Saint Mary's Beacon.

VOL. XVII. LEONARDTOWN, MD., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1880. NO. 47

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

CHAPTER 176.

AN ACT for the better protection of wild fowl upon the waters of the Patuxent river and its tributaries.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That it shall not be lawful for any person or persons to shoot or trap upon the waters of the Patuxent River, its tributaries, or the marshes bordering upon the same, any goose, duck, snipe, ortolan or any other wild fowl; provided this act shall not apply to the actual residents of Anne Arundel, Prince George, St. Mary's, Charles and Calvert counties.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That any person or persons who may be found violating the provisions of this act shall, upon conviction thereof before a Justice of the Peace of the county wherein the offence was committed, be fined not less than ten dollars, nor more than fifty dollars for the first offence, and not less than twenty-five nor more than one hundred dollars for each and any subsequent offence, and the boat, gun or guns, ammunition, and all other property found in the possession or use of such person or persons at the time of the arrest shall be held until such fine is paid; one-half of said fine to go to the informer, the other half to the school fund of the county in which the offence was committed.

SECTION 3. *And be it enacted*, That all acts or parts of acts inconsistent with this act be and the same are hereby repealed, and that this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

Approved April 10th, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
Secretary of the Senate.

June 10, 1880—3t.

PUBLIC LOCAL LAW.

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

CHAPTER 294.

AN ACT to encourage the destruction of Hawks, and Owls and Foxes in St. Mary's county.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of Maryland*, That any person killing any Hen Hawk, Partridge Hawk, Owl or Fox within the limits of St. Mary's county shall be entitled to receive a bounty of twenty-five cents for each and every Hawk and Owl and fifty cents for each and every Fox so killed.

SECTION 2. *And be it enacted*, That to obtain said bounty, it shall be necessary for the person killing said Hen Hawk, Partridge Hawk or Owl or Fox, to produce the head or heads of such Hawk or Owl and the brush of said Fox before some Justice of the Peace for St. Mary's county, and at the same time make oath that the said Hawk or Owl or Fox was killed within the limits of the said county and within thirty days before the production of said head or heads or brush before the Justice, and thereupon the said Justice shall give a certificate of the production of the said head or heads or brush before him and the taking of said oath, and it shall be the duty of the said Justice to destroy the said head or heads or brush so as to prevent a second allowance upon the same.

SECTION 3. *And be it enacted*, That upon the production of the said Justice's certificate before the County Commissioners of St. Mary's county, the said Commissioners are hereby authorized and directed to levy upon the assessable property of St. Mary's county a sum sufficient for the aforesaid bounties for the use of the persons producing the same, and the Collectors of the taxes shall collect and pay the same accordingly.

SECTION 4. *And be it enacted*, That this act shall take effect from the date of its passage.

We hereby certify, That the aforegoing is a correct copy of an Act of the General Assembly of Maryland, passed January Session, 1880.

Approved April 10th, 1880.

MILTON Y. KIDD,
Chief Clerk of the House of Delegates.
EUGENE HIGGINS,
Secretary of the Senate.

June 10, 1880—3t.

Notice to Teachers.

THERE will be a meeting of the School Board on the

2nd of JULY proximo.

for the purpose of passing on reports for the quarter ending June, 30th instant.

As many of the notices of appointment sent to the Trustees of the public schools miscarried, I will be obliged to the teachers if they will state in their reports whether or not notices of appointment have been received for their several schools.

By order,
GEO. THOMAS,
Secretary.

June 17, 1880—2t.

DENTAL NOTICE.

I WILL be in Leonardtown June 22rd. Will be pleased to wait upon those who desire my services. Prices for all operations very low.

—PAGE EDMUNDS,
Dentist

June 17, 1880.

HOUSEKEEPER WANTED.

WANTED immediately an EXPERIENCED HOUSE KEEPER. An elderly lady preferred. Must come well-recommended. Apply to

JOHN F. FENWICK,
Leonardtown, Md.

June 10, 1880—tf.

Commencement

EXERCISES of St. Mary's Female Seminary will take place THURSDAY, JULY 1st, at 3 o'clock, p. m. The public are invited to attend.

Mrs. JAS. R. THOMAS,
Principal.

June 24, 1880.

DON'T be humbugged by misstatements.—Post yourself upon price tat

ALLSTAN'S STORES.

RECOMPENSE.

One flower alone, of all the flowers,
Sweet with the summer sunlit showers,
One blown queen blossom on the tree
Was more than all the rest to me.

And one proud face was passing fair,
One face alone, beyond compare;
It was, alas! as lovers know,
My heart of hearts that told me so.

The wind crept down the garden walk
And stole my blossom from the stalk;
My passion met with her disdain;
I loved her and I loved in vain.

And so I gave—the world was wide—
Scorn for her scorn and pride for pride,
And still, alas! I found that the
Way more than all the world to me.

—J. R. Eastwood.

(Correspondence of the Beacon.)

LEONARDTOWN, June 17, 1880.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—As our heated term is holding over, for a short time, I will take advantage of the interim and give a description of my flying visit to Winchester, to witness the unveiling of the monument to Maryland's dead, who fell in the beautiful Shenandoah, fighting for "Southern Rights" under the "Bonnie Blue Flag." We left the city of "magnificent distances," June 5th, 7.30 a. m., on the Metropolitan Branch of the B. & O. Railroad, with several hundred visitors. We gathered many by the wayside. Rockville, Gaithersburg and Germantown sent large delegations to do homage to our Maryland Boys. I am sorry to say that St. Mary's was poorly represented, only three beside myself, at least I did not see or hear of any more. I am surprised that those who used to run up and down the Valley, with the "unconquered Jackson," did not go, as the cost was trfling. It was worth thousands more than the actual cost to witness the feeling, sentiment and true zeal that animated those brave Virginians who welcomed us with open arms. One would suppose from what we see here at home that patriotism, sentiment, lofty aspirations, justice, *truth* and *Christian charity* had all died out, but such is not the case with those whom I saw in the Stonewall Cemetery. They acted as people of the olden time—so much heart in all and all.—When I saw their devotion to the dead, I was lifted out of myself and felt like exclaiming:—"There is life in the old land yet." I have digressed somewhat. I'll not apologise, as you know I always say as I feel.

We arrived at Harper's Ferry about ten o'clock, a. m., crossed the elegant bridge which spans the bluish Potomac and greenish Shenandoah rivers. The scenery around the ferry is grand beyond imagination. Many have seen, all have heard of the grandeur of this Swiss gorge of America. The train went thundering down the Valley. We followed the Shenandoah river in its zig zag course some distance. The picturesque beauty and fertility of this valley is noted. No pen of mine can do justice to its beauty, the tumbling, foaming cascades below, the frowning, rugged rocks above, glimpses of the towering Alleghanies on our right, the hazy misty Blue Ridge on our left, broken here and there by the gaps made memorable during our great civil war, through which passed and repassed hungry, weary and ragged soldiers, are sights that caused the pulse to quicken and the eye grow dim. After leaving the river on our left, we came to Charlestown, the place where poor deluded John Brown was hung. Here, as in all the towns after we crossed into Virginia, were crowds of people at the depots. Little girls, dressed in white, with flowers and banners, boys with flags flying, greeted us and cheered us on. The colored people gave us a shout. Everybody seemed happy and glad to see us. Many a ruined homestead by the way, the only evidence I saw of the terrible destruction of that most terrible Phil. Sheridan. Ah! "little Phil," if you were to visit the Valley you laid waste seventeen years ago, you would think God is above the——and Phil. Sheridan too. As far as the eye can reach, magnificent fields of wheat, ready for the scythe, large fields of corn, acres of clover that scent the air for miles with its fragrance, comfortable looking dwellings, fine cattle and beautiful horses. Well-wooded, well-watered, nature, aided by the hand of man, has made this Valley an agricultural paradise. There is no tobacco raised in this section. As the train dashed in the depot at Winchester, about 11 o'clock, a. m., we were saluted with a salvo of artillery. Thousands of people were waiting for the trains to come in, particularly the Baltimore trains which were to convey the fifth regiment, Governor's, Towsontown, Catonsville and Bond Guards. The military, which was close on behind us, soon come in.—Such booming of cannon, firing of guns and cheering, I never heard. The Maryland soldiers were met at the depot by the Winchester, Staunton, Woodstock, Martinsburg and Moorfield companies. All were dressed in grey uniforms, with different trimmings, red, buff, white and black. Soon the troops began to move towards Market Street, the dense crowd following, the bands playing national airs, flags flying. Every place was decked in red, white and blue. Evergreens and flowers were twined around pillars and posts of porticoes. Beautiful green garlands were festooned and looped from the windows and cornices. The tops of houses, balconies, windows, doors and every available place were packed with people, some waving handkerchiefs, some flying flags,—a surging mass in the Streets below—are scenes never to be forgotten. As we approached Market Street, the sight was grand. Hart's Hotel was decorated from top to bottom. Right across from the Hotel was an immense arch, which spanned the street, made of wood, painted white and black, with large gilt letters. On one side was inscribed, "Virginia welcomes Maryland." Opposite, "in honor of Maryland's Dead,". This arch was beautifully made and artistically trimmed with evergreens and flowers. Here and there were [illegible]

The stars and stripes were floating in every direction, notwithstanding the *American* says there was only one National flag, floating, and that was in the Union Soldier's Cemetery. It seems as if the *American* cannot tell the truth about the Southern people. There were a few flags with the bars and stars, a few old battle flags. Surely the *American* is not afraid of those old tattered, faded flags. However, no body was hurt.

Market Street is a wide, shady avenue with some fine houses, with beautiful yards, and sloping lawns. Some of the yards are fifteen feet higher than the sidewalk. They are graded down to about four feet from the street, with granite and iron inclosures. Beautiful flowers, well kept shrubbery, rustic rockeries, marble steps well, mowed green sods, make them charming spots indeed. Notably, the houses of Gov. Holliday and Mr. Holmes Conrad were handsomely decorated for the occasion, this day being the greatest Winchester ever saw, twenty thousand strangers in the city.

The military halted in front of Mr. Holmes Conrad's House. Gov. Holliday delivered his excellent address from the steps of the house. The reason he did not make his remarks from the Governor's mansion was some family trouble, the nature of which I did not learn. Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and her daughter Julia were guests of Mr. Conrad. They were seated in a handsome carriage at the gate when the troops halted.

I was fortunate in getting a good place on one of the terraces in Mr. Conrad's yard. This yard was kept for ladies.—I was very near Gov. Holliday and heard every word he said. His speech, though short, were excellent, for his heart was in what he said. His welcome to the people of Maryland was sincere. Gov. Holliday looks to be about fifty years old, has a good face, is rather handsome, and carries an empty sleeve. If I had to choose a good, true man, judging alone from face and expression, that man would be F. W. M. Holliday, Governor of the grand, old commonwealth of Virginia. Nothing of deception or political craft in his face; instead kindness, honor, truth sympathy, attributes so rare now in the average man.

In the absence of our old Jackson, hickory-tree Hamilton, Mayor Latrobe, of Baltimore city, responded to Gov. Holliday's remarks. Mayor Latrobe's address was good and I hope he meant what he said. You know he is a Baltimore politician and loves to run with the current. The effect of his excellent remarks were somewhat lost on me, as I was thinking of his vetoing the bill to erect a marble monument to Maryland's fallen heroes in Eutaw Square for fear of wounding the sensibilities of some people in the vicinity. Narrow, selfish must be the souls of those who would object to seeing a marble shaft raised to the memory of Maryland's sons whose bones are scattered North, South, East and West. If Major Andre can have a monument in this land, Gen. Robt. E. Lee ought to have one in the Old Bay State, so high, so lofty, that an electric light on its summit would warn the mariner on the dangerous and rocky coast of Newfoundland!

If I lived where soldiers on either side were buried, I would try and keep their graves green for the sake of their mothers. While I might drop a tear on one, I [illegible] on the other. Those on the other side, who wore the blue, were as dear to their friends in New England as the boys who wore the grey were to theirs in the Gulf States. Mothers, fathers, wives, sisters, have the same affection whether they dwell on the frozen Penobscot, the mad, rushing St. Lawrence, the rocky barren coast of Cape Cod, or whether they dwell on the beautiful Narragansett or palatial Hudson, or in the prolific Genesee Valley, as those that dwell by the beautiful Savannahs, by murmuring streams and ivy-clad bowers of the South. The boys from the old Granite State, the lumbermen of the bleak North West, the thrifty farmers of the Buckeye State, the Hoosiers from the prairies, the miners of the Pacific slope, have the same natural feelings as those that came from the Orange groves or Cypress Avenues of the "Sunny South." I have wandered again.

When Mayor Latrobe asked them to continue to take care of our boys' hallowed dust and occasionally lay a garland on their graves, many, many voices answered, "We will do it! We will do it!"

The military took up its line of march. The whole procession was under the command of that gallant old warrior, Gen. J. R. Trimble, who looks every inch a soldier, with his piercing, black eyes, white hair and erect mien. He was mounted on a handsome charger; he wore an orange silk sash. His aids were gentlemen handsomely mounted from Winchester and adjoining counties. Gen. J. N. Watkins, R. Snowden Andrews, James R. Herbert and staff headed the Maryland division.

Col. Preston Chew, of Jefferson county, Va., and aide rode in front of the Virginia troops. First the Maryland troops, Col. Burgwyn, full band and drum corps; next carriage containing Mrs. Jackson and daughter and Mr. Geo. Savage of Baltimore; Gov. Holliday, Mayor Latrobe, Mr. [illegible] of Winchester, Speaker [illegible] orator, Judge Sheffey, Brig. Gen. Forries Conrad, members of the Maryland Line, members of the Society of Army and Navy of the Confederate States of Maryland, Capt. McHenry Howard, then Virginia infantry, Capt. Burgess, and two batteries of artillery with caissons, the crowd pressing on. If Gen. Milroy had encountered such crowds in Winchester, he would not have gotten out so quickly—his exit would have been somewhat retarded. Out of Market into Main Street, which seemed to be the business part of the town, nearly all the houses were literally covered with bunting, flowers and evergreens. Taylor's Hotel looked like a fairy pavilion. Across from this Hotel was a string of blue and white guidons, each bearing a letter, the whole spelling Maryland and Virginia. A banner in the centre with letters of gold bore the inscription "Twin Sisters." Yellow and black were the prevailing colors. Another banner near by, made of blue silk and gold, with the inscription "Maryland, my Maryland." Many houses bore the words "Welcome," "Virginia and Maryland," "Maryland, my Maryland." The letters of these inscriptions were made of green and national colors. The military, dignitaries, and greater part of the crowd paraded the different streets before they formally entered the cemetery.

A lady friend whom I accompanied suggested that we cut across and go to the cemetery before the crowd, so as to get a place near the veiled monument. We soon came to Mount Hebron cemetery. At the entrance is the ruins of an old church, with dead and dying Lombardy poplars around it. Mount Hebron cemetery is inclosed with a stone fence. The Stonewall cemetery is in the farther end; in fact, a continuation of Mount Hebron, and is the burial ground of the citizens of Winchester. We passed down the central aisle of the former. On either side are well kept graves, lovely flowers, weeping willows, shady paths, handsome railings and handsomer marble tombs, some battered and broken by the whizzing shot and screaming shell during the war.

After passing through this beautiful city of the dead, we came to the saddest scene of all, the graves of the silent, sleeping soldiers, with their simple wooden head boards. Some few have marble. The only boundary between the two cemeteries are wooden posts, painted white, with white shields and black letters bearing the inscription, "Stonewall Cemetery." I first sought the dead of my native State, particularly the grave of the playmate of my childhood, one of the cherished companions of my youth, brave, generous, Edward Waring, friend of my earlier days! As I stood by your grave and mused over the past, I saw you a gallant, dashing, blue-eyed, fair-haired boy in the halls of your noble ancestors, surrounded by mother, father, sisters and brothers so happy and joyful. Little did I think, after a lapse of twenty years, I should see your grave in the bosom of old Virginia—a brave soldier's grave in the care and keeping of the pure and lovely women of the South, aided by her brave sons! As I looked around on that band of true women, who had placed on every soldier's headboard an evergreen wreath, I saw on their faces, as if inscribed by an angel hand, a high resolve, *we will* keep their graves green, and when we pass away our children's children will inherit our spirit and cherish our inheritance, *Our Beloved Dead!*

In the centre of the group of Maryland's braves stands a [illegible] monument, of which I will speak hereafter. There are buried [illegible] fourteen Marylanders, two from St. Mary's county, Edward Waring and J. E. Joy. Most of the Maryland soldiers have marble head and foot stones, with their names and company inscribed on them. Buried by Ned Waring is a young Richardson, who was killed at Martinsburg, West Va. The former was killed at Cedar Creek, I think, though the tomb don't say. Edward Waring's grave was nearly covered with flowers—one large bouquet was sent from Frederick, Md. This spot was as handsomely decorated as any, with the exception of the Ashby brothers' grave. All of the mounds were nicely sodded. I plucked some grass and flowers from the grave of my friend. Don't think it vandalism, Messrs. Editors, for I brought them home to his mother. There are three marble monuments in the cemetery, one to the unknown dead, one to Virginia's fallen sons and one to our Maryland boys. All the other States, twelve in number, who have dead buried here, have wooden shafts about fifteen feet high, painted white, with the names of the States and number of dead on them painted in black letters.

Wooden monuments to brave warriors! So touching in their poverty, they told the sad, sad story of the dire destruction that swept over this land of ours, when the weak and few were overcome by the strong and many. I felt like crying out:

"What shall we offer thee,
Gifts we have none?
What shall we tender thee,
Now as friends?"

An echo comes back from these graves that seems to say,

"Give us an ivy leaf
Fresh from the bough,
Something in after years
As it is now."

The humble monuments were made lovely with green garlands, bright flowers and sad as possible with black crepe, which floated out from the flowers and evergreens. Arkansas had an old, torn battle-flag, festooned and draped over her dead. Some had harps, crosses and shields made of flowers and evergreens. The South Carolina shaft was most beautifully decorated—a wreath of flowers and ivy leaves was wound around it. Fastened at the top were several wreaths, which were so arranged as to form a canopy, in form somewhat like a Chinese pavilion. Over the mound on which rest the monument, under this flower bower, which was quite large, flowers were arranged in many styles. Anchors, harps, crosses, crescents and pieces of Palmetto were scattered around. The prettiest flowers I ever saw—they came from the far off "Sunny South." Indeed, every spot was as lovely as lovely hands could make it.

In the centre of this cemetery is a marble monument over the unknown dead. Around this central shaft, in lots near by, are buried the soldiers who died near Winchester, of the following States:—Georgia, North and South Carolina, Mississippi, Alabama, Lousiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, Florida, Texas, Missouri, Virginia, Maryland and Arkansas. Here, as in most Southern cemeteries, the boys from the old "North State" lie thickest.

The monument to the unknown dead is a very handsome, pure white marble pedestal, with fluted shaft, about fifty-five feet high. On the summit of this shaft is a figure of a Confederate soldier "at rest on arms," looking mournfully down on fallen comrades.

The bones of eight hundred and twenty-nine unknown dead have been gathered from different places and put in a mound, over which is the monument. The mound is about three or four feet [illegible] from the ground, [illegible] sodded with grass so green it would suppose it came from the Emerald Isle. This mound slopes from the centre to the edge, which is a graveled walk that encircles the mound. Here was the grandest floral display of all. Flowers of every hue, it seemed to me, and from every clime adorned this spot of the unknown dead.

On this mound were flowers and evergreens. Arches of green flowers covered the entire mound. A fairy scene but for the black banneretts with different mottoes in letters of gold—"Love and tears for the Grey," "The Valley mourns for her fallen dead," "Our honor lies in honoring them," "Happy to have died before defeat," etc. The pedestal has the seal of the Confederacy in bas relief and its motto *Deo vindice*. Also in large and beautifully chiselled letters are the words, "To the unknown and unrecorded dead," an inscription telling that the monument is a tribute by the people of the South to that cause which they believed to be right, and that the unknown and unrecorded dead will never be forgotten by them. Very touching is the inscription, "*Who they were, none know, what they were, all know.*"

We will pass over to Virginia's monument, which is about thirty feet high. On top is an urn draped with a pall of pure white marble. On the pedestal is the coat of arms of the State and the motto, *Sic Semper Tyrannis*. There is on the shaft above a sabre in relief. Cut deep in this marble are the words:

"In memory of the three hundred and ninety-eight soldiers lying in this cemetery who fell in defense of Constitutional Liberty and the Sovereignty of their State."

This obelisk is beautified in every way. Many graves in this lot have marble tombs. Near the monument is buried that heroic, brave, gallant soldier, of whom all have heard, General Turner Ashby. He and his brother are buried in the same grave. It has a wooden head board which bears the inscription, "The Ashby Brothers." All that hands could do to make this spot lovely was done. There was a black gauze bannerett with gilt letters, with an inscription which I have forgotten, (as there was so much to see and hear) draped, which hung like a pall over the grave. So sad and touching, I was sorry I could not linger longer by this sacred spot. By this time the military began to enter the cemetery, whose entree was announced by firing minute guns, muffled drums and bands playing the dead march. We hurried to the Maryland lot, which was near, so as to get a place to see what was to be seen. The crowd was so great near the monument that I was lifted from the ground and carried along. Tramp, tramp, was heard the measured step of the soldiery, sounds so familiar in this place years ago. Soon was seen long lines of glittering bayonets, for just then old Sol broke through the silver lining and smiled on those grey jackets and the vast throng which had come to honor the dead. First came the veteans of the Maryland Line, with their old battle flag faded and torn. The Ensign held it high, the breeze caught up its ragged folds and it floated as proudly as in days gone by when in the zenith of its glory.

Next, Maryland's military pride, the gallant Fifth. The very horses which the officers rode seemed to know that they were on sacred ground. Following were other military companies, veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, that body of maimed and scarred men, some of whom had formed the *Stonewall* at Manassas; some who had fought at Antietam, Malvern Hill, Seven Pines; some at Chancellorsville, where dear old Stonewall "crossed the river and rested under the shade of the trees" of Everlasting Life; some who had hurled death and destruction in the Union ranks from Marye's Heights; others who had stormed Cemetery Hill and the rugged, dizzy heights of Round Top; those who had clambered to the summit of Culp's Hill amid the falling monarchs of the forest, the whizzing of minnie balls, hissing shot, screaming and bursting shells; some from the tangled undergrowth of the Wilderness and from Cold Harbor; others who had seen that magnificent army dwindle down to a brave, Spartan band; those who had witnessed the closing scenes of the great drama under that famous apple tree at Appomattox when Gen. Lee, heart-broken, handed his sword to the "silent soldier," the hero of Fort Donnelson, who magnanimously handed it back, a beautiful act in Gen. Grant's life. The military came down the centre aisle to the unknown and unrecorded dead, passed around the sacred pile with reverential awe, the band playing mournful dirges. After passing around the dead soldiers of all the States, they came to the Maryland Lot. As they approached, the bands were playing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee!" After passing around Maryland's dead and going through the evolutions of dress parade, they halted in front of the monument at rest on arms. The artillery had their guns pointed to an open field. The figure on the monument was covered with a thick piece of muslin, with the strings so arranged that the drawing of one would cause the cover to fall. The military were compelled to keep the crowd back, as every body wanted to get near.

About two o'clock, the troops were all in position and formed a square around the monument, the crowd on tip-toe as Mrs. Jackson and daughter advanced toward Mr. Conrad, the sculptor, who held the string of the veil. After a moment's silence, the artillery belched forth its thunder, the white hand of a woman drew the cord, the curtain fell, and exposed to view was the figure of a Confederate Soldier, chiselled out of pure white marble and standing on a marble pedestal. In bas-relief at the foot of the statue is the seal of the State and the motto *Fatti Maschii Parole Femine*,"—Manly Deeds and Womanly Words! The front of the pedestal bears the inscription "Maryland, to the Memory of her sons who fell on Virginia's Soil!" On the Northern side of the pedestal, "Manassas, 1861—Appomattox, 1865." On the South side. "Unheralded, unorganized, unarmed, they came for conscience' sake and died for right." On the other side, "Alike in blood, alike in faith they sleep—alike the last sleep of the brave!" The soldier of marble was armed and equipped for service. The expression of the face is very life-like. The monument is fifteen feet high. The floral offerings were numerous. One I noticed as particularly pretty. It was a basket of red and white flowers. Pinned to it was a card, "To my dead comrades, Dr. T. F. Ward, Baltimore city." All the lots in which rested the dead had several black banneretts fixed so as to fall and trail over the graves. On the black banners in letters of gold were touching and appropriate inscriptions. After the unveiling cerimonies, the crowd dispersed somewhat. Many repaired to the Speakers' Stand, which was erected in the Cemetery. This Stand was decorated with red, white and blue, with black intermingled. Mr. Spencer Jones, of Maryland, delivered an excellent address. A minister of the Presbyterian faith offered up a beautiful prayer, after which Mr. Holmes Conrad introduced the Orator, Mr. Jones, who was a private in the Maryland Line.

Mr. Jones was received with the wildest applause. His speech, which many of you have read, was excellent. It was quite lengthy and was spoken from manuscript. His remarks concerning the bravery of Corporal Daniel Shanks (one of St. Mary's bravest soldiers) who, in a fight near Harrisonburg when the gallant Ashby was killed, caught up the flag after four color-bearers had been killed and bore it aloft until the close of the action, were greeted with great cheering. It appears from this that many of the Virginians have not forgotten Pelham's brave artilleryman. Gen. Trimble, though not a brilliant orator, followed Mr. Jones in a beautiful speech. Gen. Bradley T. Johnson, a name familiar to all here, gave us one of his spicy, lively speeches, which was well received. He appears to be a man of great nerve as well as good sense. Mrs. Jackson and her daughter were on the stand. They were seated in a far corner. Many of Stonewall's veterans, who were in the crowd, asked to see them. They very modestly came to the front of the platform. Men took off their hats, ladies waved their handkerchiefs, cheer after cheer rent the air and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed at the sight of their old commander's family. The Blue Ridge, not far off, echoed back, "We are glad to see you! We are glad to see you!" Mrs. Jackson is a very handsome woman, medium height, with clear brown complexion and beautiful black velvety eyes. She was attired in handsome black silk dress and bonnet, with a widow's cap. She is a very sprightly woman and looks to be about forty years old. Julia Jackson is not so pretty as her mother. She has light brown hair, grey eyes, a beautiful red and white complexion, looks very like Stonewall, which fact makes her pretty in the eyes of the Southern People. She wore a lilac silk dress, handsomely trimmed, white leghorn hat, with long white ostrich plume. She looks very young.

Across from the Stonewall is the Union Cemetery in which are buried five thousand soldiers. I was very sorry I had not the time to go and see it, but it was getting late and our train was to leave at 5 o'clock, p. m. After casting a long, lingering look around at the sad but beautiful sight, we passed out of the Stonewall Cemetery. In Mount Hebron Cemetery is the tomb of Major General Daniel Morgan, of revolutionary fame. A native of Winchester, he and his company walked from this place to Boston to help the Rebels against the Crown. From the highest point in Winchester can be seen twenty old battle grounds. Thousands and thousands of men fought and many fell on these historic fields, which are now in a high state of cultivation. We repaired to Hart's Hotel, took dinner and then started for the train. Soon we were running up the Valley to Harper's Ferry, which is thirty-six miles from Winchester. From Washington to Winchester is eighty-five miles. Arrived at Washington a little after nine, completely tired out.

* * *

☞An example of the truth of the phrase, "the man who hesitates is lost," was given at Ottawa, Canada, the other day. A scow broke away from a tug just above the Chandiere Falls. Two men were on board, and it was evident to the horrified observers that only by jumping at once and swimming for the boom could they be saved. One man immediately sprang into the boiling current, and by desperate efforts reached the boom and was hauled up into a place of safety. The other was so terrified at the dreadful alternatives presented to him that he hesitated ten seconds and then jumped. Those few seconds cost him his life. The swift current carried the struggling man over the falls and he disappeared forever.

WISDOM FOR BOYS.—Do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules:

Hold integrity sacred.
Observe good manners.
Endure trials patiently.
Be prompt in all things.
Make few acquaintances.
Yield not to discouragements.
Dare to do right; fear to do wrong.
Watch carefully over your passions.
Fight life's battle bravely, manfully.
Consider well, then decide positively.
Sacrifice money rather than principle.
Use all your leisure time for improvement.
Attend carefully to the details of your business.

☞John and George Bond, brothers, fell in love with Miss Whitney, the daughter of their landlady, at Denver. She cared very little for either, but encouraged both, and they became jealous of one another. George lost his position as clerk in a store, and had time to stay in the house with the girl. John immediately abandoned work, so as to keep even with his rival. They courted Miss Whitney, she testified, about sixteen hours a day. Then she jilted them, and engaged herself to marry Mr. Smith. The brothers promptly combined to whip Mr. Smith half to death, and that was what made the matter public in a police court.

☞Once upon a time a five-year-old youngster was pevish and peppery beyond maternal explanation or endurance. Finally the weary and perplexed mother pulled him into her lap and despairingly demanded, "What does ail you—what makes you act so?"

"'Cause—'cause," the question was a poser for five-year-old philosophy.—But just then pussy walked into the room, tail erect, with that air of leisurely serenity and self-satisfaction that is sometimes so aggravating to the opposite state of mind. At once the answer came with explosive promptness and emphasis, "'Cause the cat's tail's up!"

☞Andrew Aimers, who was supposed to be the oldest printer in Great Britain, died at Edinburgh two or three weeks ago. He retired from work only two years ago, after having been a compositor for seventy-two years. He was in the employment of Mr. Ballantyne, the friend of Sir Walter Scott, and assisted in setting up the Waverley Novels. He was one of the persons who kept the secret of the authorship so carefully.

☞"What's peaches?" asked a lady of a farmer at market the other morning. "Fruit," he promptly answered. But it wasn't so funny when she as promptly jammed his hat down over his ears with her umbrella.