



Personal Recollections of the Great Rebellion by a Man on the Inside.

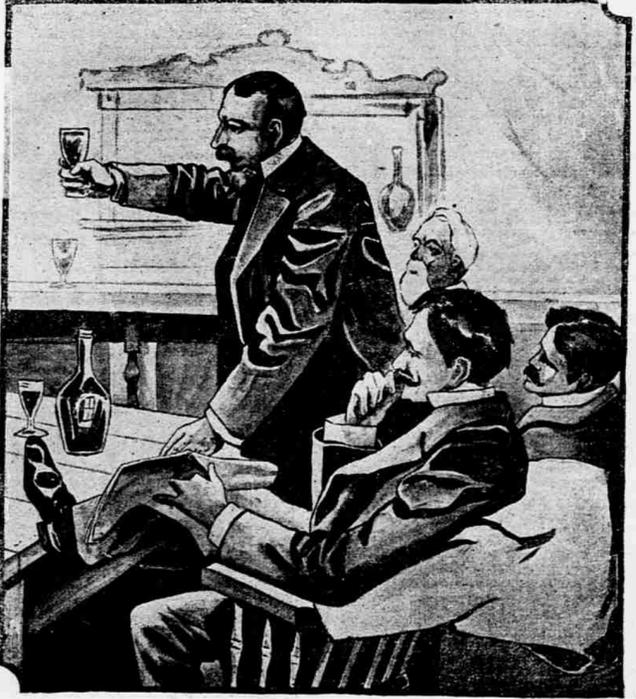
BY A NATIVE VIRGINIAN.

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Some two or three months previous to the events recorded in the previous chapter, above, a strange gentleman called at my house and announced himself as Mr. Buchanan, or a similar name, and stated that he was a native Virginian; that he had been a student with me at the Institute in Virginia, some seven or eight years before, and remarked that he was surprised that I did not know him. After running over the names of all the students of that institute, I told him that I had no recollection whatever of his name or person, but he laughed at the very idea of my not knowing him; but for all that I was certain that he was a stranger.

He had called upon me, I being an old acquaintance, to ask me to take care of his trunk until he returned, as he was going to a friend's house in the city. He insisted on my taking the trunk, saying that if he did not call for it in four months I might open it and take any clothing I might want, and that the trunk contained papers and a dozen or so letters. He was so exacting in the matter that I received the trunk with the understanding that I should not be held responsible for its loss. The man agreed to this and took his departure, after delivering to me the trunk, which had been at the door in a wagon. Some five months later I left Richmond, but before going had the trunk opened by a locksmith in the presence of Mr. Pike, a friend of mine, and found therein some clothing and a dozen or so letters. He was so exacting in the matter that I received the trunk with the understanding that I should not be held responsible for its loss.

well-known Union lady living near 24th and Main streets, and were sent off finally, after the excitement had subsided, guided by a negro slave. The lady's name in question was Miss Eliza Van Lee, and Gen. Grant had her appointed Postmistress of the City of Richmond immediately after the conclusion of the war. She was a lady of strong convictions, intelligent, and quite wealthy. She had never married, and she and her brother John resided at the fine old Van Lee mansion on Union Hill. All Union citizens admired her very much, and she remained quietly in Richmond during the war, and only being occasionally annoyed by secessionist reigh-



"THE CAPTAIN RAISED HIS GLASS."

bers, or bad boys. I believe she now holds a Government position in Washington City.

It was assumed by many persons in Richmond at that period that the escaped prisoners were aided by a certain man connected with the management of the prison, and that it cost a good round sum of money, but that as it may I shall let the matter go; but I shall now refer to an incident of that period which will be new to the older citizens of Richmond.

It will be remembered by many that a gentleman and his family by the name of Webber resided a few doors from Sudler's Hotel, near the Old Market, and kept a variety store, and manufactured very pretty baskets, cradles, etc. There was Mr. Webber, his wife, and his pretty little girl, some 11 or 12 years of age, who comprised the family, and were English, it was understood.

Soon after they came there might be seen a small flag waving from a staff on the end of the house directly opposite the western end of Libby Prison, which was about 100 yards distant. The knowledge was known directly at the top of the staff, and then it would disappear for days entirely.

While the flag business was going on it was noticed that a certain Federal prisoner in Libby Prison would stand at and about the window at the west end of the prison. Being repeatedly warned against putting his head out of the window, he was finally shot and instantly killed by a Confederate sentinel from the outside of the building, the sentinel claiming that he had orders from a superior officer to commit the act. From information I had of the flag I have no doubt that the poor fellow lost his life through his eager desire to watch Webber's flag for news, which its different positions indicated plainly enough to him.

I could write much more of interest about that time if I thought proper. I could tell about the little boy who sold cakes and pies to the prisoners in Libby, and the clerk of the prison, who bought articles of food for the prisoners with their greenbacks, bringing them \$5 worth at Confederate prices, he pocketing about three-fourths of the money, which he sold to Broker Foster, below the St. Charles Hotel. I knew Brother Foster better by far than his neighbors did.

AT CUMBERLAND. I met at Cumberland, Md., a Federal spy who visited Richmond repeatedly, and was not captured either. After my arrival at Cumberland in the Summer of 1863, as mentioned elsewhere, with a letter of introduction to Maj. Gen. Kelly, I was duly introduced to Capt. Purdy, Chief Scout of the Department of West Virginia. He was an interesting man, surely, and we became exceedingly intimate, for many reasons, and he was in my room at the hotel daily—Mahoney's Hotel.

Capt. Purdy had been to Richmond three times when I saw him first at Cumberland. He always played the part of a secessionist from Maryland, and came over to sympathize with and aid the Confederates in fighting back the hated "Yankees" from the sacred soil of the "Grand Old Dominion," the "Mother of Presidents," and so forth and so on.

He related to me many incidents of his visits to Richmond, and I will give one. He reached Richmond by the way of Gordonsville, and boarded at the house of a lady I knew near the Old Market, where many Marylanders had rooms. No one suspected him, as he was a good "secesh,"

THE CRATER FIGHT.

A PENNSYLVANIA COMRADE'S VIEW OF THE MANNER OF ATTACK BY THE UNION TROOPS. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I read with interest Capt. Bowley's story of "A Boy Lieutenant in a Black Regiment." In that part of his article giving an account of the Crater fight, which occurred at Petersburg, July 30, 1864, he speaks about the Second Brigade, First Division, Ninth Corps, and says: "On our side the merrymenning the white brigade were massed behind the outer works and ordered to lie down. Wearing armor would have done little good, for the men were to sleep."

Now that sort of a description of a body of soldiers who were massed in front of an enemy's fort to make an assault, the soldiers fully aware that the fort was to be blown up immediately (3 a. m.), reads very strange to the civilian who knows nothing of military operations. In fact, an old soldier I am sure it sounds most peculiar and queer.

I was a member of the regiment forming the front line, and being on the right I saw the men of my regiment or my brigade were asleep or even ordered to lie down. I deny that the Crater fight was a surprise. The chances of a new Crusade the Jew would have to take; like the old, he is used to being killed alive. Should he himself establish an institution, the Jewish heretics could fly to more Christian lands. Turkey's present embargo on the Jewish immigrant really plays into Dr. Herzl's hands. As for the official circle at Washington that Turkey will not sell Palestine, it is only a theatrical death-blow to Zionism!

Marketing With a Dime. New York Herald. Ten cents is a small fund with which to do a day's marketing for a family of three, but there are families on the East Side who make a dime purchase food enough for 24 hours.

Friday is market day on the East Side, and if you want to see marketing that is unending, with keen competition and close dealing, with the cent as a measure of value, go on that day to the Essex and Cedar streets district, the most populous in the world—where small shops abound and pushcart peddlers congregate, and you will see a sight to be witnessed at no other place on earth. I went with a Rivington street house-keeper into an Essex street butcher shop, and saw her spend at least five minutes in purchasing half a pound of corned beef, for which she paid four cents, and a pound of fat, which she paid five cents. It was great fun to watch her bargaining, and she insisted that a bit of meat no longer than the nickel she handed the butcher should be put on the scale for her.

She was marketing for Sunday for her family of three persons. Corned beef had been ordered for her, and she went to a pot in the street and bought a pound of potatoes, for which she paid one cent, and had a most desperate argument as to the size of the last one put on the scale for good weight. She had her way, and the dealer said something about "10 women," and next purchase I saw a small stand one pound of black beet, cut from a loaf that weighed about 10 pounds, and paid two cents for it. Then she went to another cart and bought a pound of white beans, for a cent, and three-quarters of a pound of cornmeal, for another cent. She had one cent left, and that went for four somewhat ancient looking tomatoes. Her dime was gone, and she disappeared and threaded her way to a rear tenement in Rivington street.

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VETERANS IN THE CITY. Jacob Lauer, 20th N. Y. Gen. Elynn, Ill. Comrade Lauer is janitor of the public schools at Glen Elynn, and went from Washington to visit Philadelphia. Capt. O. D. Poppo, 10th Iowa, and 11th N. C. T. Stewart, Pa. Comrade Poppo is a skilled apiarist, and raises extensively, and also does something in the way of raising pigeons, which is a good money crop, and very profitable when it escapes the frost.

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ZIONISM.

THE JEWISH TRUST HAS DONE FOR PALESTINE. It is impossible to believe that the Jewish commercial genius should fall even in Palestine. Already several factories are turning out, a tobacco plantation has been established, mulberry-trees have been planted for the rearing of silkworms, the tolerable cognac and chart of the colonies are a thing in Europe, and with the further opening up of the European market, Palestine could export not only the cruciferous flowers, the mother-pearl moments and the olive-wood carvings of the holy bazars, but also olive and sesame oil, soap, preserved fruits, sweets, perfumes, etc.

Canada's Greatest Glory. Scribner's. The greatest glory of Canada is not its modern progress, but its vast and ancient natural resources. It is the possession of an unexploited wealth of everything you know, go where I went last year, to the upper waters of the Ottawa, where the beaver is the master, and the moose is king of the woods. See for yourself, as I saw, that the Ottawa and the Gatineau, appearing to come from widely distant regions, have their origin close together and are twins. Bordered these two children of the lakes, nourished these two generous streams. Trace their courses and see that, though projecting far, widely different directions, they finally arrive at a common destination.

Velocity of the Wind. Scientific American. The great hurricane which wrought such destruction to Porto Rico has furnished remarkable records of velocity. Recent and views from the Weather Bureau station at Hatteras contain some very startling figures and prove that if we are to register the highest possible wind velocities, our automatic apparatus will have to be strengthened accordingly. The greatest velocity occurred shortly after noon, the 17th of August, when records were made which prove this hurricane to have been the most severe within the past 75 years.

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THE WONDERFUL MACHETE.

New Orleans Times-Messenger. "The machete is the most wonderful instrument in the hands of a man from Bluefields. A native Cuban or Central American can do anything with it, from carving a bookshelf to cutting down a tree. It was one of the boys Croxton's common people down there, and the dexterity with which they use it must be hereditary, for they are too lazy to acquire such a high degree of manual skill solely by practice. In other words, it comes natural to them, and I never saw a foreigner, white or black, who could come anywhere near equalling their performances."

I know a native on a plantation near Rama who is especially clever with the machete, and I have frequently seen him do apparently impossible things with its clumsy blade. Not long ago a boat belonging to the plantation was stove in, and he repaired it very neatly. It was a job that would have worried an ordinary carpenter, with plenty of tools at his disposal, but this fellow used nothing but his machete.

I have seen him clean and dress ducks with the same handy implement. He uses it to cut bananas, nut weeds, manioc, his nails and fight his neighbors. He lives in the ordinary native hut, made of light tree trunks and bamboo thatch, and he built the whole thing with that same old machete of his. The only thing he does not do with it is to cut a piece of steel. The hidden use to which the Cuban or American Indians put the machete is in cutting their hair. They lie down, spread out their flowing locks on a board, and an obliging friend chops off the surplus growth. I cannot recommend the operation for style, but it answers the purpose."

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CROXTON'S BRIGADE.

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Col. Theodore L. Allen, of the 7th Ohio, speaks of the cavalry retreat from the Tennessee River to Franklin. His idea is we got so close to the river that we were forced to retreat. I wish to know if he was among Croxton's Brigade on that retreat. Croxton's Brigade was made up of 1st (East) Mich. Cav., 2nd (West) Mich. Cav., 2d Mich. Cav., Sheridan's old regiment; 4th Ky., and 8th Iowa. This brigade was down near Shoal Creek, when the rebels crossed the Tennessee River and Co. L of the 2d Mich. Cav. was on skirmish-line when they crossed Shoal Creek. We had two or three men badly wounded. Croxton's Brigade was rear guard all the way from Florence to Columbia, and we had some pretty hard skirmishes. If we were badly whipped we did not know it. If the comrade thinks we were, he does not know what he is talking about.

When we got to Columbia, then it was a fight or a forlorn hope, and we were a brigade of the Cavalry Corps and went to the 10th Tenn. comrade was Croxton's Brigade. The comrade speaks about Croxton's cavalry becoming the last brigade on the Wilson raid. Will he please inform the readers of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE where and how they were lost? When Wilson's Cavalry Corps started on the big raid down the Tennessee River, they camped near Chickasaw, on the Tennessee, March 22, 1865.

About April 1 Croxton's Brigade was detached from the Cavalry Corps and went to Tusculum, surprising and taking in the pickets, capturing the city, three cannon and about 40 prisoners. After destroying the large stone bridge extending across the rebel stores and burning the bridge the brigade marched to Bridgeville, where it was attacked on the 6th, and after a brisk engagement with a loss of three wounded, repulsed the enemy. Continuing their march toward Northport, passed it and Winnsboro Springs. On the 11th it crossed Wolf Creek on the 14th Lost Creek and Black Waters; on the 19th Black Warrior, and the Coma at Luff's Ferry, on the 22d reached Talladega. It skirmished with Gen. Hill's Brigade on the 23d, losing two killed and taking one piece of artillery.

I think that was the last engagement east of the Mississippi River. The brigade arrived at Macon, Ga., on May 1, 1865. F. H. RICE, Co. F, 2d Mich. Cav., Niles, Mich.

A Fair Proposition. Chicago Post. "Are you able to support my daughter?" asked the old gentleman. "You know she has pretty extensive tastes, and she has a mind saying that the burden has been pretty hard for me at times." "That's just the point," exclaimed the prospective benefactor. "If I marry her we can divide the expense."

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meter cups were blown away, but the report states that the wind probably reached an even greater force from 3 p. m. to 7 p. m. of that day. The highest velocity previously reported at the station was 80 miles an hour. The wind at Brownlow's station, where the pressure reached 28.82 inches at 8 p. m., and this is the lowest ever recorded on the middle Atlantic coast.

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