And stainless may it ever be!—
Are heirs of an unblemished fame,
And earth's uncrowned nobility.

Heirs and guardians! For, alas,
There traitors are to this proud trust,
Who'd o'er their mangled mother pass
As she lay bleeding in the dust!

These reck not what it is to have
A legacy of civic shame;
Like to the shackles of a slave
Is stain upon a State's pure name.

VI.

To live in bronze or sculptured stone
Is meed for which a king might fall;
But worth far more than any throne
Is freemen's hearts to hold in thrall.

With all the world our witnesses,
This stately form we here uprear
To prove our love and pride are his
Who stands without a modern peer.

This effigy we raise on high
Of thee, O patriot, hero, shows
That in our hearts can never die
The love that there for thee now glows.

This tribute take, and let it tell
In tones resounding through all time,
That thee and the great cause that fell,
We'll still hold dear, still deem sublime.

Though both are dead, both with us live,
And to the end shall still endure;
Our love where'er we will we give,
It scorns the victor tyrant's power.

How in their hearts Virginians hold—
By this mute bronze let all men see—
This man, made in a God-like mould,
The matchless hero, ROBERT LEE.

GEORGE W. CHILDS.

Richmond, Va., May 23d.

My Virginia.

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(For the Dispatch, all rights reserved.)

O Virginia! my Virginia! how my heart with rapture swells,
As to-day I tread in fancy by thy classic braes and dells;
Mother land! my more than Mecca! mem'ries dear unto thee cling,
Falling soft in fragrance o'er me, like the holy breath of spring;
Fond affection tells me truly, spot nor place the planet o'er
Thrills the soul with warm devotion, like to old Virginia's shore;
Tho' in foreign lands I travel, tho' for decades long I stray,
Feeling tells me oft and over, heart will linger here alway.

O Virginia! fair Virginia! scenes of wond'rous grace appear,
Vailing all thy hills and valleys, looming far or nestling near;
Charles's cape is crowned with purple, where yon ocean billows sigh,
Holston's cool and pearly waters 'neath yon mountain shadows lie;
Great Potomac rolls in splendor softly down from Blue Ridge hills,
Dan, its song of praises utters where the South its balm distills;
Otter, by the James's waters, lifts aloft its rocky peak—
Over all a hymn of glory gentle zephyrs cease... speak.

O Virginia! brave Virginia! how a tear unbidden starts,
As a host of darker shadows tells of tried and broken hearts!
Malvern's rugged furrows mutter, even yet, the wail of war,
Mad Manassas' frowning bastions send their thunder tones afar;
Rappahannock, red and hoary, tells where thousands fought and died,
Shenandoah's hundred battles sees the northern hosts defied;
Ev'ry section has its story, urning tale of carnage stern,
Ev'ry rill, its waters gory, sends thro' tangled brake and burn.

O Virginia! proud Virginia! brightest star of southern sky!
Fondly do I own thee mother, gladly would I for thee die;
Coward hearts may stoop to Mammon, bending lo the knee to Baal,
Renegades may truckle meekly, traitor lips thy fame assail—
But thy loyal sons and daughters for thy honor still will strive
Long as love of country keepeth manhood's holy fires alive—
Long as love of freedom lingers, on insulters they will frown,
Build the shaft and print the story, keeping green thy fair renown.

O Virginia! dear Virginia! Heaven's richest blessings be
Unto all thy loyal children, or of high or low degree;
Prosper may thy people ever, friendship binding ev-ry heart
With such ties of true affection time nor fate can ever part;
Law and learning, may they flourish, great success to kirk and school,
Peace and freedom, let them tarry, right and justice ever rule—
Ev'ry stripling, be he faithful, ev'ry maiden always true—
As our fathers died to conquer, be they ready still to do.

O Virginia! Queen Virginia! how the name the bosom stirs,
Till thy children, with one feeling, fondly bow as worshippers;
Fancy o'er thy waters purple fairest forms of beauty trace,
Paints in green and gold thy valleys, on thy hills cerulean grace;
O'er thy fields a silken mantle, soft as silver down, is spread,
Light and shade at even, gather where the fay and fairy tread;
O Virginia! my Virginia! land of battles, heroes, fame,
Earth shall know, in coming ages, not a prouder, nobler name!

Surry County, Va. B. W. J.

GOING TO BED HUNGRY.

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MONUMENT TO LEE.

Next in importance to the Washington monument and none the less admired, is the monument to that illustrious man, that Christian soldier, Robert Edward Lee. This statue is equestrian and is colossal in size. It represents General Lee riding down the line upon his loved old "Traveller." General Lee's head is bared and his countenance wears that characteristic peacefulness and serenity for which he was noted. The monument is graceful and harmonious, and is visited by almost every stranger who comes to Richmond. It is located in what is now known as Lee circle in Lee District, just at the head of Franklin street, the most beautiful and fashionable thoroughfare in the city. Just to the northwest of it is the Exposition building, while to the west of it is Lee Camp Soldiers' Home, and to the east is Richmond College.

The monument is composed of two distinct parts—the base and the pedestal proper. The latter is a classical composition, uniting the gracefulness of the Grecian style of architecture with the solidity of modern requirements. The horse and rider appear as if supported by four columns of polished granite. These are Grecian, but with their ornaments brought into accord with the ornamentation of the cartouches, which combine the laurel and the oak, the effect of the entire structure is grand and imposing. The lion's head upon the pedestal is intended to portray the undaunted courage of Lee, the oak his great endurance, and the laurel proclaims his right to be crowned as one of the world's heroes. The monument stands 61 feet and 9 7-8 inches above the surface of the ground, the horse and rider being 21 feet, 4 inches high, and the masonry 40 feet and 5 7-8 inches. The monument cost about $65,000. Antonin Mercie, the Paris sculptor, was the artist. The corner-stone of the Lee monument was laid October 27, 1887, when introductory remarks were made by Governor Fitzhugh Lee, Dr. Moses D. Hoge offered prayer, and the oration was delivered by Colonel Charles Marshall, who was General Lee's military secretary.

This grand memorial to Robert Edward Lee was unveiled in the presence of tens of thousands of southern men and women on the 29th of May, 1890. Governor McKinney called the vast assemblage to order and General Jubal A. Early presided over the imposing exercises. That eminent Christian gentleman, Rev. Dr. Charles Minnigerode, offered prayer, and Colonel Archer Anderson delivered the oration. It was an event in the world's history, and was witnessed by nearly 100,000 people.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

Unveiling of the Monument.

BY MRS. G. C. LIGHTFOOT.

Unfurl the conquered banner
And let our children see
The flag for which their fathers fought
When led by Robert Lee.

The "conquered" and the "conqueror,"
The mingled gray and blue,
Unite to pay their homage
To Lee, so brave, so true.

No North, no South, from every clime
Myriads will come to see
The unveiling of this monument
To Robert Edward Lee.

True patriot, Christian, soldier,
Our honored chieftain he,
Come reverently, come lovingly,
To this sacred shrine of Lee.

From where sweet breezes fill the air
And zephyrs fan the sea,
Come see this loving tribute
To Robert Edward Lee.

CULPEPER, May 22, 1890.

pers.)

"MARSE ROBERT IS ASLEEP."

(By Miss S. B. Valentine.)

(A Graycoat relates to his friend, a Bluecoat, the following incident of the late war: General Lee, sorely fatigued by a hard day's march, sat down to rest at the roadside, when he soon fell into a deep sleep. His soldiers, who observed him as he slept, whispered warnings to their nearest comrades not to disturb him. The whisper was then passed from man to man along the line of march.)

Had you heard the distant tramping
On that glowing summer day!
Had you seen our comrades running
To meet us on the way!
Oh! the wondrous, sudden silence,
Th' unmilitary creep,
As down the line that caution ran,
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

Give me your hand, old Bluecoat,
Let's talk of this awhile,
For the prettiest march of all the war
Was this of rank and file!—
Was the passing of that army,
When 'twas hard, I ween, to keep
Those men from crying out "Hurrah!
Marse Robert is asleep!"

There lay that knightly figure,
One hand upon his sword,
The other pressed above his heart,
A vow without a word!
Two laurel leaves had fluttered down,
For flowers their vigils keep,
And crown'd him, though I think they knew
"Marse Robert was asleep!"

In glorious old Westminster
No monument of war,
No marble story, half so grand
As this our army saw!
Our leafy old Westminster—
Virginia's woods—now keep
Immortal that low whisper,
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

As we clasp hands, old Bluecoat,
Last, brother of the North,
Had foreign foe assail'd your homes,
You then had known his worth!
Unbroken vigil o'er those homes
It had been his to keep:
Step lightly o'er the border, then,
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

He's yours and mine, is Robert Lee;
He's yours and mine, Hurrah!
These tears you shed have sealed the past,
And closed the wounds of war!
Thus clasping hands, old Bluecoat,
We'll swear by the tears you weep
The sounds of war shall be muffled—
"Marse Robert is asleep!"

Richmond, Va., May, 1893.

HEADQUARTERS
ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,
APPOMATTOX C. H.,
April 10, 1865.

General Orders, No. 9.

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources. I need not tell the survivors of so many hard fought battles who have remained steadfast to the last that I have consented to this result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended a continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of agreement officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration for myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell. R. E. LEE.

April 9, 1865.

A REMINISCENCE,

By Mrs. J. William Jones.

'Twas a memorable day which we'll ne'er forget,
Just thirty-one years ago,
When our heroic boys, with their chieftain grand,
With heads aloft—an unconquered band—
Were overwhelmed by a countless foe.

'Twas a memorable day for our boys in Gray,
When they furled their tattered flags,
Which had proudly waved o'er victor knights,
Who fought for our homes, and country's rights,
Those barefooted heroes in rags.

Our tears still start, and our breath comes fast,
When we think of the hopes that died
In the hearts of those knights
On an hundred fights,
Where flowed a crimson tide.

The flower of chivalry left our homes
To serve at the bugle's call,
Some gave their all as a sacrifice,
Some others their life-blood, as their price,
For their country's rise, or fall.

As oft as that gloomy Ninth recurs,
That day of our country's fall,
We shed a tear for those peerless braves,
Who fill for us those honored graves,
Whose deeds we are proud to recall.

Miller School, Va., April 9, 1896.

At Richmond.

(Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution.)

They'll meet no more at Richmond—the men who fought with Lee;
Who met the marching legions of Sherman to the sea;
Who blazed the way with "Stonewall," and carved their glorious names
On the battle-fields of Richmond, of "Richmond on the James."

They'll meet no more at Richmond; their brows are bowed and white;
And faint the campfires flicker from the valleys of the Night;
And "Farewell" echoes down the lines where flashed their crimson blades,
And the shadows deepen, deepen 'round the boys of the brigades.

They'll meet no more at Richmond, where every battle-clod
In red memorial roses sends messages to God;
Where brave and bright they faced the fight where Lee and Jackson led,
And left the dim vales glorious with the ashes of their dead.

They'll meet no more at Richmond. The long night's shadows fall;
O'er the dividing ramparts the phantom captains call;
And "Farewell" echoes down the line where flashed their warring blades
A long farewell to Richmond from the boys of the brigades!

ROBERT EDWARD LEE.

He was a foe without hate,
A friend without treachery,
A soldier without cruelty,
A victor without oppression.

He was a victim without murmuring,
A Christian without hypocrisy,
And a man without guile.

He was Cæsar without his ambition,
Frederick without his tyranny,
Napoleon without his selfishness,
And Washington without his reward.

—Benj. H. Hill.

For the one in blue and the one in gray.
For they could not think alike, and so
They parted, grieving; each to go
And add his little tithe of might
To help uphold what he deemed right.
Each did the right as right he knew,
What more could saints or angels do?

* * * * * *

And one came back, and one was left
Where fleet Death wove his crimson weft.
But both were brave; since this is true,
What matters it about the hue
Of coats they wore into the fray?
Brave hearts beat 'neath both blue and gray.

Dayton, Ohio.

His idea of a southern girl is not bad, and she beats June and August, for she combines the beauties and glories of spring, summer, and autumn; and Mr. Cawein shall describe her:

"A Southern Girl."

"Serious, but smiling; stately and serene,
And dreamier than a flower;
A girl in whom all sympathies convene,
As perfumes in a bower;
Through whom one feels what soul and heart may mean,
And their resistless power.

Eyes, that commune with the frank skies of Truth,
Where thought, like starlight, curls;
Lips of immortal rose, where love and youth
Nestle like two sweet pearls;
Hair, that suggests the Bible braids of Ruth,
Deeper than any girl's.

When first I saw thee, 'twas as if within
My soul took shape some song,
Played by a master of the violin,
A music pure and strong,
That raft my soul above all earth
To heights that know no wron

BARRON HOPE'S POEM

THE TRIBUTE OF VIRGINIA'S POET TO ROBERT E. LEE.

An Eulogy Delivered as It Were from the Tomb, as the Author was Dead When His Verses Were Read.

[Written by James Barron Hope, of Norfolk, for the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of the Lee monument, and, he having died before that day, read to the audience by Captain W. Gordon McCabe.]

Memoriæ Sacrum.

Great Mother of great Commonwealths,
Men called our Mother State;
And she so well has earned this name
That she may challenge Fate
To snatch away the epithet
Long given her of "great."

First of all Old England's outposts
To stand fast upon these shores,
Soon she brought a mighty harvest
To a People's threshing-floors,
And more than golden grain was piled
Within her ample doors.

Behold her stormy sunrise shone,
Her shadow fell vast and long,
And her mighty admiral, English Smith,
Heads a prodigious throng
Of as mighty men, from Raleigh down,
As ever arose in song.

Her names are the shining arrows
Which her ancient quiver bears,
And their splendid sheaf has thickened
Through the long march of the years,
While her great shield has been burnished
By her children's blood and tears.

Yes, it is true, my countrymen,
We are rich in names and blood,
And red have been the blossoms
From the first colonial bud,
While her names have blazed as meteors
By many a field and flood.

And as some flood tumultuous
In sounding billows rolled,
Give back the evening's glories
In a wealth of blazing gold:
So does the present from its wave
Reflect the lights of old.

Our history is a shifting sea
Locked in by lofty land,
And its great Pillars of Hercules,
Above the shining sand,
I here behold in majesty
Uprising on each hand.

These pillars of our history,
In fame forever young,
Are known in every latitude
And named in every tongue,
And down through all the ages
Their story shall be sung.

The Father of His Country
Stands above that shut-in sea
A glorious symbol to the world
Of all that's great and free;
And to-day Virginia matches him—
And matches him with Lee.

II.

Who shall blame the social order
Which gave us men as great as these?
Who condemn the soil of whose forest
Which brings forth gigantic trees?
Who presume to doubt that Providence
Shapes out our destinies?

Foreordained and long maturing
Came the famous men of old:
In the dark mines deep were driven
Down the shafts to reach the gold;
And the story is far longer
Than the histories have ever told.

From Bacon down to Washington
The generations passed:
Great events and moving causes
Were in sorried order massed;
Berkeley well was first confronted,
Better George the King at last!

From the times of that stern ruler
To our own familiar days,
Long the pathway we have trodden,
Hard and devious were its ways,
Till at last there came the second
Mightier Revolution's blaze;

Till at last there broke the tempest
Like a cyclone on the sea,
When the lightnings blazed and dazzled
And the thunders were set free,
And riding on that whirlwind came
Majestic Robert Lee!

Who—again I ask the question—
Who may challenge in debate,
With any show of truthfulness,
Our former social state
Which brought forth more than heroes
In their lives supremely great.

Not Peter the wild crusader
When bent upon his knee,
Not Arthur and his belted knights
In the poet's song could be
More earnest than those southern men
Who followed Robert Lee.

They thought that they were right and this
Was hammered into those
Who held that crest all drenched in blood
Where the "Bloody Angel" rose.
As for all else? It passes by
As the idle wind that blows.

Then stand up, oh, my countryman!
And unto God give thanks,
On mountains and on hillsides
And by sloping river banks—
Thank God that you were worthy
Of the grand Confederate ranks;

That you who came from uplands
And from beside the sea,
Filled with love of Old Virginia
And the teachings of the free,
May boast in sight of all men
That you followed Robert Lee.

Peace has come. God give His blessing
On the fact and on the name!
The South speaks no invective
And she writes no word of blame,
But we call all men to witness
That we stand up without shame!

Nay! Send it forth to all the world
That we stand up here with pride,
With love for our living comrades
And with praise for those who died:
And in this manly frame of mind
Till death we will abide.

God and our conscience alone
Give us measures of right and wrong.
The race may fall unto the swift
And the battle to the strong;
But the truth will shine in history
And blossom into song.

Human grief full oft by glory
Is assuaged and disappears
When its requiem swells with music
Like the shock of shields and spears.
And its passion is too full of pride
To leave a space for tears.

And hence to-day, my countrymen,
We come with undimmed eyes,
In homage of the hero Lee,
The good, the great, the wise!
And at his name our hearts will leap
Till his last old soldier dies.

Ask me, if so you please, to paint
Stormwinds upon the sea;
Tell me to weigh great Cheops—
Set volcanic forces free;
But bid me not, my Countrymen,
To picture Robert Lee!

As Saul, bound for Damascus fair,
Was struck blind by sudden light,
So my eyes are pained and dazzled
By a radiance pure and white
Shot back by the burnished armor
Of that glory-belted Knight.

His was all the Norman's polish
And sobriety of grace;
All the Goth's majestic figure;
All the Roman's noble face;
And he stood the tall examplar
Of a grand historic race.

Baronial were his acres where
Potomac's waters run;
High his lineage, and his blazon
Was by cunning heralds done;
But better still he might have said
Of his "works" he was the "son."

Truth walked beside him always
From his childhood's early years,
Honor followed as his shadow,
Valor lightened all his cares,
And he rode—that grand Virginian—
Last of all the Cavaliers!

As a soldier we all knew him
Great in action and repose;
Saw how his genius studied
And his mighty spirit rose
When the four quarters of the globe
Encompassed him with foes.

But he and his grew braver
As the danger grew more rife,
Avaricious they of glory
But most prodigal of life,
And the "Army of Virginia"
Was the Atlas of the strife.

As his troubles gathered round him
Thick as waves that beat the shore
ATRA CURA rode behind him,
Famine's shadow filled his door;
Still he wrought deeds no mortal men
Had ever wrought before.

IV.

Then came the end, my countrymen,
The last thunderbolts were hurled;
Worn out by his own victories
His battle-flags were furled,
And a history was finished
That has changed the modern world.

As some saint in the arena
Of a bloody Roman game
As the prize of his endeavor
Put on an immortal frame,
Through long agonies our soldier
Won the crown of martial fame.

But there came a greater glory
To that man supremely grand
(When his just sword he laid aside
In peace to serve his State),
For in his classic solitude
He rose up and mastered Fate.

He triumphed and he did not die!—
No funeral bells are tolled!—
But on that day in Lexington
Fame came herself to hold
His stirrup while he mounted
To ride down the streets of gold.

He is not dead! There is no death!
He only went before,
His journey on when Christ the Lord
Wide open held the door,
And a calm celestial peace is his,
Thank God, forevermore.

V.

When the effigy of Washington
In its bronze was reared on high
'Twas mine, with others, now long gone,
Beneath a stormy sky,
To utter to the multitude
His name that cannot die,

And here to-day, my countryman,
I tell you Lee shall ride
With that great "rebel" down the years—
Twin "rebel" side by side!—
And confronting such a vision
All our grief gives place to pride.

These two shall ride immortal,
And shall ride abreast of time;
Shall light up stately history
And blaze in Epic Rhyme!
Both patriots, both Virginians true,
Both "Rebels," both sublime.

Our past is full of glory,
It is a shut-in sea,
The Pillars overlooking it
Are Washington and Lee—
And a future spreads before us,
Not unworthy of the free.

And here and now, my countrymen,
Upon this sacred sod,
Let us feel: It was "Our Father"
Who above us held the rod,
And from hills to sea
Like Robert Lee
Bow reverently to God.

Robert E. Lee.

[Written for the Dispatch on the unveiling of the Lee monument May 29, 1890.]

He loved the battle as the petrel sands
And rocks and ocean's stormy waste; then come
In peace and let us hear the morning drum
In long *revelle*; let the stirring bands
Time to the martial tramp; with tender hands
Unfurl that banner, torn by shot and bomb;
Let the great cannon open lips long dumb
And laud a greatness that was more than man's!
Long as thy mountains rise, thy rivers pour
Their mighty floods down to the voiceful sea;
Long as that sea shall moan upon thy shore,
Or thou, Virginia, shalt remembered be—
Until the brave revere the brave no more—
With Washington's shall live the name of Lee!

HENRY JEROME STOCKARD.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

Robert E. Lee.

BY JASPER BISHOP, OF WILMINGTON, N. C.

With loyal hearts we gather
On Virginia's soil to-day,
Where the dust of many heroes
Is mingled with the clay;
And with all love's deep emotion,
Heart to heart and hand in hand,
We pay this tribute of devotion
To the noblest hero of our land.

'Twas in dear old Virginia
He first breathed the breath of life;
'Twas Virginia he defended
To the ending of the strife;
In Virginia we calmly laid
His body in the tomb;
And to unveil his noble statue
In Virginia now we come.

From the compass's every quarter
Throngs this multitude of souls.
Father, mother, son, and daughter
Swells the tide that inward rolls.
Yes, we gather here in sorrow
From every stage in life.
To do honor to the hero
Of a long, unequal strife.

We do not mourn the cause we lost,
For God ordained it so.
Nor do we murmur naught against
The legion then our foe.
But we mourn our vanquished chieftain,
And bedew with tears his grave,
As we pay this humble tribute
To the bravest of the brave.

We gaze upon his manly form,
Erect upon his steed,
And reflect with admiration
On each noble word and deed
That characterized the life of him
We mourn as dead to-day,
But whose memory will linger
In a nation's heart alway.

He was brave, not alone in war
Amid the cannon's roll,
For in his early manhood
He did battle for his soul—
Shook off the fetters of the world,
And when the strife was done
He had conquered every enemy;
The victory he had won.

Standing forth in all the beauty
Of a Christian pure and whole,
He had fought the battle bravely,
Gained the victory for his soul;
With eyes upraised to Heaven,
"Oh, God! For what Thou hast done for me—
In the hour of tribulation,
I devote my life to Thee."

How nobly he has kept that vow
Is known on every hand;
From the home of the most exalted
To the humblest in the land,
Its influence on the battle-field
Reached the dying soldier's heart,
Directing his soul to Heaven,
Robbing death of all its smart.

He would not go into a fight
Without the shield of prayer;
Nor did he forget his enemies
While doing battle there.
He boasted not of victory
When a battle he had won,
And when it turned against him
Said: "*Lord, Thy will be done.*"

He would not stoop to treachery
In this unequal fight,
But met and fought them bravely
In the strength of manhood's might.
And when at Appomattox
He yielded up his sword
His heart bled for his country;
But his trust was in the Lord.

When his mortal life was ended,
When his labor here was done,
He girded his immortal armor on
And marched triumphant to his home!

Valentine's Recumbent Statue.

Thou art not dead—majestic Lee—
This marble still detaineth thee,
As if Virginia's yearning heart
Inspired her sculptor's wondrous art
To try thee in this splendid rest
Her adoring, jealous breast.
O
Who, coming to this shrine,
On this form divine,
Pride of country feel
Virginia, woe or weal,
That thou canst never be
Over Robert Lee.

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And there the Christian soldier
Joined with the saints who sing,
"O Grave, where is thy victory?"
"O Death, where is thy sting?"

And as the sweet refrain is borne
Upon the breeze along,
May the blessings of HIS Saviour
Rest on this assembled throng;
May the nation that now mourn him
From strife be ever free,
And emulate the Christian example
Of Robert Edward Lee.

Texas Tribute to Lee.

BY C. HERBERT BEACH, DALLAS, TEXAS.

[Written for the Richmond Dispatch,]

Round this mass of solid granite, raised by hearts sincere,
Our best love we come and offer—drop a loyal tear
Beneath the banner loved and lost, fought for to the last,
Each southern heart will bow in sorrow at the memory of the past.
Regrets and tears we give to-day to the hero loved by all,
The one to whom all southern hearts came promptly at his call;
Earth held no better, nobler man, more honest, loyal, brave,
Left home and friends and fortune, too, his country to save.
Each one then bow in reverence, as his image here we see,
Each loyal, faithful southern heart, gives due homage unto Lee.

Lee to the Rear.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Dawn of a pleasant morning in May
Broke through the Wilderness cool and gray,
While perched in the tallest tree-tops, the birds
Were carolling Mendelssohn's "Songs without words."

Far from the haunts of men remote,
The brook brawled on with a liquid note,
And nature, all tranquil and lovely, wore
The smile of the spring, as in Eden of yore.

Little by little as daylight increased,
And deepened the roseate flush in the east—
Little by little did morning reveal
Two long glittering lines of steel;

Where two hundred thousand bayonets gleam,
Tipped with the light of the earliest beam,
And the faces are sullen and grim to see,
In the hostile armies of Grant and Lee.

All of a sudden ere rose the sun,
Pealed on the silence the opening gun—
A little white puff of smoke there came,
And anon the valley was wreathed in flame.

Down on the left of the rebel lines,
Where a breastwork stands in a copse of pines,
Before the rebels their ranks can form,
The Yankees have carried the place by storm.

Stars and Stripes o'er the salient wave,
Where many a hero has found a grave,
And the gallant Confederates strive in vain
The ground they have drenched with their blood to regain!

Yet louder the thunder of battle roared—
Yet a deadlier fire on their columns poured—
Slaughter infernal rode with despair,
Furies twain through the smoky air.

Not far off in the saddle there sat
A gray-bearded man in a black slouched hat;
Not much moved by the fire was he
Calm and resolute Robert Lee.

Quick and watchful, he kept his eye
On two bold rebel brigades close by—
Reserves, that were standing (and dying) at ease
While the tempest of wrath toppled over the trees.

For still with their loud, deep, bull-dog bay,
The Yankee batteries blazed away,
And with every murderous second that sped
A dozen brave fellows, alas! fell dead.

The grand old gray-beard rode to the space,
Where death and his victims stood face to face,
And silently waved his old slouched hat,
A world of meaning there was in that!

"Follow me! Steady! We'll save the day!"
This was what he seemed to say;
And to the light of his glorious eye
The bold brigades thus made reply—

"We'll go forward, but you must go back"—
And they moved not an inch in the perilous track:
"Go to the rear, and we'll send them to h—!"
And the sound of the battle was lost in their yell.

Turning his bridle, Robert Lee
Rode to the rear. Like the waves of the sea,
Bursting their dikes in their overflow,
Madly his veterans dashed on the foe.

And backward in terror that foe was driven,
Their banners rent and their columns riven,
Wherever the tide of battle rolled
Over the Wilderness, wood and wold.

Sunset out of a crimson sky,
Steamed o'er a field of ruddier dye,
And the brook ran on with a purple stain,
From the blood of ten thousand foemen slain.

Seasons have passed since that day and year—
Again o'er its pebbles the brook runs clear,
And the field in a richer green is drest
Where the dead of the terrible conflict rest.

Hushed is the roll of the rebel drum,
The sabres are sheathed, and the cannons are dumb,
And Fate, with pitiless hand, has furled
The flag that once challenged the gaze of the world;

But the fame of the Wilderness fight abides;
And down into history grandly rides,
Calm and unmoved as in battle he sat,
The gray-bearded man in the black slouch hat.

Virginia's Dead.

This poem is copied from manuscript, which I have never seen in print. The author is unknown. E. H. LATAINE.
Tappahannock, Va.

Proud mother of a race that reared
The brave and good of ours,
Lo! on thy bleeding bosom lie
Thy pale and perished flowers.
Where'er upon her own bright soil
Hosts meet their bleed to shed,
Where brightest gleams the victor's sword.
There lie Virginia's dead.

And where upon the crimsoned field,
The cannon loudest roars,
And hero-blood for liberty
A streaming torrent pours,
Where fiercest glows the battle's rage,
And southern banners spread,
Where minions couch and vassals kneel,
There lie Virginia's dead.

Where bright Potomac's classic mane
Rolls softly to the sea,
And Shenandoah's sweet valley smiles
In her captivity;
Where Mississippi sullen rolls
His foaming torrent bed,
And Tennessee's smooth ripples break,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where, 'mid dreary mountain heights,
The Frost-King sternly sate,
As Garnett cheered his legions on
And nobly met his fate;
Where Johnson, Lee, and Beauregard
Their gallant armies led,
Trough wintry snows and tropic suns,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where, through Georgia's flowery meads,
The proud Savannah flows,
As soft o'er Carolina's brow
Atlantic's pure breeze blows;
Where Florida's sweet tropic flowers
Their dewy fragrance shed,
And night winds sigh through orange groves,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

Where Louisiana's eagle eye
Frowns darkly on her chains,
And proud New Orleans' noble street
The despot's heel profanes;
Where virtue shrinks in dread dismay
And beauty bows her head;
While courage spurns the oppressor's yoke,
There lie Virginia's dead.

'Neath Alabama's sunny skies,
On Texas's burning shore,
Where blooming prairies brightly sweep
Missouri's bosom o'er;
Where bold Kentucky's lion heart
Leap's to her Morgan's tread,
And tyrants quail at Freedom's cry,
There sleep Virginia's dead.

And where the ocean's trackless waves
O'er pallid corpses sweep,
As 'mid the cannon's thunder peal
"Deep calleth unto deep";
Wherever Honor's sword is drawn,
And Justice rears her head,
Where heroes fall and martyrs bleed,
There rest Virginia's dead.

A Song of the Camp Fire.

Oh, the sparkle of a campfire on the sheltered woodland shore!
With the forest for a background and the lake spread out before;
While the frail canoes come tossing home to harbor in the bay,
And the star above the sunset marks the passing of the day!

As the summer night grows deeper, how the flame illumes the pines,
And its wavering reflection on the starlit water shines!
We have drawn a ring of magic in the wilderness and gloom,
And the darkness looms beyond it like the walls of some vast room.

Gathers now the twilight circle, each bronzed camper in his place;
While the laughter of the firelight meets the laughter on his face;
And we sing the good old ballads and the rolling college glees,
Till the owl, far up the mountains, hoots defiance in the trees.

Then the story and the laughter pass the merry circle round,
And the intervening silence thrills with many a woodland sound,
Now the weird and ghostly challenge of the solitary loon,
Now the whistle of the plover, journeying southward 'neath the moon.

Ah! the charm that hangs forever round the campfire's ruddy glow;
For the sage and for the savage, for the high and for the law!
There is something grand and godlike being roofed with stars and skies,
And lulled solemnly to slumber by primeval lullabies!

—James Buckham, in Youth's Companion.

and made neither salute nor apology.

All Quiet Along the Potomac.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Complying with the request of M. J. M., I sent you "The Picket Guard," which I think he refers to in his mention of "All Quiet On the Potomac To-Night."

W. R. M.

"THE PICKET GUARD."

All quiet along the Potomac, they say,
Except now and then a stray picket
Is shot on his beat as he walks to and fro
By a rifleman hid in a thicket.
'Tis nothing, a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watchfires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping,
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.

There only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack and his face dark and grim
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep,
For their mother, may Heaven defend her.

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree,
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle—HA! MARY, good-by!
And the life-blood is ebbing and flashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead,
The picket's off duty forever!
'Tis nothing, a private or two now and then
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.

The Song of the Camp.

[Bayard Taylor.]

"Give us a song!" the soldiers cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camps allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan, in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threat'ning under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder

There was a pause. A guardsman said:
"We storm the forts to-morrow;
Sing while we may, another day
Will bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery's side,
Below the smoking cannon,
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde,
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory.
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion
Rose like an anthem rich and strong,
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl, her name he dared not speak,
But as the song grew louder
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the dark'ning ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers,
While the Crimean valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters,
With scream of shot, and burst of shell
And bellowing of the mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a singer dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Sleep, soldiers! still in honored rest
Your truth and valor wearing;
The bravest are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

LEE AND JACKSON.

Interesting Address by Colonel H. Kyd Douglas.

At the Lee Birthday celebration at Alexandria, Colonel H. Kyd Douglass spoke as follows:

We are in a transition period, you and I, passing from a generation of personal participation in and personal recollection of the war to that when, we have passed away, history will seriously begin to make up its verdict. But we are more interested in our recollections and traditions at present than in future history. And so in speaking of General Lee, we are not so much inclined to discuss the particular niche he will occupy in the historical gallery of great commanders as in recalling him as we know, and interchanging memories of him. We have little doubt, we have no doubt, that the name of Lee will appear among the few leading commanders of all time, with full justice done to him as a man, a soldier, and a patriot. But we are not here to-night so much to speculate about future verdicts as past trials.

When you and I and all of us were following "Mars Robert," every camp-fire had its stories showing the love, admiration, and confidence of the boys, but they did not bother about the measure of fame he might attain throughout the world. Not one whit was this faith and affection abated by Gettysburg and Appomattox. The Army of the Potomac, with its hundred thousand tongues, made wild clamor of salute when "Little Mc" rode down the lines. When he was beheaded, they were silent, submitted, and soon forgot him, except to criticise him.

Who can tell what would have happened in the Army of Northern Virginia if General Lee's sword had been taken away, except that the next day Appomattox would have loomed up in the near distance? I speak of him now as a man—the "well-beloved"—and it was because he had a rare combination, that perfect mixture of the sexes, the complete manliness of a thorough masculine nature, and all the lovableness of a well-poised woman. It was this that made him, as few great military men ever were, the "well-beloved" of his army and his people.

THREE NECESSARY CHARACTERISTICS.

General Lee inherited, not only from his father, but from a remarkable line of male ancestors, three necessary characteristics of a great commander.

1. He was a student of the art of war and was fond of it as a science.
2. He had in the highest degree the ability to understand that art, and to put it to the touch in the field.
3. He had the moral courage to make war, and to make it aggressively when his keen judgment dictated it.

And yet General Lee could not have been a dictator, no more than Washington. Singularly alike in many elements of character and bearing, neither of them could have been induced to attempt that role, neither of them had the qualifications for success as usurpers or absolute rulers. Grant might have been a dictator if the occasion demanded, and Stonewall Jackson surely, but not Lee.

HISTORICAL COMPARISONS.

But to get the full measure of General Lee's greatness we must consent to look at him historically and by comparison with others. We must recall how much harder it all was for him and how little the after-renowned commanders of the world knew of the trials and tribulations that environed him. He had their share of the perplexities of military plans, offensive and defensive, the problems of strategy and tactics; of marches, attacks, retreats, pursuits. These are common to all wars and all generals conducting them, but there were other embarrassments of his situation which not his opponents and few of his great predecessors ever knew. He never had troops enough for the accomplishment of any great purpose he might have; for defensive or offensive purposes he was forced to work with what he had. In his greatest movements he was forced to piece out his army here and there with small patches. To these perplexities were added want of arms, equipments, ammunition, clothing, transportation, and then at last came those hideous and vengeful harpies, hunger and thirst, to confound all his plans, to demoralize and wreck his army. What did Marlborough, or Napoleon, or Wellington, or Grant, know of such things? Who can tell how they would have survived such tests and tugs of war? The solemn truth is, it is not possible for any one but a Confederate soldier, in close touch with General Lee and with full knowledge of his daily life, to understand the dire straits and expedients and almost despair to which he was driven by the trials which beset him. Historians talk of it in a vague way—they talk of the destruction of Troy and the burning of Rome, but history is lifeless. I wish that out of the surviving Confederates would arise some Sienkiewicz, who could burn the truth with scorching words into the people of to-day and those who are to make history.

LEE AND JACKSON CONTRASTED.

Much is often to be learned by contrasts, and it does not necessarily follow that the contrast of two men is injurious to either. The strong points of each may sometimes be brought out and made the clearer. It seems to me this is the effect of bringing, side by side, the personality and the soldierly qualities of Lee and Jackson. There is food for thought here. If we carefully read and study the history of the building up of Virginia from Jamestown to the Revolution and reflect upon what it all means, we can hardly fail to recognize the fact that Lee, of our day, was the culmination of the highest type of cavalier who settled Eastern Virginia, and Jackson the most stalwart survival of the hardy and resolute Scotch-Irish element that began to pour into the Valley of Virginia about 1730. It is impossible that this important historical and racial fact should not demand our attention and thoughtful study, and when it does and we give full consideration to it, we will find it easier to understand why Lee, the Cavalier of Episcopalian, and Jackson, the Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, working together harmoniously and earnestly, with a single thought and a single purpose, wielded their faithful Cavalier and Scotch-Irish followers into that wonderful Army of Northern Virginia, "which for four years," as Swinton says, "carried the revolt upon its bayonets; which, receiving terrible blows, did not fail to give the like, and which, vital in all its parts, died only with its annihilation." Enough has not been made of this fact, nor in the philosophy of history has it received the attention it deserves.

LEE A MODEL OF NEATNESS.

What a singular contrast these two men presented! How entirely they differed in everything, except in their mutual warlike courage and aggressiveness. General Lee was the highest type of the patrician in person and bearing. Of ideal height and build for soldier or citizen, with limbs as rounded as a woman, neither large nor lean; small, shapely hands and feet, the latter arched in instep like the neck of a thoroughbred, and always well-shod; a model of neatness in dress, with a carriage that combined dignity with graceful ease, he was on horseback and off the handsomest man I ever saw. Neither slow nor rapid in his movements, distinct of speech, and always clear of meaning, with a voice that never lost its self-control, there was never a lapse in the influence of his presence.

JACKSON WAS NOT HANDSOME.

General Jackson was the sturdiest type of the American commoner—of the people. It is simply absurd to say he was a handsome man. Roughly built, with large frame and little flesh; large hands, with prominent knuckles; large feet, and ungainly walk, he was, from holding a pen to riding a horse, the awkwardest man in the army. His voice was gentle in parlor or camp, where he talked little; quick and sharp on the field of battle, where he rarely talked at all, except to give orders. His small, blue eye was like a little lake reflecting violets when in repose; in battle, as cold and gleaming as that little lake when frozen and the violets dead. Full of courtesy and infinite politeness in his tent, modest to bashfulness in the presence of a woman, he would have arrested his grandmother on the field of battle if she had gone wrong. Never blundering, he had little patience with those who did, and was unjustly severe in his judgment of them. So kindly of heart that it was necessary for his staff to keep their slightest indisposition from him for fear he would order them off duty, he always seemed to me to be merciless on the field of battle. In all things he was a mystery to those who knew him most intimately, as well as to the world.

CONFIDENCE IN EACH OTHER.

General Lee seemed to be born for a life of wealth and aristocratic influence. Stonewall Jackson was built and constituted to rough it. And yet there is nothing more remarkable in military history than their mutual admiration and confidence in each other. Jackson, speaking of Lee, summed it up in a curt way: "I would follow him blindfolded."

General Lee, and the common soldier alike, never had doubt of Jackson. Many officers of merit, with stars on their collars, had grave doubts, and at times, in fateful moments, would whisper, "Surely, old Jack is crazy." No one ever heard such doubts among the rank and file; they never faltered in their faith and confidence. They doubtless believed that, like Joshua, he could have stopped the sun if the exigencies of battle demanded it; if he didn't do it, it was because there was no necessity for it, as he and they could get along without repeating old miracles. When some one told Lincoln that Grant drank too much whiskey, he replied that if he knew the brand he would send a barrel of it to every general in the field.

If any one ever ventured to tell General Lee that Stonewall Jackson was crazy, I can see now the twinkle of his eye and the smile upon his lips as the "old man" replied: "Let us hope that this marvellous insanity may spread quickly and become epidemic at all the headquarters of the army."

Such was this wonderful pair of soldiers. This is not the occasion to speak of either of them further. Of him whose birthday we commemorate to-night we may say, in anticipation of the verdict of history, he was a soldier to rival Marlborough, a Christian to rank with Havelock, in personal bearing a knight of the knightliest mould, and, within the meaning of the fifteenth Psalm, a prince of gentlemen.

PURCHASED

Music in Camp.

(Published by request.)

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran, deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battle's recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver;
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town,
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender;
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn,
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still, and then the band,
With movement light and trixy,
Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But, thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause; and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles;
Loud shrieked the swarming boys in Blue,
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream, its noiseless flood,
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles;
All silent, now, the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels.

No irresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or Blue, or Gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold, or warm, his native skies,
Bend in their beauty o'er him;
Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain,
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simple numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee heart,
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of music shines—
That bright, celestial creature—
Who, still 'mid war's embattled lines,
Gave this one touch to nature.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

MANASSAS.

July 21, 1896.

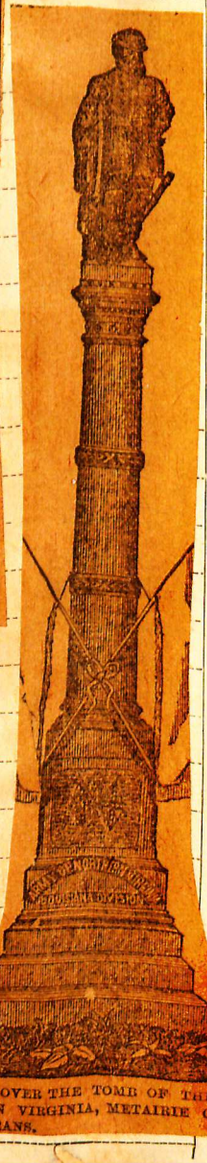
(First Battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.)

They have met at last, as storm-clouds
Meet in heaven,
And their thunders have been stilled,
And their leaders crushed or killed,
And their ranks, with terror thrilled,
Rent and riven!

Like the leaves of Vallambrosa,
They are lying,
In the moonlight, in the midnight,
Dead and dying;
Like these leaves before the gale
Swept their legions, wild and pale;
While the host that made them quail
Stood defying.

When aloft in morning sunlight
Flags were flaunted,
And "swift vengeance on the rebel"
Proudly vaunted,
Little did they think that night
Should close upon their shameful flight,
And rebels, victors in the fight,
Stand undaunted.

But peace to those who perished
In our passes!
Light be the earth above them,
Green the grasses;
Long shall northmen rue the day
When they met our stern array,
And shrunk from battle's wild affray,
At Manassas!



MONUMENT OVER THE TOMB OF THE NORTHERN VIRGINIA, METAIRIE CEM NEW ORLEANS.

We stand in the silent city
Where pure white slabs are gleaming
Above each breast,
Whose long sweet rest
Is never moved by dreaming.
On to the outer margin
Where graves cease to be numbered;
Where, through the years'
Soft smiles and tears,
A nation's dead have slumbered.
Under the long, loose lights
Dreamily dropping a crown,
In hushed phalanx, and solemn ranks
They've laid their armor down.

The low sun seems to linger,
With touch almost supernal,
Where lines of graves,
Like green-capped waves,
Stretch toward the shore eternal.
Each wave its freight has landed—
Sublimely were they freighted—
And the time each soul
Touched heavenly goal
In the great Log-book is dated.
Under death's flag of truce
Away from the fallen fort
God grant they sailed, with sins Christ-veiled,
Into the silent port.

Over the grass step lightly,
Silence the children's laughter;
Their arms are stacked,
They are bivouacked
In the fields of the Hereafter.
Here were the great guns planted,
Here was the brave arm steadied;
Here with a shout,
Did the blood gush out
While the soul on the red tide eddied.
Then scatter the wreaths of flowers
Over each quiet mound;
They have ceased to beat—low under our feet—
The hearts that watered the ground.

Though shaft nor pile nor pillar—
We raise to their ashes never.
In heart of each,
Too deep for speech,
Our dead are mourned forever.
Through all the future ages
In history and in story,
Their fame shall shine—
Their name shall twine—
They need no greater glory.
Tenderly fall our tears
Over their lifeless clay;
Here lie the dead who fought and bled
And fell in garbs of grey.

Ours, the fate of the vanquished,
Whose hearts-aches never cease;
Ours the tears,
Regrets and fears—
Their's the eternal peace.
Anger they dropped forever
With the passing burden of breath;
The Blue and the Grey
Are alike to-day
In the colorless land of Death.
And the living who wore the Blue
May bring to the sleepers flowers,
For the Blue and the Grey are friends to-day
In a happier land than ours.

—Miss HUNT, of Vicksburg.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

Robert E. Lee.

Although I look on thee with northern eyes,
I cannot coldly view thy sculptured face,
Nor in those marble features chiseled true,
The lines that mark the hero fail to trace;
Nor can I feel there's ought that should divide
Thee from the great ones that we proudly claim;
No bitterness should rise to cast a shade
On thy name, carved high on the rock of fame.

There is no *North*, there is no *South*, to-day
Our country stands one great and glorious whole;
The storm of dreadful strife has passed away
And back the battle's smoke-clouds slowly roll,
Til now the sun of bright prosperity
Shines from a sky serenely calm and fair,
And North and South henceforth shall ever be,
With East and West one land beyond compare.

Then let us look not with a narrowed view
Upon the heroes of "the other side,"
Nor yet withhold the meed of praise when due,
From one who would for his beliefs have died,
And let us not ignore the noble worth
Of one whose soul was lofty as sincere,
Nor pity, weeping o'er the soldier's grave,
Fall on *his* ashes to bestow a tear.

Thy country claims thee, proud to own thy worth,
Forgetful of the past with all its wrongs;
And, justly with the noble ones of earth,
Gives to thy name the place to it belongs;
Now they who fought against thee can admire,
While they who fought beside thee, worship thee;
And while a hero's name the heart can fire,
So long shall be revered the name of Lee.

Danville, Va. GERRIT SMITH.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

A Vision.

VALLEY OF VIRGINIA, May 29, 12:30, 1890.

"On Fame's eternal camping-ground," the reveille is beat,
With shadowy warriors hurrying down thro' every tented street.
They form! And dress!! And file away across the moon-lit glade.
By companys! form battalion! Squadrons!! and brigade—
'Tis but a shadowy line of gray that cuts the tender green,
No arms are there, no drums are heard, no colors to be seen,
'Til the God of battles brought them from the arsenals above
And placed within their keeping the standards of their love.

A mighty host is marching up along Potomac's side—
Another comes from Gettysburg, with columns deep and wide.
They come with easy motion, with step as bold and free
As when they left Virginia along with "Massa Lee"—
And all are "On to Richmond" bent, as when at duty's call
They fell into the serried ranks a gallant, living wall
That brought their lives and fortunes into the nation's fight,
When each had thought the other wrong—that they alone were right.

What means this wondrous muster of the heroes of the past?
We hear no threating cannon's roar! No bugles thrilling blast!
'Tis not to form a rampart, to stem invasion's tide—
For shadowy lines of blue and gray are marching side by side.
A mingled throng they march along o'er many a well-fought field,
Where plows and anvils take the place of bellowing guns and steel.
They reach the *war-worn city*, those warriors of the past—
To find that Love and Union are conquerors at last.

A living host have gathered there on that historic ground.
A phantom one, with hollow square, has girded them around!
The living pay a tribuet to the fame of ROBERT LEE,
And the dead of thirty years are there to swell the jubilee.
A hero's hand removes the veil 'mid heartfelt, deaf'ning cheers!*
But that hero's voice is silent—because of choking tears.
And yet, what nobler tribute could that old comrade pay?
To *him* whose laurels shall be green when Eternity grows gray.

Again Virginia gives the world the grandest type of man
That ever drew a *nation's* sword since first the world began.
Unborn ages yet shall weave the chaplet for *his* head,
And a million years shall write *him this nation's noblest dead.*
The blue lines dipped their colors and proudly marched away,
But a guard of honor yet remained in that ragged line of gray,
With columns closed they forward pressed, as though on duty there—
Till their standards floated upward, on a sunbeam in the air.

*General Joseph E. Johnston.

J. J. WALLACE.

In Memoriam.

[Written for the Dispatch.]

The sun in splendor bright went down
Last evening while alone I stood
Amid the tombless graves that crown
A sacred hill in Hollywood.

The sheen upon the twilight sky
Had gone to light a morn afar,
And Night had on her forehead high
Just placed a single silver star.

When suddenly a blinding light
Flashed lightning-like the sky along,
And down the shadowy aisles of night
There came the strains of heavenly song.

Alarmed and filled with solemn awe
I turned my way to homeward tread,
When, lo! above me there I saw
An angel with its pinions spread.

Soft is the voice of snow-white dove,
But softer was the one that said:
"Peace, gentle friend, my name is Love,
Of me you need not be afraid."

"But stay and listen while I tell
To you a message to declare
To all who on to-morrow dwell
In yon fair city over there."

"Tell them that Love commands that they
Shall on next Friday gather here,
For it will be Memorial-day,
Of all the saddest in the year."

"Tell them to bring the fairest flow'rs
That breath of spring has caused to spread
And strew them o'er these grounds of ours,
Beneath which sleep the southern dead."

"And tell them to select a hymn,
Whose cadence, tender, soft, and low,
Will cause their eyes with tears to dim
As up to Heaven its strains shall go."

"And while their hearts are tender yet
Let them return their thanks to God
For grand examples, nobly set,
By men who Duty's pathway trod."

"And when the solemn prayer is said,
Then let a gifted tongue portray
How fame her fadeless mantel spread
And wrapped it round the men in gray."

A flash of wings—a blinding light,
And all alone again I stood,
Beneath the starry sky of night
Upon that hill in Hollywood.

W. A. MATHEWS.

The Review of the Spirits.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

In memory of the noble Confederate chieftains of Virginia who have passed into the dim land of shadows.

The quivering moonbeams kiss the sleeping flowers,
Wet with the dewdrops' mist of silver spray;
Far up the mountain side the pine tree towers
Its lofty crest, through which the night winds play.

In majesty the Shenandoah, sweeping past,
Hurries her sparkling water to the sea;
Fantastic shadows far o'er bosom cast
Weird, spectral forms, from which the wavelets flee.

How sighs the wind to-night the pines among,
Speaking in broken whispers, faint and low,
Or those, perhaps, whom Fame has left unsung,
Whose valorous deeds no kindly records show.

Whence comes that bugle call, so full and clear,
Echoing faint and fainter 'mong the mountain wilds,
What means yon host of phantoms which appear
In stately columns marching through the deep defiles?

I see the mystic squadrons, side by side,
Halt in the valley where the moonbeams play;
That valley long Virginia's boast and pride,
Sleeping in peaceful beauty before the vast array.

All nature views the scene in mute surprise;
Silence profound broods o'er each hill and tree;
Along the lines faint murmurs now arise,
As Stonewall Jackson clasps the hand of Lee.

A fiery war-horse comes with chattering feet
Over the mountain side with winged speed;
Who, who is this, the chieftains haste to meet!
Lo! Turner Ashby, on his milk-white steed.

Yon horseman guides his phantom steed with skill.
He presses forward to salute his chief,
Stuart, of brave and dauntless spirit still,
Whose form among the shadows is seen in bold relief,

The chieftains turn and slowly pass along the line
O'er which a tattered banner flutters in the air;
Strong are the links around their hearts entwined
Which bind them to each soldier standing there.

The "Immortal Stonewall" looks upon the men,
Who followed him through all the dreadful fray;
Dear homes they left on mountain and in glen,
Nobly they fought, and nobly passed away.

Falling upon the ear with slow and measured beat,
The sad roll of the muffled drum is heard;
No more upon life's grand parade they meet;
No more with rancorous hate their pulseless hearts are stirred.

'Tis past! forever past! that dream of glory sweet;
Here in their native valley meet the tried and true,
To look upon their chieftains and each other greet,
To spend this summer's night in one last, last review.

The hours of night speed by on noiseless wings,
Yet still the phantoms keep their silent round;
The waning moon o'er all a softened glory flings,
And looks upon this solemn scene with awe profound.

The soft, gray mists of morning slowly creep
Along the mountain range and tint the sky;
Yet e'er the dewy flowers awake from sleep,
The mystic legions melt in air and fade away for aye.

Proud, glorious State! guard well their sacred dust;
Brave were thy sons; they sleep in hallowed ground;
Dear was the cause for which they fought, and just;
Their names upon the scroll of Fame is wreathed with glory 'round.

Mrs. ANNA BOSWELL DALE.

Paynesville, Pike county, Mo.

MEMORY OF JACKSON.

NEW YORK CONFEDERATES BANQUET IN ITS HONOR.

ADDRESS BY DR. HUNTER M'GUIRE.

Personal Recollections of the Great Southern Soldier—First and Only War Council of the Hero—His Significant "Present My Compliments."

NEW YORK, January 22.—Two hundred white-haired soldiers, who fought for the Confederate cause under Lee and Jackson, met to-night for the eighth time to toast the memory of their dead comrades and renew associations. Their banquet was held at the St. Denis Hotel.

Colonel C. E. Thorburn, commander of the Confederate Veteran Camp, the official title of the organization that brought about the gathering, presided. Grouped around him at the centre table were Colonel A. R. Chisholm, Major S. Ellis Briggs, Former-Governor Hugh S. Thompson, Augustus W. Peters; Dr. Hunter McGuire, of Stonewall Jackson's staff; Major Jed. Hotchkiss, and Rev. Dr. James P. Smith, both of whom served with Jackson through the war; Rev. G. S. Baker, and Rev. W. F. Jenkin.

The dinner was given in memory of Stonewall Jackson, and the portrait of the famous Confederate leader looked down upon the party. There was also a portrait of General Robert E. Lee. Both portraits were framed in Confederate flags.

The toast of the night was that which carried General Jackson's name, and to this Dr. McGuire, who extracted the bullet from the Confederate leader as he lay dying, replied.

DR. M'GUIRE'S ADDRESS.

Dr. McGuire said in part:

"General Jackson's history is your history, and a share of his glory belongs to you. Your title to it is proved by the existence of this organization; by the unswerving devotion with which, despite advancing years and adverse surroundings, you have adhered to the principles that ennobled your young manhood; by the exalted and self-exalting reverence that you pay to your glorious dead.

"I am to speak of Stonewall Jackson, not in the formative years of his life, nor in the quiet of peaceful avocations, but as men knew him when 'the fire from Heaven fell upon him in the battle-field,' as it did upon Arthur—the fire by which Sir Launcelot knew him for his king; the fire that, like the 'live coal from off the altar, touched the lips' of Jackson and brought from them that kingly voice which the eagle of victory knew and obeyed. For a king was Stonewall Jackson, if ever royalty, anointed as by fire, appeared among men.

"In seeking to define Jackson's place in history, I accept Lord Wolseley's definition of a great commander. He declares, in effect, that the marks of this rare character are: First of all, the power—the instinct, the inspiration—to define the condition and the purposes of your enemy. Secondly, the genius that in strategy instantly devises the combinations most likely to defeat those purposes. Thirdly, the physical and moral courage—the absolute self-reliance—that takes the risk of decision, and the skill that promptly and properly delivers the blow that shatters the hostile plans, so managing one's own forces (even when small) as to have the greater number at the point of attack. Fourthly, the cool judgment that is unshaken by the clash and clamor of emergencies.

"And last, but not least, the prevision, the caution, that cares for the lives and well-being of the private soldiers, and the personal magnetism that rouses the enthusiasm and affection that make the commander's presence on the battle-field the incentive to all that human beings can dare and the unquestioned hope and sure promise of victory.

"Many incidents of Jackson's career prove that he possessed the instinctive power to know the plight and to foretell the purposes of the Federal army and its commanders."

BATTLE-FIELD INCIDENTS.

Dr. McGuire then went on to tell many incidents of General Jackson on the battle-field, the most interesting and dramatic of which were the following:

[illegible] Malvern Hill, when a portion of [illegible] was [illegible] my was beaten and to some extent demoralized, Hill and Ewell and [illegible] came to tell him that they could [illegible] resistance if McClellan attacked them in the morning. It was difficult to wake General Jackson, as he was exhausted and very sound asleep. I tried it myself, and after many efforts partly succeeded. When he was made to understand what was wanted, he said, 'McClellan and his army will be gone by daylight,' and went to sleep again. The generals thought him mad, but the prediction was true.

"At Fredericksburg, after Burnside's repulse, he asked me how many bandages I had. I told him, and asked why he wanted to know. He said that he wanted to have a piece of white cloth to tie on each man's arm, so that his soldiers might recognize each other in a night attack; and he asked to be allowed to make such an attack and drive his foe into the swollen river or capture him. Subsequent events demonstrated that he knew the state of things within the hostile lines, and would have accomplished his purpose. General Lee withheld his consent for the reason that so often restrained him in like cases—he could not put at so great risk an army which the South could not replace.

"That Jackson filled the second and third requirements, the genius to devise and the skill and courage to deliver the blow needed to defeat his foes, is it not amply proved by the general fact that his own force in the Valley campaign was never over 17,000, and generally less, and that for a time he was keeping at bay 60,000 Federal soldiers in or near the great Valley, and 40,000 at Fredericksburg, soundly thrashing in the field from time to time large portions of this great army?

"Or, taking a wider view, Jackson and his small force so influenced the whole campaign as to keep 100,000 Federal troops away from Richmond and compel the Federal Government to employ a larger force than the entire Confederate army in Virginia, in order, as Lincoln said, 'to protect the Federal capital,' while another superior force operated against Lee and Richmond.

ONLY ONE WAR COUNCIL.

"I cannot give you any instances or illustrations of the mental action by which he reached his conclusions or devised the combinations which defeated his enemy; for Jackson took no counsel save with his 'familiar,' the Genius of War, and his God. He did hold one, and only one, council of war. In March, 1862, at Winchester, Jackson had in his small army less than 5,000 men. General Banks, who was advancing upon Winchester from Harper's Ferry and Charlestown, had 30,000 soldiers. General Jackson repeatedly offered General Banks battle, but the latter declined, and on the night of the 11th of March went into camp four miles from Winchester. General Jackson sent for his officers and proposed to make a night attack, but the plan was not approved by the council. He sent for the officers a second time, some hours later, and again urged them to agree to make the night assault, but they again disapproved of the attempt.

"So, late in the afternoon, we withdrew from Winchester and marched to Newton. I rode with the General as we left the place, and as we reached a high point overlooking the town we both turned to look at Winchester, just evacuated, and now left to the mercy of the Federal soldiers. I think that a man may sometimes yield to overwhelming emotion, and I was utterly overcome by the fact that I was leaving all that I held dear on earth. But my emotion was arrested by one look at Jackson. His face was fairly blazing with the fire that was burning in him, and I felt awed before him. Presently he cried out, with a manner almost savage, 'That is the last council of war I will ever hold.' And it was—his first and last. Thereafter he held council in the secret chamber of his own heart, and acted. Instantaneous decision, absolute self-reliance, every action, every word displayed. His voice displayed it in battle. It was not the peal of the trumpet, but the sharp crack of the rifle—sudden, imperative, resolute.

"Jackson always expected to hold his lines, but was always most dangerously aggressive. I heard him say once, 'We sometimes fail to drive the enemy from his position; he always fails to drive us.' But he was never content with the defensive, however successful or however exhausting. In the terribly destructive battle of Sharpsburg he was looking all of that day for a chance to make the counter-stroke.

ALWAYS CALM.

"He was always calm and self-controlled. He never lost his balance for one moment. At the First Manassas, when we reached the field and found our men under Bee and Bartow falling back—when the confusion was greatest—and Bee in despair, cried out, 'They are driving us back,' there was not the slightest emotion apparent about him. His thin lips were compressed and his eyes were ablaze, when he curtly said, 'Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet.'

"In the very severe engagement at Chantilly, fought during a heavy thunderstorm, when the voice of the artillery of heaven could scarcely be distinguished from that of the enemy, an aide came up with a message from A. P. Hill that his ammunition was wet, and [illegible] asked leave to retire. 'Give my compliments to General Hill, and tell him that the Yankee ammunition is as wet as his; to stay where he is.' There was always danger and blood when he began his terse sentences with, 'Give my compliments.'

"Jackson knew the value of the southern volunteer better and sooner (as I believe) than any other of our great leaders. On this subject I once heard him say: 'The patriot volunteer, fighting for country and his rights, makes the most reliable soldier on earth.'

"The first time I was under fire, the attempt to diagnose my feelings did not discover to me anything that I recognized as positive enjoyment. I told General Jackson frankly what my feelings were, and asked him how he felt the first time he experienced it. 'Afraid the fire would not be hot enough for me to distinguish myself,' he promptly replied.

JACKSON'S GENTLENESS.

"I have seen General Jackson stop while the army was on the march to help a poor, simple woman find her son, when she only knew that this son was in Jackson's 'company.' There is no measuring the intensity with which the very soul of Jackson burned in battle. Out of it he was very gentle. After the battle of the Second Manassas we were sitting by the fire drinking coffee out of our tin cups, when I said: 'We have won this battle by the hardest kind of fighting.' And he answered me very gently and softly, 'No, no; we have won it by the blessing of Almighty God.'

"The story of Jackson's death is so familiar to you all, that, though intimately associated with its scenes, I will not narrate it. I will only declare that he met this great enemy as he had met all others, calmly and steadily, expecting, as always, to conquer."

APPLAUSE FOR DR. SMITH.

There were repeated cheers at the more fervid periods of the Doctor's eloquent eulogy, but the wildest enthusiasm of the night occurred when he said, pointing to the Rev. Dr. Smith, "This clergyman threw himself in front of Jackson's body to receive the bullet aimed at the leader."

Former-Governor Thompson also spoke.

Virginia.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In a recent issue of your interesting paper appeared two Virginia songs, from "Nannie Custis Owens"—one, entitled, "Old Virginia," and the other, "Virginia." There were only two verses in "Virginia," as published, but, as the writer remembers, there were three originally sung during the war.

Later on the last verse was added to it, composed, as I understand, by a soldier from Norfolk, by the name of Jim Stores, and it was considered very fine.

Believing that many of your readers would like to have the song in full, I send it for publication, writing it from the tablets of my memory. J. J. G.

Washington, D. C., March 19, 1896.

Virginia, Virginia, the home of the free;
The birthplace of Washington, the land of liberty;
Thy soil is invaded by tyrants and knaves;
Thy fields once so brilliant, now gloomy with graves;
Virginia, Virginia, the home of the free;
Three cheers for Virginia and sweet liberty!

Virginia, Virginia, the battle's begun;
We've met the northern army, and victory we've won;
The cry of our leaders ever shall be;
On! On! to the charge, ye brave sons, follow me!
Virginia, Virginia, the home of the free;
Three cheers for Virginia and sweet liberty!

Up now, ye sires, and fly to the field;
Your aim shall be victory, and courage be thy shield;
Trust in thy God, for it's He who rules us all;
Prepare to meet your Maker—be ready for his call;
Virginia, Virginia, the home of the free;
Three cheers for Virginia and sweet liberty!

Remember, Virginia, brave Jackson, thy son;
Remember how gallantly he fought for thee and won!
Sic Semper Tyrannis, it ever shall be;
Virginia's bright motto—the land of the free!
Virginia, Virginia, the home of the free;
Three cheers for Virginia and sweet liberty!

The "Stonewall" Brigade.

(Atlanta Journal.)

The glory of that grand brigade will live
till end of time;
For was not such the prophesy of its
loved chief sublime?

"The men who shall this war survive,"
the dying Jackson said,
The memory of the hero troops he had
so nobly led

Thrilling his patriotic veins, and cheering
his last hours,
Will proudly tell to those they love, the
royalest of flowers

Which we can leave behind us is that
our most prized command
Historic was, and that we were of glo-
rious "Stonewall's" band."

CHARLES EDGEWORTH JONES.

Augusta, Ga.

THE LONE SENTINEL.

Previous to the battle of Manassas, so
says the book, when the troops under
Jackson had made a forced march, on
halting at night they fell on the ground
exhausted and faint. The hour came for
setting the watch for the night. The
officer of the day went to the General's
tent and said: "General, the men are
completely exhausted, and there is not
one who is not sound asleep. Shall I
wake them?" "No," said the General
who had the welfare of his men at
heart always, "let them sleep, and I
will watch the camp to-night." And all
night long he rode round that lonely
camp, the one lone sentinel for that brave
but weary and silent body of heroes.
And when morning broke the soldiers
awoke fresh and ready for action, all
unconscious of the noble vigils kept over
their slumbers.

DATE.	Number and kind of packages.	Gro	Busines	District	STATE.

Stonewall Jackson's Way.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Please publish the words to the song, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," also the lines written on the wall of old Blandford church. TEXAS SUBSCRIBER.

We have published the lines on old Blandford church so often we ought to be excused from doing so again just now. "Stonewall Jackson's Way" is as follows:

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Come, stack arms, men, pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp-fires bright,
No matter if the canteen fails,
We'll make a roaring night!
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
There lofty Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

We see him now—the old slouch hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew;
The shrewd, dry smile—the speech so pat—
So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows them well,
Says he, "That's Banks—he's fond of
shell,
Lord save his soul! we'll give him"—well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence! ground arms! kneel all! caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray.
Strangle the fool who dares to scoff!
Attention! it's his way;
Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis, to God—
"Lay bare Thine arm, stretch forth Thy
rod;
Amen!" that's Stonewall Jackson's
Way.

He's in the saddle now! fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off! we'll win
His way out ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him e'er the
morn!"
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright glances rout the mists
Of morning—and, by George!
There's Longstreet struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his columns whipped before,
"Bay'nets and grape!" hear Stonewall
roar;
"Charge Stuart!—pay off Ashby's score!"
Is "Stonewall Jackson's Way!"

Ah! maiden, wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band,
Ah! widow read with eyes that burn,
That ring upon thy hand!
Ah! wife, sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn,
The foe had better ne'er been born
Than get in "Stonewall's Way."

The Sword of Robert Lee.

FATHER RYAN.

Forth from its scabbord, pure and bright,
Flashed the sword of Lee!
Far in the front of the deadly fight,
High o'er the brave, in the cause of right,
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon-light,
Led us to victory.

Out of its scabboard, where full long,
It slumbered peacefully—
Roused from its rest by the battle-song,
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,
Guarding the right, and avenging the wrong—
Gleamed that sword of Lee!

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,
Beneath Virginia's sky—
And they who saw it gleaming there,
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear,
That where the sword led they would dare
To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand
Waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,
Nor cause, a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! how we prayed
That sword might victor be!
And when our triumph was delayed,
And many a heart grew sore afraid,
We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade
Of noble Robert Lee!

Me An' Stonewall Jackson.

Me an' Stonewall Jackson fit in the old
Stonewall Brigade,
Wherever it was fitin', an' in every charge
it made,
Why, me an' him was in it, an' it mus'n't
be furgot,
When me an' Stonewall Jackson fit the
fitin' wus red hot.

Stonewall he made a fitin' name in the
war with Mexico,
An' I'd have done that also, but I was
too young to go;
Though, 'twus here in Old Virginia that
me and him both fit
Toge'her in that old brigade thet never
lost its grit,

'Twus first at Fallin' Waters thet we met
the men in blue,
An' pintin' our artillery, an' flintlock
muskets, too,
We done some rite smart shootin', and
prutty soon his men
Heard him begin to pray an' say: "The
Lord be praised. Amen!"

Then on thet awful twenty-first of steam-
in' hot July
The armies of the North an' South hed
met to do or die;
An' that's where Jackson, Stonewall-like,
stood in the shot an' shell,
An' wun thet great Manassas fite with
charge an' rebel yell.

Kernstown wus next, an' me an' him had
odds against us then,
Thet would hev been appallin' to the
most of fitin' men;
But Stonewall he lit into Shields an' smote
him hip an' thigh,
An' fur anuther first-class fite he thanked
the Lord on high.

McDowell fite wus May the 8th, an' Stone-
wall wun that, too;
Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic,
soon after cum in view;
An' me an' him kept marchin' on, an'
fitin', day an' nite—
For he would fite an' pray sometimes, an'
sometimes pray an' fite.

An' next we took that long forced march
down to Mechanicsville;
Fit there, an' at Cold Harbor, too, an'
on to Malvern Hill.
Then me an' him quick hurried back, an'
August 9th we done
Thet fine day's work in routin' Pope up
there at Cedar Run.

To second great Manassas then we flank-
ed aroun' Pope's rear,
An' fite them bloody three days' fites,
wich cost us mighty dear;
Then, pushin' on next day rite quick, near
Fairfax, at Ox Hill,
Stonewall an' me kept fitin' on, and he a
prayin' still.

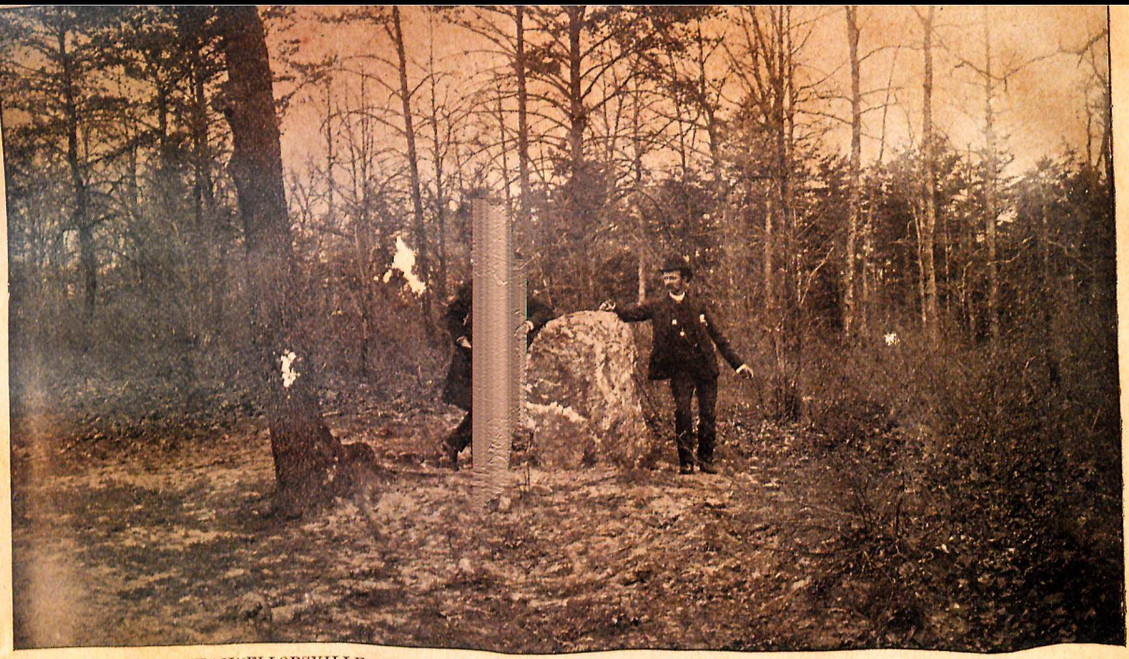
We captured Harper's Ferry next, with
its twelve thousand men,
An' double-quicked to Sharpsburg, where
Lee wus fitin' then,
An' me an' Stonewall, chargin' in, kept
fitin' fur two days;
Then waded 'cross the river, him a-given
God the praise.

Then Burnsides marched on Fredericks-
burg, an' we lit into him
With manners as wus awful hot, as thet
wus Stonewall's whim.
For when we put our bayonets on, an'
started fur the frunt,
Burnsides had nothin' left him but a
safer place to hunt.

Then me an' Stonewall fit again on one
more battlefield,
An' he wus wounded unto death before
the Yanks would yield,
For, though he got in Hooker's rear, to
let our army live,
His victory cost the dearest life our coun-
try had to give.

That proudest day; that saddest day
looms before me now—
Was Chancellorsville—Alas! that
Stonewall Jackson's brow
The laurel and the cypress twi
lay on the sod.
His victory won; his warf
soul sealed unto God!

C. A.



CHANCELLORSVILLE—STONE MARKING THE SPOT WHERE GENERAL JACKSON FELL.

THE DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

We will rear for him the sacred fane,
Who had a nation's tears;
No greater name is enwreathed with fame
Than the one our Jackson wears.

He was the idol of our hearts,
The champion of our cause;
He battled nobly for our rights,
And gained the world's applause.

Our hearts were filled with gladness,
At the victories that he won
From Manassas to the Wilderness—
No cloud could dim his sun.

He cared for all with gentleness,
He shared their common fate;
In cold and heat and weariness
His goodness made him great.

The sun grew red with sorrow
O'er Fredricksburg that even,
For on that sad to-morrow
His last command was given.

In future years will linger
Our youth beside his tomb,
And tell with pleasing wonder
The fields his valor won.

At rest beyond the river,
His marchings now are o'er;
By the tree of life forever;
He dreams of strife no more.

—*Confederate Veteran.*

THE LONE SENTRY.

On one occasion during the civil war the confederate troops under Gen. Jackson were forced to a long and very fatiguing march. On going into camp for the night they were so exhausted that the entire command fell upon the ground and were soon sound asleep. Jackson was so moved with pity by the condition of his men that he would not force anyone to stand guard and took that duty upon himself. The following lines were written in commemoration of the incident:

'Twas in the dying of the day,
The darkness grew so still—
As drowsy pipe of evening birds
Was hushed upon the hill;
Athwart the shadows of the vale
Slumbered the men of might,
As one lone sentry paced his rounds
To guard the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he,
With deep and somber brow;
The dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up
Some unaccomplished vow;
A wistful glance peered o'er the plain,
Beneath the starry light,
And with the murmured name of God
He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him
Its grand and awful scroll;
Manassas and the valley march
Came heaving o'er his soul;
Richmond and Sharpesburg thundered by
With that tremendous fight,
Which gave to him the angels' hosts
Who watched the camp that night.

Brethren, the midnight of the cause
Is shrouded in our fate;
The demon Goths pollute our halls
With fire and lust and hate;
Be strong, be valiant, be assured—
Strike home for heaven and right;
The soul of Jackson stalks abroad,
And guards the camp at night.

We mourn for him who died for us,
[illegible]ith that resistless moan,
[illegible]was up the valley of the Lord
[illegible] Hi[illegible]arches to the throne;
[illegible] the faith of men and saints,
[illegible]nd pure and bright;
[illegible]nd all is well with him
[illegible]ed the camp that night.

—*Republic.*

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT THE BATTLEFIELD.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE FIGHT

GALLANT PART OF THE 55TH VIRGINIA REGIMENT.

AN INTERESTING PAPER.

Read Before Wright-Latane Camp at Tappahannock—Whose Ring?—A Touching Memento of Gettysburg—America's Greatest Field Marshal.

At a recent meeting of Wright-Latane Camp, Confederate Veterans, Captain Albert Reynolds, Company F, Fifty-fifth Virginia Regiment, and second lieutenant commander of the camp, read the following paper:

Ever since the war I have had a desire to revisit some of the fields on which I did battle for my country, but never had an opportunity to do so until last summer, while visiting relatives in Spotsylvania county, when my brother proposed to take me to the Chancellorsville battle-field.

So early Monday morning, the last day of August, we started towards the Courthouse, but leaving that to our right, came to quite a pretty monument situated in the forks of the road and dedicated to Major-General Sedgwick, of the Federal army, who was killed on that spot during the battle of Spotsylvania Courthouse.

As I had been wounded a short time before the battle of "the Wilderness," I was not present with my regiment when that battle was fought, and, consequently, knew nothing of the field; so, after inspecting the monument, we struck off again for Chancellorsville, passing by Screamersville, where the Second Adventists were holding a camp-meeting. The tents looked quite pretty, reminding me of the time when the Army of Northern Virginia dwelt in tents—i. e., when they could get them.

About 11 o'clock we came to the plank road, and turned up towards Chancellorsville.

I felt as if I was on holy ground; for it was right along here that we marched the 1st day of May, thirty-three years ago, led by Lee and Jackson, and A. P. Hill, and Heth, and Mallory. It is just about as warm and dusky now as then. We soon came to the road that we took to the left by "the Furnace," but our time being limited, we conclude it is not sufficient to take the route we marched around Hooker's army; so we take the right and go by Chancellorsville House, through the battlefield, to the place where the private road, along which we marched, runs into the Plank road. It looks now just as I remember it looked then, except that there is a gate across it now. Everything looks so natural that I imagine I see the cavalry pickets standing there still. I got out of the vehicle and walk down the road towards Chancellorsville. It is there where we filed to the left, and a short distance in the woods is where we formed line of battle.

The order was given, "Forward, March!" and our three divisions move off to strike for all that is dear to freeman. Through the woods we go. I am going over the same ground I went over thirty-three years ago, when I was a boy-soldier of the brave and gallant Essex Sharpshooters.

FORGOT HE WAS OLD.

My heart beats strong. I forget that I am an old man now. I glide along, I hardly know how, over the same ground. Presently the rattle of the skirmisher's fire is heard in front. The soldiers cheer and go faster. Here is the field where the enemy left their supper cooking. In imagination I see the soldiers again dipping real coffee from the boilers, and blowing and drinking it as they moved along. Some have junks of beef on their bayonets, while their comrades cut slices. Others are stuffing hard-tack in their haversacks as they go; for no one can stop; all must keep dressed now. On we go through the woods, dressing our lines as we pass through the fields and openings.

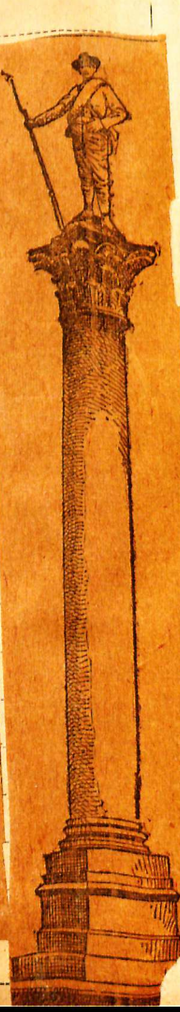
How proudly the men march! How enthusiastic they are! How beautifully the emblems of constitutional liberty wave in the breeze! Jackson's corps is sweeping the field! What a grand panorama!

Our gallant brigadier is on foot in front of us. He turns and salutes his brigade with his sword—a compliment which we intend to prove that we deserve ere we stop.

And here is where we were when the enemy attempted to make a stand to check us. A volley from a line of battle is poured into our line to the right of us; but only one. We make no stop. The volley is returned, and we go still faster, while the rebel yell rolls from one end of our lines to the other, and back again. We are moving too fast. The officers storm at the men for not moving slower, when they are only keeping up with the officers. And now the artillery is booming, shells are shrieking and bursting, rifles are rattling, and occasionally a volley is fired. The rebel yell is now almost continuous. Still, on we sweep.

There is the place near those thick bushes where gallant Lieutenant Roane received a shrapnel shot in his abdomen, when one of his men, whom he had just given the flat of his sword for showing the white feather, said: "I'm mighty sorry for Lieutenant Roane, but he oughn't er beat me like he did."

We are halted. There is a lull in the fire and uproar. The Light Division has been ordered to take the lead. It is beginning to get dark. We move again and just ahead is where we came out into the Plank road (I could not understand before why he came out of the fields and woods into the road, but it is all plain now—we went straight, but the road makes a turn). It is there where we saw the deserted artillery and the dead and wounded horses. All looks now just as it did then. I do not think the trees have



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nprisonment for neglecting
fusing to transfer one book

On hand," an inventory of
D for Dealer, R for Retail

PLACE.

Farmville
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grown a bit; even the bushes seem to be the same.

HERE IS THE PLACE.

We march by the left flank along the road a short distance, halt, and front. Here is the place. Our left is near the brow of a low hill or rise. It is so dark that we cannot see a man across the road. Lane's skirmishers are in front and open fire just abreast of our left flank.

In a short while a wounded man is borne along towards the rear, just behind our regiment. Several men were holding him up, and he was trying to walk, when brave Sergeant Tom Fogg recognized him, and said: "Great God, it is General Jackson!" Then the order is given to deploy the regiment as skirmishers, and almost immediately the road was swept by such a destructive artillery fire as can only be imagined. I don't believe the like was ever known before or since.

The darkness and the fire combined render it impossible to execute the movement. The men drop on the ground. Colonel Mallory calls upon the officers to do their duty (the last words he ever spoke). My company, which was the right company of the regiment, was wheeled to the left and marched through the storm down to the color line. How beautifully the company responded to their captain's orders. They were heroes among heroes. The captain intended to deploy by the right flank as soon as he reached the color line, but to get there was all that we could do. No man could stand and live.

Being just a little behind the brow before mentioned, most of the shells which missed the brow missed us while lying on the ground, and those which struck the brow ricochetted over us.

It was impossible for us to rise, so the men only raised their heads to fire, and to add to it all, the men in the darkness behind us, not knowing that we were there, opened fire on us.

After we had remained sufficient time for our lines to be established in our rear, Major Saunders gave the order for us to fall back.

THE HOUSE GONE.

The old frame of a house is gone, but there is where it stood, and it was by the side of this old house, 40 yards from the middle of the road, where I was lying, and by the light of the musketry fire and the bursting of the shells that I saw Major Saunders, and, although I could not hear his voice, I knew by his gestures that his order was to fall back.

I was lying on the ground by the side of Tom Wright at the time. I stood up, gave the order to my company, and instantly I was wounded by a piece of shell from the enemy, and Garland Smith, only a few feet from me, was wounded by a bullet from our own men in our rear.

Yes, brave, old Tom Coghill, you took me to that very white oak tree, with scars on it now from top to bottom, and there we lay with Garland Smith behind us until the fire slackened.

Jackson and A. P. Hill both being wounded, Stuart was sent for during the night to command the corps, and our brigadier (Heth) was put in command of the Light Division, and Colonel J. M. Brockenbrough succeeded to the command of our brigade.

And over the same ground our brigade was ordered next morning (the 3d) to advance in line to near the same spot and halt—Fortieth and Forty-seventh on the right of the road, and Fifty-fifth and Twenty-second battalions on the left—and either by a blunder or dereliction of duty on the part of some one, when they arrived at the proper place, the Fortieth and Forty-seventh were halted, and the Fifty-fifth and Twenty-second battalions were not halted, but allowed to keep straight forward and charge the whole of Hooker's army alone.

A FAMOUS CHARGE.

Both together they numbered about six hundred—just the number that made the famous charge at Balaklava. They had been ordered forward, and could not stop without orders; so on they went.

"Was there a man dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldiers knew
Some one had blunder'd;
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the Valley of Death
Marched the six hundred."

And there is the opening they came to. It is a valley with the hill next to the enemy rising somewhat abruptly, and crowned with fortifications, as far as could be seen, both to the right and to the left, behind which were the enemy's infantry and artillery, and within less than 100 yards of those breastworks, which were wrapped in a flame of fire and a pall of smoke, with

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they marched and well,
Into the jaws of death
Into the mouth of hell,

And when the fire was so severe that the men could stand no longer, and knowing it was all the result of somebody's blunder, they lay on the ground and loaded and fired as fast as they could, waiting for orders to retire. But no orders came.

Officers were falling so fast that no one knew who was in command. And just at this time T. R. B. Wright, who was then a private in the Essex Sharpshooters, seeing our flag fall, ran and seized it and carried it to the front, calling to the men to follow. Ah, then, Sergeant Jasper did not perform as brave an act as that, but the men couldn't follow. Had they attempted it, without an interposition of Providence, not one would have been left to tell the tale, and God alone spared your life.

And, when Adjutant R. L. Williams could find no officer above his own rank to command the regiment, he took the responsibility upon himself, and ordered a retreat; and

"Then they came back, but
Not the six hundred."

Casualties: Colonel—dead; Lieutenant-Colonel—wounded; Major—dead. Every captain, except one,* either dead or wounded. Every first lieutenant either dead or wounded. Every second lieutenant, except four, either dead or wounded. One third of the men either dead or wounded. And what is left of the Fifty-fifth Virginia Regiment is commanded by the adjutant and four second-lieutenants.

Cardigan, at Balaklava, left hundreds of prisoners behind. Pickett, at Gettysburg, left thousands; but every man of the Fifty-fifth Virginia who could walk was brought off the field.

"When can their glory fade
On the wild charge they made!"

*Captain W. J. Davis and several of his men, having gotten lost from his regiment in the darkness after the wounding of General Jackson, called out for the Fifty-fifth, and was answered, "Here we are!" and, not knowing any better, walked right into the enemy's lines, and inquired for his company, when a boy, apparently about 16 years old, stepped up close to him, and, looking on his collar, discovered his rank, and, patting him on his shoulder, said: "Captain, this is the Fifty-fifth Ohio, and you are my prisoner."

The Bugles Adown the Years.

(Written for the Dispatch.)

(Said an old soldier: "And I hear the bugles ringing often yet.")

Oh! I hear the bugles calling; calling loudly to our men,
And they spring to instant conflict, though the struggle's two to ten;
I hear the bugles calling, hark!—or is it but the wind
Uniting with old memories that fasten to my mind?

Oh, I hear them when I'm sleeping, and I hear them when awake,
And they set my blood to leaping till I think my heart ...

For my mind will start to working on the mysteries of life,
Of the making and the marring of our actions in the strife.

In the moonlight, in the stillness oft, their sound is in the breeze,
And the sabre's click and stamping of the horses 'neath the trees;
And I see the riders sleeping in the beams of silvery light,
And I call, "Oh, I am dreaming!" but I whisper, "Boys, good night!"

When the glory of the sunlight falls on forest and on fell,
And I hear the Rappahannock gently flowing in the dell,
I wonder, am I dreaming in this scene of rest and peace;
Or has the trumpet sounded that to life has brought surcease?

And, again, when lurid lightnings, like to tongues of liquid fire,
Flash along the dark horizon, and incite the clouds to ire,
Then I feel the blood uprising of a foeman in the fray,
And I thirst, alas, I'm dreaming, and I turn, with tears, away.

Oh, ye days of toil and bloodshed, with our Stuart, Jackson, Lee!
With sword-flash, belching cannon, and the roar of musketry,
How I love thee! think upon thee, though 'tis now a time of peace;
Ah! my heart, my heart must keep thee till my spirit finds release.

They may talk of plumes a-waving, of the helmet's glittering crest,
Of knighthood's studded corslet, of the shield upon the breast;
But our boys, with naked sabres flush and flashing in the fray,
Were a sight for martial ardor greater far, I'm sure they'd say.

Now they say the war is over. What, it's over? Never more!
Don't we live it every minute, when we fight our battles o'er!
Yea; by chimney's genial fires, 'neath the smithy's cosey shed,
And we thrill the hearts of listeners with the glories of our dead.

Oh, it lives; it lives forever in the soldier's heart-believe,
Though time to vengeful feeling may have issued a reprieve;
And to men who fought us truly, who the hand of peace extend
We give our own, and jointly will our

"STONEWALL" JACKSON—1862.

Ah, those bugles naught can silence; they must ring adown the years,
And their sound will cause the wetting of the veterans' eyes with tears;
But to weep the noble fallen, and their gallant deeds recall,
Are portions that their sacrifice doth consecrate to all.

And what are they but echoes from the fields, where heroes fought!
And they sound ofttimes the sorrow, oft the joy of victory wrought;
When I close my eyes to sunshine, that their notes may bring me nigh
The voices of my comrades—keeping bivouac now on high.

Rest, rest ye, noble soldiers; rest ye, rest in worthy fame,
From age to age shall tongue and pen arise to laud your name;
And their tribute bugles ringing down the swiftly gliding years,
As incense sweet, shall heap your shrine, which we have wet with tears.

Raccoon Ford. N. M. S.

achievements.

About 350 gallant men, killed and wounded in the battles of the Wilderness, bear ample testimony to the part our brigade bore in the series of brilliant achievements which covered the Army of Northern Virginia with everlasting honor and renown. But, notwithstanding our undisputed success, we all felt that we had sustained a loss almost irreparable. Stonewall Jackson, the great and the good, had been mortally wounded. There was a witchery in his name which carried confidence to friend and terror to foe. That bright star, which had hitherto eclipsed all others in brilliancy, had suddenly sunk to rise no more. On the receipt of the sad intelligence of his death there was scarce a dry eye in the whole Army of Northern Virginia, and we all felt that a heavy stone of sorrow had been rolled upon our hearts.

SOME FUN.

Among the many amusing anecdotes related of that distinguished chieftain, it is said that upon a fatiguing forced march during his celebrated campaign in the Valley of Shenandoah, a verdant Mississippi recruit of the Sixteenth Regiment lay prostrated by the wayside as General Jackson rode up, and, observing his commander, the undisciplined soldier addressed him thus: 'General, what do you design by marching us so far? Come, now, and explain your plans to me." Whereupon the hero fixed his eyes upon the private and quizzingly asked: "Can you keep a secret?" "Yes, that I can," was the reply, his eyes sparkling, expecting to hear something wonderful. "Ah, so can I," General Jackson laconically answered, and, galloping off, left the soldier as unsatisfied as ever.

We were along with the army

THE PICKETT MONUMENT.
(On Gettysburg Hill, in Hollywood.)

Balaklava of '63.

(Sara R. Langley.)

Only a decade, only a decade,
Only a decade after,
After the famous fight
'Twixt Cossack and Russian,
Gettysburg!—renowned ground—
That grand army circled 'round,
Unmatched in splendor!

Forward the Bold Brigades!
Courage each fear allayed,
To plant their flag assayed,
Brave fifteen thousand!
Straight o'er the mountain crest,
Each man with valor blest,
Theirs but to do their best,
Undaunted army!

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,"
They staid not for cannon!
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Grandly they charged and well,
Like a hero Trimble fell,
Into the Valley of Death,
Up to the mouth of Hell,
Went the brave army!

Forward the Bold Brigades!
"Charge for the Hill" was said,
Not a man faltered!
"Flashed all their bayonets bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,"
Bayoneted the gunners there
Planted their banner!
"Plunged in the battery smoke,
Right through the line they broke"—
Pickett's Division!

No reinforcement's timely aid—
To sustain the charge they made,
They fell back, in victory's shade,
"Shattered and sundered!"
List! as the story goes,
Whisper'd first with many throes
Sire now to son doth show—
Soon all the world will know,
How Longstreet blundered!

Can time their glory dim?
Nay, the sad requiem,
We'll sing through ages!
Sing how they fought and bled,
Sing how in battle led,
And right the tale is said
On history's pages,
"Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Bold Brigades,
That peerless army!

[Written for the Dispatch.]

Gettysburg.

When earth is old and time is gray
What memories will voice in breeze,
Where Gettysburg's grim battle day
Crumbles in mouldering masonries;
Sad mourners of drear battle's cloud,
Where earth's stateliest leader bowed.

Will ev'r breathe pæans to a foe—
Warring against a lesser hand,
Heart-glad in battle's bitter woe,
Fortressed in breastworks' strength to stand
Where fighting foemen proudly fall—
Shieldless hearts to battle wall?

Lovely the hills of Gettysburg,
Smiling with a secret deep;
Rustle of leaf and song of birds,
And monument's dear secret keep
Joyous waiting Time's just day
When battle anger dies away.

Then will streams triumphant tell—
Wild, warbling thickets shout with song—
What glories rose in thunder swell,
What splendor moved in battle throng,
When Lee's proud heroes bravely died—
Worthy himself—on the hills' true side.

In thunderous battles' fatal smoke
Waved war-worn banners of the South;
Fiery deed of battle stroke,
Daring cannon's blazing mouth,
Where charging southern shouts reveal
Rushing fire of southern steel.

In dead outbreathing pillared fame,
In feat outdazzling marble gleam,
Carving the hero's deathless name
In clear ripple of each stream,
On each light leaflet soft that blows
Joining in the land's repose.

...sburg's embattled hills
...ir with stately monuments;
...d note one splendor chills,
...eathe in chiseled blazonments,
...ed grace and majesty
...the South and Lee.

ROSES OF MEMORY.

BY A. C. GORDON.

A rose's crimson stain,
A rose's stainless white,
Fitly become the immortal slain
Who fell in the great fight.
When Armistead died amid his foes,
Girt by the rebel cheer,
God plucked a soul like a white rose
In June time o' the year.

The blood in Pickett's heart
Was of a ruddier hue
Than the reddest bloom whose petals part
To welcome heaven's dew.
I think the fairest flowers that blow
Should greet the life-stream shed
In that historic long ago
By this historic dead.

The immemorial years
Such valor never knew
As poured a flood of crimson blood
At Gettysburg with you.
Living and dead in faith the same,
I see you on that height,
Crowned with the rosy wreath of fame
Won in the fatal fight.

Not these had made afraid
King Arthur's mystic sword—
Not Bayard's most chivalric blade,
Nor Gideon's, for the Lord,
Yours was the strain of high emprise,
Yours the unfaltering faith,—
The honor lofty as the skies;
The duty strong as death.

When Douglas flung the heart
Of Bruce amid his foes,
And said: "He leads. We do not part;
I follow where he goes,"
No mightier impulse stirred his soul,
Than that which up yon height
Moved you with Pickett toward the goal
Of freedom in the fight.

The fair goal was not won,
The famous fight was lost;
But never shone the all-seeing sun
On more heroic host.
Your deeds of mighty powers shame
All deeds of derring-do
With which Time's bloody page's flame,—
Hail and farewell to you!

Unto the dead farewell!
They are hid in the dark and cold;
And the broken shaft and the roses tell
What is left of the tale untold.
They are deaf to the martial music's call
Till a judgment dawn shall break
When the trumpet of Truth shall proclaim to all;
"They perished for my sake!"

Let them be quiet here
Where birds and blossoms be;
And hail to you, who bring the tear
And the rose of memory
To water and deck each lowly grave
Of those, who in God's sight
With loyal hearts their hearts' blood gave
For the eternal right!

Alike for low and high
The roses white and red;
For valor and honor cannot die,
And they were of these dead.
The private in his jacket of gray
And the general with his star
The Lord God knighted alike that day,
In the red front of War.

MAJOR PELHAM.
(Copied from the Portrait.)

SOMETHING ABOUT PELHAM.

Pelham is one of those characters in history of whom not a great deal can be written that is biographical.

Say that Pelham was one of the most wonderful artillerists of the war; that he was one of the bravest soldiers in the bravest army the world ever saw; that he met his death while battling for his country, and about all has been said that can be said, unless one multiply evidences of his genius and his bravery.

General John Morgan's old adjutant said last week, when asked for a biographical sketch of Pelham: "One has not been written. Don't write it. Just say that General Lee said of him, 'It is glorious to see such courage in one so young.'" Another old veteran standing by him added: "And say that both Lee and Jackson called him 'the gallant Pelham.'"

That seemed to the old soldiers enough. Commendation from Lee and from Jackson was to them sufficient eulogy; it was biography as well, or took biography's place. They knew that Pelham was a beardless boy from Alabama when the war began; that when the call to arms came he responded with the celerity of the patriot and with the calmness of the man of courage. They knew how his bravery and his genius forced him to the front, and how he died at bloody Kelly's Ford in 1863, a major and commander of General Stuart's artillery, though the beard of a man was not yet on his face. Hundreds of instances of the bravery of Pelham are recited by the old soldier. He was a man who did not know fear. In battle he became as quiet as most men at their firesides. His coolness frequently elicited comment from General Stuart, to whose corps he was attached, and General Fitz Lee, in public as well as in private conversation, has told many stories of the splendid courage of the "boy artillerist." One of the most eloquent addresses ever delivered by Rev. Dr. J. L. M. Curry was his eulogy of Pelham on the floor of the Confederate Congress.

OUR GENTLE ENEMY.

MARIA LOUISE EVE.

He slew our kinsmen in the field;
He fought our brothers, hand to hand;
And stern and sad, amid the fray,
And terrible, he gave command.

But when the work of death was done,
He knelt beside our wounded men
And soothed their anguish till they smiled
And blessed him for an angel then.

The livelong night his vigil kept,
Beside the dying and the dead;
And never woman's hand was half
So gentle as his touch, they said.

He sits among us at our board;
He kneels beside us at our prayers.
You would not think, to see him thus,
How stern a look he sometimes wears.

But on the morrow beat the drum,
And buckling on his sword once more,
His brow grew sad, his gentle eye
Its look of pain and pity wore.

Again I saw him, when the shouts
Of victory had died away,
Where, in the solemn evening light,
Amid the gathering shades he lay.

Upon his brow a ghastly wound,
But on his lips a smile of peace,
As if his gentle soul were glad
That now its cruel work might cease.

And never gentler spirit, sure,
Was sent on such a stern behest
As this, our foe who fought so well,
As this, our gentle, sad-eyed guest.

Thus, looking on his beauteous clay, his simple epitaph I said,
And felt that we had lost a friend, our gentle enemy was dead.

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"Before leaving the Army of the Potomac Jackson took an affectionate farewell of the troops with whom he had been so long and so intimately connected. On the morning of the 14th of October, the gallant 'Stonewall Brigade' was drawn up near its encampment at Centreville. All the regiments except the Fifth, which was no picket duty, were present. Drawn up in close column, the officers and soldiers who had on the immortal 21st of July won such glory under the guidance of their gallant general, stood with sad hearts and sorowful countenances to bid him farewell, while thousands of troops from other portions of the army stood by in respectful silence. In a short time General Jackson, accompanied by his staff, left his quarters and rode slowly toward the brigade. He was received by them in silence. Until this moment his appearance had never failed to draw from them the most enthusiastic cheers. But now not a sound was heard. A deep and painful silence reigned over everything; every heart was full. And this silence was more eloquent than cheers could have been.

"As they neared the centre of the field the staf halted and the General rode forward slowly to within a few paces of his men. Then, pausing, he gazed for a moment wistfully up and down the line. Beneath the calm, quiet exterior of the hero there throbbed a warm generous heart, and this parting filled it with inexpressible pain. After a silence of a few moments General Jackson turned to his men and addressed them as follows:

"'Officers and Soldiers of the First Brigade,—I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell. I first met you at Harper's Ferry in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this, whether on the march, the bivouac, the field, or on the bloody plain of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the battle's fate. Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched you have shown by your respect for the rights and the property of citizens that you were soldiers, not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust in the future, by your deeds on the field and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored your efforts, you will gain more victories and add additional lustre to the reputation which you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this our second war of independence. I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust whenever I shall hear of the First Brigade on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved and higher reputation won.'

"Having uttered these words, Jackson paused for a moment and his eye passed slowly along the line, as though he wished to bid farewell individually to every old familiar face, so often seen in the heat of battle, and so dear to him. The thoughts which crowded upon him seemed more than he could bear—he could not leave them with such formal words only and that from lips which had never trembled in the hour of deadliest peril, but quivered now. Mastered by an uncontrollable impulse, the great soldier rose in his stirrups, threw the reins on the neck of his horse with an emphasis which sent a thrill through every heart, and extending his arm, added in tones of the deepest feeling:

"'In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the First Brigade; in the Army of the Potomac you were the First Brigade; in the Second Corps of the army you were the First Brigade; you are the First Brigade in the affections of your General; and I hope by your future deeds and bearing you will be handed down to posterity as the First Brigade in this our second war of independence. Farewell.'

"For a moment there was a pause, and then the air rose cheer after cheer, so wild and thrilling that the very heavens rang with them. Unable to bear calmly such affecting evidence of attachment, General Jackson hastily waved farewell to his men and gathering up his reins rode rapidly away."

RESPECT IN THE NORTH.

Even in the North the strong personality of Jackson made itself felt above the bitterness of war, and respect and admiration were given him as a most noble foe. So it is no wonder that the people of the South literally worshipped him, and that his death was the greatest blow that the Confederacy had felt. Here is the last dispatch which Jackson ever sent, and it is dated at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of May 2, 1863:

"General: The enemy has made a stand at Chancellor's, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust an ever-kind Providence will bless us with great success.

"Respectfully, T. J. JACKSON,
"Lieutenant-General.

"The leading division is up, and the

ALISTIC.

The Sharpshooters of Mahone's Old Brigade at the Crater.

Weldon, N. C., January 30, 1901.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Referring to your editorial of the 29th with reference to the Battle of the Crater, &c., I would say the battalion of sharpshooters was made from a "detail" from all regiments of Mahone's (old) brigade, or D. A. Weisiger's brigade—and was as strong, numerically, as any regiment in the brigade.

The evening before the Battle of the Crater the Sixth Virginia Regiment relieved the shapshooters, and the sharpshooters filled the gap at Willcox Farm vacated by the Sixth Virginia Regiment. Next morning—or the day of the Battle of the Crater—we were rushed from Willcox's Farm and took position in front of the Crater, in brigade reverse form—that is to say, the Twelfth Virginia Regiment took the ground nearest shore, and the brigade was filled in until the sharpshooters occupied the extreme right of the brigade—when, in natural order, the Twelfth Virginia should have gone head foremost and should have been on the extreme right. As it was the sharpshooters were on the extreme right of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment. I was the sergeant major, and was next to the sharpshooters. We had no order to charge that I ever heard, but seeing a column of negro soldiers being pushed over the breast-works and lodged in a ditch, we, one and all, said that if we did not go now we would all fall later, and we started in zigzag shape. Soon all minor officers said forward, and we rushed up to the Crater. We were not long enough to cover the whole ground, but the sharpshooters lodged half-way around the Crater, and the Sixteenth Virginia was next on their left. As sergeant major of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment, I counted and reported ninety-six men in line, and when the battle was over we had forty-eight men. Captain Wallace Broadbent, Company D, Sixteenth Virginia Regiment, Sussex Rifles, Mahone's old brigade, was commander of the battalion of sharpshooters. He was killed by twelve or fifteen bayonet wounds through his body at the Battle of the Crater, and a more lovable man never lived. Ten days before this battle Captain Broadbent asked the writer to resign his place as sergeant major of the Sixteenth Virginia Regiment and become adjutant of his battalion. This was under consideration when he went into the Battle of the Crater. The Sixteenth Virginia Regiment captured eleven flags, and the writer took from the body of a dead Federal officer a very handsome sword and gave it to General Mahone. The general had come into the trenches, and seeemed to be about the happiest man I ever saw, for all things were going his way splendid. Handsome Wallace Broadbent, of Sussex county, Va., was commander of General Mahone's battalion of sharpshooters, and was killed by bayonet wounds at the Battle of the Crater. I feel sure I am right, and hope some Sussex old boy will help me out.

I have never heard of the escape of another member of the sharpshooters unhurt before. It was common property that all of them were killed or wounded. It was a bad day to get off unhurt, or out, sound and well, for human blood was half-shoe deep in the trenches.

W. R. S.

THE BATTLE OF THE CRATER.

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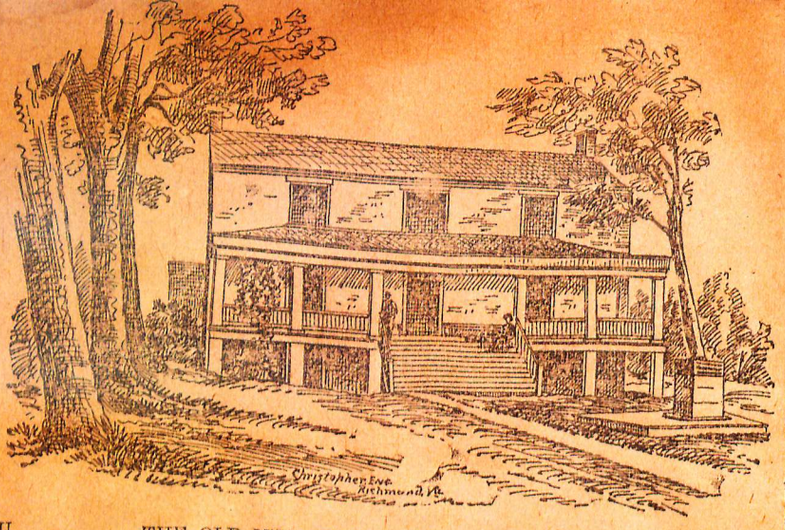

THE OLD M'LEAN HOUSE, AT APPOMATTOX.
(Building in Which the Terms of Surrender Were Agreed Upon and Signed. The House Is Not Standing Now.)

THE CLOSING SCENE.

Review of Circumstances That Attended Surrender at Appomattox C. H.

MEETING OF LEE AND GRANT.

They Had a Brief Interview and Arranged for the War to End—Affecting Scene When the South's Idol Informed His Heroic Troops.

To those who participated in the stirring events of 1861-'65 it seems barely possible that thirty-one years have elapsed since the final scene of that tragedy was enacted. The younger generation, which has not only been born, but attained manhood, since then, scarcely realizes what that ending meant to those who for four long years battled as men never did before.

The steady reverses of the Confederates during the early spring of 1865 showed even the most loyal and sanguine southerner that the beginning of the end was at hand. Flesh and blood could not stand the constant hammering of overpowering thousands. The evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg on April 2, 1865, was followed by a retrograde movement on Lee's part. For a week the worn-out veterans fought constantly, slept little, and ate less. Lynchburg and Danville were the objective points, a junction with Johnston being the aim of the movement. Death and capture was depleting the devoted band, and April 9th found the once magnificent Army of Northern Virginia dwindled to less than 8,000 men, facing a force of 75,000 at Appomattox Courthouse.

SURRENDER WAS INEVITABLE.

That surrender was inevitable was apparent to all. The stores looked for at Amelia Courthouse were not forthcoming, and a day was lost in attempting to gather them from the surrounding country. Both man and horse were absolutely without means of subsistence. Desiring to spare General Lee all embarrassment possible under the painful circumstances, General Grant took the initiative. While at Farmville, on April 7th, the northern commander told his generals—Ord, Gibbon, and Wright—that he was thinking of sending a communication to General Lee, "to pave the way to the stopping of further bloodshed." Grant had heard that Ewell, who was a prisoner, had said "it was the duty of the autnorities to negotiate for peace now, and that for every man killed somebody would be responsible; and it would be little better than murder."

Grant wrote to Lee to the effect that the events of the past week must have convinced him that further resistance was useless. He (Grant) felt that such was the case, and, wishing to shift the responsibility of further effusion of blood, asked the surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia.

THE TERMS OF SURRENDER.

General Lee replied that he did not take that view of the situation, at the same time stating that he could entertain no proposition until advised of the terms General Grant would offer.

The answer to this came the next day, the 8th. Grant stated that his one object was peace, and to that end he would require that the men and officers surrendered should not again take up arms until exchanged. He also offered General Lee, or designate officers other officers, to arrange the

This last note did not reach General Lee until late at night. He at once replied to it, saying it was not his intention to propose a surrender; but simply to ask the terms of the proposition. He frankly admitted that he did not think the situation demanded surrender. General Lee then went on to say that he would not negotiate for surrender, but that, as peace was the desire of all, he would be glad to meet General Grant the next day at 10 A. M.

This meeting Grant declined, saying he was not authorized to treat for peace, but intimating that such an event would be hastened by the South laying down its arms; thereby saving thousands of lives and millions of property.

On the same day (the 9th), an effort to break through the northern lines having proved ineffectual, Lee wrote Grant, asking an interview, with a view to surrender. This was received by Grant about noon, and he at once pushed forward to the meeting. This correspondence between Lee and Grant would not have assumed such length, but for the fact that the former feared the latter would demand unconditional surrender, to which he asserted he would never have agreed, preferring a "thousand deaths" to such an alternative.

On the 7th a number of Lee's highest officers had consulted together, and sent him word that they were willing to share with him the responsibility of surrender. His reply to this was he could think of no such thing, as long as he had so many brave men left.

MET AT M'LEAN'S HOUSE.

The Federal officer who delivered Grant's last note found Lee near Appomattox Courthouse, lying on a blanket spread over some rails under an apple-tree. From this arose the famous "apple-tree" story.

General Lee, Colonel Marshall, of his staff, the Federal officer, and a mounted orderly rode to the Courthouse, and, meeting Mr. Wilmer McLean, a resident of the village, told him General Lee wanted the use of a room in some house. Mr. McLean took the party to his home, a comfortable, two-story brick dwelling, with a veranda across its entire front. General Lee was ushered into a room on the left of the hall, where about 1 o'clock he was joined by General Grant, his staff, and Generals Sheridan and Ord. The Federal Commander sat at a marble-top table in the centre of the room; Lee at a small oval table near the front window. The casual observer would never have grasped the true state of affairs. From the demeanor of the two men he would have seen in Lee the victor and Grant the vanquished. The latter, not yet 43 years of age, was 5 feet 8 inches tall, slightly stooping shoulders, nut-brown hair and beard. He wore a dark blue flannel blouse, unbuttoned, showing vest beneath; ordinary top boots, trousers inside. The only marks of rank was his general's shoulder-straps. He wore neither spurs nor sword, for which latter omission he apologized to General Lee. Lee was 58 years old, 6 feet in height, hair and beard of gray; he had on a handsome new uniform, buttoned to the throat, with three stars on each side of the collar; fine top boots, handsome spurs, elegant new gauntlet. He looked every inch the descendant of King Robert Bruce, that he was. After some reference to their meeting in Mexico, where both had served eighteen years before under Scott, the business in hand was taken up. Indeed, so pleasant was the conversation indulged in that General Lee had repeatedly to remind General Grant for what purpose they had met.

THE CONDITIONS.

At General Lee's request, the terms of surrender, which were quickly agreed upon, were reduced to writing. These provided that rolls in duplicate of all the officers and men be made out—one set to be given to an officer designated by General Grant, the other to one similarly chosen by General Lee; the officers to give their individual parole, company and regimental commanders to sign for their men; arms, artillery, and public property to be parked and stacked and turned over to an officer designated to receive them. They did not embrace the side arms of the officers, private horses, nor baggage. As soon as this had been drawn up General Lee wrote a note acknowledging his acquiescence in it.

These formalities being concluded with business-like promptness, Lee alluded to the destitute condition of his men, and Grant at once made the offer, which was accepted, to issue rations to the Confederates. These were the supplies intended for Lee's army which had been captured by Federal cavalry. At General Lee's request, the men who owned horses in the cavalry and artillery were allowed to reclaim them.

The Southern Chieftain rode back to his men to tell them what he had done. With cheeks streaming with tears, they crowded around him, and in that hour of bitter grief accorded him a heartfelt and loyal devotion experienced by few commanders at the heyday of their success.

The following day General Lee issued his farewell orders, mounted Traveller, and, with his staff, slowly made his way to Richmond, where he received a welcome which exceeded even that of his devoted followers at Appomattox. But Lee's great heart was broken, and in a little more than five years he was laid to rest, as had been his "right arm," Jackson, at "Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia."

LAID DOWN THEIR ARMS.

Little more of the surrender remains to be told. The details were drawn up after the departure of Lee, and were signed by the Federal generals—Gibbon, Griffin, and Merritt—and on the part of the Confederates by Generals Longstreet, Gordon, and Pendleton. After this the Confederates marched to a designated point and laid down their arms. The rank and file of the northern army was about half a mile off, and there was some little complaint on their part that they were not allowed nearer to their old enemies. By order of General Grant every demonstration of joy was suppressed.

All of this happened before the majority of those who are alive to-day were born. To them it is as a tale that is told. But those whose fortune it was to follow the Stars and Bars will ever remember vividly the sad ending of the greatest struggle in history. Is it strange that the world wondered when 7,892 infantry, 63 pieces of artillery, and 2,100 cavalry was all that was left to surrender to an army of more than 75,000 men?

These events, while pleasant to speak and think of, are of the past. To-day the men of the South cheerfully accept the conditions as they find them, and would not change them if they could. Peace reigns supreme, and throughout this vast, fair Southland of ours there is not one who regrets that

"The war drum beats no longer,
The battle-flags are furled."

GEN. LEE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Colonel Marshall's Explanation of How It Was Prepared.

Colonel Charles Marshall, a few years ago made public the manner in which General Lee's farewell address was prepared:

"On our return," said he, "from the interview with General Grant at McLean's house on April 9, 1865, after some conversation with the staff on the incidents of the morning General Lee directed me to prepare a general order to the army appropriate to the occasion. During the rest of the day I was so constantly occupied with details that I had no time to write the order, so that next morning when the General called for it it was not prepared. He then directed me to get into his ambulance standing before his tent and get to work at it at once, and placed an orderly on guard to prevent my being interrupted. As soon as I had made a draft in lead-pencil I submitted it to the General, who struck out a whole paragraph and made some verbal alterations, when I had the rough draft thus corrected signed by General Lee. This was copied and signed by him for corps commanders and staff officers, and many copies were made and his autograph procured as souvenirs by couriers and persons about headquarters."

GENERAL ORDERS, NO. 9.

The order as corrected by General Lee, and as it was issued to the army, is as follows:

En Route.

(By a Virginia Confederate, riding across the mountains to join General Johnston, after the surrender of General Lee.)

Desolate! desolate! only my duty
Bearing me up through the danger and pain,
Cheer'd by the thought of her smiles and her beauty—
When I shall see her again.

But if I do not, she told me, when leaving,
I must be true to the red cross of stars;
So, there's the comfort that she will be grieving
If I should die in the wars.

If I should die! What a pitiful trifle!
What if I do! who will sorrow or care?
Is there a heart-shrine the tidings would rifle,
Leaving it broken and bare?

What if she die in the time I am fighting?
Where's my reward or victory then?
What's all the glory that I might delight in?
What all the honor of men?

Aye, and I mind me the flush that would gather
Deep on her cheek, like the sun's rosy birth,
And that her eyes wore a sparkle that rather
Seem'd of the Heaven than earth.

Let me not think, as I ride o'er the mountains,
Only her image to cheer me along
My day-star could fade, or my solacing fountain,
Ever could cease in its song!

Let me but look to the day I shall meet her.
Queen of my heart, in her beauty and truth;
Surely my life will be brighter and sweeter,
Then, for this season of ruth!

Fade, rosy light, till the mists of the gloaming
Shrould the lone wood, it is no night to me!
For from this perilous solitude roaming,
Dearest, my soul, is with thee!

With thee, and cheer'd by the star of thy beauty,
Warm'd by thy love and illum'd by thy light;
Seeking thy favor through rough paths of duty,
Sure thou will love me aright!

EDWARD S. GREGORY.

Rodes's Brigade at Seven Pines.

(Written by William P. Carter, in honor of the King William Artillery.)

Down by the valley 'mid thunder and lightning;
Down by the valley 'mid jettings of light;
Down by the deep, crimson valley of Richmond,
The twenty-five hundred moved on to the fight.
Onward, still, onward, to the portals of glory,
To the sepulchred chambers, yet never dismayed;
Down by the deep, crimson valley of Richmond
Marched the bold warriors of Rodes's Brigade.

See ye the fires and the flashes still leaping;
Hear ye the beating and pelting of storm;
See ye the banners of proud Alabama,
In front of her columns move steadily on.
Hear ye the music that gladdens each comrade,
As it comes through the air 'mid torrents of sounds;
Hear ye the booming adown the red valley;
Carter unbuckles his swarthy old hounds.

Twelfth Mississippi—I saw your brave column
Push through the channels of living and dead.
Twelfth Alabama—why weep your old war-horse?
He died as he wished, in the gear at your head.
Seven Pines—you will tell on the pages of glory,
How the blood of the South ebbed away 'neath your shade;
How the lads of Virginia fought in the Red Valley,
And fell in the columns of Rodes's Brigade.

Fathers and mothers, ye weep for your jewels;
Sisters, ye weep for your brothers in vain;
Maidens, ye weep for your sunny-eyed lovers—
Weep, for they never can come back again.
Weep ye; but know that the signet of freedom
Is stamped in the hillocks of earth newly made,
And know ye that victory, the shrine of the mighty,
Stands forth on the colors of Rodes's Brigade.

Maidens of Southland, come bring ye bright flowers;
Weave ye a chaplet for the brow of the brave.
Bring ye the emblems of freedom and victory;
Bring ye the emblems of Death and the grave;
Bring ye some motto befitting a hero,
Bring ye exotics that never will fade;
Come to the deep, crimsoned valley of Richmond,
And crown the young chieftain who led his brigade.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I saw in last Sunday's Dispatch that E. A. M. desired you to publish the song, entitled, "The Dying Soldier."

I herewith enclose the copy of a song with the above title, which was very popular during the late war, and which I have never seen in print since. I reproduce the words from memory, as we "soldier boys" used to sing them as we struggled for the "Lost Cause," so dear to the hearts of all who, undaunted by fatigue, hunger, and cold, followed the immortal Lee. R. R. B.

I.

Lay him down gently, where shadows lie still,
And cool by the side of the bright mountain rill;
Where spreads the green grass its velvety sheen,
A welcome couch for repose so serene.

II.

There lies the young soldier; see from his side,
Flows swiftly the current whose dark pulsing tide
Is bearing away the bright sands of life,
And closing forever his long dream of strife.

III.

Feebly uncloses the fast-dimming eyes,
Once bright as the jewels which light up the skies;
A moment she gazed on the bough-spreading dome,
Then whispered in anguish, Oh, take, take me home!

IV.

But no; far away o'er mountain and fen,
Lies the home that he never shall enter again;
Where loving ones await to welcome in joy,
Back to its sunlight their own soldier boy.

V.

Father, when proudly you gave up your child,
And crushed back the tears, while your lips sadly smiles,
How vague was the thought that we never more
Should meet till we stood on Eternity's shore.

VI.

Mother, again, I feel your hot tears
Roll down my cheeks; not the mildew of years;
Nor shadow of death can tarnish the bliss,
The blessing you gave me in that last holy kiss.

VII.

There's one, too, whose fair cheeks whiter still grew,
As she pressed to his lips her last sad adieu;
Will she soon forget? Then raising his hand,
He lovingly gazed on a small golden band

VIII.

That encircled his finger, while o'er his face,
The shadows of death seemed stealing apace;
Oh, God! may Thy Spirit be there to sustain
When record shall mingle my name with the slain.

OLD VIRGINIA.

I.

My native land, my native land,
Whether thy smile or frown I see,
Still by thy banner will I stand,
Wave it o'er land or sea.
How can I thy proud names forget,
Thy roll of patriots hoary,
Whose fame, undying, ne'er shall set,
But live in light and story?

Chorus:

My native land, my native land,
My heart will ever turn to thee;
Fain would I shout o'er hill and strand
That name so dear to me.
Virginia, old Virginia!
My native land, I love but thee;
Old Virginia, proud Virginia;
My native land, I love but thee.

II.

Land of the wise and nobly brave,
Thy glorious star resplendent shines,
E'en now, across the billowy wave,
From Aztecs' golden mines,
Thy war-cry still is heard above,
The din of battle's roar;
Thy sons lead on thy gallant hosts
To victory, as of yore.

Chorus:

My native land, my native land,
My heart will ever turn to thee;
Fain would I shout o'er hill and strand,
That name so dear to me.
Virginia, old Virginia!
My native land I love but thee,
Old Virginia; proud Virginia;
My native land, I love but thee.

MARY TO ALBERT.

The Story of a Ring and of Gettysburg.

War Department,
Gettysburg National Park,
Gettysburg, Pa., February 1, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The following brief article from a Pennsylvania paper may be of interest to your readers:

A York (Pa.) veteran, signing himself "W. A. M.," writes to the Gazette a history connected with a ring in his possession, as follows:

"At the close of the battle of Gettysburg, when the dead and wounded were being removed from the battle-field, a private soldier, named Levi Hart, a resident of Gettysburg, who was assisting, came across the body of a young colonel of a Confederate regiment, who had been killed by a shell. His hand was so torn that a valuable ring had dropped from his finger. It was picked up by this man, Hart, and, having no way of restoring the ring to his relatives, it was kept and worn until the close of the war. Two years afterward Hart removed his family to Perry county. Some time after his removal he became unable to follow his occupation, owing to exposure. During a three years' campaign he had contracted consumption—his health being sacrificed for his country. The family would have suffered from actual want had it not been for benefits he received from the Order of Red-Men in Gettysburg, of which he was a member; and the Independent Order of Odd-Fellows, Toboyne Lodge, No. 625, of which order the writer was also a member. Hart, owing to some fancied obligation or kindness shown him by us, on his deathbed gave me the ring to remember him by.

"The ring is a large, carved-gold one, with a valuable bloodstone setting. The crimson spots on the stone have become more bright and larger, after having been worn constantly for twenty-five years. There is engraved on the inside, from 'Mary to Albert.' Whether that Mary lives, trusting one of long ago, is unknown; whether she, after the cruel war was over, grieving for her lost lover, like the other Mary, chose that good part that shall never be taken from her; or, as our old comrades say, passed on to meet her Albert in the happy camping-ground above, are conjectures. The history of the ring shall remain a mystery until He maketh up His jewels."

In my opinion, the identity of the colonel referred to in this article can even yet be fixed, and I am taking steps to do this. Surely, every man of feeling would like to know more of the untold story of "Albert" and "Mary."

Will not the Confederate veterans of Virginia, or their friends, aid me in this inquiry, by informing me if any Virginian colonel who bore the name of "Albert" was killed on this field by a shell? If the fallen hero can be identified, then it will be in order to secure the ring for his "Mary," or other surviving friends, and, very likely, I can accomplish this.

I shall be glad to hear from any one who can shed light on the subject of this inquiry.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM M. ROBINS,
National Park Commissioner,
(Once) Major Fourth Alabama Regiment.

A KENTUCKIAN'S WAR TALE.

General Breckinridge Loses Another Leg—A Question and a Poser.

(The Sunny South.)

Our inland village boasted of a reading club. We wanted the war news, and by taking time about in furnishing the necessary shinplaster, and sending to the

GEN. J. C. BRECKINRIDGE.

nearest railroad town by some passer-by, we generally managed to have a Cincinnati daily ready for the assembled crowd at the wagon-maker's shop late each afternoon.

Mounting the chopping-block, Uncle George P——, the customary reader, who, by the way, was a most rank and outspoken "Lincolnite," would read the latest from the seat of war, or "on to Richmond," or the vivid account of "the latest battle," with a never-to-be-forgotten gusto and earnestness born of implicit faith in and acceptance of everything that appeared in the Gazette.

Somehow it was always reported in any battle that General John C. Breckinridge participated in that he had lost a leg. According to the veracious northern war correspondents, he lost a leg at Shiloh, then came Murfreesboro' with another leg lost, and then Chickamauga with the usual casualty to Kentucky's favorite son and famous war chieftain—"a leg so badly shot amputation became necessary," etc., etc.

On the occasion referred to herein, as "Uncle George" rattled off the account given of the great battle, the southern sympathizers present, some of whom had family representatives engaged therein, could find but little comfort in listening to the one-sided and biased reports. Finally, in summing up the losses inflicted on the "rebel hordes," came the customary announcement of a leg lost by General Breckinridge. Here Tom J. could stand it no longer.

"Stop right thar, Uncle George. I want to ask you a question."

"U'm, u'm," said the reader, showing a little choler at being interrupted, "the best seems yet to come," and he proceeded with the reading.

But Tom wouldn't have it that way, and he paused for the question.

"Didn't you read in that ar account of the Shiloh battle about Gineral Brackenridge losing a leg?"

"Such was the report," replied the reader.

"An' didn't yer read that he lost a leg at Murfreesboro'?"

"Well, I do remember something of the kind."

"An' now here you are a readin' of his losin' another leg in this battle! Now, Uncle George, I want to ask you this question: If Gineral Brackinridge has already lost three legs in fightin' for the South, how many more legs will you have to shoot off him before you conquer the southern people?"

At this unexpected poser, the old gentleman was so nonplussed he could continue the reading no further, and the crowd broke up, the southerners jubilant over at least one victory gained, even if the northern account of Chickamauga should prove true.

WAR EVENTS RECALLED

EARLY HISTORY OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY IN BRIEF.

AN ALMANAC OF 1862

AND THE INTERESTING STORY IT TELLS.

A KENTUCKIAN'S YARN.

General John C. Breckinridge's Habit of Losing Legs—A Question That Proved to Be a Poser—Confederate Notes.

East Radford, Va., December 6, 1897.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Lying before me is a little book of more than passing interest to the reader, and in it I find the history of a period dear to the hearts of many. In it, too, are many things long forgotten by those who participated in the stirring times of the day, while to the younger generation it is nearly all new. The book is a Confederate almanac for 1862, published by H. C. Clarke, of Vicksburg, Miss. It is strictly Confederate. Even the eclipses are spoken of as "visible" and "invisible" in the Confederate States alone. The first eighteen pages comprise the almanac, and then follows a short history of the formation of the Southern Confederacy, commencing as follows: "A convention of delegates from the six seceding States assembled in Congress at Montgomery, Ala., to organize a provisional government on the 4th day of February, 1861. Hon. R. M. Barnwell, of South Carolina, was appointed temporary chairman, and A. R. Lamar, of Georgia, temporary secretary, and the deputies from the several States represented presented their credentials in alphabetical order, and signed their names of the roll of the convention." Events passed in rapid succession, as the Provisional Constitution was adopted on February 8th. On the 9th Jefferson Davis and Alex. H. Stephens were unanimously elected President and Vice-President, and on the 18th were inaugurated. An article on the "Government of the Confederate States, With Salaries of Executive Officers," comes next, and in it the pay of members was $8 per day, with 10 cents mileage each way. After this we find "The Executive Government, With Secretaries of Different Cabinet Officers and Their Duties," "Population of States," "Dates of Secession," "The Constitution of the Confederate States," etc. The most interesting part of the book is now before me, covering about twenty pages, and being "A Chronicle of Events, and Diary of the Present Revolution." This diary runs from November 6, 1860, the day Lincoln and Hamlin received all the northern votes but three in New Jersey, to the 1st day of January, 1862. In this diary there are many things strange to us to-day, but of vital interest to those in the midst of the war. There are so many interesting facts that I will mention some of the most important, although over 1,000 events are recorded. January 8th—"Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, resigned because the Star of the West had been sent to Fort Sumter, and without the promised notification to himself." February 22d—"Lincoln raises a flag with thirty-four stars in Independence Square, Philadelphia, and puts his foot down firmly for universal freedom and equality." April 14th—"Lincoln calls for 75,000 volunteers to put down 'southern rebellion.'" May 6th—"War declared by President Davis. May 10th and 11th—"Massacre of defenceless people in St. Louis by German volunteers, thirty-three citizens butchered in cold blood." May 29th—"President Davis arrives in Richmond." June 8th—"People of Tennessee ratify the Confederate Constitution by a vote of 108,511 to 47,238." June 10th—"Colonel Magruder, with 1,100 North Carolina and Virginia troops, defeats 4,500 Federals under General Pierce." "June 16th—"Skirmish at Vienna, Va., between Colonel Gregg's South Carolina Regiment and the Fifth Ohio Regiment. The enemy were routed and several killed, General Robert Schenck, the Federal leader unfortunately not among the number." June 17th—"Thermometer at Alexandria 105 degrees in the shade." June 19th—"Andy Johnson spoke three hours at Lexington, Ky. Frank Pierpont appointed Governor of West Virginia." June 24th—"Bank riot at Milwaukee, Wis.; 100 people killed." June 27th—"Captain Richard Ashby mortally wounded." July 3d—"The Lincoln Cabinet decides to make a grand advance and a triumphant entry of the Federal army into Richmond, Va." July 12th—"A peace petition gotten up by the citizens of New York city is seized by the City Marshal." July 22d—"A citizen of Louisville, Ky., J. W. Tompkins, shot dead in the street by a city officer for cheering for Jeff. Davis." August 10th—"The newspaper office of the Democratic Standard at Concord, N. H., demolished by a mob for reflecting on the cowardice of the returning three-months' volunteers. August 13th—"The Federal Government despairs of finding able generals and officers at home to engage in its unholy war against the South, makes overtures to all the broken down generals and officers of European nations to come and assist them. The noble Garibaldi refuses to accept an offer from the Northern Government." August 16th—"Journal of Commerce, New York News, Day Book, Brooklyn Eagle, and a number of other papers indicted by the New York Federal grand jury for expressing sympathy for the South." August 20th—"A. S. Kimball, editor Essex (Pa.) Democrat, tarred and feathered for opposing the war policy of the North. A number of papers silenced for the same cause." August 25th—"Commencement of 'Reign of Terror' throughout the Northern States. Men and women imprisoned for sympathizing with the South." August 31st—"General Fremont issues his infamous proclamation ordering all persons found in arms against the Federal Government to be shot." During the month of September many papers were silenced; the Southern Rights members of the Maryland Legislature seized and imprisoned. In October several papers destroyed at Terre Haute, Ind. December 21st—"Alfred Ely, member of Congress from New York, exchanged for Charles J. Faulkner, of Virginia." The next thing in the book is a statement of the "army wages" paid by the Confederate States, running from the $11-a-month private to the $301-a-month brigadier-general. A list of the general officers in the armies of the Confederate States follows: In this list is given the names of five generals, fourteen major-generals, and seventy-one brigadier-generals, with their stations and command. Many generals famous in the war are not in the list, as they became generals after 1862. The generals named are Samuel Cooper, adjutant-general, Virginia; Albert Sidney Johnston, Texas, commanding in Kentucky; Joseph E. Johnston, Virginia, commanding in Northern Virginia; Robert E. Lee, Virginia, commanding South Atlantic coast; P. G. T. Beauregard, Louisiana, commanding Army of the Potomac. One page is given to those generals who graduated at West Point with year of graduation, Samuel Cooper being the oldest in class of 1815, and J. E. B. Stuart the youngest in class of 1854. A list of generals who were not graduates of West Point, but had been appointed to the old United States army. These were D. E. Twiggs, in 1812; W. W. Loving, in 1836, and T. T. Fauntleroy, 1836. A list of generals who first saw service in the Mexican war: M. L. Bonham, H. R. Jackson, Gideon J. Pillow, S. R. Anderson, Charles Clark, Thomas C. Hindman, John C. Breckinridge, Benjamin F. Cheatham, Richard Griffith, Albert Pike, Adley H. Gladden, and Maxey Gregg, and also Generals Ben. McCullough and Louis T. Wigfall, who served in the Texas wars, and those generals who had seen no military service previous to this war—John B. Floyd, Henry A. Wise, Robert Toombs, Richard Taylor, Thomas B. Flournoy, L. Pope Walker, F. K. Zollicoffer, William Mahone, L. O'B. Branch, William H. Carroll, and R. E. Rhodes. It gives the number of generals furnished by the different States up to January 1, 1862—Virginia, 16; South Carolina, 9; Louisiana, 8; Georgia, 7; Tennessee, 8; North Carolina, 6; Kentucky, 7; Maryland, 4; Alabama, 4; Mississippi, 4; Texas, 3; Arkansas, 2; Florida, 1. A list of southern generals born in the North: General Cooper, in New York; Ripley, in Ohio; Pemberton, in Pennsylvania; Whiting, Pike, Ruggles, and Blanchard, in Massachusetts, and French in New Jersey. A list of South Carolina generals and those native of South Carolina, but living in other States. "The First Congress of the Confederate States," with twenty-six senators (Virginia not yet elected), and 107 members of the House of Representatives (Virginia having sixteen congressmen). The Virginia congressmen, by districts, were M. R. H. Garnett, John R. Chambliss, John Tyler, Roger A. Pryor, Thomas S. Bocock, John Goode, Jr., James P. Holcombe, Daniel C. de Jarnette, William Smith, Alex. R. Boteler, John B. Baldwin, Waller R. Staples, Walter Preston, Albert G. Jenkins, Robert Johnson, and Charles W. Russell. A page is given to "State Governments," with names of Governors, term, salary, meeting of legislature, &c.; "Population of the South by Races," and a full description of the cotton crop of the South in 1860 and 1861.

BETHEL.

Then follows a comparison of southern and northern commerce. In this the exports for the year 1859 shows merchandise of southern origin $198,389,351, and of northern origin $78,217,202; "A List of the Principal Cities of the South"; the prices of breadstuffs—flour, $7.50; wheat, $1.60; corn, 72 cents; potatoes, $1.50; bacon, 14 cents; apples, $3. The next article, on the "Commercial and Financial Independence of the Confederate States," is a strong and vigorous one, and whoever wrote it saw in the Southern Confederacy a stronger power than either Rome or Greece in their day. The last page is an advertisement of the popular music of the day—"The Bonnie Blue Flag," "The Volunteer," "It is My Country's Call," "Missouri, or a Voice from the South," "The Confederate Flag," "Maryland, My Maryland," "God and Our Rights," "Our First President's Quickstep," "March of the Minute Men," &c. The little book is in a splendid state of preservation, and is not like so many papers and books of the present day, a reprint, as it has lain hidden in a garret for over thirty years, and comes as a song from the past to cause the tears to gather in the eye of the old veteran and the bosom of the youth to swell with pride as the pages are slowly turned. A great deal of matter I fail to mention, as space forbids, but I have given the most important. To the Confederate veteran who reads the Confederate page in your Sunday's issue doubtless this will be of interest, as it will awaken in his breast many things long forgotten, while many will be glad to place it in their scrap-books.

W. P. GUNN.

WILDERNESS SLEEPERS.

It's thirty years since any one knew
Whether these sleepers wore gray or blue;
So deep in their dreamless sleep they lay
'Neath a heaven of blue and a heaven of gray.

One flag floats o'er the smiling land
Where thirty years since they took their stand;
One voice echoes the wildwood through,
One song rings from a heaven as blue
As though it never had frowned that day,
On the serried ranks of the blue and gray.

"Little boy, little girl, fan the flame to-day,
That will lustre give to your work or play;
Your heart is ribboned, the winds are fair,
And your gay, glad souls are free from care;"
Then rejoice while the Wilderness sleepers lay
So still, for these are the words they say.

MEMORIAL DAY.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

There are many silent sleepers
In our country here and there,
Heeding not our restless clamor,
Bugle's peal nor trumpet's blare.
Soft they slumber,
Past forever earthly care.

O'er their beds the grasses creeping,
Weave a robe of royal fold,
And the daisies add their homage,
Flinging down a cloth of gold.
Soft they slumber,
Once the gallant and the bold.

Oft as Spring, with dewy fingers,
Brings a waft of violet,
Sweet arbutus, dainty primrose,
On their lowly graves we set.
Soft they slumber;
We their lives do not forget.

Childish hands, with rose and lily,
Showering the furrows green;
Childish songs that lift and warble
Where the sleepers lie serene
(Soft they slumber),
Tell how true our hearts have been.

Wave the dear old flag above them,
Play the sweet old bugle call,
And because they died in honor,
O'er them let the flowerets fall.
Soft they slumber,
Dreaming, stirring not at all.

Freedom's host of silent sleepers,
Where they lie is holy ground,
Heeding not our restless clamor,
Musket's rattle, trumpet's sound.
Soft they slumber,
Ever wrapped in peace profound.

A VOICE FROM HOLLYWOOD.

(For the Dispatch.)

We sleep; so let them come!
The field that once they fled,
Let them, triumphant, tread;
And o'er each grave
Their banners wave;
And beat the drum;
Such welcome as of yore
They find, alas! no more,
For we are dumb!

JOHN R. TALE.

The Yell.

Hear the old Confederate yell—
Rebel yell!
Once what deathly summons did its acclamation tell!
How it echoed and re-echoed
All along the charging line,
Rising higher with the clashing
Of the column's murderous flashing
In a frenzy superfine;
Dealing death, death, death,
In the passion of each breath
That uplifted in the wild, defiant yell.

Hear the old Confederate yell—
Rebel yell!
Now, what earthly meaning can its reclamation tell?
But an outburst of the shout
That inspired glories grand,
But the just revivifying
Of a comrade's voice when dying
For the cherished of his land;
As he gasped, gasped, gasped,
With his tattered banner grasped,
Giving answer to the last victorious yell.

Hear the old Confederate yell—
Rebel yell;
Hear what *now* its accents in reverberation tell!
Hear it, gallant "boys of blue,"
Void of fear, without reproach,
How it seeks to blend in warning
With your cheer, the faintest dawning
Of conspiracy's approach;
And in harmony sublime
Loud proclaims to every clime
Of the unity of cheer and rebel yell.

D. J. B.

No. 207 Franklin Street, the General's

The Boy in Gray.

(Mary Bradley, in St. Nicholas.)

Fredericksburg had had her fray,
And the armies stood at bay;
Back of wall and top of hill
Union men and men in gray
Glowered at each other still.

In the space between the two
Many a hapless boy in blue
Lay face upward to the skies;
Many another, just as true,
Filled the air with frantic cries.

"Love of God!" with pity stirred,
Cried a rebel lad who heard;
"This is more than I can bear!
General, only say the word,
They shall have some water there."

"What's the use?" his general,
Frowning, asked. "A Yankee ball
Drops you dead, or worse, half way,
Once you go beyond the wall."
"May be!" said the Boy in Gray.

"Still I'll risk it, if you please,"
And the senior, ill at ease,
Nodded, growling under breath,
"For his mortal enemies
I have sent the lad to death."

Then a hotter fire began
As across the field he ran;
Yankee shooters marked a prey;
But beside each wounded man
Heedless knelt the Boy in Gray.

Parched lips hailed him as he came;
Throats with fever all aflame,
While the balls were spinning by,
Drained the cup he offered them,
Blessed him with their dying cry.

Suddenly, through rain of these
Pattering shots, a shout uprose;
Din of voices filled his ears;
Firing ceased, and eager foes
Made the welkin ring with cheers.

Foes they were of bitter need,
Still to every noble deed
Hearts of men, thank God, must thrill;
And we thrill, too, as we read
Of those cheers on Marye's hill.

Days of battle long since done,
Days of peace and blessing won;
Better is it to forget
Cruel work of sword and gun;
But some deeds are treasures yet.

While a grateful nation showers
Graves of heroes with her flowers,
Here's a wreath for one to-day;
North or South, we claim him ours;
Honor to the Boy in Gray!

General Turner Ashby.

(An Acrostic.)

Graven upon history's imperishable page,
Each valorous deed shall stand through every age;
Noble son of dear Virginia's fair and fruitful soil,
Esteemed among her chosen; what memories coil
Round Ashby's honored name! Is it not a theme
All worthy of our pure devoirs? Then all a-gleam;
Let this devotion shine to-day, as we essay
To voice this tribute o'er his slumbering clay.
Unite with us, then, comrades true, in one more cheer;
Ring out that bugle-call of old, both loud and clear;
Now! let it rise and fill the circumambient air,
Eager to speak his well-won praise, and to declare,
Reproach shall never soil his name till southern sons
Are gathered in the grave that holds their silent guns.
Silent, I said? Yes, silent as the sacred dust;
Honored here to-day; these symbols of war shall rust;
But Ashby's fame, undimmed by the passing years,
Yet swells our hearts with pride, and fills our mouths with cheers.

Norfolk, Va. LAWKERBA.

WAR-SONGS.

Copies of the words and music of the Confederate war-songs to be rendered at the big concert in the auditorium during the reunion will be made this week, and, as they will not be completed until probably Friday or Saturday, Mr. Arthur Scrivener, the director, says no rehearsal will be held until next week.

It has about been decided that the following songs will be rendered by the great chorus:

"When This Cruel War Is Over."
"Tenting On the Old Camp-Ground."
"Old Folks At Home.
"Alabama."
"Bonnie Blue Flag."
"Who Will Care For Mother Now?"
"Annie, of the Vale."
"Virginia, the Home of the Free."
"Lorena."
"Old Kentucky Home."
"Missouri."
"Massa Is in de Cold, Cold Ground."
"Dixie," "Maryland, My Maryland," and "Carry Me Back To Old Virginia" will be played by the band during the intermissions in the entertainment.

TABLEAUX OF SPONSORS.

Just how the tableaux of the sponsors will be arranged has not yet been decided, but the fair representatives of each State will make their appearance upon the stage in the order of its secession.

As there is not an appropriate song for each Southern State, it is doubtful if the idea of rendering such as each sponsor takes her place on the stage will be carried out.

"When This Cruel War is Over," the words of which are printed below, is the most celebrated of all the war songs. The words are by C. Sawyer, and the music by Harry Tucker.

Dearest one, do you remember,
When we last did meet;
When you told me how you loved me
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh, how proud you stood before me,
In your suit of gray,
When you vowed for me and country
Ne'er to go astray.

CHORUS.
Weeping, sad and lonely,
Sighs and tears how vain;
When this cruel war is over,
Praying then to meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song;
Oft in dreams I see you lying
On the battle plain—
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain. Chorus.

If amid the din of battle,
Nobly you should fall;
Far away from those who love you—
None to hear you call,
Who would whisper words of comfort,
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah! the many cruel fancies
Ever on my brain. Chorus.

But your country called you, loved one,
Angels guide your way;
While our "Southern boys" are fighting
We can only pray.
When you strike for God and freedom,
Let all nations see;
How you love our Southern banner,
Emblem of the Free. Chorus.

"LORENA."

"Lorena" probably was the most popular sentimental song of the days of 1861-'65. The words are given below:

The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flowers have been;
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh! the sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky.
The sun can never dip so low
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

A hundred months have passed Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt the pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Though mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months! 'Twas flowery May
When up the hilly slope we climbed
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church-bells chime.
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church-bells chime.

We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell,
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our lovings prospered well.
But then 'tis past—the years are gone—
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them: "Lost years, sleep on!
Sleep on! nor heed life's pelting storms!"

The story of that past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat.
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To rankle in your bosom now;
For "if we try, we may forget,"
Were words of thine long years ago.

Yes, these were words of thine, Lorena,
They burn within my memory yet.
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke;
Thy heart was always true to me;
A duty, stern and pressing, broke
The tie that linked my soul with thee.

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.
There is a Future! O, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part!
To dust beneath the sod;

THE SOUTHERN'S GIRL SONG.

The following song, which is sung to the tune of the "Bonnie Blue Flag," may be rendered, and it is possible that it will take the place of the latter, if it is not decided to put both on the programme:

Oh, yes, I am a southern girl,
I glory in the name,
And boast it with far greater pride
Than glittering wealth or fame,
I envy not the northern girl,
Her robes of beauty rare;
Though diamonds grace her snowy neck
And pearls bedeck her hair.

CHORUS.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress the southern ladies wear.

This homespun dress is plain, I know,
My hat's palmetto, too,
But, then, it shows what southern girls
For southern rights will do.
We've sent the bravest of our land
To battle with the foe,
And we would lend a helping hand;
We love the South, you know.

CHORUS.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress the southern ladies wear.

Now northern goods are out of date,
And since old Abe's blockade,
We southern girls can be content,
With goods that's southern made.
We scorn to wear a bit of silk,
A bit of northern lace;
But make our homespun dresses up,
And wear them with much grace.

CHORUS.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the homespun dress the southern ladies wear.

The southern land's a glorious land,
And hers a glorious cause;
Then here's three cheers for southern rights,
And for the southern boys.
We've sent our sweethearts to the wars,
But, dear girls, never mind,
Your soldier love will not forget
The girl he left behind.

CHORUS.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the sword and plume the southern soldiers wear.

A soldier is the lad for me,
A brave heart I adore;
And when the sunny South is free,
And fighting is no more,
I'll choose me then a lover brave
From out that gallant band;
The soldier lad I love the best
Shall have my heart and hand.

CHORUS.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the sword and plume the southern soldiers wear.

And now, young men, a word to you,
If you would win the fair,
Go to the field where honor calls,
And win your lady there.
Remember that our brightest smiles
Are for the true and brave,
And that tears fall for the one
Who fills a soldier's grave.

CHORUS.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the sunny South so dear;
Three cheers for the sword and plume the southern soldiers wear.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

One of the most popular songs on the field, which was often hummed around the camp-fires by the soldiers when weary and sick at heart, and thinking of the homes they had left, was "Tenting on the Old Camp-Ground." The words of the song, which often brought a tear to the soldier's eye, are given below:

We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And friends we love so dear!

CHORUS.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, Good-by!
Chorus.

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true, who've left their homes;
Others have been wounded long.
Chorus.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground;
Many are lying near—
Some are dead and some are dying—
Many are in tears!

CHORUS.
Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

"The Confederate Flag."

At the quarterly meeting of the Baltimore Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held recently, an original poem on the Confederate flag, composed by the president, Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, was read by her. The poem is as follows:

"THE CONFEDERATE FLAG."

"The hands of our women made it,
Baptized in our mothers' tears
And drenched with the blood of our kindred
With hope for those four long years.
Across vale and plain we watched it,
While the tide of battle rolled,
And with streaming eyes have we followed
The wave of each soft silken fold.

"As high o'er our hosts it floated,
Through dust and din of the fight,
We could catch the glint of spear-head
And the flash of crimson light;
While the blood of men who bore it
Flowed fast on the reddened plain,
And our cry went up in anguish
To our God for our martyred slain.

"And we wept and watched and waited
By our lonely household fire,
For the mother gave her first-born
And the daughter gave her sire,
And the wife sent forth her husband,
The maiden her lover sweet,
And hearts kept time in the silence
To the rhythmic tread of their feet

"As they marched o'er vale and mountain,
While our banner rose and fell,
Though victory often crowned it
As the northern hosts can tell,
But the whole world was against us;
Our battle we fought alone,
Till the conquerors—Want and Famine—
Bade us lay our colors down.

"Cold are the loved hands that bore it,
Stilled are the brave hearts and true,
Watching nor waiting can bring them,
Weeping is all we can do.
Light from our banner has faded,
We, in its shadow forlorn,
Have only our mem'ries left us,
And our battleflag drooping and torn.

"No hand of vandal shall touch it,
'Tis shrined in our heart of hearts
With dearest, holiest mem'ries,
And the burning teardrop starts.
While laurel we weave and cypress
For the fair, the brave, the good;
The only stain on our banner
Is the stain of our heroes' blood."

Mrs. Wright is a daughter of Senator Wigfall, of Texas, and her poem was in answer to the slurs cast upon the Confederate flag by Bishop Mallelieu, of the Northern Methodist Church. The Baltimore Sun says of the poem:

"The poem by Mrs. D. Giraud Wright, of this city, on the Confederate flag, read yesterday at the meeting of the Daughters of the Confederacy, will touch many hearts. The titanic struggle of which the Confederate flag is the symbol, and the noble qualities it called forth in a brave, conscientious, and chivalric people, must ever command the interest and respect of all generous minds. All the world honors the magnificent efforts of the South in behalf of what it deemed right and expedient, though all the world may not view its failure with regret. The sentiment of loyalty with which ex-Confederates regard their flag is intelligible and commands the deference, if not sympathy, of those who upheld the Stars and Stripes. There is much that is pathetic in the memories the sight of the flag of the Confederacy invokes, and it has inspired many poems, of which Mrs. Wright's is one of the best."

Maryland!

BY JAMES R. RANDALL.

The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
Avenge the patriotic gore
That flecked the streets of Baltimore,
And be the battle-queen of yore,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Hark to thy wand'ring son's appeal,
Maryland!
My mother State! To thee I kneel,
Maryland!
For life and death, for woe and weal,
Thy peerless chivalry reveal,
And gird thy beauteous limbs with steel
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not cower in the dust,
Maryland!
Thy beaming sword shall never rust,
Maryland!
Remember Carroll's sacred trust!
Remember Howard's war-like thrust,
And all thy slumberers with the just,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! 'Tis the red dawn of the day,
Maryland!
Come, with thy panoplied array,
Maryland!
With Ringgold's spirit for the fray,
With Watson's blood at Monterey,
With fearless Lowe and dashing May,
Maryland! My Maryland!

Dear mother, burst the tyrant's chain,
Maryland!
Virginia should not call in vain,
Maryland!
She meets her sisters on the plain.
"*Sic Semper!*" 'Tis the proud refrain
That baffles minions back amain.
Maryland! My Maryland!

Come! for thy shield is bright and strong,
Maryland!
Come! for thy dalliance does thee wrong,
Maryland!
Come to thine own heroic throng,
That stalks with Liberty along,
And ring thy dauntless slogan song
Maryland! My Maryland!

I see the blush upon thy cheek,
Maryland!
For thou wast ever bravely meek,
Maryland!
But lo! there surges forth a shriek
From hill to hill, from creek to creek
Potomac calls to Chesapeake!
Maryland! My Maryland!

Thou wilt not yield the Vandal toll,
Maryland!
Thou wilt not crook to his control,
Maryland!
Better the fire upon thee roll,
Better the shot, the blade, the bowl,
Than crucifixion of the soul,
Maryland! My Maryland!

I hear the distant thunder hum,
Maryland!
The Old Line bugle, fife, and drum,
Maryland!
She is not dead, nor deaf, nor dumb;
Huzza! She spurns the northern scum!
She breathes! She burns! She'll come!
She'll come!
Maryland! My Maryland!

OUR POET PRIEST.

FATHER RYAN'S PICTURE TO BE PRESENTED TO LEE CAMP.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

Circumstances Under Which It Was Written—Mrs. Jones's Descriptive Poem—The Author Did Not at First Think Much of His Work.

The portrait gallery of Lee Camp, with its memories of great soldiers and master minds, will contain no rarer gem than the likeness of the soldier-priest and poet with which it is to be enriched tonight. It has been painted in oils for the camp, at the request of some of Father Ryan's friends and admirers, and will be presented by Hon. W. F. Reddy on their behalf, and received for the camp by Rev. Father Keiley, of Savannah, Ga., who is widely known as a speaker of exceptionally brilliant attainments.

The event has been anticipated with the keenest interest, and it is safe to say that the camp hall will hardly provide accommodation for those who will wish to attend the incidental exercises. The reason for the enthusiasm which the event has aroused is not far to seek, for the poet has touched and thrilled the hearts of his countrymen by the music of his song, which rings still firm and true down the avenue of time; for the visions that came to the mind of the priest as "he walked down the valley of silence, down the dim, voiceless valley alone" live on, for they are immortal.

THE CONQUERED BANNER.

One of the many interesting features of the programme will be the recitation by Miss Florence Evans of the "Conquered Banner," that great southern epic which was wrung from the heart of the poet at a time when the Southland stood in grief and in untold sorrow.

The story of how that poem came to be written had been told by Father Ryan himself in the following words: "Do you know that the "Conquered Banner" is a great poem? I never thought it so, but a poor woman, who did not have much education, but whose heart was filled with love for the South, thought so, and if it had not been for her it would have been swept out of the house and burned up.

"I was in Knoxville when the news came that General Lee had surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse. It was night, and I was sitting in my room in a house where many of the regiment of which I was chaplain were quartered, when an old comrade came in and said to me: 'All is lost; General Lee has surrendered.' I looked at him. I knew by his whitened face that the news was too true. I simply said, 'Leave me,' and he went out of the room. I bowed my head upon the table and wept long and bitterly. Then a thousand thoughts came rushing through my brain. I could not control them. The banner was conquered; its folds must be furled, but its story had to be told. I looked around for a piece of paper to give expression to the thoughts that cried out within me.

ON COMMON WRAPPING-PAPER.

All that I could find was a piece of brown wrapping-paper that lay on the table, about an old pair of shoes that a friend had sent me. I seized this piece of paper and wrote:

"Furl that banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping, dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

"Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff, and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
O, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

"Furl that banner! furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

"Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
And, O, wildly, they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

"Furl that banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages,
Furl its folds though now we must.

"Furl that banner! softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not; unfold it, never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead."

LEFT THEM ON THE TABLE.

"When I had written this I went to bed, leaving the lines upon the table. The next morning the regiment was ordered away, and I thought no more of the lines written in such sorrow and desolation of spirit on that fateful night. What was my astonishment a few weeks later to see them appear above my name in a Louisville paper! The poor woman who kept the house in Knoxville had gone, as she afterward told me, into the room to throw the piece of paper into the fire, when she saw that there was something written upon it. She said that she sat down and cried, and, copying the lines, she sent them to a newspaper in Louisville. And that was how the 'Conquered Banner' got into print."

MRS. JONES'S POEM.

Mrs. J. William Jones, wife of the well-known minister and southern historian, has commemorated the above incidents in the following poem:

"He shared their every hardship, as he
did their hopes and joys,
Inspiring faith and courage, as he cheered those ragged boys.
Our soldier-priest and poet stood, unflinching, at his post,
Till the news of Lee's surrender told the story: "All is lost."

"He could bare his breast to bayonet, be
torn with shot and shell;
With victorious, tattered banner, he could bleed and die so well;
But when those dreadful words, 'All lost,' broke o'er him like a flood,
His very heart seemed weeping, and his tears all stained with blood.
How illy could he bear it all, so sudden was the blight,
But for the poet's genius, which filled his soul with light.
He sought in vain material his burning words to give
To future generations, and to hearts where he would live.

"A crushed, brown paper on the floor
served then his purpose well,
For though it seemed a conquered cause, he must its story tell.
He wrote it out and fell asleep; next morn thought of it not;
New troubles filled the poet's heart, his poem was forgot.

"The morning dawned; that broken priest,
but soldier never more.
Was gone, but left, all blurred with tears, that paper, on the floor.
A woman, loving well our cause, found, and its folds unfurled
The 'Conquered Banner,' and it floats unconquered to the world.

"At last, he bivouacs in peace; no monument stands guard,
To point us where the poet-priest sleeps sweetly 'neath the sod.
His glorious rythmic poems rare, a monument will stand;
He was its architect, and built both gracefully and grand."

Captain Frank W. Cunningham will sing one of Father Ryan's songs, "Our Mother's Way," and other musical selections will be furnished during the evening by the Catholic choirs of the city.

THE SOUTHERN BATTLE FLAGS.

(Written in reply to those Grand Army men who objected to the cheering of these flags by the Confederate veterans at the Richmond re-union, July, 1896.)

Now Southern men take off your hats, and
ho! ye, all the world,
Stand up and with uncovered heads salute those flags unfurled!
Though faded much and tattered more, they
once were banners bright,
As once were young those men whose hairs old age has rendered white,
And who so bravely followed them in battle line arrayed
In those discordant days of death when roared the cannonade.

All harmlessly for many a year those battle
The sore at first was hard to heal, as ever is the case
When fiercely meet in civil strife one nation and one race.
Yet praised be God 'tis ended now, and foreign foes shall dread
But all the more the Stars and Stripes for all the blood we've shed.

Yet why should not we Southern men, who
once as Southern boys,
'Mid shot and shell, and canister, and battle's dreadful noise,
Followed a flag o'er many a field where comrades falling fast,
Gave for the cause they loved so well their best blood and their last.
Take off your hats at sight of it just one day in the year?
Think of the memories that well up! and flow into the cheer.

In ragged clothes we marched with it the
hot and dusty road,
And felt our haversacks grow light, our cartridge box a load.
And here and there on wintry days, we saw the frozen sod,
And trampled snow tinged with the blood of bleeding feet unshod;
Yet we were rich in high resolves, and though we oft lacked food,
We had what most a soldier needs—a flag and fortitude!
Oh! where is he of North or South, who lives and bravely fought,
Who does not know how easily he finds himself o'erwrought
By all the memories of those days, so suddenly aroused
By his old flag, whichever be the cause that he espoused?

At Seven Pines we saw it borne amid the
smoke and din
While whistling bullets tore its folds, and our full ranks grew thin,
At Gaines' Mill, and at Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill it fell.
We saw it lifted up again and gave the "rebel yell."
With Pickett's men at Gettysburg it led the charge to death,
While bleeding heroes cheered it on with their last dying breath.

At Spottsylvania, Wilderness and Chickamauga's field,
And twice a hundred more, its foes had learned to it to yield,
At last it fell no more to rise—God's wisdom willed it so—
And few are left who fought with it, and they too, soon must go.
Yet of the years still left to us we love one day in each
To see and cheer the flag we bore into the deadly breach.

You are the victors. Brave you were, you
boys who wore the blue,
And valor never yet denied a fallen foe his due.
The fight is o'er. Our wounds are healed. We clasp your hand again.
But while we hold it fast and fair, remember we're but men
Who cannot quite forget the flag for which our brave ones fell,
And so when e'er we see its folds, we feel our bosoms swell.

Then grudge us not, brave boys in blue, that
once or so a year
We meet our comrades of lang syne and give the flag a cheer.
We have no cause for quarrel now, and never more shall face
Each other in intestine war, but rather would embrace
And teach our children to defend the old red, white and blue—
The flag our common fathers loved, the only one they knew.
But give us credit for good faith, and it will all be well,
And ask us not to scorn the flag for which our brothers fell.

Do it dishonor? That battle flag? Look on
it with disdain?
No; never while our pulses beat our honor will we stain!
Yet will we touch our elbows close to yours, if comes the need,
That we for our united land be called upon to bleed.
And North and South as friends again shall be to each so true
That both can march to "Dixie's Land" and "Yankee Doodle," too;
But never ask that we shall be so false unto our dead
That we can turn our backs upon the flag for which they bled.

FRANKLIN H. MACKEY,
U. C. V., Camp 171.

Washington, July 20, 1896.

Richard Kirkland.

(For the Dispatch.)

There had been an awful battle
At the foot of Marye's Hill,
And the desultory firing
Told of sullen passion still.

Thirty thousand northern soldiers,
Eager for the deadly fray,
Yesterday had charged the trenches
Where the southern army lay.

Fierce had been the rage of combat,
Fierce the storm of shot and shell,
When above the din of battle
Rose the angry "rebel yell."

Then the northern troops had wavered
'Neath the shower of southern lead,
And had left their wounded comrades
Lying 'mid the mangled dead.

And above them raged the battle,
As in agony they lay,
And around them angry bullets
Whistled through the long, long day.

"Water, water!" moaned the dying,
Writhing on the crimson sod,
And they cried in bitter anguish:
"Water, in the name of God!"

"Water!"—and a deep emotion,
Tender pity for their woe,
Filled a gallant soldier's bosom,
Though he was their country's foe.

Over the protecting rampart
Boldly Richard Kirkland sprang,
And the bullets whistled 'round him,
And the din of combat rang.

"Water!"—and he kneeled and gently
Raised a thirsty, bleeding foe,
And he gave him cooling water,
And he eased his bitter woe.

"Water, water!" moaned the dying,
Writhing on the crimson sod,
And he gave them, in their anguish,
Water in the name of God.

Quickly then the deadly firing
Ceased, and, resting from the fray,
Loud the gallant northern soldiers
Cheered the wearer of the gray.

This is all, for Richard Kirkland
Did a soldier's duty well,
Till at bloody Chickamauga,
Wounded mortally, he fell.

But his memory let us cherish,
And his name we'll honor still
For that gallant deed of mercy
At the foot of Marye's Hill.

GEORGE H. MURPHY.

Laughed on the Battle-Field.

(Wilmington Messenger.)

Our townsman, Mr. B. F. White, a gallant Confederate soldier, who served in the Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment and made a fine record as a soldier, fighting throughout the four years of the civil war, tells of a ludicrous occurrence at the battle of the Wilderness, when Lee was "swinging with Grant," as the old veterans say it.

On the first day's battle, on the 5th of May, General A. P. Hill's Division was facing Hancock's Corps. The battle opened at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and the hot work was kept up until after dark, when both lines of battle bivouaced in the positions they held when the battle ceased. Both lines of battle slept on their arms in a stone's throw of each other, in a dense forest. When night fell the plaintive voice of the whippoowill added to the dreariness and suspense that prevailed on the scene of the great tragedy. The Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment was lying so close to the enemy's ranks that they could hear each other talking. About midnight a big owl sitting in a tree broke the stillness with his hoot: "Who, who, who-are-you?" A soldier of the Eighteenth answered back: "The Eighteenth North Carolina Regiment, you —— fool!" The thing was so ludicrous that the Confederates and Federals roared with laughter.

The lines were so close that the Federals also heard the North Carolinian's reply to the owl, and they enjoyed his grim wit. At daylight next morning the men who had laughed in the face of death were again engaged in the awful conflict of battle, and perhaps it was the last laugh of many a poor fellow on both sides.

STORY OF SAILOR'S CREEK.

Three Confederates and a Federal Soldier Share and Share Alike.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Jan. 20, 1893.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The battle of Sailor's Creek was fought during the afternoon of April 6, 1865. After the fighting was over I found three Confederate soldiers, two of whom were wounded, and the uninjured one was caring for them. As I had lost my horse during the engagement, he having been shot, I joined the group and remained with them during the night. As we were all out of food I made our wants known to the member of a battery which was passing, whereupon the boys "chipped in" and we were soon supplied with enough rations for our supper and breakfast the next morning. It was a queer sight to the passers-by to see one "Yankee" and three "Johnnies" "chumming" together. We soon had a good supply of coffee cooked, with which we washed down our hard-tack and "sowbelly," it being the first coffee the lads had tasted in over two years. One of the men was a lieutenant, one a sergeant, while the one who was carving for them was a private.

WHO WERE THEY?

They told me their names, company, and regiment at the time, but the stirring events that were crowding one upon another at the time soon drove them from my mind; but I am under the impression that they were members of the Thirteenth Virginia Infantry. Still, I may be mistaken as regarding the number of the regiment. Should this meet the eye of either of the three, or of any one who knows of their whereabouts, I would be pleased to hear from them—to renew the acquaintance which was begun under such peculiar circumstances.

In order that you may understand the peculiar circumstances I will say that we had been trying to the best of our ability to kill each other during the afternoon, but after the battle was over we met and cooked our supper over the same fire, and at night the uninjured man and I slept under the same blanket, with no more fear of harm from each other than I have of any of your readers at present should I have occasion to pass through your State.

S. E. CHANDLER,
Late Company A, Twenty-fourth New York Cavalry, now of Minneapolis, Minn.

"The Dying Soldier."

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

"The Dying Soldier" has been published frequently, but almost every time with sundry typographical errors. The annexed copy has no error in it. If, therefore, you should follow this copy, the publication will be correct.

WILBUR J. KILBY.

Suffolk, Va., May 26, 1896.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

(By Matilda.)

(Affectionately inscribed to Lizzie A. Christie.)

(Colonel Christie, of North Carolina, fell mortally wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, while gallantly leading his men against the enemy's breastworks. He was taken to Winchester, Va., where he was nursed tenderly until his death. He longed to see his young wife, his darling Lizzie, but when she reached Winchester he was dead. His last words were: "Kiss me for Lizzie.")

"The bravest are the tenderest;
The loving are the daring."

I am dying; is she coming? Throw the window open wide.
Is she coming? Oh, I love her more than all the world beside;
In her young and tender beauty, must,
oh! must she feel this loss?
Saviour, hear my poor petition; teach her how to bear this cross.
Help her to be calm and patient when I moulder in the dust;
Let her say and feel, my Father, that Thy ways are true and just.
Is she coming? Go and listen; I would see her face once more;
I would hear her speaking to me, ere life's fevered dream is o'er;
I would fold her to my bosom; look into her soft, bright eye;
I would tell her how I love her, kiss her once before I die.

Is she coming? Oh! 'tis evening, and my darling comes not still.
Lift the curtain; it grows darker; it is sunset on the hill;
All the evening dews are falling; I am cold—the light is gone.
Is she coming? Softly, softly, come death's silent footsteps on.
I am going; come and kiss me; kiss me for my darling wife;
Take for her my parting blessing; take the last warm kiss of life.
Tell her I will wait to greet her where the good and lovely are.
In that home, untouched by sorrow; tell her she must meet me there.

Is she coming? Lift the curtain; let me see the falling light;
Oh! I want to live to see her; surely she will come to-night!
Surely, ere the daylight dieth, I shall fold her to my breast;
With her head upon my bosom, calmly I could sink to rest.
It is hard to die without her. Look! I think she's coming now;
I can almost feel her kisses on my faded cheek and brow;
I can almost hear her whisper, feel her breath upon my cheek.

Hark! I hear the front door open. Is she coming? Did she speak?
No! well drop the curtain softly; I shall see her face no more
Till I see it smiling on me on the bright and better shore.
Tell her she must come and meet me in that Eden, land of light;
Tell her I'll be waiting for her where there is no death—no night.
Tell her that I called her darling, blessed her with my dying breath.
Come and kiss me for my Lizzie; tell her love outliveth death.

THE WINCHESTER MONUMENT.

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BLOODY GAINES' MILL

The Part Taken by Pickett's Old Brigade.

AS TERRIBLE AS GETTYSBURG.

A Very Singular Coincidence as to Losses.

INCIDENT OF COLD HARBOR.

He Disappeared—A Man Who Knew What to Do with Him—Richardson Guard, of Madison—The Organization and Muster-Roll.

Mount Meridian, Va., June 13, 1896.

To the Editor of the Dispatch, Richmond, Va.:

Dear sir,—I always enjoy reading accounts of battles fought during the late war, and I particularly enjoy reading the account given by Dr. J. William Jones. I have been a little mortified at the silence of all correspondents in regard to the conspicuous part performed by General Pickett and his brigade at the battle of Gaines's Mill. Pickett was assigned to work on the line of attack that was, perhaps, the most difficult to carry to an unsuccessful end, of any on the whole line. The Texas brigade, under General Hood, covered themselves with glory, and they have been repeatedly noticed, and will, doubtless, go down into history immortalized, but Pickett's Virginians have never received a scratch of a pen, so far as I have seen, in commendation of the great part performed by them on that occasion. As is known, Pickett's Brigade was composed of the Eighth, Eighteenth, Nineteenth, Twenty-eighth, and Fifty-sixth Virginia regiments. This command was posted on the line, almost in a stone's throw of the hill, and was held there for an hour or more until other commands were gotten into position.

HEAVY SHELLING.

During this time they were exposed to a heavy shelling from a battery directly in their front, protected by two lines of infantry in front, the first line being at the foot of a ridge, and the second line near the top. This ridge being in timber, and the battery on its top sweeping the open field, through which Pickett's men had to pass, made the position almost impregnable.

All things were finally gotten in readiness for a general advance, and the order came to us to go forward, with the thrilling news that "Jackson is here, and he is on your left." Pickett and his men rushed forward, hurled both lines of infantry from their front, and captured the battery. In this charge Pickett was wounded, and all officers under him down to the rank of major, were struck, some being killed. The rank and file lost over 50 per cent. of their number. The Roanoke Grays lost 23 out of 40 men, and so throughout the whole command. Pickett's Division at Gettysburg covered itself with glory, and will be handed down into history, and it should be none the less honored on account of Gaines's Mill.

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Speaking of the Roanoke Grays, the company to which the writer belonged, a strange coincidence occurred in both these battles—Gaines's Mill and Gettysburg. The company was 40 strong at both battles, and came out of both with 22. We lost some prisoners at Gettysburg, but at Gaines's Mill our loss was confined to wounded and killed, thus showing Gaines's Mill to be the most sanguinary battle to us. Just why the Virginians, as well as the Texans, should not, and have not, been accorded laurels, I have not understood. I remember full well that when the news of the battle was first published, the Texans were accorded all the praise and honor, whilst the Virginians were passed over in silence, and so it will go down into history if those who participated do not give the facts to the world.

COLD HARBOR.

Dr. J. William Jones alluded to the battle of Cold Harbor, and spoke of the fearful slaughter of Grant's army. I have only to say that this was some of the work of Pickett's Division. The Yankees had partially broken our line at Cold Harbor about 5 o'clock in the evening. Pickett, being held in reserve, was rushed forward, getting at the point most needed about dark. He formed line a short distance in rear of our lines, and remained thus until the dawn of day. The Yankees, flushed by the success the preceding evening, renewed the attack as soon as foe could be discerned from friend. Pickett rushed his men forward to the support of our shattered lines, and hence the result—the enemy repulsed with fearful loss, and Richmond again saved.

I might write a good deal more, but this is already too long, and I, therefore, forbear intruding further on your patience.

A. H. ROLLER.

AN OLD ARMY COOK.

"CAPT." BEN SCOTT TELLS HIS EXPERIENCES IN THE LATE WAR.

He Was Present at the First Battle Fought in Virginia in the War Between the States and "Vollenterley" Fired Three Shots.

"Captain" Ben Scott was a colored cook in the Confederate army, and he is proud of it. He was present at the very first battle fought in Virginia, and he is going to be in the big parade on July 2d, or know the reason why. He could, no doubt, tell many amusing experiences he passed through while following the soldier boys with his kettle and frying-pan, but when the "Captain" attempted to write them, the man who can read his letter and keep a serious face throughout is a fit subject for the physicians, for there is certainly something wrong with him.

The following is an exact reproduction of a letter which Captain Ellett received from the old cook last Friday, and which came near unfitting the secretary for further work that day:

Richmond, Va., June 10, '96.

Dear Sir i See in the State of the 9th inst that a Place Wil be reserve in line of the reunion of the old VerTerams that Ware in the late War of the South as Cooks

Ser I Wish to State that I Was one of them. I left Richmond in '61 With the Young Guard, Commanded By Captain Charters, as a mess cook for the offercers of Sade Compeney, in the 15th Virginia Regt comd By Conl T. P. august. Wee Went from the Fair grond to rocketts, and borded the Boat at that time the Cortespect. and Sail to grove Warf Whar We landed and march to William Bing Whar We Stade in camp for Sevel Dayes. When the Regmet Receive orders By genl Magruder to march to yorktown. after getteng to Sade Place. We Ware ordered to lettel Bethell With the old lafualted artillerey. and We Travell all Day and Part of the night in the rain and aneteck Was made an as Very Sune after We arrive at, littel Bethell By the gun Boat that lade in hamton Roods and our Regement faught and fell Bart Passen york town and Williams Bourg ontel We got to a Place call jenens ordenenry. Be teen Richmond and Williams Bourg figheting all the time in are retret. Whar We met the Washington Arttellerey of new all Eeen's Comd By Mayer Waldon and thar the command made a Stand and in camp For Several Dayes. My Capt give mee my gun and Equepments When We left Richmond and i carred With amenethian in my Box untel i left the Regement at genens ordnery. When I Was Call home on the accont of the Death of my mother. I vollentterley Firerd 3 Shoots at the yankee at littel Beathell Witch was the first Battell faugh in Virginia. Be for I got Back froam the Bearein of my mother our Regiment had move. I then Enlisted in the Corserviner Regiment Comd By Conl. Robt Whet Witch Rank then as mager. at the Battel of Bull run. I left Richmond on a Satterday evenen on the old Centrell Rode Witch is now call the C & O and got to manassess on Sunday morning. and When the gun Was firerd at Centersvill about 6 oclock in the morneng on Sunday I had gust left the cars Witch Cap Buhupe Commanden the gurailia guard in Magr Wheet Battillon to go to the Frount. I Was on the Battel Field all Day up to the time genl johnson Came Done on the narroe gage rode a Bot 4 oclock. With reforment also When Presedent Daves came up froam Richmond. Sir much more I could tell of What I Know of the late War I Was Precent When 2 men Was Shot By orders of Curt masthall that Be long to the taggars reppells in our Battalion Comd By Magr Probert Wheet of lusaner. I Follord the armery untell Conl Wheet Was Keld in 7 Dayes feight. So Ser you can see that I know sumthen of the War I Was a Born free neggro, and When the War Brok out I was aneprintis under Mr Pattreck Russell learning the Plasteren trade. and When Virginia Fireard her gun at the old armrey that she had gon out the unon. and the yong gurd Went in to servies I left my Boos and Went to the Fair ground and guin and Enlested as cook for that company.

Ser this not half of my Exspesrence of the late War Bot I just give you a littel Scuch of What I Know of the late War I have often Wandered Why you Peppel for get the neggro ho follerd you through the War as Cooks and Washers and Waiters, and Stud By you through the theckes of Battels have ben so far forgotten. Ser I hope you Wil Excuse Bad ritteng and Except of the Same From a Frend to the colld and a Virginian negro that have lade on the Feild of Bartel. With the old Veteturns of the South, Benj Scott.

Ser if this meet With you Provel Pleas address Capt Benjamin Scott, No. 618 Judah st.

THE LADIES OF RICHMOND.

A Graceful Poem Written in Their Honor in 1863.

(For the Dispatch.)

While waiting in the third-story front room of the Virginia Historical Society last Monday I was quite entertained with glances at interesting historical books and papers. One of them especially claimed my attention—"The Record of News, History, and Literature," printed in 1863, every Monday morning, at the book store of West & Johnston, 145 Main street, Richmond, Va. Price, $10 per annum; $6 for six months.

My object in making this statement is to ask that you publish in the Confederate page of the Sunday's paper the following poem:

Richmond, Va., July, 16, 1863.

The Ladies of Richmond.

A correspondent of the Charleston Courier, who writes with equal grace and facility in verse and prose, thus refers to the ladies of Richmond, who, to do them justice, have fully come up to the measure of his poetic praise in their ministrations to the sick and wounded soldiers during the war:

Fold away all your bright-tinted dresses,
Turn the key on your jewels to-day,
And the wealth of your tendril-like tresses
Braid back in a serious way;
No more delicate gloves, no more laces,
No more trifling in boudoir or bower,
But come with your souls in your faces
To meet the stern wants of the hour.

Look around. By the torchlight, unsteady,
The dead and the dying seem one—
What! trembling and paling already,
Before your dear mission's begun?
These wounds are more precious than ghastly—
Time presses her lips to each scar,
While she chants of that glory which vastly
Transcends all the horrors of war.

Pause here by this bedside. How mellow
The light showers down on that brow!
Such a brave, brawny visage, poor fellow!
Some homestead is missing him now;
Some wife shades her eyes in the clearing,
Some mother sits mourning distressed,
While the loved one lies faint, but unfearing,
With the enemy's ball in his breast.

Here's another—a lad—a mere stripling,
Picked up in the field almost dead,
With the blood through his sunny hair rippling
From a horrible gash in the head.
They say he was first in the action—
Gay-hearted, quick-headed, and witty;
He fought till he dropped with exhaustion
At the gates of our fair southern city.

Fought and fell 'neath the guns of that city,
With a spirit transcending his years—
Lift him up in your large-hearted pity,
And wet his pale lips with your tears;
Touch him gently; most sacred the duty
Of dressing that poor, shattered hand;
God spare him to rise in his beauty,
And battle once more for his land!

Pass on, it is useless to linger,
While others are calling your care;
There is need for your delicate finger,
For your womanly sympathy there;
There are sick ones athirst for caressing;
There are dying ones raving for home;
There are wounds to be bound up with a blessing,
And shrouds to make ready for some.

They have gathered about you the harvest
Of death in its ghastliest view;
The nearest, as well as the farthest,
Is there with the traitor and true.
And, crowned with your beautiful patience,
Made sunny with love at the heart,
You must balsam the wounds of a nation,
Nor falter nor shrink from your part.

And the lips of the mother will bless you,
And angels, sweet-visaged and pale,
And the little ones run to caress you,
And the wives and sisters cry hail!
But e'en if you drop down unheaded,
What matter? God's ways are the best;
You have poured out your life where 'twas needed,
And He will take care of the rest.

Mrs. J. TAYLOR ELLYSON.

Richmond, January 29, 1896.

In the Record of June 18, 1863, "Summary of Foreign News," appears this:

"The Empress of France has a riding-horse called "Stonewall Jackson."

The Record, December 10, 1863:

"SUMMARY OF NEWS."

"An Irishman had his left hand shot off in the engagement of the 25th near Chattanooga, but, grasping it with his right hand, threw it up, exclaiming, 'Hurra for Bragg; he's a re-trattling the

SAM DAVIS'S HEROIC END.

Death Rather Than the Betrayal of a Friend.

(Courier-Journal.)

The bust of Sam Davis, the Confederate hero who met death on the scaffold at Pulaski, Tenn., to save the life of a comrade, is one of the best pieces of sculpture in the Nashville Parthenon. It is the work of George Julian Zolnay, is heroic in size, noble in conception, and absolutely true to the original. Joshua Brown, now of New York city, who belonged to the Second Kentucky Cavalry of the Confederate army, and was a fellow scout with Samuel Davis, tells the thrilling and awful story of his fate in an article in the Veteran:

General Bragg had sent us, a few men who knew the country, into Middle Tennessee to get all the information possible concerning the movements of the Federal army, to find out if it was moving from Nashville and Corinth to reinforce Chattanooga. We were to report to Colonel Shaw or Captain Coleman, who commanded Coleman's scouts. We were to go south to Decatur, and send our reports by a courier line to General Bragg at Missionary Ridge. When we received our orders we were told that the duty was very dangerous, and that they did not expect but few of us to return; that we would probably be captured or killed, and we were cautioned against exposing ourselves unnecessarily.

After we had been in Tennessee about ten days we watched the Sixteenth Army Corps, commanded by General Dodge, move up from Corinth to Pulaski. We agreed that we would leave for the south on Friday, the 19th of November, 1863. A number had been captured and several killed. We were to start that night, each man for himself; each of us had his own information, but I did not write it down or make any memorandum of it, for fear of being captured. I had counted almost every regiment and all the artillery in the Sixteenth Corps, and found out that they were moving on Chattanooga. Late in the afternoon we started out and ran into the Seventh Kansas Cavalry, known as the "Kansas Jayhawkers," and when we were told that regiment had captured us we thought our time had come. We were taken to Pulaski, about fifteen miles away, and put into jail, where several other prisoners had been sent, and among whom was Sam Davis. I talked with him over our prospects of imprisonment and escape, which were very gloomy. Davis said they had searched him that day and found some papers upon him, and that he had been taken to General Dodge's headquarters. They also had found in his saddle seat maps and descriptions of the fortifications at Nashville and other points, and an exact report of the Federal army in Tennessee. They found in his boot a letter, with other papers, which was intended for General Bragg.

Davis was taken to General Dodge's headquarters, and this is what took place between them, which General Dodge told me recently:

"I took him to my private office," said General Dodge, "and I told him it was a very serious charge brought against him; that he was a spy, and from what I found upon his person he had accurate information in regard to my army, and I must know where he obtained it. I told him he was a young man, and did not seem to realize the danger he was in. Up to that time he said nothing, but then he replied, in a most respectful and dignified manner:

"'General Dodge, I know the danger of my situation, and I am willing to take the consequences.'

"I asked him then to give the name of the person from whom he got the information; that I knew it must be some one near headquarters who had given him the plans of the Federal army. He replied:

"'I know that I will have to die, but I will not tell where I got the information, and there is no power on earth that can make me tell. You are doing your duty as a soldier, and I am doing mine. If I have to die, I do so feeling that I am doing my duty to God and my country.'

"I pleaded with and urged him with all the power I possessed to give me some chance to save his life, for I discovered that he was a most admirable young fellow, with the highest character and strictest integrity. He then said: 'It is useless to talk to me. I do not intend to do it. You can court-martial me, but I will not betray the trust reposed in me.'

"He thanked me for the interest I had taken in him, and I sent him back to prison. I immediately called a court-martial to try him."

The night before he was hanged he wrote the following letter to his mother and father:

"Pulaski, Giles county, Tenn.,
"November 26, 1863.

"Dear Mother,—Oh, how painful it is to write to you! I have got to die tomorrow morning—to be hanged by the Federals. Mother, do not grieve for me. I must bid you good-by forevermore. Mother, I do not fear to die. Give my love to all. Your son,

"SAMUEL DAVIS.

"Mother, tell the children all to be good. I wish I could see you all once more, but I never will any more. Mother and father, do not forget me. Think of me when I am dead, but do not grieve for me. It will not do any good. Father, you can send after my remains if you want to do so. They will be at Pulaski, Tenn. I will leave some things, too, with the hotel keeper for you. Pulaski is in Giles county, Tenn., south of Columbia. S. D."

After his sentence, he was put into a cell in the jail and we did not see anything of him until Thursday morning, the day before the execution. We were ordered to get ready, as we were going to be removed to the court-house on the public square, about 100 feet from the jail. Davis was handcuffed, and was brought in just as we were eating breakfast. I gave him a piece of meat that I had been cooking, and he, being handcuffed, was compelled to eat it with both hands. He thanked me, and we all bade him good-by, and were sent to the court-house and the guard was doubled.

The next morning, Friday, November 27th, at 10 o'clock, we heard the drums and a regiment of infantry marching down to the jail, and a wagon with a coffin in it was driven up, and the provost marshal went into the jail and brought Davis out. He got into the wagon and stood up and looked around at the court-house, and seeing us at the windows, bowed to us his last farewell. He was dressed in a dark brown overcoat, with a cape to it, which had been a blue Federal coat, such as many of us had captured and then dyed brown. I note this because it has been stated that he was dressed in citizen's clothes. I do not remember exactly, but I think he had on a gray jacket underneath. He then sat down upon his coffin, and the regiment moved off to the suburbs of the town, where the gallows was built.

Upon reaching the gallows, he got out of the wagon and took his seat on a bench under a tree. He asked Captain Armstrong how long he had to live. He replied, "Fifteen minutes." He then asked Captain Armstrong the news. He told him of the battle of Missionary Ridge, and that our army had been defeated. He expressed much regret and said:

"The boys will have to fight without me."

Armstrong said: "I regret very much having to do this; I feel that I would almost rather die myself than to do what I have to do." Davis replied:

"I do not think hard of you; you are doing your duty."

General Dodge still had hopes that Davis would recant when he saw that death was staring him in the face, and that he would reveal the name of the traitor in his camp. He sent Captain Chickasaw, of his staff, to Davis. He rapidly approached the scaffold, jumped from his horse, and went directly to Davis and asked if it would not be better for him to speak the name of the one from whom he had received the contents of the document found upon him, adding: "It is not to late yet." And then, in his last extremity, Davis turned upon him and said:

"If I had a thousand lives, I would lose them all here before I would betray my friends or the confidence of my informer."

He then requested him to thank General Dodge for his efforts to save him; but to repeat that he could not accept the terms. Turning to the chaplain, he gave him a few keepsakes to send to his mother. He then said to the provost marshal, "I am ready." ascended the scaffold, and stepped upon the trap.

Thus passed away one of the sublimest and noblest characters known in history, and in future ages his act will be pointed to as worthy of emulation.

The bust in the Parthenon, by the sculptor, George Julian Zolnay, is a heroic figure, and one of the most admired works of art in the building. Mr. Zolnay has given the work a nobleness, a firmness, that, while it appeals to the masses on account of its strength, also has a softness that impresses every visitor. It is one of Mr. Zolnay's best productions.

A number of leading Confederates are now raising a fund to erect a monument over the spot where he was executed. A large amount has already been contributed for the purpose.

A VIRGINIA HEROINE.

THE STORY OF A NIGHT ON A BATTLE-FIELD.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION.

A THRILLING AND ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

LIFE DEPENDED ON SLEEP.

A Young Lady's Nerve and Courage Saved Him—A Long and Painful Vigil—History Will Not Forget—Notes.

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

A Night on the Battlefield.

(By John Esten Cooke.)

Fortunate is the incident in this bustling, hurrying world of ours where there is so much to look at, so much to think of, so much to excite tears or indignation or laughter—fortunate, we say, is the incident which possesses the supreme advantage of being picturesque.

Other incidents may equal or surpass it in moral beauty, but they will not be able to equal it in attraction. Hearts may throb as nobly therein, but the world will not catch the tumultuous heaving of the bosom. Tears as noble may be shed, but they will flow in silence and unobserved. Deeds as worthy may be performed, but if they do not possess picturesqueness, are they ever heard of? Do the writers of the North, who ought to know the truth, declare that the Federal general (Wright) rallied and reformed their line after Early's terrible blow at them at Cedar Creek, in October, 1864? And yet it was that picturesque general, Sheridan, who rushed at full speed upon the field, "shod with fire," says his poet, and carried off all the glory. Unhappy General Wright, if Mr. Swinton is good authority; why did you not arrive at the nick of time, rally the rallied, and reap the honors of the hard-fought field. Your good, hard work and steady nerve had the misfortune not to be "picturesque" or "striking." General; and hence nobody but the whole world fifty years from this time will ever know that it was you, not Sheridan, who saved the Federal army from destruction on that day.

But every subject has two phases, every thought cuts double-edge; the shield is silver or gold, as it is looked at from one side or the other. Actions may be grand and picturesque, both as noble and beautiful as they are striking and impressive. The incident which we are now about to relate will be found to illustrate this statement. The picture which we shall attempt to draw is one of those which catches the eye, moves the heart, touches the hidden fountains of feeling, and draws forth those "noble tears" which flow forever in the long current of our human history at the mention of all beautiful and heroic deeds.

The incident took place in July, 1864, just after Early's return from Washington, and when his advance force under Ramseur was near Winchester. On the afternoon of the 20th of that month, General Ramseur, the gallant, the noble, the heroic Ramseur, who died, as he had lived, a fearless soldier and a stainless gentleman, received information from General Vaughan that General Averill was at Stevenson's Depot, a few miles northeast of the town, with a force so small as to render an attack upon him almost certain to result in his capture. Acting upon this information, Ramseur put his troops in motion, advanced to attack Averill, and soon the forces on both sides were engaged in an obstinate conflict. Ramseur having moved with too little caution, in consequence of the reported inferiority of his opponent, the result was a serious repulse by Averill's force, the loss of four pieces of artillery, the death of Colonel Board, of the Fifty-eighth Virginia, and the wounding of Generals Lewis and Lily. Many of the command, officers, and privates, besides these gentlemen, were killed and wounded. When Ramseur fell back, as he was compelled to do, so as to prevent himself from being flanked by a large force approaching from Berryville, he left the ground covered with his dead and wounded. He retired through Winchester, joined Early at Newtown, and Winchester was again in the hands of the Federalists.

"Winchester" throughout the war meant, most of all, "the women of Winchester." It was this noble body of high-souled and heroic women who now looked with eyes full of regret and longing upon Ramseur's disappearing columns, and with sadness unutterable toward the battle-field near by, whereon so many of their dear southern defenders were lying in their blood.

With the women of Winchester to see suffering was to attempt courageously to relieve it. For long years they had been accustomed to the war of artillery, the crash of small arms, to nursing the sick, succoring the wounded, and binding up the bruised forms, and bleeding beneath the chariot wheels of the terrible demon—war. Have we not seen them after Kernstown, hanging with sobs over the death trenches, bearing off the sorely hurt, facing with tears of noble scorn the enemies who were the masters of the moment?

That was in 1862, and be sure that in 1864 the long years of soul-crushing war had not abated one particle of that proudly defiant, that tenderly merciful spirit, which, through all coming time, will remain the glory of their names, and the pride of those who draw their blood from those true daughters of Virginia.

Of the incident which we propose to relate, we have had an account derived from a valued friend, herself one of the nobly charitable young ladies of the old border-town; also, another statement from an unknown correspondent, living in the neighborhood of the battlefield. Upon these our narrative is based.

Night had come, and a number of ladies, who had obtained permission to perform their pious duties from the Federal officer in command at Winchester, reached the battle-field. It was one of those marvellous nights of July, 1864, when the heavens seemed all ablaze with the glory of the full-orbed moon. The field, covered with dead and dying, slept in the light of this great moon, and the Federal surgeons were busy at their painful duty of amputating limbs, probing and binding up wounds, depositing the sufferers in ambulances, and attending, as far as possible, to the plainful calls of each. A battle-field after a hard fight is a spectacle so sad that he who has looked upon it once never wishes to behold it again; and the saddest of all the terrible features of such scenes, perhaps, is the impossibility of promptly attending to the wants of all. Your arm may be shattered by a bullet, but your neighbor's leg is torn to pieces by a shell, and he is bleeding to death. Before your arm can be bound up, his leg must be amputated. It is painful, you think, to leave you writhing there, but each in his turn, friend; the leg before the arm!

It was a real assistance when the Winchester ladies came to the aid of the Federal surgeons, thus relieving the latter in a large measure from the care of the Confederate wounded. They assiduously applied themselves to the painful task before them, and were ministers of mercy once more to their southern brethren, as they had been before, after so many hard-fought battles in that country of hard battles—the Valley of the Shenandoah.

Among the young ladies was Miss —— (we do not feel at liberty to present her full name to the world), and to this fair daughter of the Valley belongs the credit of the beautiful action which we proceed to record. In passing amid the dead and wounded, now dimly discernable only by the surgeon's lanterns, the moonlight, and the last beams of day, Miss —— came all at once upon a youth who seemed to be suffering extreme agony. He was moaning fearfully, and bending over him the young lady saw that he was frightfully wounded. The blood had deluged his person, and although his wound had been hastily bound up by one of the surgeons, he was evidently suffering horribly; his features were contracted by his anguish, and, lying in a very constrained position, he seemed the most piteous object which yet had attracted her attention.

To see his suffering was to attempt its relief. The young lady sat down on the ground, and, finding that the poor boy was almost unconscious from the extent of his agony, she raised his head, in order to afford him, if possible, some ease, if only from the change of position. She had scarcely done so, when a painful sigh issued from the lips of the wounded youth; his head sank in the young lady's arms, and his measured breathing told that he had almost instantly fallen asleep. This result was so unexpected that Miss —— was for some moments at a loss what course to pursue. It seemed an unnecessary and excessive act of attention to remain thus, holding the youth's head. Her position was becoming a very painful one; her companions had passed to other portions of the extensive battle-field; she was alone in the midst of a great waste of fields and woods, at night, unprotected from insult, and holding in her arms a wounded soldier, who would, in all probability, soon be a corpse!

Under these trying circumstances she once or twice essayed to move and place the boy in an easy position upon the grass, but whenever she attempted to do so his features contracted painfully, he moaned uneasily, and it was only when she resumed her position—holding his drooping head, as before, in her arms—that he sank once more to calm and painless slumber. She was still supporting thus the form of the wounded youth, when one of the Federal surgeons approached and looked with some surprise at the touching group. Then his gaze was directed to the face of the youth, whom he evidently recognized. In a few words addressed to Miss ——, the surgeon explained how he had himself dressed and bandaged the youth's wounds. His case was a most critical one; nevertheless, if he could only sleep for some hours, he might live. He had not slept since the battle, and was dying for sleep. The crisis of his fever had arrived. If this slumber continued until morning he might then be out of danger; if it was broken, his death was a certainty. Having made this announcement in that terribly matter-of-fact tone, which characterizes persons familiar with suffering and death, the surgeon passed on, leaving Miss —— alone, among the dead and wounded, holding the bleeding young man in her arms.

If his slumber continued until morning, he might then be out of danger; if it was broken, his death was a certainty. That was the plain, clear, and terribly logical statement of the surgeon. To live he must sleep, and those two or three attempts to deposit her burden on the grass, with the sudden wakefulness of the patient, proved to the young lady that to sleep his head must continue to rest in her arms. When this fact was clear, and patent to her intelligence, her resolution was taken. No movement of hers should disturb the deep slumber of the boy, no act of her own arrest the subtle spirit of life, which, like a blessed balm, was even then infusing itself into his shattered frame. The place might be dark and lonely—the night cold, terrible, fearful there among the dead—her position might be, so it, indeed, soon became, unutterably painful, weighed down, as her arm was, by the poor youth's weight; but there was something worse than night, cold, pain, loneliness, and the presence of death—it was not to save that boy's life when she could save it.

And she determined to save it. Throughout the long hours of the dreary night she remained as motionless as a statue of mercy, holding the boy's head in her arms. All others had returned to Winchester. Around her was the vast moonlit field, over whose surface the wind sighed mournfully; on every hand were the wounded, the dying, the dead, and yet this brave, kind girl—let us say this good, true girl—did not shrink from her task, the young heroine did not stir. Though the delicate arm was nearly broken by the weight upon it, no tremor of the nerves indicated the dire pain which she was suffering, and suffering with the silent fortitude which shames the foolish theory that women are less brave than men.

In our comfortable homes, by our cheerful fires, we read of that, and cry, "Brave!" Perhaps we applaud, but would we have thus nobly for a brother, husband, or father—doubtless; but for a stranger? That wounded youth was a perfect stranger to the young lady: she had never seen his face before that evening; it was an angel of mercy succoring a fellow-creature—not a sister or mother, facing all things for a brother or son. Do you wish the subject for a great painting, Mr. Washington, finer than that of the "Burial of Latane"? I offer it to you.

Hour after hour the wounded youth slept on. His regular breathing indicated clearly that his sufferings had abated; a blessed and refreshing slumber had descended upon the tortured nerves; the shattered frame. Step by step, from the very brink of the grave, where she had found him, the poor boy was coming back to life. The long hours of the summer night passed on like shadowy birds, who slowly flap their huge wings as they silently sweep by. The moon went down, the constellations wheeled their paths in heaven; then the morning star only shone above the yellow streak of dawn. The cold, pale light fell on the figures, with their positions unchanged—the youth still sleeping tranquilly, the young lady still supporting his head. As the first bright gleams of sunrise fell on his face, he opened his eyes, gazed dreamily at her, and a faint smile came to his lips, which uttered a sigh. He was saved.

Did tears from the eyes of the noble girl fall on that pale face, where the flush of fever no longer burned? I know not; but, if such tears flowed from the kind eyes, an angel might have gathered them for a diadem.

When Miss —— returned to Winchester she was weak, exhausted, unstrung, by the nervous excitement, no less than the physical prostration of that terrible night among the dying and the dead. The muscles of her arm were so contracted by the heavy pressure upon them, hour after hour, that for many days she could not raise her hand—scarcely move the member. The pain, exposure, and excitement seriously affected her, and she was confined for some time to her bed, but on that couch of suffering she had a blessed consolation. That consolation was the thought; "I have saved the life of a Confederate soldier, wounded in defending his country."

When General Early—all health and happiness attend in his place of exile that true gentleman, that hardy soldier—when General Early heard the noble incident, which we have essayed to relate, he exclaimed, in a burst of admiration: "God bless the women of Winchester! They are like the camomile-flower—the more they are crushed, the sweeter they are!"

True, General. It was said of old that "None but the brave deserve the fair." You prove that the brave can best appreciate them. You fought for those women of Winchester on many fields; you were leading a forlorn hope, but you did your best with 7,000 or 8,000 against Sheridan's 30,000 or 40,000. You loved and admired and risked your life for them, and that radical crew at Washington, howling curses at your very name, cannot hurt you in the estimation of your brave countrywomen of "the brave old town of Winchester." One who is proud to have been born there has tried to relate one of a thousand instances which reflect undying honor on the women of the old border citadel, defended once by Washington.

They have risen, under suffering, with a grand and noble courage. They have been true to the flag in the dark hour as in the bright, and to-day their proudest thought, their sufficient reward, is that they have taken to their bosoms these brave women of Winchester, the known or unknown dust of the mighty Confederate dead. Each is worthy of the other—those dead heroes who slumber beside the homes of the women who loved them; those women who were and are and ever will be, the pride and glory of Virginia. Resolute and devoted beyond what words can describe, they were as gentle as they were brave, as modest as they were courageous. "As I think," one of them writes us, "over the stirring scenes it was a happiness to mix in during the eventful four years of the war, many heroic deeds of our men rush upon my mind, but nothing by the women. They only fed the hungry, nursed the wounded, patiently bore hardships, dangers, and insults, and hoped and wept and prayed for our cause, and these things, though we humbly trust they are written in a book that will live longer than any devised by man, still will not make much figure in history."

Do you think so, madam? Never was greater mistake. More than one southern gentleman has sworn, be assured, that these things shall live in history. Do you imagine that it was nothing "to feed the hungry, nurse the wounded, and patiently bear hardships, dangers, and insults," while you "hoped and wept and prayed for our cause?" Believe me, that is more than carrying a musket, and for this, the coming generations shall rise to thank you and call you blessed. Not known in history! Be tranquil. Fame knows her children, and her august clarion will pronounce the names of every one of them.

It is little, and you do not need that, but be assured, in the words of Beauregard to the Eighth Georgia, cut to pieces at Manassas, that "history shall never forget you."

PHASES OF SOLDIER LIFE.

Incidents of the Camp, the March, and Battle.

THE SERIOUS AND THE COMIC.

A Budget of Very Interesting Experiences.

FRIGHTENED BY THE OWLS.

A Bugler Submerged—Speedy Recovery—Hated to Be Called Dead—An Abrupt Dispersion—The Burial of Latane—Poetry.

G. W. B., of Northumberland county, contributes the following to our Confederate column:

A very serious feature of camp life to our volunteer soldiers was the lonely treading of the sentinel's beat. Pacing to and fro, or standing motionless out under the stars listening and peering for the enemy's approach, while all the rest of the camp lay wrapped in noiseless sleep, was a duty that often brought to the soldier a time of serious, anxious thought. Then thought he of his absent loved ones, his kindly, sheltering roof, and his warm, cosey bed. And the fond recollections and sober musings in which he would indulge were apt to be rudely disturbed by any chance noise that might be borne on the night breeze as of some deadly foeman's stealthy approach.

A SENTINEL FRIGHTENED BY OWLS.

I recall that as corporal of the guard at Hooe's Chapel, on the Potomac, in June, 1861, I placed a soldier on guard for the first time. I know not in the stillness and loneliness of the night into what musings his spirit fell, or what signs of a hostile movement put him into a state of nervous suspense. But about the midnight hour I heard him call excitedly, "Corporal of the guard!" and hastened to find what the trouble was with him. On reaching him he said with remarked trepidation, pointing to a belt of timber: "The enemy are in those woods. I hear mysterious voices calling and answering each other." Listening a moment or two, there came from the swamp a low murmured w-h-o-o, w-h-o-o, w-h-o-o, and the answer from another quarter w-h-o-o-o, w-h-o-o, and I said: "C——, those are nothing but owls." He replied, with a sense of marked relief, "I was so scared I never once thought of owls," and added, "Please don't tell the company about this."

FELL INTO AN ICE-HOUSE.

The spring following our company was in camp at "Office Hall," in King George county, the birthplace of Governor "Extra Billy" Smith. While there some Confederate saddles, bridles, halters, &c., were brought and placed by our quartermaster in a storeroom in one corner of the spacious yard. I was directed to announce at roll-call the names of twenty of the men and to take them to receive their equipments. We went to the storeroom and the door was opened, and the men stepped briskly in and were gathering around the boxes, when lo! in an instant, with a great crash, men, boxes, floor, timbers, all were precipitated into the bottom of a deep ice-house. A dense, impenetrable cloud of dust, with mingled cries and groans, issued from the pit into which the men had fallen. Happily only two of them—John J. Yeatman and Hansford Sutton—were injured by the fall, and most of them escaped without even a bruise or scratch.

As the dense dust settled, and it became possible to see somewhat down into the pit, there, first to be seen, was Comrade Bill Palmer (now of Mt. Holly, Va.), scrambling bravely near the top and almost out, with a bleeding scratch on his nose, emerging from his dusty burial and having what seemed a veritable resurrection. In the great resurrection may he come out as well, without even a scratch, and looking many degrees cleaner than he did that day!

One of the unfortunates on this occasion said he was often ordered in the war to keep cool, and knew he ought to keep cool, but he'd be burned if he wanted to be put down in an ice-house that way to keep cool any more.

TOO MUCH PEPPER IN THE GOOSE.

One of the most serious considerations that weighed on a soldier in camp was that of rations. It is said a Chinaman can live on next to nothing. Had John Chinaman, however, been a Confederate soldier and fared on our rations, he would doubtless have often thought of his native land with its cold rice and stewed rats, and felt that it was indeed the [illegible]

I remember that down in Dinwiddie, once when we had been on half rations of hard-tack and mess pork for months, my messmate and another soldier secured a large, fat goose. This relieved the seriousness of the situation greatly. It made us smile. We all three agreed to take a hand in the cooking of the goose. By turns we baked it, salted it, and sprinkled on the pepper. We had no black pepper, but several pods of red pepper. Unfortunately each one of us had a hand in putting on the pepper, and a liberal hand at that. The last man in this cooking business, it seems, had a sort of mania for pepper, and he cast it into the boiling kettle lavishly.

When the goose was done, and we gathered about it for our dinner, it looked brown and luscious; it smoked and it gave forth its odor most delightfully. But when we tasted it, the pepper; alas! the pepper; it utterly overcame us. Tongue and stomach, lips and palate revolted before the burning power of that pepper. We might have charged a picket, a breastwork, a battery, but that hot goose we couldn't charge. Our looks were serious, our feelings were solemn. If any one of the four felt like smiling it must surely have been the goose.

ROLL DOWN AN EMBANKMENT.

The soldiers' marches were often marked by incidents in which the serious was blended with the humorous. When our army retired from its lines at Antietam, and, under cover of the night, sought to recross the Potomac, our march in the dark was full of the most anxious and serious feelings. The line of march led us among the field hospitals, where the gleams of lanterns and torches lit up the faces and forms of our wounded and dying men, whom we were leaving in the enemy's hands. Here and there might be seen small groups of Confederates giving hurried burial to their fallen comrades under the pitiless stars and by the torch-light's unsteady glare. We were ordered to give the turnpike to the infantry and artillery, and so had to keep in the fields. At one time we moved close beside the 'pike on the edge of the high embankment, while the infantry occupied the roadway down beneath us. Just at this point Tom Wheelwright's horse, dozing or stumbling, stepped over the brink, and horse and rider went rolling down the steep declivity upon the infantrymen. These brave men with muskets could stand the onslaught of McClellan's stoutest battalions undaunted and immovable. But this nocturnal avalanche—this revolving horse and rider rolling down on their heads—was too much for human endurance. They broke into a momentary panic. Soon afterwards Tom and his steed returned to their place in the ranks, showing but slight injury from their perilous fall.

A BUGLER SUBMERGED.

During the trip under General Wade Hampton against Wilson's memorable raid, I think it was, we had occasion to cross Stony creek where it was quite deep, and where the bank from which we entered the stream was a foot or so high. In single file we forced our horses down into the water, and the front feet of each horse as they struck the bottom tended to deepen a hole near the bank. The entrance to the stream thus grew more dangerous with each horse forced into it. When our company bugler's time came to enter he spurred his trusty mare down, and she, unable to extricate her front feet, and impelled by her momentum, turned over end for end, sending the shuddering bugler and his instrument headlong with a mighty splash out of sight under the stream. When, quickly he emerged above the flood, if he had played us an air, it, perhaps, would have been

"Pull for the shore, brother;
Jordan am a hard road to trabel, I believe";

but his bugle was silent; he didn't feel like playing.

SUDDENLY CHANGED.

In the long and arduous march during the raid around the Federal army on the Chickahominy we had an illustration of how a soldier's best-laid scheme may sometimes "gang aglee." We had at that time a man in our company who had a marvellous facility for getting in the last set of fours. Let the company be formed by day or by night, leisurely or in haste, whensoever or howsoever it might be formed, this man was to be found in the rear set of fours, as if resolved that in case of meeting the enemy the danger should come to him last. On the above expedition, at one hour of the day, our regiment was in rear, and our company the last in the line. Our man of the last set of fours felt easy; he seemed farthest removed from danger. Presently, however, some horsemen came dashing up from behind, crying, "The enemy is in our rear," and some dust in the distance seemed to portend a hostile demonstration from that quarter. The order was at once given: "By fours, right about, wheel." "Draw sabres." Our man who loved the rear now found himself facing the danger, and in front. "Lieutenant," he cried, starting back from his place, "I belong back here farther." He was told that he was in his proper place, and must stay there. He looked solemn and felt solemn, but a contagious ripple of suppressed humor spread through the ranks of his comrades near him.

COLONEL W. H. F. LEE'S CAPTURE.

Even in the stern, trying, anxious moments of battle, the awe-inspiring, solemn feelings that filled the soldier's breast were mingled often with a sense of irrepressible humor.

In the charge made by the Ninth Virginia Cavalry on Catlett's Station and capture of General Pope's headquarters, amid the intense darkness of an August night, when dense clouds prevailed and the rain fell in torrents, it seemed for a time that complete success had attended our sudden dash, and the immense wagon camp was at our mercy. But soon a sudden volley of musketry from the cover of the trees threw our men into confusion, and threatened a stampede. One of our company sought a hiding place and safety by secreting himself under a wagon. Colonel Lee, commanding the regiment, was active rallying the men, and getting them into line. Seeing a passing horseman, when near the aforesaid wagon, he called out, "Who is that?" The man in hiding answered: "Me, sir. I surrender." What regiment do you belong to?" said the Colonel. "Ninth Virginia Cavalry," was the answer. It was long an amusing reflection to our Colonel that he captured at least one prisoner that night.

SHOT AT GETTYSBURG.

On the morning of the third day's conflict at Gettysburg, while drawn up in line of battle, with a shrieking shell passing over us now and then, and a whistling bullet following as an accompaniment to the doleful music, when all felt gravely serious, and momentarily awaited the order to join in the impending conflict; as we sat there on our horses, pensive and silent, suddenly a bullet struck our comrade, Palmer, full in the breast. With a groan he bent forward, and two men assisted him away, as we supposed, to death and a grave.

An hour or two later, to our infinite surprise and pleasure, here came Palmer, riding serenely back, as brisk and active as when at Office Hall the year previous he scaled the side of the ice-house and emerged from his dusty burial. It had been his fortune just prior to the battle to enter a Pennsylvania store and to appropriate a package of small blank-books, which he placed in the breast-pocket of his army shirt. The deadly ball had struck those books, and his life had been saved. The appropriation of private property by soldiers has in some instances awakened regrets, misgivings, and remorse of conscience in their sensitive breasts. It has never come to light, however, that Palmer has been smitten with the least remorse, or indulged the faintest relenting for having confiscated those little blank-books for his personal use, and put them into his breast-pocket.

A SPEEDY RECOVERY.

Perhaps the heaviest battle in which the cavalry forces of Lee's army and the Federal army of the Potomac were engaged was the one fought at Brandy Station. Just after our first onset against the enemy's lines there came a heavily-mounted force bearing down upon us in a headlong charge. Just then, one of our men, whom we called Zenock, was seen dismounted, and having no little trouble with his horse. His horse, he said, was staggering. looked as if he couldn't stand up. "He can't hold me in the saddle," he said; so Zenock was ordered to hasten to the rear, and off he went at a double-quick, leading his ill horse.

The shock of the enemy's charge was quickly met, and they turned back. Some of the Yankees, however, in their headlong dash, went through our ranks, and then, throwing down their arms, were hurried backward as prisoners. While this was happening Zenock looked behind him and saw these blue-coats galloping towards him. It looked as if they were full armed and making a dash for him. Then, in a twinkling, did Zenock bound into his saddle, and the way in which he made the dust fly on his disabled horse was a sight to see. We have read of John Gilpin's nimble steed;

"Whose trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb or rein";
"That like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong."

We have read of Tam o' Shanter's gray mare Meg, swifter than the witches of Kirk Alloway; we have read of Phil. Sheridan's famous ride from Winchester, "When, through the flash of the morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass with an eagle flight";
but I venture the assertion that not one of these ever made a livelier movement than Zenock accomplished that day on his horse with the blind staggers, escaping from those unarmed prisoners.

The Soldier's Dream.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sank on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night, a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreampt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the hope of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay!
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

—Thomas Campbell.

A Touching Incident.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

I enclose the following, to be published in your Confederate column: S. E. P.

A LAY OF SHARPSBURG.

After the battle of Sharpsburg a burial party from the northern army found a Confederate captain in the throes of death. In his hand was clasped the following note, which was given to our pickets, and was conveyed to his wife. It contained for her the first intelligence of his fate:

"My Dear Wife:

"I am dying. I die for my country. Teach our little boy to cherish my memory. I never knew until now how much I love you. Good by. Your

"WILLIAM."

TO MRS. HELEN P. * * * * :

On Sharpsburg field the mangled form
Of a dying soldier lay,
Where the thickest of the battle storm
Had left its wreck that day—
One clinched hand a pencil grasped,
One, firm, upon his breast—
A crumpled note yet tightly clasped
As his spirit sank to rest.

A generous foe, with cautious tread,
Along the trampled plain,
Sought those amid the crowded dead
He'd never see in life again,
When perchance his eyes should meet,
All stained with human gore,
The tightly clasped and soiled sheet
The dying soldier bore.

Tenderly the note was lossed—
Tearfully was read,
The last words of the soldier—
The message of the dead
To her, whose love had blessed his life,
Whose image was the last
That o'er the dying hero's gaze,
With life's bright vision passed.

"Helen, I am dying,"
A soldier's death, 'tis true—
No thought to my soul is trying,
Save that which turns to you.
I'm dying for my country,
Her honor and her laws;
'Tis sad to die and leave you—
'Tis sweet in such a cause.

Helen, teach our little one
To love his father's name—
To stand up for his country's rights—
To die, if need be, for the same,
For life holds nothing nobler,
Within its feeble span,
Than to bleed and die for Liberty—
For Liberty to man.

Never, till this hour—
(My soul shall pass from earth)
Have I known the depth and power
Of my love for your worth.
I'm dying, Helen—dying;
My heart quails not, but my eye
Sees dimly, oh! how dimly—
My wife and child—"good-by."

The blood-stained note, by kindly hand,
Was on its mission borne;
Where in a distant southern land,
She still lives to mourn—
Who, from its words of sorrow,
Learned, in agony wild,
That war had made a widow
And an orphan child.

The Policy of the Unit Rule.

(Staunton Vindicator.)

eye.

When This Cruel War is Over.

Dearest one, do you remember
When we last did meet;
When you told me how you loved me
Kneeling at my feet?
Oh! how proud you stood before me
In your suit of gray,
When you vowed for me and country
Ne'er to go astray.

CHORUS.—Weeping sad and lonely
Sighs and tears how vain,
When this cruel war is over,
Pray that we meet again.

When the summer breeze is sighing
Mournfully along,
Or when autumn leaves are falling,
Sadly breathes the song.
Oft in dreams I see you lying
On the battle plain,
Lonely, wounded, even dying,
Calling, but in vain.

CHORUS.

If amid the din of battle
Nobly you should fall,
Far away from those who love you—
None to hear your call—
Who would whisper words of comfort?
Who would soothe your pain?
Ah, the many cruel fancies
Ever in my brain!

CHORUS.

But our country called you, loved one—
Angels guide your way;
While our "southern boys" are fighting,
We can only pray.
When you strike for God and freedom,
Let all nations see
How you love our southern banner—
Emblem of the free.

CHORUS.

Lines on the Confederate Reunion.

Mr. I. C. Minford, an erudite member of the New York Journal's staff writers, was in Richmond Friday, and he, with Mr. George A. Crawford, of the Philadelphia Times, visited the Soldiers' Home and witnessed the reunion of old Confederate veterans there held. Mr. Minford drew inspiration from the scene for the following lines, which he penned and handed to the Dispatch man presen

But fragments these of the mighty host
Which once in a proud array
Went forth from Virginia's hills an
plains,
Clad in their coats of gray,
To fight and die, if the needs must be
In the cause they thought was right
Think not of that now—it's a questi
past—
But how we thrill at the sight
Of these war-scarred men of the da
agone—
These men of the sword and the gun
Who looked unawed down the canno
throat
From the morn till the set of sun;
Whose valiant deeds in the cruel strife
Made many a history's page;
Whose struggles are told in the bend
back
And the whitened locks of age.

Fragments—aye, glorious fragments th
They are samples of chivalry old
That has placed upon fair Virginia's br
A crown of the purest gold.
And while no more the dauntless host
Goes forth to the bloody fray,
And no more 'mid clinging battle smo
Are seen the suits of gray,
Still at their peaceful sight to-day
The heart is touched and thrilled,
And memory gives them a deathless fa
Which by time will ne'er be killed.
Honor them, cherish them, heroes all.
And never come the day
When from out the heart shall fade
love

in original packages and for

also be given.)

Business.	District.	STATE.

The White, White Rose

(Published by request.)

O, Georgia girl, with storm-black eye,
Don't you mind long ago, when the troops marched by,
Down the quaint old town of Maryland,
The sorry little lad in Stonewall's Band?
'Twas a beautiful eve of a blue June day,
In his tattered cap and jacket of gray,
You smiled, but you pressed the sun-browned hand.
Of the sorry little lad in Stonewall's band.

O, Georgia girl, with the hanging hair,
Of russet and gold in the sundown air,
Don't you mind that rose from the borderland
That you gave to the lad in Stonewall's band?
'Twas a white, white rose, as rose could be,
And stood 'neath the leaves of a maple tree—
A queen all crowned; 'twas a beautiful thing,
And the lad on the chestnut horse was king.

O, Georgia girl, with the tripping feet,
Don't you mind that house on the great big street?
And the hall that night, and the banner-decked hill,
For a bold old rebel was Dr. McGill!
O, the waltz, and the seat on the winding stair,
And the storm-black eyes and the red-gold hair,
And smile; ah, smile! like the noontime sun;
O, Georgia girl, was it all for fun?

O, Georgia girl, 'twas a sweet farewell
To exchange for the burst of shot and shell
At Gettysburg; but the gold-red hair,
And the eyes and the smile with the rose, went there;
Up by the guns of the dauntless foes
Went the eyes and the smile and the white, white rose—
Safe under the stars of that flaming cross—
But the bullats made merry with the chestnut horse.

O, Georgia girl, 'tis a long time ago;
Still the seasons come, and the roses blow,
There's the white, white rose, and the rose that is grand,
But none like the rose from the borderland.
'Tis a long time ago. Ah! sad are the years;
Broken is the lute that was swept in tears;
Shattered the spear, and crumbled with rust;
Tired are the feet with the battle dust,
But the white, white rose the dews still unfurl
For the sorry little lad, from the Georgia girl.

WILLIAM PAGE CARTER.

Farewell to the Star Spangled Banner.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In answer to the enquiry for a copy of the song "Farewell to the Star Spangled Banner," I send an original copy, as published by my father, John W. Davies, 1862. At that time the author of the words was not known, but later Mrs. E. D. Hundley (who in April 16, 1896, resided at Greensboro', N. C.), made herself known, and approved and corrected the publication.

W. W. DAVIES.

FAREWELL TO THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER.

Let tyrants and slaves submissively tremble,
And bow down their necks 'neath the Juggernaut car;
But brave men will rise in the strength of a nation,
And cry "Give me freedom, or else give me war!

CHORUS.

Farewell forever, the star spangled banner,
No longer shall wave o'er the land of the free,
But we'll unfurl to the broad breeze of Heaven
Thirteen bright stars 'round the Palmetto tree.

We honor, yes honor, bold South Carolina,
Though small she may be, she's as brave as the best;
With flag-ship of State she's out on the ocean
Buffeting the waves of a dark billow's crest.

Farewell forever, &c.

We honor, yes honor, our seceding Sisters,
Who launched this brave bark alone on the sea;
Though storms may howl, and thunder distraction,
We'll hurl to the blast the proud Palmetto tree.

Farewell forever, &c.

And when to the conflict the others cry onward,
Virginia will be first to rush to fight,
She'll break down the iceberg of northern coercion,
And rise in her glory of freedom and right.

Farewell forever, &c.

When the fifteen Sisters in bright constellation,
Shall dazzling shine in a nation's emblem sky;
With no hands to oppose, nor foes to oppress them,
They will shine forever, a light to every eye.

Farewell forever, &c.

"Somebody's Darling."

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

Having noticed a request for some one to send you a copy of "Somebody's Darling," please find it enclosed. I copied it from the book, "Southern Poems of the War," by Miss Emily V. Mason, of Virginia.

Mrs. B. A. A.

Richmond, Va.

"SOMEBODY'S DARLING."

(The following exquisite little poem was written by Miss Marie Lacoste, of Savannah, Ga., and was originally published, we think, in the Southern Churchman. It will commend itself by its touching pathos to all readers. The incident it commemorates was, unfortunately, but too common in both armies.)

Into a ward of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave!
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face—
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave—
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the srow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined face,
Brush every wandering, silken thread;
Cross his hands, as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead!

Kiss him once for somebody's sake;
Murmur a prayer, soft and low;
One bright curl from its fair mates take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there;
Was it a mother's, soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
Somebody enshrined him there;
Somebody wafted his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay—
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him;
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead—
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab o'er his head,
"Somebody's Darling Lies Buried Here!"

An Old Colored Woman's Lament.

Any one who lived, or travelled to any extent, in any of the southern States, especially in those on the Gulf, prior to the great rebellion, will appreciate the following:

"NEBBER COME NO MO'."

I'se been waiting long for de good ole time
Dat'll nebber come no mo',
When I used to work, an' rock, an' sing
In de little cabin do'.

My Sam was dar wid his fiddle—
Po' Sam—he's gone—done dead;
Dead for de want ob food an' clothes,
An' de shelter obernead.

An' little Mose—well, he's dead, too;
How he used to dance an' sing!
While Jim, an' Polly, an' all de res',
Went roun' an' roun' de ring.

Ole missis—bless her dear ole soul—
Would laff till her sides gib way;
An' massa'd stop at my cabin jest
To say, "How's ole mammy to-day?"

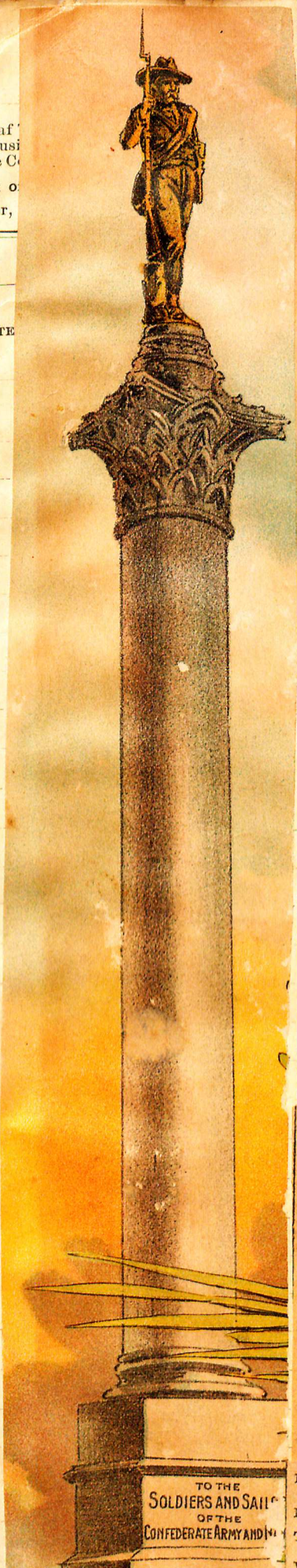
De boys—I mean ole massa's boys—
Dey lubbed ole mammy, too,
Who nussed 'em, eb'ry blessed one,
Clean down to little Mas' Loo.

Po' Massa Loo! He went to fight,
But he nebber come back no mo';
We heard dat he fell wid a ball in de breast,
In front ob de battle roar.

He put his arms around my neck
An' say: "Mammy, I love you so!"
He didn't see no harm in dat,
Do' his mammy was black an' po'.

Ole missis died wid a broken heart
When de las' ob de boys was killed,
An' massa bowed his head an' cried—
Dat his cup ob sorrow was filled.

An' here I've sot awaitin' an' awaitin'
For good time comin' no mo',
An' I see ole Missis a callin' mammy
Across from de ubber sho'.



THE SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

Built upon a lofty promontory—Libby Hill, one of the most picturesque little parks in the city—and towering high above the edifices surrounding it, overlooking almost the entire city, is the monument erected to the memory of the Confederate soldiers and sailors. This magnificent column is an appropriate tribute of a loving and grateful people to those heroes who fell in defence of truth and right and home. It towers towards the sky an eternal memorial to southern manhood, composed of a massive stone to represent each State in the Confederacy, and a colossal figure of an infantryman at rest, but ever on the alert. This monument was erected at a cost of $33,858.20, and is regarded as one of the most beautiful and imposing in Richmond. The column is 72 feet 7 5-8 inches above the surface of the ground, and the bronze figure is 17 feet 2 inches high, making a total height of nearly 90 feet.

The figure is modelled in heavy masses, so as to throw out as distinctly as possible the lines to the observer below. It represents a typical Confederate soldier, who has halted on the march. The butt of his musket rests upon a convenient stump, his right hand grasping the weapon near the upper band, and the tip of the bayonet extending slightly above the crown of his hat. His right foot is advanced, and, throwing the weight of the body on the left, and his left hand clutches the canteen strap at his hip. The rolled blanket crosses his body. He is in heavy marching order.

The State stones in the column are twelve in number, and run in the following order from bottom to top:

South Carolina.
Mississippi.
Florida.
Georgia.
Louisiana.
Texas.
Arkansas.
North Carolina.
Tennessee.
Missouri.
Kentucky.

Virginia is represented by a massively-carved capital, which is composed of three stones, and is 5 feet in diameter at the bottom and 7 feet 10 inches square at the top. Above the capital is a plinth base 7 feet 6 inches in diameter at the bottom, 4 feet in diameter at the top, and 5 feet 6 inches high. The Confederate Soldiers' and Sailors' monument was unveiled in the presence of a great multitude and in part in a drenching rain on May 30, 1894, Rev. R. C. Cave, formerly of this city, but now of St. Louis delivering the oration. The idea to erect such a memorial originated in the mind of Mr. Welch, a prominent citizen, and at present a member of the Board of Police Commissioners of this city. Plans for the movement were first discussed by several gentlemen one evening while sitting upon the front porch of the home of Captain Frank W. Cunningham, on Church Hill.

Memorial Hill.

(New York Home Journal.)

Passing stranger, drop a tear;
As you wander, lightly tread;
Look with love, and softly speak;
Here are sleeping "southern dead."

But no sculptured shaft is theirs;
Just the mystic word, "Unknown,"
Telling where the heroes lie,
Graven on a bit of stone.

When the summer days drawn nigh,
And the roses ope their blooms,
Their surviving comrades lay
All the brightest on their tombs.

When the silvery veils of night
Span the vaulted arch above,
Angels from the cloudland world
Hover on their wings of love.

On the hillside let them sleep,
Peacefully and sweetly there,
'Neath the dome of heaven's blue
And the angels' loving care.

CHARLES S. HURT.

Richmond, Va.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp-ground.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Of the loved ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said, Good-by!

Chorus.

We are tired of war on the old camp-ground;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true, who've left their homes;
Others have been wounded long.

Chorus.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground;
Many are lying near—
Some are dead and some are dying—
Many are in tears!

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying to-night, dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground.

Hollywood.

(By C. P. E. Burgwyn.)

I sat by the rippling river,
As it rolled to the sounding sea,
When the past appeared in vision
With its joy and its agony.

I saw the read uprising
From their long and silent sleep
And old ocean was revealing
Forms hid by its misty deep.

There was the martial planter,
With sabre and thundering gun;
There was the hero of Bethel,
And the victor from Bull Run.

The mighty host was gathered,
As it was when its hope was high,
When its warlike flame was flashing
Nor heard was the widow's cry.

There was the dark-plumed warrior,
Whose laugh was like bugle-call,
And there was the silent soldier,
Who stood like a firm stonewall.

Then came a long, drawn murmur,
Like echo from a distant shore,
But it grew as it neared in measure,
Till it burst with a thundering roar

And now the gathered forces
In one tumultuous yell,
Rushed on the advancing foeman
Like fiends let loose from hell.

A loud victorious paean
Sounded in mighty shout,
And I saw the foeman fleeing
In wild, promiscuous rout.

But I heard the widow's wailing,
And the orphan's cry for bread,
While visions slowly outlined
The rows of sleeping dead.

A mighty spirit called me,
And asked in solemn tone,
For what was this awful carnage;
For whom were these dark deeds done?

For what was the fireside looted?
For what was the widow made?
For what were the children orphaned?
For what were such ashes laid?

When I strove to find an answer
My tongue it would not move,
Then the spirit muttered slowly
Immortal words of love.

Man's life is but an atom
Filled oft with want and care,
But his spirit is eternal,
And his deeds long record bear.

This race of native heroes
Which lie now sleeping here
Will live in song and story,
Increasing year by year.

Their deeds will form a pattern
On which the young shall dwell;
Their words will grace all language
Which the future will retell.

No dastard must revile them,
Or their just cause disown;
Leave judgment to the future—
It will their deeds condone.

The spirit ceased and vanished;
I woke from my reverie;
Nor saw the spectral armies;
Hid was the misery.

But the river still was rippling,
And I heard in its hollow tone
That the present calls for duty
As that of the past was done.

Retrospection.

(The Pittsburg Post.)

When the days grow long and golden,
And the warm wind sways the grain,
Wafting to my cot the fragrance
Of the blossoms of the plain;
All my thoughts fly back unfettered,
To a flaming field of pain—
With an hundred thousand heroes,
I'm at Gettysburg again.

And again I hear the bugles
Sounding 'neath the summer sky,
As amid the p'unging chargers,
Shot and shell unceasing fly.
I can see the banners waving
Oer the wheat fields sweet and wide
Where the Blue and Gray in battle,
Meet amid death's crimson tide.

And the Gray lines charge our breast-works,
With one dauntless, grim desire,
Till the red tongues of the cannon
Lick their livid brows with fire;
Till their hot blood bathes the ramparts
Builded 'round that blazing hell,
Where a thousand gray-clad brothers
Fall like heroes—fighting well.

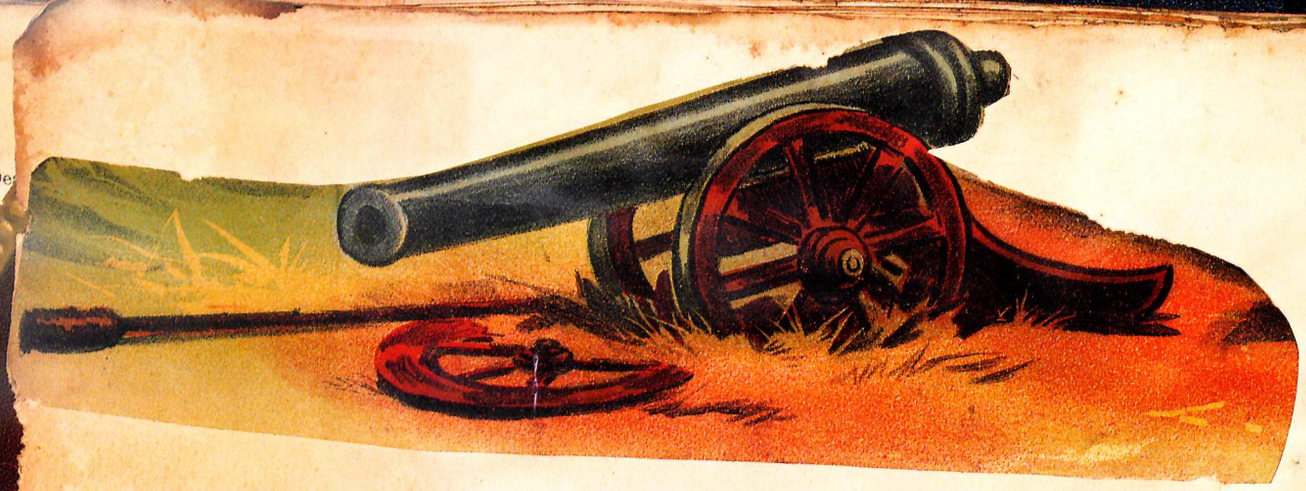
And amid the awful carnage,
I am standing face to face
With a dark-eyed southern warrior,
Born a leader of his race;
And his boyish brow grows sterner
With the love of native land,
As we meet for one brief moment—
Each a sabre in his hand.

But his proud face bears no malice—
Duty there hath set her seal,
As we each receive the message
Of the other's stinging steel.
Sinking to the earth unconscious,
While our breasts are bathed in blood,
We are lost beneath the conflict,
Sweeping o'er us like a flood.

Long the years and old the story,
Since that day of deadly strife—
And I know not how they found him,
Whether clad in death or life;
But I've prayed that some proud mother
Nursed to life his wounded form,
In a vine-clad cot in Dixie,
Where her hero boy was born.

Alleghany. —Edmund J. Wilson.

MARK TWAIN VISITS HIS HOME.



THE CHAPLAIN'S STORY

HON. WILLIAM E. CAMERON.

THE army lay at Cumberland—a host of weary men;
They slept as those who know not what their wakening, or when;
No thought of peril broke their rest, though Time sped on so fast
To usher in a morrow that to some should be the last.

They slept beside their camp-fires, each man in garb for fight,
Each weary hand still clasped around a sword or musket bright;
Above their ranks the grimy mouths of cannon darkly frowned,
And Silence walked, and Night, as ghosts, about the haunted ground:

For all among the slumbering host, unseen and yet unheard,
A thousand forms were gliding, and a thousand hearts were stirred;
Home's messengers were there, and Love's; the past was come again,
On war-worn brows from tender lips sweet kisses fell like rain.

Some of the upturned faces grew soft with childlike grace,
On some stern lips soft smiles eclips'd all ruggedness of face;
Some murmured broken phrases, low and loving, as they slept,
And down some cheeks, unused to such, tears not of sorrow swept:

Gray hairs were wrapt in dreams of youth and quaffed Love's wine again;
Some heard the merry wedding-bells and joined the bridal train;
Some weary feet, o'er meadows sweet, chased butterfly and bee,
And some tired eyes saw visions that no sentinel might see.

Some rough hands toyed and played about the very guns they grasped,
Their dreams were sweet, and those were tiny fingers that they clasped;
Some knelt to take a mother's kiss; some knew a wife's caress;
And one young heart was dreaming of a maiden's golden tress.

* * * * * *

The army woke at Cumberland! The Spirits of the Night
Took wing as all the hills were crowned in wreaths of rosy light;
Men started at the bugle's call, and cursed the glaring day
That broke the magic spell of sleep and drove their dreams away.

Again the trumpet sounded! Each soldier sought his place,
But the rising sun-tide rippled across one sleeping face;
His comrades thought upon his youth and spared his slumbers yet,
"Not now," said one; "he will awake in time for all regret."

And so they formed their serried lines, the while the foe advanced,
And banners through the greenwood streamed, plumes in the sunlight danced;
Anon the signal-gun pealed forth; the crash of onset came;
Then all along the crowded crest swept a wild sheet of flame;

And on the instant backward flashed a volley wing'd with death—
And prayers and curses rose above the battle's sulphurous breath;
Then launching forth upon the foe, like lions on their prey,
The army charged at Cumberland—and won the bloody day.

Not all at once, nor yet unbought; for hours the battle surged,
Now to, now fro, like angry waves by furious tempests scourged,
And blood was spilled like water; but when the darkness fell
The army rested on the field its valor won so well.

And then the solemn questions, "Who is missing?" "Who are dead?"
Went through the camp, and answering them the flush of triumph fled;
But no one knew of Arthur, of the boy they loved so well,
To his valor none bore witness—of his ending none could tell;

Until at last a comrade, searching up the mountain side,
Found the boy still calmly sleeping where had ris'n the battle's tide—
Calmly sleeping, shot while sleeping, with the dream still in his smile,
And lips fixed as caressing a maiden's tress the while.

* * * * * * *

They buried him at Cumberland. 'Tis many a weary day
Since in a dream of love and hope his life-blood ebbed away:
And Peace now blesses all the land once red with blood so brave,
Almost untrodden is the turf around the soldier's grave!

But one there is who comes alone, a maiden lovely yet—
Though on her brow the sacred seal of suffering is set;
Her face, as she unveils to Death, is sorrowfully fair,
And from her loosened braids there droops a wealth of sunny hair.

* * * * * * *

Great hearts those were that strove for right in the brave days of old,
And true those hearts of women which the memories of them hold!
Well rest the men who died for us, whose blood the altars fed!
God's pity for the tender ones, still mourning for their dead!

MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

From Photo by courtesy of Messrs. Davis &

Miss Winnie Davis.

(A Tribute.)

(Miss Varina Anne Jefferson Davis, daughter of Jefferson Davis, President of the Southern Confederacy, was born in the Executive Mansion, in Richmond, Va., in 1863. She died at Narragansett, R. I., in the Rockingham Hotel, Sunday noon, September 18, 1898, in her 36th year, and was buried in Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Va., by her deceased father the Friday evening following. Below is my tribute to her memory:)

Born in the throes of righteous war,
A daughter of the sunny South,
She rose up like a morning star,
To light the home, to shine afar,
In childhood, girlhood, and in youth;
And then in womanhood, unwed,
To wait beside a father's bed,
To husband up the words he said,
And then, in death, compose his head.

The solace of a mother's heart,
And her companion day by day,
To whom she did her love impart,
She now must needs from her depart,
And from the shackles of her clay,
To walk upon the further shore,
Where conflicts all are passed and o'er,
And with her sainted sire adore,
And see the Saviour evermore.

"The Daughter" called—so known to fame—
"Of the Confederacy" by all,
She gloried ever in the same,
And gloried in her father's name,
And in the cause that caused his fall.
For where, thought she, for sword or pen,
For brave and patriotic men,
Could there arise such cause again
As Dixie fought and died for them?

With mind of a romantic mould,
And with a nature warm and true,
She loved once dearly, we are told,
And gave her heart in troth to hold
To one, who fondly came to woo,
But, ere the happy nuptials came,
She felt she could not change her name
So linked to honor, worth, and fame,
And, hence, resolved to keep the same.

Trained in the schools, and broadened, too,
By reading, travel, and converse,
She was a dilettante true,
Was fawned upon from her debut,
Yet was as gentle as a nurse;
Hence, her ideals all were high,
For, though in favor, far and nigh,
And bound to earth by many a tie,
She built no lower than the sky.

We felt, at times, our bird had flown
Into the North too far from home;
But, no! her heart was with her own,
And in it one pervading tone,
Where'er she was, where'er might roam,
That's Dixie's cause was just and right
And that her father, knightly knight,
Was righteous in God's holy sight,
And all the Southrons in the fight.

So womanly, so debonair,
Her eyes as soft as evening stars,
The type of Southland women rare,
Embodiment of hopes once fair,
Enfold her in the "Stars and Bars"—
The bonny flag that now is furled,
But which electrified the world,
When men for it to death were hurled,
O'er whom the smoke of battle curled.

Yes, thus enfolded, lay her down,
Her father's classic dust beside,
That she may share in his renown,
And on her grave, as if to crown,
Put floral tributes, deep and wide.
For she was in her worth and mien
Historic Dixie's uncrowned queen,
Whose throne among us should have been,
But Heaven now is her demesne.

And there may birds of sweetest song,
And sighing spirits of the pines
As viewless as a seraph throng,
And soothing south-winds, linger long,
Like holy saints at holy shrines;
And love will there be often led
To lay fresh garlands on the bed,
Where, be it said, with lowly head,
Our Winnie sleeps, but is not dead.

—R. M. TUTTLE.

rstown, Va., September 23, 1898.

Winnie Davis, "The Daughter of the Confederacy."

In those days of deepest gloom,
When we stood as by the tomb
Of our Southland's fallen glory and her dead,
Then there came to bless our chief
In his hour of stainless grief,
A heartease on a cherub's cradle bed.

Of those cruel days that followed,
Of those trying scenes unhallowed,
This wee heroine was a sharer of it all,
With her wooing baby grace
And her dimpling lovely face,
She was sunshine on that prison wall.

All through childhood's happy time,
Till sweet girlhood in her prime,
Stood embodied as ideal to our raptured gaze,
Then our hopes were realized
As our Southland recognized
A woman all deserving of her praise.

When the King of Kings decreed
That our Davis should be freed,
We sadly bowed in sorrow to His will,
But to us he left his daughter—
Our own Confederate daughter—
A prouder gift no millionaire could will.

Her tactful manner, kindly grace,
Made her a queen in every place,
The carping ce'n in her found naught to criticise;
'Twas but to see her to rejoice
And hear the music of her voice
The magic power and witchery of her eyes.

A few short weeks of wild unrest,
And then she's gathered with the blessed,
With her dear father in sweet Hollywood beside the river,
She'll sleep so well
Till trumpet sound shall tell
God's risen saints to dwell with Christ forever.

We know not till they're called away
The blessings of our yesterday,
To-day our Southland mourns her matchless dead,
In this hour of our grief,
For the daughter of our chief,
A heartsease find where seraph maiden led.

Mrs. J. WILLIAM JONES.

Richmond, Va., September 20, 1898.

Their Daughter.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

Winnie Davis, "Daughter of the Confederacy," died at Narragansett, September 18, 1898.)

I.

He loves the most, when heaviest seems the touch
He lays upon His own—
The ripest passing, that the tenderest spray
May from its stem be riven in a day—
Yet they who suffer ofttimes marvel much,
Tho' stilled the tone
That murmurs at His way!

II.

Strange, hard—too bitter for mere mortal ken—
The fiat spoken seems.
We miss—we must!—the nobleness and worth
Of her a people looked on, since her birth,
As tie between the past and hoary men
Who live in dreams:
Who loved her best of earth!

III.

Born, as the dull dusk came down on the cause
Her sire loved and led—
Just as its bright day died in dew of tears,
To send soft afterglow across the years—
Their child adoptive, she! For the great laws
Of love soft said:
"Re-christen her as theirs!"

IV.

And since that hour, that fair girl-form has stood
On that dim borderland,
Which from the present parts the veiled past,
And all these years they loved her, till at last
Each rugged rebel claimed her as his blood;
And each rough hand
A heart at her feet cast!

V.

Now, quick those hearts, o'er full, go out to one,
Crushed and o'erborne
By load too heavy for a woman weak.
Tho' kindred soul to suff'ring soul may speak,
The faith-born creed forespoken by The Son—
Mortal we mourn,
Immortal Truth to seek!

VI.

Oh, mother! sitting with hot, tearless eyes,
Peering into the past,
Not for to-day, or yesterday, was spoken
That pledge sublime and never to be broken.
E'en from the ashes, He bids light arise;
And at the last
Sends thee His precious token!

T. C. D'LEON.

Acrostic.

(For the Dispatch.)

Midday death's angel softly crept
Into "that room" and "Winnie" slept
Serenely on that "Sabbath day,"
Since angels bore her soul away.

Virginia weeps and southrons mourn
As she unto the tomb is borne;
Rest sweet, to find among the brave,
In land which first her being gave.
Nor may she wake 'til safely borne
Across "the river" to His throne.

Along with sire and brother sleep,
Near, where through the crags, thde waters sweep,
Nearing that "great and mighty sea,"
Eternal as our love for thee.

Deus of earth, air, sea, and sky,
As angel let her spirit fly;
Venus of life to realms on high,
In peace 'til then, among the good,
Sleep sweetly on, in Hollywood.

Inscription:

VARINA ANN DAVIS.
Died, September 18, 1898.
Aged 33 Years.

MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

The Generous Comments of a Great English Paper.

(London Daily Telegraph.)

We deeply regret to announce that Miss Winifred Varina Davis, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jefferson Davis, died on Sunday last at Narragansett Bay, in the State of Rhode Island. Miss Winnie Davis, as she was universally called, was born at Richmond, in Virginia, in the middle of the tremendous civil war between the Northern and Southern States, which lasted from April, 1861, until April, 1865. So closely was she identified with that fratricidal struggle that throughout the Southern States affection for her father, whose memory is now as warmly cherished in "Dixie Land" as it was at one time unjustly vilified in some quarters, caused his youngest daughter to be regarded with peculiar interest as the "Child of the Confederacy." She came into the world at a moment when the adherents of the "Lost Cause" were under a dark cloud—that is to say, not long after the death of Stonewall Jackson, whose loss to the South cannot be overestimated, for with it all the victories previously gained by General Lee disappeared.

After the war Mr. and Mrs. Davis sent the young lady, whose premature death we have now to deplore, to Germany to be educated. Her quick and bright intelligence and her affectionate heart responded like the "sensitive plant" of Shelley to the rays of learning which shone upon her in the land of Goethe and Schiller. Writing to an old friend last year, Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who is in her 71th year, said: "I have grown very old and feeble, and the long years of calm retrospect mixed with heavy trials and sorrows have left me with enlarged sympathies, accompanied by many of the disabilities of old age. The estates left to me by my husband were all in cotton plantations, and brought in so little revenue that my daughter, Winnie, and I, in order to get literary work, live in an apartment in New York. Our home, on the Gulf of Mexico, is too isolated to admit of our living there without some one to protect us. Winnie has grown up to be a learned and quite clever woman. We educated her in Germany, and she availed herself thoroughly of the many advantages within her reach. My only other living child is the wife of Mr. J. A. Hayes, president of the First National Bank, of Colorado Springs. As soon as I can lay my hand on a copy, I will send you a novel by Winnie, which has been received by the public with no slight degree of favor."

Miss Winnie Davis grew up to be a very handsome—indeed, a grand—looking woman. She had many offers of marriage, but her heart seemed to be buried in the grave of the Lost Cause, except that part of it which clung with unchanging devotion to her mother. Whenever mother and daughter travelled through the Southern States their journey resembled one of Queen Elizabeth's royal progresses through England after the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Miss Winnie Davis made many appearances upon southern platforms, and the chivalrous loyalty to women, which is nowhere more apparent and nowhere more enthusiastic than among southern men, "rose to the hearts and gathered in the eyes" of the sons of the soldiers who fought so heroically for Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet as they gazed fondly upon the daughter of Jefferson Davis, "and thought upon the days that are no more." Miss Winnie Davis and her mother were southerners "au bout des ongles." Her ambition she derived equally from her father and mother, but her idiosyncrasies and characteristics came from her father alone. It was one of Jefferson Davis's fundamental articles of faith that no society of high-minded men could exist in which the practice of duelling was not recognised. He founded this belief on the conviction that unless men's tongues were controlled and kept in order by the possibility of a challenge to fight a duel things would be said about women which no honorable man ought to allow to be uttered in his presence. Strangely enough, the same theory about the necessity of duelling as a regenerator of society is so forcibly urged in Miss Winnie Davis's book, which enforces the importance of maintaining high ideals, both in men and women, that any one acquainted with President Jefferson Davis might have imagined that his daughter's words were written by his pen.

It is distressing to think of the terrible blow which has deprived Mrs. Jefferson Davis—one of the kindest-hearted and most sympathetic women in existence—of the companionship of an idolized daughter, for, and in whom, she lived. It was her habit to look forward to the yearly holiday which she and her daughter always passed every summer at Narragansett Bay with no ordinary pleasure. Henceforward, the thought of a place associated with such a tragedy will be so fraught with pain that, on both sides of the Atlantic, many hearts will turn in pity and sympathy to the lonely widow of Jefferson Davis, who, in her old age, has just had to endure another sorrow, in comparison with which all that has gone before will seem light indeed.

Conquered.

(For the Dispatch.)

(Lines written on a train in North Carolina on reading in a paper that Sedgewick Post, Grand Army of the Republic, had asked to be permitted to escort the remains of Miss Winnie Davis to the railroad station at Narragansett Pier.)

Not on the smoke-crowned heights of Gettysburg,
Where like the autumn leaves before the winter blast
The soldiers of the Southland charging
Unnumbered hosts, fell thick and fast,
Not there ye conquered.

Not in the springtime on the field of Appomattox,
With scattered ranks, hungry and sore distressed,
The soldiers of our Southland, weary,
Laid down their arms with hearts all sore oppressed,
Not then ye conquered.

But when long years had passed, the strife forgotten,
At Narragansett Pier Death's angel came
And claimed the Pride and Jewel of our Southland,
Daughter of the Confederacy her name,
That day ye conquered.

When ye, brave soldiers of the Northland,
Asked the sad privilege to guard her bier,
Ye made to vanish the last drop of hatred,
And caused to fall full many a southern tear.
'Twas then ye conquered.

Jefferson Davis to His Child.

LETTER WRITTEN WHILE HE WAS A PRISONER IN FORTRESS MONROE.

The following hitherto unpublished letter, says the Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger of June 4, will be read with special interest at this time. "Little Pollie," to whom the letter was addressed, is now Mrs. Hayes, who honored by her presence the unveiling of the Confederate monument.

FORTRESS MONROE,
May 23d, 1867.

My Dear Little Daughter:

Your welcome letter was duly received, having been forwarded by the courtesy of the Attorney-General, to whom you enclosed it. Your mother and little Winnie are well. Their arrival was a great pleasure to me, though I had urged that they should stay with you all until some change in my condition had taken place. I desired that you should all be together and have compensation for your long and sad separation. Yet it was a great pleasure to me to hear of you more fully than I could have done without seeing some one who came directly from you, and my weary heart revived at the sight of my dear wife and cheery infant. Winnie is very bright and sings and laughs, and seemed to recollect me as soon as we met, and is almost as loving as my little Pollie was, when, in lisping accents, she welcomed my coming at evening and grieved at my going in the morning.

I am much pleased by the account given of your improvement, but still wish when I see you again to find you my little child. You will always be to me my own little Pollie. To others you may be what years and education make you.

sh my darling daughter to be all to them which time will make her. I look with pride on your badge for good conduct, and then I look away to see the picture always in my memory of my baby daughter. In dreams you come to me, the same gentle, loving child, from whom I never received anything which is not happiness now to remember.

I am truly glad that you have so demeaned yourself as to make your teachers love you, and that you have not failed to regard them as you should—in the light of benefactors. Some children forget that their teachers are laboring for their good, and take more trouble to break needful rules that would be required to observe them, and try to learn as little as they can. Such deserve punishment. They will know so little when they leave school that their parents will be grieved by their bad reputation and ashamed of their ignorance. How it makes me rejoice to be assured that my little daughter will never cause me either pain.

I cannot tell when we will meet again, but I pray that our separation may soon be terminated, and most earnestly do I pray that the Lord may guide and protect you, and by such paths as to Him may seem best, lead you to that better life which is the reward He has promised to all who believe on Him and obey His commandments. Give my love to your grandma, aunt and brothers when you see them. Thank your kind teachers for their care of you. You can write to your mother direct, but when you write to me you will as heretofore enclose your letter to Attorney-General Speed.

Farewell, my dear little daughter. May you be as happy as you are beloved by your father.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Miss Margaret Davis, Convent of Sacred Heart.

To Jefferson Davis.

(For the Dispatch.)

Hail matchless chief, beneath Virginia's skies,
Fair as in life, thy deathless glories rise;
Where the broad James, with giant's muffled roar,
Sings saddest requiems at thy charnel door.

Here rests in state, beneath the virgin sod,
Our king uncrowned, the statesman born of God.
With humble heart, without a sigh or groan,
He raised the cross and bore his griefs alone.

And not in vain, though Victory set her crown
On brows less worthy, men of less renown;
For still to us, from Memory's casket bright,
Rises in splendor our new sun of light.

For from the heights, by dauntless heroes won,
To wider plains, toward the setting sun;
Bravest of the brave, thy country's honored name
Shall echo down the hard-won steeps of fame.

No laurel wreath encrowned the soldier's brow,
No storied pen recalled the patriot's vow;
But nature's nobles, rallying at the call,
Died, dreading naught, to save our land from thrall.

Beyond the reach of envious foeman's glaive,
Light rest the earth above the hero's grave;
Let the dark hills the echoing answer give,
"Where Truth abounds there let Freedom live."

ROBERT LOUIS FREEAR.

mule's." He was untiring in his efforts to arrange a convention with the United States

C., of company oneth, 5th South Carolina Regiment, come home and get married. Jeems is willin', I is willin', his mammy says she is

previously unknown and not to be anticipated by gentlefolk.

Many ... ces are devoted to a description

PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

While this pleasant conversation was pending the parlor door opened and a ray of sunshine beamed upon the assembly. It was not nature's sunshine, but the sunshine of youth and sweetness, that loveliest of women, Miss Winnie Davis,

the "daughter of the Confederacy," and the darling of the South.

If her mother's manners are graceful and pretty, what can be said of her's? She wore the sweetest smile and had the pleasantest word for everybody.

Miss Winnie is exceedingly handsome and has the most expressive, laughing blue eyes, which portray unmistakable merriment one moment and a depth of tenderness the next. It would be unjust to call her beautiful—beautiful women are not always noble—but she is strikingly pretty, and what adds (and continues to add unceasingly) to her charm is that ineffable sweetness and gentleness of expression which grows on the beholder and renders her more attractive each succeeding moment.

AS SHE APPEARS.

Miss Winnie as she appeared before the committee was handsomely attired in a beautiful black lace dress, which fitted her slender figure to perfection. She is rather above the medium height of women, but exceedingly graceful.

GRANDSON JEFFERSON.

Master Jefferson Davis Hayes, the pretty little grandson of Mrs. Davis, was brought into the parlor and introduced to the gentlemen. He wore a sailor suit, and to use an expression which by right belongs exclusively to ladies, was "just as cute as he could be." At first the little fellow appeared timid, but Miss Winnie said, "These gentlemen are southerners; go and shake hands with them." She added, laughingly, "He always says he wants to kiss southern men, but declines to allow ladies the privilege." Mrs. Addison Hayes, of Colorado Springs, another daughter of Mrs. Davis, also met the committee. She is equally as agreeable as her mother and sister, and very pretty, though of a totally different type, having very dark eyes and hair. Her husband was also introduced, and is an exceedingly pleasant gentleman. He left New York later in the day for Narragansett Pier, where the family will probably pass the summer.

GENERAL WISE SPEAKS.

Just before the committee took their departure from Mrs. Davis General Wise reverted to the object of their visit. He said that while they appreciated her fondness for Mississippi and the claims of that State upon her, yet they thought that Richmond, the birthplace of the "Daughter of the Confederacy" and the resting-place of the little boy who sleeps at Hollywood, could present still stronger appeals.

"Although the beloved one who has now departed shed much lustre upon Mississippi," continued General Wise, "Le achieved his chief glory and fame in Virginia." In concluding General Wise told Mrs. Davis that it was not the desire of the committee to hurry or prejudice her in the decision she made. No matter at what place the ashes of the dead ex-President should rest, the whole South was determined to erect a monument to his memory.

MUCH AFFECTED.

Mrs. Davis was much affected by these remarks, and perhaps a tear or two glistened in the eye of some of the ladies present. At any rate they were deeply touched. Mrs. Davis repeated the statements she made in the beginning of the conference, and seemed to give strong hopes to the committee that they had at least in part accomplished their object. It is evident that she has the tenderest recollections of Richmond. But she justly feels that she is under many obligations to the Mississippians.

SIGHT-SEEING.

After the conference the committee, who are all perfectly acquainted with New York, amused themselves revisiting familiar haunts. In the afternoon they drove around Central Park, where the affable Hibernian who engineered the carriage pointed out "*Cle-opatrick's*" needle, as he described it, in significant Celtic language. The Irish element, by the way, seems not only to be abundant here, but if anything even appears to predominate.

One of these worthy sons of Erin served the Virginians at their table, and was superfine in his capacity as *Garcon*, despite the fact that "his name was Dennis."

COMING HOME.

General Wise, Mayor Ellyson, and Colonel Cary left for Richmond to-night on the 9 o'clock train. General Anderson, who is in the best of health, will remain over until to-morrow, and Mr. Frank Christian, who is in New York, did not attend the conference, as was expected. E. R. C.

June 10, 1889. in New Orleans, w... south of Mason and ...ixon's line lovable and ...nmously

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

The Richmond Committee Performs Its Important Mission.

GENERAL WISE'S FEELING REMARKS.

Mrs. Davis Deeply Touched by His Allusions—The Committee Feel That They Have in Part Accomplished Their Object.

[From a Staff Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, June 23.—The committee appointed by the Chamber of Commerce to confer with Mrs. Jefferson Davis, who is stopping in this city, regarding the removal of her husband's remains to Richmond, arrived in New York this morning about 7 o'clock. The following gentlemen were in the party: General Joseph R. Anderson (chairman), General Peyton Wise, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, Colonel John B. Cary, Captain W. G. Waller (a brother-in-law of Mrs. Davis), and a representative of the DISPATCH.

SOUTHERN HEADQUARTERS.

The committee all registered at the New York Hotel, at which place the wife of the late Confederate President and her family are stopping. General Anderson, who is well acquainted with Mrs. Davis, received a very pleasant note from her shortly after his arrival in the city, stating that she would be more than pleased to receive the committee in her private parlor at 10 o'clock.

THE RECEPTION.

At this hour the Richmond gentlemen met her in the *salon*, and a delightful interview followed. Captain Waller assisted Mrs. Davis in receiving the committee, and introduced them individually to her. In a few minutes the meeting was entirely devoid of formality. Mrs. Davis is quite a handsome woman, and though her hair is silvered with the sorrows which it has been her sad lot to encounter, she bears her years quite well.

GRACEFUL AND ENTERTAINING.

She is quite stout, but very active and graceful in her manners, while her conversation is highly entertaining—in fact, brilliant. One talking with her without the knowledge of her high position in life and society would instantly infer that she was an authoress or a woman of the highest literary ability, for her command of language and vocabulary is wonderful. But that which gives her the greatest charm of all is that over-present unmistakable evidence of pure, unaffected noble. She is indeed a lady, and, what is better still, the true type of a southern lady. When she appeared before the committee she wore an unpretentious but exceedingly neat mourning dress of black.

THE CONFERENCE.

Mayor Ellyson formally commenced the conference by reading the resolutions adopted by the Chamber of Commerce. Though this was properly speaking the function of the Chairman the latter was unable to perform this duty on account of throat trouble, and therefore the Mayor read for him.

AS YET UNDECIDED.

Mrs. Davis then expressed her high appreciation of the honor in which her husband was held, and said that she always loved Richmond, not only for its dear associations, but also for its kind, delightful people. She could give the committee no decisive answer just at this time, as she had only a few hours before received a message which stated that a delegation from Mississippi to confer with her upon the same subject would arrive to-morrow.

IN TEN DAYS.

The matter, she added, was one which required mature reflection, but she would make her answer in ten days. From what she subsequently said, however, the committee were greatly encouraged. The subject was then dropped for a short while and pleasant convesation engaged in. Mrs. Davis anxiously inquired after General Anderson's family (of whom she seems remarkably fond) and then expressed her pleasure at meeting Mayor Ellyson again.

AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCES.

He attended the funeral of her husband, and though she met him under these touching circumstances she remembered him quite well. The courtly lady also inquired concerning the health of General Wise's family and regretted that on the occasion of their last visit she had been unable to bestow as much attention upon them as she desired. "You know," she added with a pleasant smile, "when they visited me I had a foreign gentleman as my guest and he spoke all the languages, but rendered himself as unintelligible in one of them as he did in the other."

LIKES SOUTHERN SOCIETY.

Mrs. Davis said that she disliked travelling very much, as her health was not good and a profusion of trunks was always a necessary accompaniment to her movements. Moreover, though the northern people were kind and pleasant, she liked southern society better. She could not help it.

THE DAVIS MANSION.

She expressed great pleasure at knowing that the Jeff Davis mansion was to be used for a museum, and described with animation the beautiful trees which formerly grew in the lovely old yard.

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... SECRETARY.

... day of ... February

THE DAVIS MEMOIR.

Two Large Volumes by the Widow of the Ex-President.

A SAD AND SOLEMN HISTORY,

Much New Information Regarding the Confederacy.

ITS DAYS OF HOPELESS STRUGGLE.

A Vindication from Many of the Charges Against Him—An Order for Gen. Butler's Capture and Execution—Mr. Davis Hoped for Peace After Sumter Had Fallen—His Presentation of the Slavery Question—Anxieties of the Last Year of the War—Criticism of Gen. Miles.

"Jefferson Davis, Ex-President of the Confederate States; a Memoir by His Wife," is the title of a book just issued by Belford Company, of this city. It is in two volumes, illustrated and well made in all respects. It is dedicated: "To the soldiers of the Confederacy, who cheered and sustained Jefferson Davis in the darkest hour by their splendid gallantry, and never withdrew their confidence from him when defeat settled on our cause, this volume is affectionately dedicated by his wife."

J. DAVIS WHEN YOUNG.

Other books recently issued, more especially those published by Mr. Davis himself shortly before his death in 1889, have set forth ably and fully the position of the Southern States in the great controversy which led to secession. These also have made luminous the war and the great events it contained as viewed from the standpoint of Southern interest and feeling. But in such works, necessarily, the appearance of the ex-President of the Confederacy is merely incidental and his true measure and importance, even as an historical figure, become obscured behind events of which he was the moving cause and personages whom he directed.

To the world at large Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, and a score of other dashing Confederate soldiers are men of much greater impress. Their scope, their purpose, their labors, their gallantry is so easy to understand, so grandly, so tragically spectacular. Long ago the North has forgiven them all and taken them to its heart. But Davis—to, perhaps, a majority of his countrymen—is still the embodiment of A Great Wrong that caused brothers to war. A Great Wrong persisted in with insane obstinacy through war and ruin and rivers of blood till the people who had followed him lay panting, wounded and exhausted at his feet incapable of further resistance to the foe whom they still despised and hated but whose strength had borne them down.

THE SEPARATION.

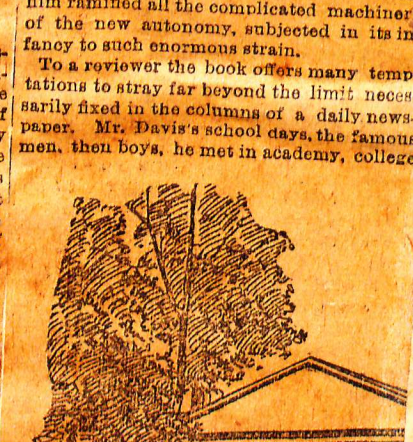
On the eventful 21st of January, 1861, the crowded Senate Chamber, gay with ladies clad in festive colors, became silent and still as the pale, emaciated Senator

BUST OF J. DAVIS.

Davis, of Mississippi, rose in his place, and in a voice still weak from recent illness and burdened with sadness he could not control, bade farewell forever to his colleagues and announced his State's withdrawal from the Union. Few, indeed, remember the music of that voice, the dignity of manner, the charm of presence, the purity of personal fame of that comparatively young man who had served the Union so gallantly, so honorably, so efficiently in the war with Mexico, and afterwards as President Pierce's Secretary of War. Still fewer remember that the position he held on the 21st of January, 1861—viz., that the Constitution of the United States expressly recognized the right of property in slaves, and, this being the case, Federal legislation against this property right was a breach of the contract by which the States bound themselves together—was the position he had always maintained from the very beginning of the abolitionist agitation, and this position he adhered to when he died at the age of eighty-one years, still honored and beloved by the whole Southern people, who had followed him through so much suffering.

The memoir, therefore, has a peculiar value and a field especially its own. In it is vividly depicted the man in whose hands the South placed all her armies and all her resources and on whom rested all the varied responsibilities of leadership. Holland to this day honors the memory of a little child who, finding a leak in one of the dikes, stopped it with his baby hand, and, remaining faithful at his post for many hours till help came, saved the country from flood. There were a thousand leaks in the dikes of the Confederacy ere the Northern guns had thundered long, and on this war-worn man, with health enfeebled by honorable wounds, fell all the task of stopping them. The great war chiefs of the South were his instruments, and the work of active hostilities was hardly more than a detail. From him ramified all the complicated machinery of the new autonomy, subjected in its infancy to such enormous strain.

To a reviewer the book offers many temptations to stray far beyond the limit necessarily fixed in the columns of a daily newspaper. Mr. Davis's school days, the famous men, then boys, he met in academy, college



MR. DAVIS'S BRIAR

and military school, his adventures as a young lieutenant in the Indian country, his after life on plantation and in the United States Senate, are all charmingly depicted and lose nothing from the fact that the subject is the writer's ideal hero, for the view thus presented is the view held also by those who knew him most intimately and the view that has crystallized in Southern tradition.

Tempting also is Mrs. Davis's wealth of anecdote of Clay, Webster, Calhoun, Taylor, Scott, Adams and scores of other military and civic personages who moved about in Washington society when she was there in the days before the war. Her comments and descriptions of men and women alike are very frank, and the silhouette of her own little figure is seen clinging to her husband's arm and "trying to be a statesman."

HIS BIRTHPLACE.

Jefferson Davis was born on June 3, 1808, in a farm-house, on the site of which now stands the Baptist Church of Fairview, Todd County, Ky. His father, Samuel Davis, was the son of Evan Davis, the youngest of three brothers, who came from Wales in the early part of the eighteenth century. Evan Davis settled in Georgia.

Samuel, his son, fought in the Revolutionary war. After the war was over he married Jane Cook, a beautiful and intelligent lady of Scotch-Irish descent. Five sons and five daughters resulted from this union, and the youngest of these was Jefferson Davis, the future President of the Confederacy. Though born and bred on a farm like Abraham Lincoln, young Davis enjoyed many advantages of companionship and education denied to the War President of the North. His father was a man of some education, of extraordinary judgment and strong character. Allusion has already been made to his mother. Joseph E. Davis, Jefferson's elder brother, who was a successful lawyer and planter, and who became a father to the youth on the death of Mr. Samuel Davis, in 1824, was a man of sterling worth, and apparently had much to do with forming Jefferson's views on the Constitution and limitation of Federal power.

Mr. Davis married twice, his first wife being a daughter of Gen. Zachary Taylor. She died in 1835 and in 1845 he married the author of the memoir, a daughter of W. B. Howell, of the Briars, near Natchez, Miss.

Loving hands present ex-President Davis to the reader. A Christian of unfailing faith and fathomless patience; a patriot pure and unspotted as Washington: a soldier, fearless, skilful and far-seeing; a gentleman, dignified, refined, tender and merciful, whose last thought was of self.

ANGER AT GEN. BUTLER.

Only once during the great struggle does Mr. Davis seem to have given way to indignation. That was on receipt of a copy of Gen. Butler's famous "Order 28," issued May 15, 1862, and directed against the women of New Orleans. Mr. Davis's detestation of Butler is vividly expressed in the proclamation immediately made by him. Here is an extract:

I do order that he be no longer considered or treated simply as a public enemy of the Confederate States of America, but as an outlaw and common enemy of mankind; and that in event of his capture, the officer in command of the capturing force do cause him to be immediately executed by hanging; and I do further order that no commissioned officer of the United States taken captive shall be released on parole before exchange until the said Butler shall have met with due punishment for his crimes. * * * That all commissioned officers in the command of said Benjamin F. Butler be declared not entitled to be considered as soldiers engaged in honorable warfare, but as robbers and criminals, deserving death; and that they and each of them be, whenever captured, reserved for execution. * * * That all negro slaves captured in arms be at once delivered over to the executive authorities of the respective States to which they belong, to be dealt with according to the laws of the said States.

Mrs. Davis contends elsewhere that the entire responsibility for the misery of Union soldiers confined in Libby and Andersonville Prisons rests with the North for refusing to exchange prisoners. But in the extracts given above two very serious obstacles to such exchanges are suggested. One is the outlawing of Butler and all his officers, and the other the determination expressed to make a distinction between white and negro soldiers—the latter to be returned to slavery. On this rock the negotiations for an exchange between Grant and Lee split.

BEGINNING OF THE CONFLAGRATION.

It was rumored that he and other Southern Senators, representing States which had withdrawn from the Union, were about to be arrested and tried for treason. Thinking this a good way in which to test the constitutionality of secession, Mr. Davis lingered in Washington till convinced that there was no intention on the part of the Government to take this course. Then he travelled towards his home, making speeches at several points to the excited people who gathered to meet him as his train drew up at the railroad stations. Mississippi had commanded him to announce to the Senate her withdrawal from the Union, he said. This announcement he had made. The course of Mississippi and her sister States was only taken after the most persistent provocation. All the South wanted was peace and to be let alone.

After the organization of the Confederate Government, with himself as President, Mr. Davis still believed that peace could be preserved. Even when Sumpter was bombarded and taken he "thanked God that no blood was spilled more precious than a

mule's." He was untiring in his efforts to arrange a convention with the United States Government which should calmly consider the ground of contest and enable ancient allies to part as friends, if part they must. It was with this end in view that he sent peace commissioners to Washington. Only when the door was shut in the face of these commissioners, and when Lincoln issued his proclamation calling for 75,000 volunteers, did he realize that the States of the North could contemplate a war of subjugation.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S PLATFORM.

Absolutely persuaded of the righteousness of his cause, and trusting to God for the issue, the President of the Confederacy then prepared for war. The platform on which he and the South stood is not often presented to Northern eyes as clearly as in this memoir. Digested into brief propositions it was as follows:

1. Property in slaves was an inheritance for which the North was responsible equally with the South, as the negroes were brought from Africa in vessels owned by Northern men.

2. This property was specially recognized and protected by the Constitution. The right to a slave thus recognized could not be impaired by reason of an owner taking his property into a State that prohibited slavery; for even if the citizens of the State in question had agreed among themselves not to own slaves, this could not affect the constitutional guarantee to those who did own them, as the Constitution is general and supreme. Therefore, Abolitionists actively engaged in taking this slave property from its owners and setting it free are robbers in the eye of the Constitution and should be dealt with as criminals.

3. That the slaves were essential to the South. Without them agriculture could not be carried on. Their sudden and violent emancipation would ruin every slave State.

4. That the South had stopped the importation of negroes from Africa and did not desire to extend slavery; that she would welcome gradual emancipation and hoped to attain that end.

5. That all right to govern proceeds from the consent of the governed, and that the people of the Southern States, no longer consenting to the Government of the United States, had the most absolute and unqualified right to secede and establish whatever government suited them best.

6. That secession was only resorted to after the South had exhausted every means consistent with honor to stay in the Union and preserve peace.

7. That after driving out the Southern States by a course of outrage and vituperation, directed against them for refusing to ruin themselves, the North trampled the Constitution under foot, cast Republican principles to the winds, denounced the seceders as rebels and took precisely the same stand against them as England had taken against the revolting colonists.

This is the platform on which Mr. Davis stood at the outbreak of hostilities. In his eyes the war into which he led his people was a sacred struggle for liberty. The whilom Republic of the North had suddenly become a despotic monster. And at his death that platform was as sound as ever. Not a splinter was missing.

TRIALS ON EVERY HAND.

It is hard to understand how a man whose health was as badly shattered as that of Mr. Davis could possibly stand the strain to which he was subjected during the war. A thousand cities, towns and villages looked to him for protection. Two hundred thousand soldiers depended on him for supplies. There were the nations of Europe to conciliate, perhaps win over, anyhow neutralize. His Government was new, therefore to some extent experimental. It had no currency and no diplomatic relations. Arms

J. DAVIS, JR.

were very scarce. They had to be bought abroad and imported. The blockade, the refusal of foreign nations to accord to the Confederacy anything more than belligerent rights, its consequent inability to get the ships and arms home from the market in which it bought them and which its foe was a valued and respected customer, these were great odds, and there was something even worse, the absence of those manufactures which went so far towards winning victory for the North.

CARES THICK AND FAST.

Gen. J. E. Johnston and Gen. Beauregard won great victories and failed to follow them up. The full text of their correspondence with Mr. Davis in these and other disputed matters is given. There were, as usual, "murmurings among the people." Mrs. Davis says:

The steady depletion of the Confederate forces and the consequent success of the enemy increased the sufferings of our people; suffering made them querulous, and they looked about to find the person to blame for their misfortune. Some of them found the culprit in the President. The most hopeful man might be expected to lose heart under this heavy load, but Mr. Davis's faith in God's interposition to protect the right never faltered, and he steadily followed the dictates of his conscience, nothing daunted by our misfortunes.

One complaint which thoughtless Richmond people made against their President was that he "did not entertain." He said: "I can either entertain or carry on the Government, and I think the people want me to carry on the Government." He was really not strong enough to attend to both. One girl, whose sweetheart was a gallant soldier in the Fifth South Carolina Regiment and who had fought bravely all through the seven days' battles, made the following earnest request:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT: I want you to let Jeems

By dark my men were all quiet and [illegible] o'clock I heard the roar

C., of company oneth, 5th South Carolina Regiment, come home and get married. Jeems is willin', I is willin', his mammy says she is willin', but Jeems's capt'in, he ain't willin'. Now when we are all willin' 'ceptin' Jeems' captain, I think you might let up and let Jeems come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married and fight just as hard as ever.

Mr. Davis wrote on the letter: "Let Jeems go." Jeems went home, married the affectionate correspondant of Mr. Davis, returned to his regiment and did fight as well as ever.

THE PROSPECT DARKENS.

The memoir proceeds: "The year 1863 opened drearily for the President, but the Confederates generally seemed to have, for some unexplained cause, renewed hope of recognition by England and France, and with this they felt sure of a successful termination of the struggle. Mr. Davis was oppressed by the fall of Donelson, Nashville, Corinth, Roanoke Island, New Orleans, Yorktown, Norfolk, Fort Pillow, Island No. 10, Memphis, Gen. Bragg's defeat at Murfreesboro, the burning of the Virginia and the ram Mississippi, the sinking of the Arkansas and other minor disasters. The victory at Fredericksburg was the one bright spot in all this dark picture. Complaints from the people of the subjugated States came in daily. Women were set adrift across our borders with their children, penniless and separated from all they held dear. Their property was confiscated, the newspapers were suppressed and the presses sold under the Confiscation act."

The scene at Gen. Jackson's death-bed is pathetically narrated. His baby girl was brought to him, and—

Her father caressed her with his wounded hand, murmuring in a faint voice, "Little darling," from time to time. Now his darling is "dead in her beauty," and it may be that he is teaching her the song of the redeemed in the mansion prepared for her.

He rendered thanks for every service performed by those about him, and many times reaffirmed his submission and trust in God. His wife to speak aloud, because he begged his word" she said. Mrs. wanted to "hear every Jackson, though racked by grief, joined those dered he called out, about his bed in singing hymns, which seemed to quiet him. When at last he had but a few moments to live, she announced it to him. He answered, "I prefer it. I will be an infinite gainer to be translated." When his mind wan- action." " " When Gen. Lee heard of his extremity, he said, "Tell him I wrestled in prayer for him last night as I never prayed, I believe, for myself. "

Gen. Jackson died about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. His last words were: "Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." " " Tears dropped on the face as Mr. Davis leaned over the dead hero; and when a man came to the mansion and attempted to talk of some business matter to him he remained silent for a while and then said: "You must excuse me. I am still staggering from a dreadful blow. I cannot think."

When the Northern lines began to compass the Southern capital the memoir says:

The President was a prey to the acutest anxiety during this period, and again and again said: "If I could take one wing and Lee the other I think we could between us wrest a victory from those people." At another time he exclaimed: "With Jackson, Lee would be on his feet."

After Gettysburg Gen. R. E. Lee said the defeat was all his fault and offered to resign, in the belief that a younger and abler man than himself could readily be obtained. "I know that he will have as gallant and brave an army as ever existed to second his efforts, and it would be the happiest day of my life to see at its head a worthy leader, one that would accomplish more than I could perform and all that I have wished," says the memoir.

BIRTHPLACE OF DAVIS.

The President replied: "I have impressed upon you the propriety of avoiding all unnecessary exposure to danger, because I feel your country could not bear to lose you. To ask me to substitute you by so one in my judgment more fit to command, or who would possess more of the confidence of the army, or of reflecting men of the country, is to demand an impossibility." Tighter and tighter grew the bonds, when with Grant, with 162,000 men, was preparing to bind Lee, with 75,000, at Appomattox. At last, exhausted by constant fighting, with Gordon's rear guard worn to a frazzle," all means of escape cut off, Lee's ragged, starving, sleepless band was forced to surrender. Of this surrender President Davis, who had removed from Richmond, entirely approved as a matter of necessity, but the subsequent surrender of Gen. J. E. Johnston took him entirely by surprise. Figures are given to show that Johnston had scores of soldiers and was in a position to keep up the war and at least force the enemy to accord more favorable terms of peace.

Virtually the distinction of having ruined the South is bestowed on Gens. Beauregard and Johnston.

TORTURED BY GEN. MILES.

Mrs. Davis has a robust and well-developed opinion concerning Gen. Miles, who is now filling such a conspicuous position in the Indian troubles. He was a young man of twenty-five years, though a Major-General, in command of Fortress Monroe, at the time Mr. Davis was confined there. Mrs. Davis accuses him of annoying his prisoner. She says:

We excused much to Gen. Miles, whose opportunities to learn the habits of refined people were said to have been few, and his sectional feeling was very bitter; but that he should not have been moved at the age of twenty-six by the evident physical and mental anguish of his prisoner, and should have devised ingenious tortures for him, we could not understand. Enough of this sickening retrospect; my memory does not furnish a record of the thousand little stabs he gave his emaciated, gray-haired prisoner. Suffice it to say that he used his power to insult and annoy to the utmost, and in line of battle unmolested. After proceeding about half the distance to the [illegible] in the morning a previously unknown and not to be anticipated by gentlefolk.

Many pages are devoted to a description of "Tortures of Fortress Monroe," in which Gen. Miles appears in an unfavorable light. He is charged with shackling the prisoner by brutal force, keeping him in a vermin-infested cell, withholding his clothing and linen and making souvenirs out of all his possessions—even his hair when he had it cut.

Mrs. Davis seems to believe that at first the North was bent on hanging Mr. Davis, but she says, when the Attorney-General attempted to draw an indictment he found no accusation which could be proved. Some of the most conspicuous Abolitionists, Gerritt Smith, Horace Greeley, Thaddeus Stephens and Commodore Vanderbilt, determined to see that no injustice was done the old enemy, and cordially worked with Mr. Davis to bring about either trial or release. Gen. Grant was kind.

"Mr. Davis never forgot his courtesy. no did I."

At first President Johnson curtly refused to see Mrs. Davis, but after Beverdy Johnson, Mr. Voorhees and Mr. Saulsbury had "remonstrated rather sharply," he granted her an interview, of which she says:

The President was civil, even friendly, and said, "We must wait; our hope is to mollify the public towards him." I told him that the public would not have required to be mollified but for his proclamation that Mr. Davis was accessory to assassination, and added, "I am sure that, whatever others believed, you did not credit it." He said he did not, but was in the hands of wildly excited people, and must take such measures as would show he was willing to sift the facts. I then responded that there was never the least intercourse between Mr. Davis and Booth, or an effort to establish it, and remarked that "if Booth had left a card for Mr. Davis as he did for you, Mr. President, before the assassination, I fear my husband's life would have paid the forfeit." To which the President bowed assent, and after a moment of silence remarked, now this was all over, and time was the only element lacking to Mr. Davis's release.

While Mrs. Davis was talking to the President a little bent-up Congressman came in, and sitting on the edge of a chair twined his legs around his walking-stick and gave Mr. Johnson a most tremendous blowing up. The President said nothing, but grew very red. When his assailant swaggered out he said to Mrs. Davis: "I'm glad you saw that. Now you know my situation."

Of Mr. Davis's final release from prison his widow proudly says:

Does any one believe that if a warrant could have been found in the Constitution for the epithet of traitor, and if the fear of his entire justification by its provisions had not prevailed, that any feeling of mercy or pity would have saved the prisoner from execution and his name from being one universally execrated both North and South? Instead, he was left to follow his course of dignified seclusion, "by all his country's honors blessed," among his own people, by whom, as well as by many at the North, he was beloved as much as he was esteemed.

Mr. Davis, after living quietly on his plantation in Beauvoir, Miss., till 1889, passed away, mourned and honored, where he had once ruled. Floods had impoverished him.

The memoir is interesting throughout its 1,800 pages. It contains much of historical interest that is new, and presents to the world in a new light a man destined to live in the world's history.

Fort Crandall on the Plain".

(Song at a supposed banquet of officers of the old United States army.)

[For the Dispatch.]

BY J. C. LONG.

You ask of me a song to-night;
I cannot say you nay;
And yet beneath these shining lamps,
And 'mid this proud display,
My heart is full of heaviness,
My eyes are full of tears;
I cannot keep the yearning down,
Or thoughts of other years—
Years of the dim and distant past
That come not back again;
The bright, sweet years at Crandall,
Fort Crandall on the Plain.

We then were young, our hearts were strong,
Our lives were yet to live;
We little thought of good or ill,
That Fortune had to give.
We were in an enchanted land,
A land of dreams and flowers;
The weeks then seemed but flitting days,
And days were golden hours.
Turn back, O, wheel of time, turn back,
O, wheel turn back again,
And bring the days at Crandall,
Fort Crandall on the Plain.

Oh, bright were then the tender eyes,
That looked with modest glance,
Into our own, as low we talked,
In pauses of the dance.
The touch of soft and slender hands
Made all the pulses start,
And sent the wildly thrilling blood,
Back to the throbbing heart.
But cold are now the loving lips
We ne'er shall press again,
The lips we kissed at Crandall,
Fort Crandall on the Plain.

We parted in the days of strife,
And each one went his way;
The northman wore the army blue,
The southron wore the gray.
But even on the battle-field,
In deadly struggle met,
That once we all had brothers been
We never could forget.
And when we saw a brother's face,
Among the many slain,
We weeping thought of Crandall,
Fort Crandall on the Plain.

The fame that most a soldier loves
They tell us we have won;
Our name shall shine on pictured page
And monumental stone.
And men shall name, whene'er they speak
Of bravest and of best,
Our "Gettysburg" and "Wilderness,"
And "Shiloh" in the West.
But have who will the empty fame,
Could we but be again,
As once we were at Crandall,
Fort Crandall on the Plain!

MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

MRS. JEFFERSON DAVIS AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS, MRS. HAYES AND MISS VARINA DAVIS.
(From Photo by Davis & Sanford.)

THEY HAVE LEFT US.

They have left us, and we miss them,
Now they've gone their homeward way,
Miss the scarred and white-haired veterans,
And their tattered coats of gray,
They have left us and the mem'ry
Of each word and clasp of hand,
Lingers with us, sweetly mingled
With the strains of "Dixie's Land."

We've seen their old eyes glisten
With their joyous heartfelt tears,
As they met the loved companions
Of those memorable years;
And we've felt our own eyes moisten
When we've heard the parting sigh,
And watched the lips that quivered
With the pathos of "good-bye."

They are falling daily, dying
On the rugged road of life;
And each day that passes o'er us
Makes a widow of the wife,
Who, in the bloody sixties,
Watched with tear-dimmed, loving eye,
Her young, brave-hearted husband,
With his comrades marching by.

They have left us—God be with them,
We shall miss the tattered gray;
When we meet again their numbers
Will be fewer than to-day,
For year by year their footsteps

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APPOMATTOX ECHO.

THE LAST VOLLEY ON THAT MEMORABLE FIELD.

STATEMENT OF GENERAL GRIMES.

It Was Fired by Cox's Gallant North Carolinians—A Stirring Reminiscence—Lest We Forget a Letter from Mosby.

To the Editor of the Charlotte (N. C.) Observer:

In the Confederate Veteran for August Captain William Kaigler, of Dawson, Ga., insists that the last volley at Appomattox was fired by the sharpshooters of Evans's Division under his command, and not by North Carolinians. The closing incident of the greatest of modern wars is of such historic importance, and is so creditable to those participating therein, that it is not surprising that they should be proud of it and claim as much of its glory as truth permits.

In the Veteran for November, 1898, Captain Kaigler first claimed this honor for his command, and in the Veteran for February, 1899, he is answered and contradicted by Captain James I. Metts, of Wilmington, who quotes statements (sustaining him) made by several North Carolina officers, among them being General W. R. Cox, whose brigade they say fired the last volley at Appomattox. In his last communication Captain Kaigler says that General Cox is liable to be mistaken, because his statement "is only from recollection after thirty years have elapsed." In this Captain Kaigler is himself mistaken, for this statement of General Cox is exactly the same written by him and published, in 1879, in Moore's History of North Carolina.

It was my privilege to be an active participant in that memorable morning's scenes at Appomattox as one of the staff of Major-General Bryan Grimes, and it fell to my lot to carry the last order on the field of battle immediately preceding the surrender. All the incidents of that historic occasion are still fresh in my memory, and as an eye-witness I unhesitatingly testify that the last volley at Appomattox Courthouse was fired by Cox' North Carolina Brigade of Grimes's Division. But, to put the matter beyond all doubt, and to cite the best evidence possible, I will ask your readers to consider what was said about this controverted question by the witness best qualified to know—General Bryan Grimes—who planned and commanded the last charge at Appomattox.

I enclose, therefore, the following extract from Grimes's own report, or statement, published in 1879, and never questioned before his death. As stated by him, he was given by General Gordon the divisions of Walker and Evans in addition to his own division, which was composed of Phil Cook's Georgia Brigade, Battle's Alabama Brigade, Grimes's old Brigade, and Cox's Brigade. It is proper to state that General Grimes was not in the rear, but was with the line of battle, and narrowly escaped being killed.

All soldiers know how hard it is for an unmounted officer at one end of a long line of battle to know what is done at the other. Hence, it does not disparage Captain Kaigler's veracity or courage to assert that he, who was on the extreme left, could not know what was done on the right as well as mounted officers who were riding all along the line and had full opportunity of seeing all that was done.

This statement of General Grimes's (who died in 1880) is so clear and explicit that it should be accepted as conclusive of the facts mentioned, and being of peculiar historic value, should be carefully read and remembered.

H. A. LONDON.

Pittsboro, N. C., September 12th.

The Surrender at Appomattox.

(By General Bryan Grimes.)

On Saturday, the 8th, no enemy appeared, and we marched undisturbed all day. Up to this time, since the evacuation of Petersburg, we had marched day and night, continually followed and harassed by the enemy. The men were very much jaded and suffering for necessary sustenance, our halts not having been sufficiently long to prepare their food, besides all our cooking utensils not captured or abandoned were where we could not reach them. This day Bushrod Johnson's Division was assigned to and placed under my command, by order of General Lee. Upon passing a clear stream of water, and learning that the other division of the corps had gone into camp some two miles ahead, I concluded to halt and give my broken-down men an opportunity to close up and join us, and sent a message to General Gordon, commanding the corps, making known my whereabouts, informing him I would be at any point he might designate at any hour desired.

By dark my men were all quiet and asleep. About 9 o'clock I heard the roar of artillery in our front, and in consequence of information received I had my command aroused in time and passed through the town of Appomattox Courthouse before daylight, where, upon the opposite side of the town, I found the enemy in my front. Throwing out my skirmishers and forming line of battle, I reconnoitred and satisfied myself as to their position, and waited the arrival of General Gordon for instruction, who, awhile before day, accompanied by General Fitz Lee, came to my position, when we held a council of war. General Gordon was of the opinion that the troops in our front were cavalry, and that General Fitz Lee should attack. Fitz Lee thought they were infantry and that General Gordon should attack. They discussed the matter so long that I became impatient, and said it was somebody's duty to attack, and that immediately, and I felt satisfied that they could be driven from the cross-roads occupied by them, which was the route it was desirable that our wagon train should pursue, and that I would undertake it; whereupon Gordon said, "Well, drive them off." I replied: "I cannot do it with my division alone; but require assistance." He then said: "You can take the two other divisions of the corps." By this time it was becoming sufficiently light to make the surrounding localities visible. I then rode down and invited General Walker, who commanded a division on my left, composed principally of Virginians, to ride with me, showing him the position of the enemy and explaining to him my views and plans of attack. He agreed with me as to its advisability. I did this because I felt that I had assumed a very great responsibility when I took upon myself the charge of making the attack. I then made dispositions to dislodge the Federals from their position, placing Bushrod Johnson's Division upon my right, with instructions to attack and take the enemy in the flank, while my division skirmishers charged in front, where temporary earthworks had been thrown up by the enemy, their cavalry holding the crossings of the road with a battery. I soon perceived a disposition on their part to attack this division in flank. I rode back and threw our right so as to take advantage of some ditches and fences to obstruct the cavalry if they should attempt to make a charge. In the meantime the cavalry of Fitz Lee were proceeding by a circuitous route to get in rear of them at the cross-roads. The enemy, observing me, fired upon me with four pieces of artillery. I remember well the appearance of the shell, and how directly they came towards me, exploding and completely enveloping me in smoke. I then gave the signal to advance. At the same time Fitz Lee charged those posted at the cross-roads, when my skirmishers attacked the breastworks, which were taken without much loss on my part, also capturing several pieces of artillery and a large number of prisoners, I at the same time moving the division up to the support of the skirmishers in echelon by brigades, driving the enemy in confusion for three-quarters of a mile beyond the range of hills covered with oak undergrowth. I then learned from the prisoners that my right flank was threatened. Halting my troops, I placed the skirmishers, commanded by Colonel J. R. Winston, Forty-fifth North Carolina troops, in front, about 100 yards distant, to give notice of indication of attack. I placed Cox's Brigade, which occupied the right of the division, at right angles to the other troops, to watch that flank. The other divisions of the corps (Walker's and Evans's) were on the left. I then sent an officer to General Gordon, announcing our success, and that the Lynchburg road was open for the escape of the wagons, and that I awaited orders. Thereupon I received an order to withdraw, which I declined to do, supposing that General Gordon did not understand the commanding position which my troops occupied. He continued to send me order after order to the same effect, which I still disregarded, being under the impression that he did not comprehend our favorable location, until finally I received a message from him, with an additional one as coming from General Lee, to fall back. I felt the difficulty of withdrawing without disaster, and ordered Colonel J. R. Winston, commanding the skirmish line which had been posted in my front on first reaching these hills, to conform his movement to those of the division, and to move by the left flank so as to give notice of an attack from that quarter. I then ordered Cox to maintain his position in line of battle, and not to show himself until our rear was 100 yards distant, and then to fall back in line of battle, so as to protect our rear and right flank from assault. I then instructed Major Peyton, of my staff, to start the left in motion, and I continued with the rear.

The enemy, upon seeing us move off, rushed out from under cover with a cheer, when Cox's Brigade, lying concealed at the brow of the hill, rose and fired a volley into them, which drove them back into the woods, the brigade then following their retreating comrades in line of battle unmolested. After proceeding about half the distance to the position occupied by us in the morning, a dense mass of the enemy in column (infantry) appeared on our right, and advanced, without firing, towards the earthworks captured by us in the morning, when a battery of our artillery opened with grape and canister and drove them under the shelter of the woods.

As my troops approached their position of the morning, I rode up to General Gordon and asked where I should form line of battle. He replied, "Anywhere you choose." Struck by the strangeness of the reply, I asked an explanation, whereupon he informed me that we would be surrendered. I then expressed very forcibly my dissent to being surrendered, and indignantly upbraided him for not giving me notice of such intention, as I could have escaped with my division and joined General Joe Johnston, then in North Carolina. Furthermore, that I should then inform my men of the purpose to surrender, and that whoever desired to escape that calamity could go with me, and galloped off to carry this idea into effect. Before reaching my troops, however, General Gordon overtook me, and, placing his hand upon my shoulder, asked me if I were going to desert the army and tarnish my own honor as a soldier, and said that it would be a reflection upon General Lee and an indelible disgrace to me if I, an officer of rank, should escape under a flag of truce, which was then pending. I was in a dilemma and knew not what to do, but finally concluded to say nothing on the subject to my troops.

Upon reaching them, one of the soldiers asked if General Lee had surrendered, and upon my answering that I feared it was a fact that we had surrendered, he cast away his musket, and, holding his hands aloft, cried, in an agonized voice: "Blow, Gabriel, blow! My God, let him blow. I am ready to die!" We then went beyond the creek at Appomattox Courthouse, stacked arms amid the bitter tears of bronzed veterans, regretting the necessity of capitulation.

The 9th of April, 1865.

It is a nation's death cry—yes, the agony is past;
The stoutest race that ever fought to-day hath fought its last.
Aye! start and shudder; well thou may'st, well veil thy weeping eyes;
England, may God forgive thy part—man cannot but despise.

Aye, shudder at that cry that speaks the South's supreme despair;
Thou that could'st save and saved'st not; that would, yet did not dare;
Thou that had'st might to aid the right and heart to brook the wrong,
Weak words of comfort for the weak, strong hands to help the strong.

That land, the garden of thy wealth, one haggard waste appears;
The ashes of her sunny homes are slaked in patriot tears—
Tears for the slain who died in vain for freedom on the field;
Tears, tears of bitter anguish still for those who live to yield.

The cannon of his country pealed Stuart's funeral knell;
His soldiers' cheers rang in his ears as Stonewall Jackson fell;
Onward o'er gallant Ashby's grave swept war's successful tide,
And southern hopes were living yet when Polk and Morgan died.

But he, the leader, on whose words those captains loved to wait;
The noblest, bravest, best of all, hath found a harder fate;
Unscathed by shot and steel he passed o'er many a desperate field;
Oh, God! that he hath lived so long and only lived to yield!

Along the war-worn, wasted ranks that loved him to the last,
With saddened face and weary pace the vanquished chieftain passed;
Their own hard lot the men forgot; they felt what his must be—
What thoughts in that dark hour must wring the heart of General Lee.

The manly cheek with tears was wet, the stately head was bow'd,
As breaking from their shattered ranks around his steed they crowd;
"I did my best," 'twas all those trembling lips could say.
Ah! happy those whom death hath spared the anguish of to-day.

Weep on Virginia! Weep these lives given to thy cause in vain—
The sons who live to wear once more the Union's galling chain;
The homes whose light is quenched for aye, the graves without a stone;
The folded flag, the broken sword, the hope forever flown.

Yet raise thy head, fair land; thy dead died bravely for the right;
The folded flag is stainless still, the broken sword is bright;
No blot is on thy record found, no treason soils thy fame!
Weep thou thy dead—with cover'd head we mourn our England's shame.

PERCY GREG.

Dorset Hall, Surrey, 1866.

MAJOR-GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE.

GALLANT FITZ LEE.

HIS OLD CHAPLAIN LAUDS HIS NAME AND DEEDS.

A POEM ON LIFE IN CAMP.

The Daring Achievements of Mrs. James Clarke, a Confederate Spy—Verses by Major Henry T. Stanton.

(Chicago Letter.)

One of the most famous spies of the Confederacy, Mrs. James Clarke, is dying in a hospital in this city. When she was Miss Charlotte Moore, of Oxford, O., she fascinated Ambrose E. Burnside, then a student there, and ultimately jilted him. It was to General Burnside that years afterward, when she was a prisoner in the Burnet House, in Cincinnati, she made a confession of her work as a spy in the Confederate cause. Miss Moore married James Clarke, a lawyer, in Ohio.

The Clarkes were living in Ohio when the civil war broke out, and they were known as southern sympathizers. One of the visitors at their house about that time was Walker Taylor, a Confederate spy. He had important dispatches for General Kirby Smith, and Mrs. Clarke volunteered to deliver them. She disguised herself as an Irish woman, won the sympathy of an Irish Federal soldier, and was passed through the Federal lines. She delivered the dispatches to a Confederate whom she met on the road, and whom she had previously known, although he did not know her at the time.

When she was on her way back, as the train neared Cincinnati, the stations were notified that a female spy was on board, who must be captured. Mrs. Clarke had taken a seat behind General Leslie Coombs, ex-Governor of Kentucky, a Union man. The sobs and wails of the supposed Irish woman appealed to the General and his wife. Her piteous tale enlisted their sympathy. And when she said she heard they were looking for female spies and was afraid they'd arrest a poor, lone woman like herself, it was General Coombs himself who helped her off the rear end of the train at Covington and saw her pick her way through the dark streets toward the ferry. She reached her home, in Cincinnati, in safety.

It was soon after this that the Rev. Dr. Stuart Robinson, editor of a religious weekly in Louisville, was forced to leave the country, because of the bitter editorial which appeared in his paper against th North. He came north en route to Canada and met Colonel Thompson, who was also flying for fear of arrest, and together they went to Montreal. These two names are famous in history as the leaders of that little band of southerners in Canada. They were able to enlist the services of Mrs. Clarke.

She journeyed quietly to Montreal, and a few months later an English lady with an ample fortune and in very bad health presented herself and her credentials in Washington, and asked for a pass which would enable her to reach the great Virginia springs. When she was questioned she acknowledged having journeyed through Canada, and having met there two Americans who were very much interested in the southern cause. She gave as much information concerning their plans as she remembered, and so ingratiated herself with the officers, who pitied her evident ill-health, that when Lincoln made his journey to review the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg, to the surprise of every one concerned she was found in the President's carriage.

Her charm did the rest, and on arriving at the camp General McClellan, knowing she had come in the presidential party, gave her a pass through the Union lines to Richmond. When the mistake was discovered Stanton, the Secretary of War, raged like a madman, and offered a reward of $10,000 for that Confederate female spy, dead or alive. Having reached her destination and delivered the despatches and information intrusted to her, Mrs. Clarke turned her face toward Cincinnati. She came back through the northeastern part of Kentucky, across Louisa county, and down through Mount Sterling and Pikeville. Here she struck the Federal troops in command of General Milroy, and the pickets halted the carriage and refused to let her pass. After hearing her story, the guard sent word to General Milroy that an English lady, very ill, and making her way North from the Virginia springs wished to pass through the Union lines. The answer came to send the invalid to headquarters. General Milroy felt the case was a matter for the surgeon, not for himself, and he accordingly called up his medical director, a man very proud of his wisdom and ability, who ordered the stranger taken to the hospital.

When they reached the hospital the English lady persisted she was not able to walk without assistance. Two attendants were brought out and she was carried in a chair to the surgeon's office. Here the officer asked the precise nature of her ailment, and was told that it was rheumatism. The physician proceeded to make an examination. He raised the interesting stranger's arm, and while her face wore an expression of misery the short, sharp scraping of the bones could be distinctly heard. Next, the physician placed his ear to the invalid's heart, and clearly heard the ominous sound of disorder there. Mrs. Clarke had not studied the art of mimicry for nothing. The surgeon was convinced that the stranger was all that she represented herself, and that she was really in a very serious condition. She was carried down-stairs to her carriage, and on recommendation of his medical adviser General Milroy, issued a pass which brought her in safely to Cincinnati.

Burnside, who was now a general, and in command in Cincinnati, had heard there were spies in his section of the country, and issued orders for them to be brought in. The house of Clarke was reported as headquarters for southern sympathizers. An agent of Brunside went there as a visitor in sympathy with the Southern Cause, and ingratiated himself in the confidence of Mrs. Moore, the mother of Mrs. Clarke, and her unmarried daughter. When these women went away one day by steamer, Burnside's man was with them, and before the women reached their destination—Memphis—they were under arrest.

Miss Moore's trunk were quilts, quinine, and opium which she had hoped to smuggle south. The women were brought back to Cincinnati and taken to the Burnett House. The officer had just returned from this unpleasant duty when another lady was ushered into his office. She was very nervous and excited, and explained that she was an English woman, in very bad health, travelling from the Virginia springs to Arkansas in search of relief. She was a stranger, she said, and hearing that two ladies had just been arrested as spies she hastened to ask for protection from such a possible misfortune to herself, and also for a pass to proceed on her way. She had hoped to find a few days' rest here, but this continued excitement was worse than the fatigue of travel. A few moments' silence followed this explanation, then the officer turned to the visitor and said:

"You have forgotten me, but I still remember with pleasure the hours I used to spend with you in Oxford."

The remembrance of his devotion to the belle of Oxford years before, while a student at Miami University, had enabled the officer to pentrate the disguise of his fair visitor. This raised a storm of protest, but all to no avail. The officer was firm, and when at last it became a question of being taken by force or going quietly with the guard, Mrs. Clarke saw that the end had come and her career as a Confederate spy was ended. She was taken to the Spencer House and later allowed to go to the Burnet, where her mother and sister were still confined. They were kept under strict guard for four or five months, when the whole matter was finally allowed to drop. Mrs. Clarke was not tried by court-martial, and Stanton's reward was never claimed.

During her imprisonment at the Burnet House General Burnside was there, and to him—her old sweetheart in Oxford—she confided the story of her experiences as a spy. The matter was allowed to die out, and she was permitted to live at home under strict surveillance. After Judge Clarke died, Mrs. Clarke went to England as correspondent for one of the New York dailies. There she became identified with literary people. Bulwer Lytton, the novelist, she knew well, and it was, perhaps, owing to his influence that she published a few years later several novels under the nom de plume of Charles M. Clay. The scene of one of these books, "A Modern Hagar," is laid in Cincinnati just before the war. It gives a vivid description of the Burnet House in those stirring days and describes many of Cincinnati's distinguished men. Mr. Charles Anderson, ex-Governor, of Kentucky, who always admired Mrs. Clarke's great ability, is the hero of this book, under the name of Grandison. Mr. William Corry, for whom Corryville is named, under the name of Mr. Horry, figures conspicuously in the story. General Hancock, another old friend, is made the hero of "Baby Rue," an army story, and "A Daughter of the Gods" deals with Lord Lytton, his views, and his household.

REMINISCENCES OF FITZ LEE.

His Old Chaplain Grows Enthusiastic Over His Name and Deeds.

(Norfolk Virginian and Pilot.)

"So you tell me the Virginia boys want to march and fight under Major-General Fitzhugh Lee, and won't have any other, eh?" exclaimed Rev. Dr. J. Wm. Jones, while seated in an easy chair at the Atlantic Hotel. "Well, I don't wonder. If the boys want to fight, want to be right in the thick of it, want to show the Spaniards that there is something in them above the mercenary, want to let the Dons see that the spirit of '76 and '62 burns as brightly and fiercely as ever, all they have to do is to follow the gallant Fitzhugh Lee, and if they have backbone he'll stiffen it, and he'll never send a man where he won't lead."

Dr. Jones was in a reminiscent mood, and his mind wandered back to the stirring days of the '60's, when he was chaplain of the gallant Thirteenth Virginia regiment, attached to fighting General A. P. Hill's corps. It was in those times that brought out the manhood in a man that Rev. Mr. Jones first encountered Lee.

"He was a gallant soldier, and every inch a man, a true Virginian gentleman; and his men fought about him like knights of old, for they loved their heroic leader," said Rev. Mr. Jones.

"Fitzhugh Lee was a cavalry instructor at West Point when the war broke out. He resigned at once. They tried to retain him; but the blood of Light Horse Harry Lee, his grandfather, that surged through his veins would not be downed; his duty was to his loved Southland, and

CONDITIONS.

... the genuine regrets of his comrades he laid down the sword of the Union and took up the cause of his dear Virginia.

There is so much to tell of Fitzhugh Lee, but briefly the history of the cavalry of the Confederacy is the war history of the man. He is inseparably and heroically connected with it. To leave him out of a cavalry charge is to leave a vacancy indeed. He was at the first Manassas battle, and went to the front as he did ever after. From captain he rose rapidly to lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier, then major-general, which place he occupies again, and will again distinguish.

Lee was desperate, daring, bold, and courageous, but never reckless. I have seen Lee and Stuart go into battle singing, and their men joining in the chorus. They sang as they charged; sang with bullets flying about them; sang even as they ducked to dodge a vicious sabre cut.

In camp he had a band known as Fitzhugh Lee's Minstrels, and many were the entertainments they gave. He did not neglect his men's souls; but had religious services whenever possible.

At the second Manassas he captured some of his old West Point comrades and they put in a night of fun and jollity. He told them he had a message to send through the Union lines; paroled them, send them off on their horses, and one of his old comrades took that message and carried it through his own lines, under the fire of his own men. He had given his word, and kept it. He had a cousin, Lieutenant Louis Marshall, on the other side, and when "Jeb" Stuart made his raid on Catlett's Station, at second Manassas, as Fitzhugh Lee, and another officer entered an officer's tent, two Union officers disappeared on the other side.

Several years later Fitzhugh Lee was in Willard's, at Washington, and overheard two men talking about war incidents. "Yes, sir," one was saying; "I have always regretted those two toddies. We were just in the act of raising them to our lips when the sounds of strife outside caused us to set them down and go out the back way just as several 'Johnny Rebs' came in the tent.'" Lee looked close at the speaker. "Cousin Louis?" said he. "Don't be alarmed. Those toddies were not wasted. I was just in time to see you set them down. I knew you hadn't time to poison them, and as the flap of the tent hid you from sight I raised one to my lips—my lieutenant the other—and I declare to you, Lee added to the astonished gentlemen that never before nor since has a whiskey toddy tasted so good to me as that one did that frosty morning, and my lieutenant will bear my statement out."

Fitz had drank his cousin's toddy and met him several years after to tell him of it.

At Beverly Farms, in Culpeper, it was Lee that, with 800 gallant troops, drove Averill and his 3,000 men back, capturing many of them.

In 1864, when Grant made his hurried march from the Wilderness to Spotsylvania Courthouse, to get between R. E. Lee, and Richmond, it was Fitz Lee who was sent to oppose him from 4 A. M. all late at night, until Anderson's division of Longstreet's corps came up, and General Robert E. Lee had formed his line at that historic spot.

Fitzhugh Lee's name is inseparably and honorably linked to the Confederate Cavalry, and the history of Virginia, and the boys do themselves honor when they fall in behind him. He will lead them where honor lies or the soldier's grave.

Rev. Dr. Jones was a fighter himself, enlisting as a private in the ranks of the famous "Stonewall" Jackson's Foot Cavalry, and fighting like a parson can fight on many a hard-fought field. He hails from Richmond now, and was in attendance on the Southern Baptist Convention.

THIRTY YEARS AGO.

A Poem by a Gallant Ex-Confederate, Recently Dead.

Office of Monroe Watchman, Union, W. Va., May 11, 1898.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The death of that gallant Confederate soldier, gifted poet and journalist, and gracious gentleman, Major Henry T. Stanton, which occurred last Sunday at his home, in Frankfort, Ky., gives me the opportunity to send you his poem, "Thirty Years Ago," delivered at this place in 1894, before an audience of more than 5,000 people, assembled to celebrate the first Confederate reunion held here since the war. Major Stanton, you doubtless know, was a Virginian by birth, and served with distinction on the staff of General John Echols. During the war he spent two winters in this county, while his command was in winter quarters, and became intimately acquainted with many of our people. When, in August, 1894, after an absence of a quarter of a century, General Echols came back to Monroe county to revive the tender associations of "Auld Lang Syne," and to greet his old comrades, as we now know, for the last time on earth, Major Stanton's poem, which he delivered, was prepared especially for the occasion, and while it has had a local circulation, I do not think it has ever appeared in a journal of the dignity of the Dispatch. I send it now, thinking you might wish to give it a place on the Confederate page of your Sunday edition. Mike Foster, to whom he refers, was a dauntless soldier of the Stonewall Brigade from this county, in honor of whom the Confederate camp at this place has been named.

Very truly, yours,

A. S. JOHNSTON.

Thirty Years Ago.

To me but yesterday it seems
Since, clad in simple gray,
About these hills and vales and streams
I went a soldier's way.
As full in leaf are all the trees,
As green the grasses grow—
How Time, with rapid footstep flees!
'Twas thirty years ago!

Where Indian creek goes winding through
Its meadows wide and fair
Where brown rocks on the uplands blue
Their time-tired features wear,
Where "Elmwood" stands in stately grace,
With yonder church below,
I recognize our camping-place
Of thirty years ago.

And here some veterans of that day
In front of me are spread,
Scarce one of whom but wears the gray
Upon his honored head;
Whilst others were who do not wake
From sleep in fair Monroe,
Who sank to rest, for honor's sake,
Just thirty years ago,

As brave Mike Foster, who, when all
Of War's demands were o'er,
Still waited for the bugle call
That Time's last summons bore,—
And answered it with courage fine
That all true men should know
Who held, like him, the skirmish-line,
Full thirty years ago.

Some here by living Echols led
Along the Valley's waste,
And some by heroes that are dead,
And in their niches placed,—
From those that live, for them that died,
The soldier's tear shall flow,
Though scenes are far, and time is wide,
Since thirty years ago.

How thankful they who yet are here
To wander mindful back,
And wear their boyhoods' soldier gear
Along the blood-stained track.
No blush can flag their temples free,
No red of shame can show,
The pride that was is still to be,
From thirty years ago.

Though nations fall, though empires die,
Though fate may seem unjust,
The cause that fails, through purpose high
Shall animate the dust—
And up from earth, baptized in blood
True principle to show,
Shall sometime come this lesson's flood
From thirty years ago.

Ah! comrades of that golden day,
When pride and hopes were high,
Shall come for you who wore the gray
A golden by-and-by.
For in this life there's nothing lost
And time-locked seeds will grow,
And those you left survive the frost
Of thirty years ago.

Though wounds of conflict scar your State,
And head-stones mark your land,
Virginia, in among the great
And over all, is grand!
She bore the brunt of battle fierce,
And stemmed its tidal flow,
And kept her fame as "Freedom's Nurse"
Just thirty years ago.

Although Kentucky's kindly breast
Has nurtured me for years,
My mother State I love the best,
My life, my all, is hers.
And while the glass of Time speeds on
Its brightest sands shall show
No splendor like the diamonds gone
From thirty years ago.

Dear comrades of that struggle hard,
That hero-war of wars,—
Who kept a steadfast, faithful guard
About the Stars and Bars,
I give you greeting here to-day
With all my soul aflow.—
I honor you who wore the gray
Just thirty years ago.

May God preserve until the last
That courage and that pride
Which in the dead and holy past
Went through the battle-tide!
May God uphold you in your truth
Through all the ways you go,
And give your age its hero youth
Of thirty years ago!

And when you die and ... to earth
In this your sacred ...
Your names, your de... your noble worth,
In deathless lines shall stand,
As long as Bickett's Knob shall rise,
As long as waters flow,
All fame to come your fame shall prize
From thirty years ago.

A CUP OF TEA;

"Or a Hot Time in the Old Camp."

(Staunton News.)

It is scarcely necessary in this connection to state that the "Cup of Tea" alluded to here is purely an imaginary one, as a real cut at that time was an unknown quantity. I remember no ships that ever reached our camp from faraway China.

The camp-fire glows again to-night,
As I sit with My pipe and dream,
And among the fitful shadows
I can see the bayonet's gleam.

The sentry walks his frozen beat,
As he guards the tent of his chief,
And waits the slow and lagging hour
That brings the next relief.

Without the camp the snow lies white,
The wind keens o'er each crest;
The pines bend low with angry swish,
The Storm King is our guest.

Old Rapid Ann is mad to-night,
I can tell by her angry growls;
The slash and crash at the broken ford
As the wind in its revels howls.

Within the camp, now prostrate lies
A giant black-oak tree;
And Starr awakes the hour with jest
To make a "Cup of Tea."

A giant tree, a giant fire,
Against the trunk grows up;
Of sap and limb and bark
In grew--to make a single cup.

Hunger cannot check the play
As round the blaze they gather
From mountain home to valley farm,
True men in gray forever.

Now noble Johnson talks once more
From out the shadows streaming,
Decked with strings of moss and bark
Of phosphorescent gleaming.

And Kirby strikes the string again
To "Lubly as De Day,"
And Hamilton sings the grand old song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's Way."

Brown and Haines and Jobe are there,
With Shiner, Bell, and Way;
As brave a band, as merry a band,
As ever wore the gray.

Jim Miller is in camp to-night,
And he has his old banjo—
And the "Yellow Rose of Texas" blends
With "Louisiana Lowlands, Low."

The men who sing these merry songs
Around the camp-fire's ruddy glow,
Can give the wildest rebel yell
That e'er struck terror to the foe.

Struggling down the rugged road
Our teams have come to grief,
We long to hear the welcome cry
Of "Jennings, here's you beef."

The fire burns low, the lights go out,
I roll up in my wraps;
Darkness settles on tent and field,
As "Spider" beats the taps.

Any of the boys who survive of Company A will recognize the names and general features of the foregoing lines. Some of the actors have passed to the Great Beyond, of course, but the few old Confederates that are still in the land of the living will agree with men when I state that there were some pleasant things to be found roughing it with old Stonewall. War was not at all times the horrible thing it is painted or supposed to be, and as the years roll on and we grow farther and farther away, things appear differently. Time softens things down, so that many of us, no doubt, look back on those days with a great deal of pleasure, instead of regrets. I know that I do. I borrow the following lines to conclude with:

"When the tide goes out, and years roll by,
And life sweeps on to the outer bar,
And I feel the chill of the depths that lie
Beyond the shoals where the breakers are;
I will not rail at kindly fate,
Or welcome age with a peevish pout,
But still with the heart of youth await
The final wave when the tide goes out."

LYRICS OF THE DAY.

The Blue and the Gray.

Very peacefully they rest—
Who, in life by Peace unblest,
Caught the war-cry, fierce and shrill,
Felt the battle's shock and thrill,
Heard the dreadful cannon's roar—
Death behind and death before—
Fighting on the sea and land,
Foot to foot and hand to hand!

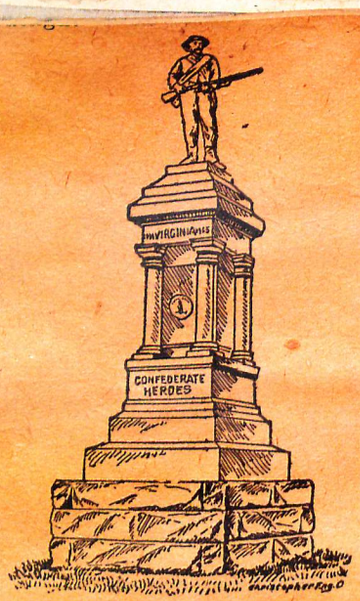
Very peacefully they rest—
North and south and east and west—
While the heaven-descending dew
Falls alike on Gray and Blue,
While the cheering light of day
Shines on Blue and shines on Gray;
Weary march and battle sore
Past for them forevermore!

Very peacefully they rest—
And the babes whose cheeks they pressed
In a last good-by have stood
O'er their graves in proud manhood,
And in holy wedlock true
Plighted hearts of Gray and Blue
In the light of hearthstone fires
Tell the deeds of soldier-sires!

—*Zitella Cocke, in the New England Magazine.*

In Consideration of

in any other locality than herein specified; nor for any commission or merchandise in hands of consignees; nor for loss caused by lightning, or explosions o...
caused by removal of property from a building where there is no loss by fire, unless such removal was necessary to preserve the property, in which case the damage shall be borne by both parties in propo...



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.

The Confederate Monument.

The following beautiful and original lines were read by Rev. S. H. Thompson, the author, at the unveiling of the Confederate monument in this place, October 11th, 1900.

As long as men, their garlands weave,
Of oak or laurel spray,
So long shall love, the brows enwreath,
Of those who wore the gray.

Stand thou lone sentinel of bronze,
With musket clasped fast,
And point the Present's wayward feet,
To Honor's glorious past.

Thy face shall catch the floods of light,
From mid-day's towering sun,
Nor when the dews of night shall fall,
Shall yet thy task be done.

The coming years shall find thee here,
Fit symbol of the men,
Who fought the battles of the brave,
In valley, hills and glen.

Above that head shall ever wave,
Unseen by careless eyes,
The Bonny Blue with stars of gold,
Caught from our Southern skies.

And when the moon thy form shall bathe,
In her rich lustrous light,
Shall sing, the paeans of the brave,
The angels of the night.

When generations yet unborn,
Upon thy face shall gaze,
May thy mute eloquence portray,
The record of those days,

When fire, nor sword, nor battle field,
Could change the dauntless heart,
Of men whose forms you symbolize,
Choosing the patriot's part.

Like tired children, sleeping fast,
On mother earth's brown breast,
The heroes of the battle fields,
Have laid them down to rest.

Upon those graves no shadow falls,
Of shame or traitor's form,
And love, with eyes bedewed with tears,
Shall keep their memory warm.

When duty with stern face shall call,
The hearts of men to try,
These heroes of the past shall teach,
Virginians how to die.

Their thoughts, their deeds, their lives were wrought,
In a heroic mould,
More precious, these, by far to us,
Than mines of virgin gold.

Upon the graves of those who died,
Our chaplets here we lay,
And for the living still we weave,
Our wreaths of laurel spray.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE FLANK MOVEMENT THAT ROUTED THE YANKEES.

GENERAL JACKSON'S MORTAL WOUND.

Description of How He Received It by Captain W. F. Randolph, of His Body-Guard — Under a Terrific Fire.

The following, written by Captain W. F. Randolph, of "Stonewall" Jackson's body guard, is taken from the Greeneville News-Times:

It is not the purpose of the writer of this article to give a detailed account of the memorable battle of Chancellorsville, which has been so often described by pens more felicitous than mine, but only to give some few incidents of the first two days leading up to the terrible catastrophe, which was the closing scene of one of the most brilliant and successful movements recorded in the history of any war.

The writer was, during these two days, attached to the person of General Jackson, and only left his side occasionally as the bearer of orders to his division commanders.

During the winter of '62 and '63, the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped near and around Fredericksburg, and the writer was in command of a company of cavalry and attached to the headquarters of General Stonewall Jackson, then located near Hamilton's Crossing, about three miles below the town.

The battle of Fredericksburg, which took place the 13th of December, resulted in the defeat of Burnside, and his retreat across the river ended all active operations for the winter. So we settled down in quiet observation, awaiting with anxious expectation the advance of General Hooker, whose artillery crowned the heights of the other side of the river, where the white tents of the Federal army could be seen here dotting the same hills.

The spring was well advanced, the country all around us was covered with verdure, and the roads had become dry and hard, when we were awakened from our long holiday by the welcome announcement that the Federal commander's long-expected advance had at last commenced, and that a portion of his army had crossed the Rapidan at Gorman's Ford, and were marching upon Fredricksburg. General Lee at once put his whole army in motion, with Jackson's Corps in the front, leaving one division, under General Early, to prevent the enemy from crossing at Fredericksburg and attacking his rear.

It will be remembered that two of the best divisions of Longstreet's Corps had been detached and sent to Southeastern Virginia, leaving General Lee with scarcely fifty thousand infantry, with which to meet that well-equipped and splendidly-appointed army of Hooker's, consisting of more than one hundred thousand men. After an arduous and exciting march, without rest, the army, frequently advancing in line of battle, was expecting every moment to meet the enemy. The advance column, consisting of a portion of Hill's Division, halted about sunset within less than a mile of the Chancellorsville house, in the vicinity of which the enemy was evidently concentrated, awaiting our attack. But the impentrable nature of the thickets, which separated us, prevented any further advance in that direction, and the whole army was forced to bivouac for the night. At this point, a road which was then known as the Bun road, intersected about at right angles the plank road, along which we had been moving, and here, with no other protection than the spreading arms of an immense oak, and without camp equipage of any kind, the two generals—Lee and Jackson—slept for the night, myself and a few of my troops lying within a few feet of them.

A KINDLY WORD.

I was awakened next morning by a light touch on my shoulder, and on jumping up had the mortification to find that the sun had already risen and General Lee had gone. General Jackson, who was just mounting his horse, turned to me with a kindly word and smile, telling me to follow as soon as possible, and dashed off at a furious gallop down the Mine-Run road, along which his troops had been rapidly marching since daylight. I did not succeed in overtaking the General again for several hours, and when at last I came up with him, he was far in advance of his columns, standing talking to General Fitzhugh Lee in the old turnpike road, at a point about five miles distant from Chancellorsville, having made a circuit of fifteen miles, thus putting the whole Federal army between himself and General Lee, and the two divisions of Longstreet's corps which were with him. As the several divisions of the corps came up they were formed in line of battle, and about 4 o'clock in the evening everything was in readiness for the attack.

While Fitzhugh was talking to the General a half-dozen troopers rode up, bringing with them a Yankee lieutenant, whom they had just captured. Lee turned to the officer and asked him smilingly what would Hooker think if old Stonewall were to suddenly fall upon his rear. "Ah," said the Federal officer, "Hooker has both Jackson and your great Lee in the hollow of his hand, and it is only a matter of a very short time when your whole army will be bagged." Jackson's lips closed in a grim smile, but he said nothing, and Lee and his troopers rode away, laughing, leaving us alone.

The General turned to me and asked how far behind was the advance of his army. I replied that the leading division ought to be up in an hour. We both dismounted, Jackson seating himself on a log by the road, studying a map, which he spread out before him. After tying our horses I took my seat not far from him, and, being somewhat fatigued from the long ride, I fell asleep. Waking with a start, I turned and saw the General kneeling, with his arms resting on the log, in earnest prayer. I was profoundly impressed, and a feeling of great security came over me. Surely this great soldier, who held such close and constant communion with his Maker, must certainly succeed in whatever he undertook!

Presently the General, who was still seated on the log, called me to his side, and ordered me to ride down the turnpike as far as possible in the direction of the enemy, and ascertain if any of his pickets were stationed in the direction facing our advance, and to gather any other information it was possible to obtain.

Taking one man with me, I mounted my horse and galloped rapidly down the road until I came within sight of the camp-fires of the enemy. Dismounting, I tied my horse in a thicket near the road, advanced cautiously, expecting every moment to come in contact with some outlying picket, but met no enemy until I came to an opening in the woods, overlooking a large field, where I saw a sight most amazing and unexpected. No less than a vast force of Federals in every conceivable state of disorder, without any formation; several batteries of artillery unlimbered; hundreds gathered around the camp-fires cooking, some lying sunning themselves in the bright May sunshine, as apparently unconscious of danger as if they had been encamped around the environs of Washington city—no sentinels, no pickets, no line of battle anywhere. My heart bounded with exultation, and I could have shouted for joy. "Verily," I said to myself, "the God of Battles has this day delivered these people into our hands." But I had time only for a brief glance. Hurrying to where I had tied my horse, I mounted and rode with all possible speed back to where I had left the General. I made my report. Not a word escaped his lips. He raised his eyes to heaven, and his lips seemed to murmur a prayer, and then turning to General Hill, said:

ADVANCE WHOLE LINE.

"Order the whole line to advance, General Hill; but slowly, with great caution, and without noise."

And so the movement commenced slowly, silently, with no sound save the occasional cracking of a stick beneath the feet of the men; those long grey lines stretching far into the gloom of the forest, pressed on; twenty-five thousand veterans of many a hard-fought field, who had never moved save in the path of victory; on and on in the gathering evening, the sinking sun casting long shadows behind them, the frightened birds twittering and chirping as they flew from tree to tree, and an occasional bark of a squirrel as he looked out, startled at the unwonted scene, where the only sounds that interrupted the stillness, solemn and oppressive; a strange calm preceding a storm, the light of which has rarely been chronicled in the annals of war.

When our line of battle debouched from the dense wood which effectually concealed the advance, it came immediately upon the Federal encampment and directly in the rear of their whole line. The first intimation the enemy had of our approach was the characteristic Confederate yell, which rolled along the line, and rung out clear and loud above the thunderous clash of musketry and re-echoed through the forest, which had until then been as silent as the grave. Never was surprise so complete, never was a victory more easily won. As our lines swept like an avalanche over the Federal camps, they were overwhelmed and outnumbered at every point, resistance was paralyzed, and the panic which ensued is indescribable. On the part of the enemy it was not a retreat, but the wildest flight—a race for life.

At one time during the evening a young officer, wild with enthusiasm, dashed up to the General crying, "General, they are running too fast for us; we can't come up with them." "They never run too

fast for me, sir," was the immediate response. And thus onward rushed pursuers and pursued, down the road toward Chancellorsville. Now and then Jackson would press his horse to a gallop and dash to the front, and whenever he appeared the troops would break ranks and rush around him with the wildest cheers I ever heard from human throats. When night closed upon the scene the victory seemed to be complete. The infantry of the enemy had disappeared from our immediate front, falling back under cover of several batteries of artillery, which, halting upon every eminence, poured a furious fire of shot and shell down the road upon our advancing columns. In order to avoid this furious fire as much as possible our men were formed in columns and made to march up the edges of the dense wood, and parellel with the road. This they were able to do by the aid of the moon, which shone very brightly, rendering all objects in our immediate vicinity clearly distinct. About this time General A. P. Hill rode up, and Jackson and himself had a conference of some length. I did not hear all that was said, but both were deeply absorbed, for shells from the battery of the enemy were bursting all around us and ploughing up the ground under our horses' feet without either of them taking the slightest notice of the little incident. As for myself, I cared but little either, as I was then impressed with the idea that the bullet had not been moulded which was to kill our General. The firing soon ceased and Hill rode away.

LANE'S BRIGADE.

At this juncture the General had no officer with him, except Lieutenant Reith Boswell, an officer belonging to his signal corps, and myself, together with a dozen of my own men, who were riding behind. A Confederate brigade was marching slowly in column on the left of the road and close to the woods, Keith Boswell was riding on the right of the General, and myself on the left, between him and our lines. The General turned to me and asked, "Whose brigade is that?" "I don't know, sir," I replied, "but will find out in a moment." I at once rode up to our line and asked the first officer I met whose brigade it was. He replied, "Lane's North Carolina." I rode back to Jackson, giving him the reply. "Go and tell the officer in command," he said, "to halt his brigade." I rode up to the same officer, gave the command, and told him that it came from General Jackson in person. The order was passed along the line, and the whole brigade halted at once, making a half wheel to the right, facing the road, and rested upon their arms. We continued our movement in the same order, walking our horses very slowly towards the front of the brigade. Suddenly the General asked: "Captain, is there a road near our present position leading to the Rappahannock?" I replied that not far from where we stood there was a road which led into the woods in the direction of tre Rappahannock river.

"This road must be found, then, at once," he said. He had hardly uttered these words when a few scattering random shots were heard in the woods to our right. The men in line on our left, excited, apparently by this fire, commenced firing across the road into the woods beyond, not in regular volleys, but in a desultory way, without order, here and there along the line.

General Jackson turned to me and said: "Order those men to stop that fire, and tell the officers not to allow another shot fired without orders."

I rode up and down the line and gave the order to both men and officers, telling them also that they were endangering the lives of General Jackson and his escort; but in vain. Those immediately in my front would cease as I gave the order, but the firing would break out above or below me, and instead of ceasing, the shots increased in frequency. I rode back to Jackson and said: "General, it is impossible to stop these men. I think we had best pass through their line and get into the woods behind them." "Very well said," was the reply. So, making a half whirl to the left, thus presenting a front of, say, sixty yards, our little company commenced the movement to pass through the line, and thus put ourselves beyond the range of the fire.

A few more seconds would have placed us in safety, for we were not over three yards from the line, but as we turned, looking up and down as far as my eye could reach, I saw that long line of shining bayonets rise and concentrate upon us. I felt what was coming, and driving spurs into my horse's flanks, a powerful animal and full of spirit, he rose high in the air, and as we passed over the line the thunder crash from hundreds of rifles burst in full in our very faces. I looked back as my horse made the leap, and everything had gone down like leaves before the blast of a hurricane. The only living thing besides myself that passed through that stream of fire was Boswell's black stallion, my attention being called to him by the rattle of a chain-halter that swung loose from his neck, as he passed out of sight in the darkness of the wood. But his saddle was empty. Boswell, too, an old comrade of many a perilous scout, had gone down with all the rest before that inexcusable and unwarranted fire. My own horse was wounded in several places, my clothes and saddle were perforated with bullets, yet I escaped without a wound, the only living man to tell the fearful story.

As soon as I could control my horse, rendered frantic by his wounds, I rode among our men, who were falling like into the woods, and from behind the trees were still continuing that reckless and insane fire, and urged them to form their line and come back to the road, telling them that they had fired not upon the enemy, but upon General Jackson and his escort.

SICK AT HEART.

Then sick at heart I dashed back to the road, and there the saddest tragedy of the war was revealed in its fullest horror.

I saw the General's horse, which I recognized at once, standing close to the edge of the road, with his head bent low, and a stream of blood running from a wound in his neck. Jumping from my horse I hastened to the spot and saw the General himself lying in the edge of the woods. He seemed to be dead, and I wished all the bullets had passed through my own body rather than such a happening as this. I threw myself on the ground by his side and raised his head and shoulders on my arm. He groaned heavily.

"Are you much hurt, General?" I asked, as soon as I could find voice and utterance.

"Wild fire, that sir; wild fire," he replied, in his usual rapid way. This was all he said. I found that his left arm was shattered by a bullet just below the elbow, and his right hand was lacerated by a minnie ball that had passed through the palm. Not a living soul was in sight then, but in a few moments A. P. Hill rode up, and then Lieutenant Smith, one of his aids. General Hill ordered me to mount my horse and bring an ambulance as quickly as possible. "But don't tell the men that it is General Jackson who is wounded," he said. I soon found two of the ambulance corps with a stretcher, and ordered them to the front, saying that a wounded officer needed their services. Then I rode further on to find an ambulance. Before coming up with one I met Sandy Pendleton, Jackson's adjutant-general, told him what had occurred, and he ordered me to go and find General J. E. B. Stuart and tell him to come up at once.

"Where shall I find him?" I asked.

"Somewhere near the Rappahannock," he replied, "not more than four or five miles away."

I rode off through the woods in the direction of the river, and by a piece of good luck soon struck a well-defined road, which seemed to lead in the right direction. After riding along that road for a few miles I had the good fortune to meet General Stuart himself, with a small escort of cavalry. I stated that General Jackson had been badly wounded, and that Pendleton had ordered me to tell him to come to the army at once. Without making any comment, he dashed off at full speed. I tried to follow, but by this time my horse was much weakened by the loss of blood, and began to stagger under me. I was obliged to dismount, and found that he was shot through both thighs, and slightly wounded in several other places, so I was forced to walk, leading the wounded animal slowly behind me.

SAW DR. M'GUIRE.

This ended my connection with the tragic incident of this most memorable night. I did not reach headquarters until 2 o'clock that night. I saw Dr. McGuire, and, asking him about the General's condition, he told me that his arm had been amputated below the elbow, his wounded hand had been dressed, and that he was resting quietly. The wounds were serious and very painful, he said, but not necessarily fatal, and there seemed to be no reason why he should not recover.

* * * * * * * *

If asked why and how such a fire could have occurred, I can only answer that it was then and is still a mystery, wholly unaccountable, and without provocation or warrant. We had been for some time walking our horses along the road in close proximity to this very brigade from which the fire came. The moon, which was not far from full, poured a flood of light upon the wide, open turnpike. Jackson and his escort were plainly visible from every point of view, and the General himself must have been recognized by any one who had ever seen him before. There was no reason for mistaking us for an enemy, and when turning to pass through our line to avoid the scattering random fire which was sending bullets around and about us, I did not for a minute dream that there was a possibility of the guns of our own men being directed upon us. An accident inexplicable, unlooked for, and impossible to forsee, deprived the army of its greatest general at a time when his services were indispensable. If Jackson had lived that night he would without doubt have marched his columns along the very road upon which I met Stuart, thus throwing his entire force in the rear of Hooker's army, his left resting upon the Rappahannock, cutting off the enemy's communications and forming around his flanks a net of steel from which he could never have extricated himself.

Broken, dispirited, panic-stricken, his right wing routed and doubled back upon his centre, tangled in a wilderness without room to employ his immense force, its very numbers working to its disadvantage, hemmed in on every side, with Jackson's victorious corps in his rear and Lee in his front, strange as it may seem, Hooker's immense army of 100,000 men would have been forced to surrender, and the war would have ended with a clap of thunder. The whole North would have been laid open, and Lee's victorious army, augmented by thousands of enthusiastic volunteers,, Washington and Baltimore would have been occupied and all of Maryland aroused.

This young and verile Confederacy, sprung all at once armed and equipped, a very Cyclops from the brain of Minerva, would have taken its place high up among the family of nations.

That blast in the wilderness put an end to the almost assured result, and the hope of a great southern empire became only a dream.

Was it Providence, or fate? Who can tell?

The Old Veteran's Dream.

(For The Times-Dispatch.)

We are thinking and dreaming, as the years go by,
Of the days that are past and gone;
Of strong young manhood in the long ago,
Of a time that can never return.

We are standing again where Lee's lines stood,
With the chieftain we loved so well;
Where we bared our breasts to the storm of war,
And our peerless heroes fell.

Once more we hear the cannon booming
And the muskets fiercely rattle,
And the deafening roar of the bursting shells,
As we fight over again the battle.

Again we are listening to the "rebel yell."
We stop and hold our breath,
For our lines are charging over the field
To victory or—to death?

Yes, we are living those stormy days over,
As plain as anything can be;
We are fighting our battles all over again
And marching again with Lee.

The cause we loved is only a memory now,
We can scarcely realize it's so;
We drop a tear, and still dream on,
For we are living in the days long ago.

Thinking and dreaming, as the days go on,
We shall dream on to the end;
When a few more years have come and gone,
The dream will be finished then.

We are dreaming of the last surviving hero,
For it must come to that at last;
When only a solitary veteran is left,
To dream on alone of the past.

Although surrounded by loving friends,
Still he will be alone;
Alone, to dream his life away,
When all his old comrades are gone.

There'll be none to whom he can tell his thoughts,
They are all of the buried past;
They'd sound like the mutterings of senile age,
To a world that is moving fast.

He can tell his dreams to no one, then,
For none will be left to know;
There'll be no one, then, to understand,
When the army has crossed to the other shore.

JOHN H. LANE.

Esmont, Va.

[Signature of the Insured.]

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GENERAL FORREST.

Summary Of Some of His Remarkable Achievements.

Bishop Gailor, of Tennessee, contributes to the Sewanee Review for January a very readable sketch of the military career of General Nathan Bedford Forrest, the Confederate Cavalry leader, of whom General Sherman once wrote: "After all, I think Forrest was the most remarkable man our civil war produced on either side."

Forrest's first engagement, at Sacramento, Ky., illustrated the tactics that he followed with such marked success throughout the war—dismounting about one-third of his men in front as skirmishers, and then attacking with the others in two divisions on flank and rear.

Passing over the surrender of Fort Donelson, to which Forrest refused to be a party, and which Bishop Gailor characterizes as "disgraceful," the next important action in which Forrest had a part was Shiloh, where he captured a battery, and on the retreat to Corinth he "saved the Confederate army from destruction by checking Sherman's advance."

Forrest's subsequent exploits are thus related by Bishop Gailor:

"Within three weeks, however, he was again ready for action, and made a raid into Middle Tennessee that astounded his enemies, and so began the marvellous career of audacity and success that ended only with the civil war. With 1,500 men he swooped upon the fortifications at Murfreesboro', destroyed the railway station and the forts, took 1,200 prisoners, including two brigadier-generals—Crittenden and Duffield—destroyed $700,000 worth of stores, captured sixty wagons, 500 mules and horses, one battery of artillery, and escaped in safety with the loss of but sixteen killed and twenty-five wounded. The country swarmed with Federal troops, and Forrest's escape reads like a chapter in fiction. General Buell wrote: 'Our guards are gathered up by Forrest as easily as he would herd cattle. Why don't you do something?'

"After checking Buell's advance upon Bragg, who had marched into Kentucky, Forrest was again relieved of his command (November, 1862), and was ordered back to Tennessee to raise and equip another, if he could.

"By December 1st a new brigade of 2,000 men had gathered around him at Columbia; but they had virtually no arms, ammunition, or other equipment, and the only source of supply was the enemy's garrisons. Forrest accordingly ventured to cross the Tennessee river, though it was patrolled by gunboats, and marched with his small brigade into West Tennessee in the face of more than 12,000 Federal troops. He eluded pursuit, captured Colonel Ingersoll and his command near Jackson, captured the garrison at Forked Deer creek, then captured Trenton and its garrison, and again Union City with its garrison, and destroyed immense quantities of stores. Being surrounded finally by three brigades, he attacked one after the other, and made his escape in safety, taking with him 500 recruits, full supplies of arms, ammunition, horses, and clothes for his men, together with 5 pieces of artillery, 11 cannon, 38 wagons and teams, and 1,500 prisoners."

In his account of Forrest's raid into West Tennessee, in 1863, Bishop Gailor quotes the words of "a northern correspondent," who wrote:

"In the face of 10,000 Federal troops, Forrest, with less than 4,000, has marched right through the Sixteenth Army Corps, nine miles from Memphis, carried off 100 wagons, 200 cattle, 3,000 conscripts, destroyed several railroads and many towns."

In his successful attack on General William S. Smith, Forrest stated that he had 2,500 men engaged against 7,000.

Summarizing General Forrest's personal characteristics, Bishop Gailor says:

"He was a man of immense physical strength and size, and as resolute and audacious in personal encounters as in open battle. His temper was terrific when aroused, and his language was often violent and profane, but never vulgar or obscene. He detested uncleanness, as he despised wanton cruelty and oppression. In the midst of the battle, when his own life was in peril, he was known to rescue a woman and a child from danger and carry them to a place of safety. While he thrashed a scout with hickory switches for giving him second-hand information, he degraded one of his best officers for trifling with the affections of a woman. He was unlearned, but not illiterate. A pen he said once, reminded him of a snake; and his spelling was consistently wrong; but his natural eloquence could move his troops to enthusiasm. He did not know the first principles of the drill, being astonished at the effect of a trumpet-call upon disciplined soldiers, and yet in his general plan of battle he instinctively adopted mature tactics of Napoleon. He exercised an authority as a general that was absolutely intolerant of the slightest variation or disobedience, and yet he was the genial companion of his subordinates, and was foremost in exposing himself in every battle. He had twenty-nine horses killed under him, and with his own hand slew thirty men."

STORMING THE STONE FENCE.

What is a Confederate Veteran?

(The Lost Cause.)

The definition of a Confederate veteran has been very concisely and beautifully given by Judge Robert L. Rodgers, the grifted historian of the C. V. A., of Fulton county, Ga., as follows:

"In taking an account of ourselves as Confederate veterans we need not speculate about the facts before the war. A Confederate veteran was not a fact before the war. We frequently hear of things which existed 'before the war.'

"Some people were rich before the war. Some people were slaves before the war. Some men were born and lived before the war who are living yet. There were governors, senators, judges, and 'militia majors,' but never was a 'Confederate veteran' before the war.

"A Confederate veteran is to-day a unique figure in life, and will ever be unique in history.

"Unique? Yes, sir; that is the single word which may define him, signifying incomparable, alone!

"Nothing else, and nobody else, on earth to-day like a Confederate veteran. He is an evolution of a revolution—a relic of the 'Lost Cause.'

"In the sorrows and ruins of his defeat he stands like Napolean, grand, gloomy, and peculiar,' though the veteran is not by any means a fossil.

"A Confederate veteran to-day is a living and active factor in public events. Coming as a result or product of the war, he is grand in his heroic courage, gloomy in defeat and wreck of fortune, and peculiar in being solitary in his own generation. Having no predecessor of his kind, he likewise can have no successor.

"'A Confederate veteran' is a rank and position of distinction. It is an honor which no power on earth can take away.

"Confederate veterans are one by one passing away, and as each goes out we gather at the bier to give a final farewell, to drop a tear as we listen to the dull thud of the clods upon his coffin, and are reminded of the fact that we are one less in our numbers.

"Fewer and fewer they become as we leave them in their graves, and we feel sad to contemplate that soon the last one must go from earth, and then there can never be another 'Confederate veteran.'

"The last one must be the last of the kind. Holding firmly and conscientiously as we do yet to the correctness of the principles for which we fought, in our great defeat there must ever be with us a shadow of that heavy sorrow which 'never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,' in our households; but we may take such consolation in our 'Lost Cause' as we may find in praising the valor and cherishing the memories of those who died to make it otherwise, and realizing the consciousness in those who yet live of having done their duty as well and as fully as they could.

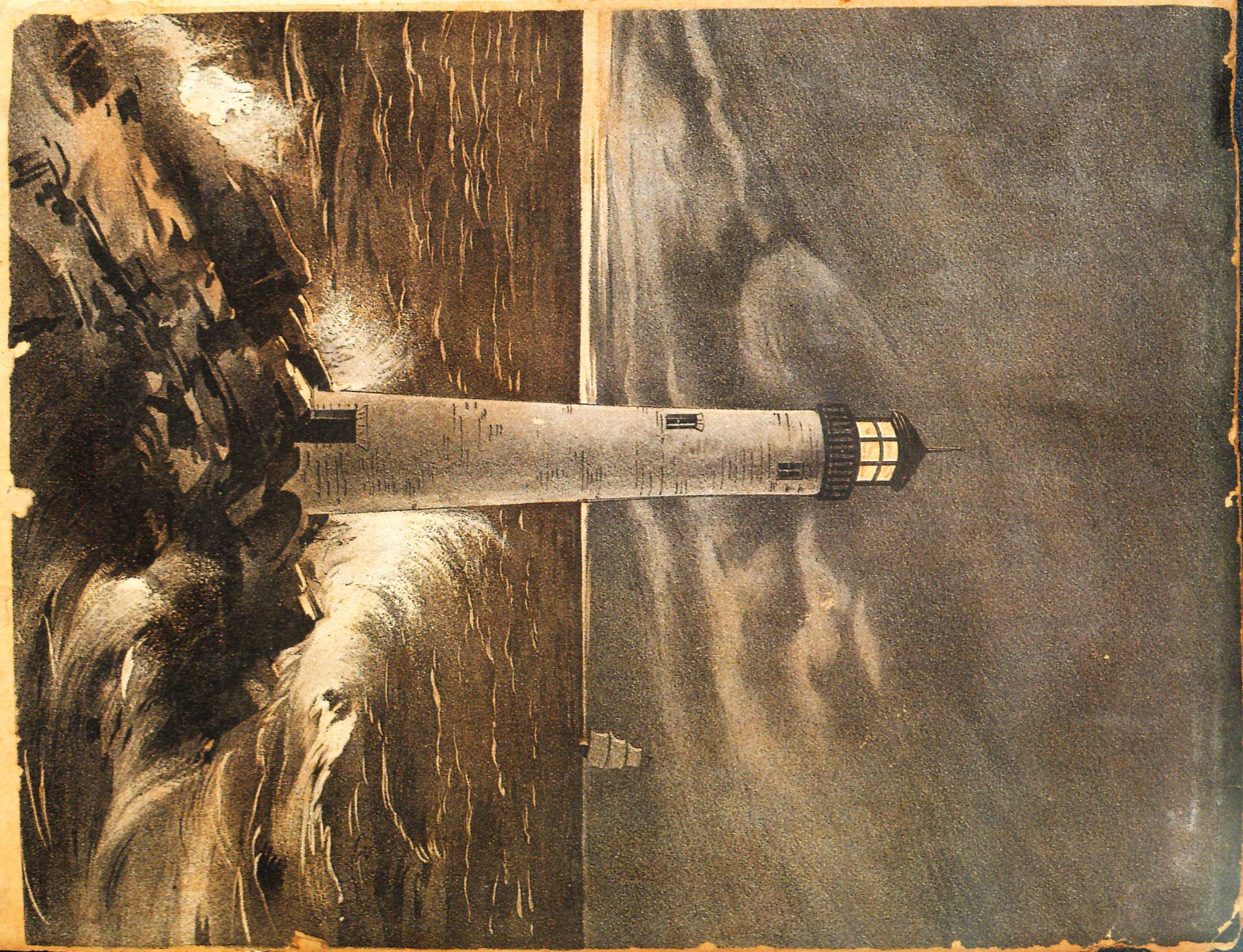
"Giving honor to whom honor is due, too much praise cannot be given to our braves who died in the din of battle, yielding up dear life as a holy sacrifice to the principles of freedom for which they contended and in which they honestly and conscientiously believed they were right.

"Aye, indeed they were right! It was the right they dared to defend and maintain, and for which they died willingly with an approving conscience, sealed with their blood, and sanctioned in high heaven.

"O, if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause."

o the Company.

.....ASSURED.



THE LOST CAUSE