

COOMASSIE.

The British Army in Possession of King Koffee's Capital.

THE STREETS AND THE PALACE.

A Glance Up the Broadway of the Metropolis.

THE SPOILS OF WAR.

Umbrellas, Drums, Masks of Beaten Gold,

Mrs. Stowe on a Snuff Box—Other Articles of Virtu.

AN AFRICAN GOLGOTHA.

The Burial Place of 57,000 Victims to Fetichism.

"RIGHT ABOUT FACE, QUICK MARCH!"

Wolsey's Conduct of the Campaign.

The possibility of a new issue of inconvertible paper I regard with amazement and anxiety, and, in my judgment, such an issue would be a detriment and a shame.—CHARLES SUMNER.

CAPE COAST CASTLE, Feb. 12, 1874.

We were in Coomassie at last! On the night of the 4th of February the British army was bivouacked in line along the main street of the Ashantee capital. The palings and wooden boards and heavy, cumbersome doors, cut of cottonwood buttresses by Ashantee artisans, were eagerly possessed by the British soldiers and laid in blazing pyramids along the centre of the street, surrounded by social circles of British soldiers and sailors, who were relieving themselves, after a hard day's fight and march, by chatting lightly and heartily about the great event which had terminated the campaign in West Africa. Those who had arrived in Coomassie earlier than others, and had seen the weary promenade of the staff in search of quarters for themselves, and knew by intuition that every one would mostly be left to himself, had hastened to secure quarters for the night on the verandas of the pretentious Ashantee houses which lined the main street on either side, and which gave a somewhat ornate and picturesque effect to the capital, and from the level of these airy verandas we looked down upon the fire-lit street and scenes of confusion, wondering what events would follow our arrival in Coomassie. "If the King would only come in," thought we, "to sign a treaty of peace with the General, we may be able to return home, conscious that the expedition had done its work well and successfully."

STREET SCENES AFTER THE CAPTURE.

As our eyes glared up and down the crowded street, which is sixty yards wide and about half a mile long, they rest upon other forms than those of British soldiers and sailors, or Fantee laborers, or Bonny and Apoohe warriors. They are forms of Ashantees who are passing and repassing, arms on their shoulders, and tasteful native cloths about their waists, and to our left along a cross street leading to the Bantamma, there is a seemingly endless file of them, all armed, passing by, hardly any of them stopping to more than cast curious glances at the novel aspect of the main street of their capital on this night, and to wonder at the sight of so many pale-faced men in possession of Coomassie. These armed men thus hurrying away by us are the fugitives from the battle grounds around Orduas, and there is not one sentry posted to stop them, to disarm them, to ask them whether they go and what they do with guns in their hands in a conquered city when the conquerors are so near them. They may be counted by the hundred. The warriors are armed with flinted rifles, double-barrelled shotguns, long Danish guns, and almost every man carries a long, broad knife, and on their heads the greater number of them carry heavy loads of something covered with mats. As it grows later we notice also that the crowds of natives which we witnessed on our first entry into Coomassie were dwindling away; that many were seemed disposed to proffer friendship at first were now withdrawing somewhere out of sight; that almost every native seemed to be on the move, with his most valuable household goods on his head, without so much as a token of farewell in friendship. Like sheep following one which had found means of egress, they seemed to be hurrying away in one direction. All this occurred, or seemed to occur, without anybody of the staff apparently taking heed of it.

REMOVING THE TREASURE.

The gentleman with whom I resided exchanged views with me on the matter, and indignantly enough the same line of thought had been followed by each of us. Had Sir Garnet posted sentries around the capital to prevent people from leaving with the wealth of a captured city on their heads before something definite had been determined upon as regards the future? If not, why not? Why were between 5,000 and 6,000 men permitted to leave Coomassie with arms in their hands to be a source of trouble and anxiety to Sir Garnet and his army on the return march? Was this omission a part of Sir Garnet's policy? It could hardly be called a predetermined policy, as the first order he issued on his arrival was to disarm and destroy every weapon, but he had rescinded the order when he saw the Forty-second Highlanders drawn calmly up in line. Had it struck him at that moment as being unnecessary, that the King's submission was almost a certainty? One or two officers on the staff have since pleaded fatigue as the cause of this omission. Fatigue! A general determined to win success when it is almost within his grasp should never plead "fatigue" as an excuse for dereliction and gross neglect of duty. A staff bound to assist their general at the very eye of a perfect victory should never be permitted to plead "fatigue" as an excuse for not urging with their advice and assisting by their actions the general at such a moment. The army would have responded to the command cheerfully. There were line officers in plenty whom I could name who would have marched their men to their posts to guard every outlet from the city. Some officers have suggested that Sir Garnet feared that such precautions would have precipitated a street conflict at night. Such a suggestion is puerile and unworthy of men who had been victorious in every engagement with the Ashantees. The enemy was too severely punished, too much cowed, even after their usual experiences, to think of risking themselves in an open street fight, where their slaughter would have been a work of but few moments. We, seeing the signs of this exodus of armed men at night, and arguing thus, could not understand what Sir Garnet meant by permitting so many of the enemy to leave the city with the means to fight again and harass his return to the coast.

MILITARY COMPLIMENTS TO THE INVADED CROWN.

About eight P. M. a bright light being thrown by several torches near the General's headquarters attracted my attention and on proceeding there I discovered Captain Brackenbury holding forth in a very impressive voice upon the high altar in which the King of Ashantee was held by Sir Garnet, to an ambassador and suite just come from the King. Sir Garnet, according to Captain Brackenbury, desirous of showing the deep respect he entertained towards his Ashantee Majesty, had surrounded the King's palace with a cordon of guards, that it might be safe from intrusion and spoliation from a conquering people. If the King would only enter Coomassie Sir Garnet was willing to pledge his honor as an officer in Her Majesty's service that he would be well treated, and that he would sign a treaty of peace and friendship with him. The ambassador and suite retired to communicate the same to His Majesty, who was said to be at Aminecha, his country residence, situate a mile and a half from the capital.

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"FIRST VIEW."

Sometimes about P. M. I was one of those started by a fierce light of fire which shone in the neighborhood of the King's palace. A portion of the city was on fire. Almost at the same time fires started in our rear which threatened for a time to burn us out, but the sappers and miners working vigorously restrained the fire and confined it to the houses which had been wittily conformed to destruction by the Ashantees themselves. There was only one member of the staff who thought it necessary to proceed to discover what caused the bright lights, and he, after gazing upon the fire for some moments, "guessed he would turn in," and accordingly retired to his couch. But if the staff took it so easy, and did not allow such sinister conflagrations to disturb their minds, there were but few others who did. It was a most alarming night altogether. At midnight the camp was awakened to a man by the screams which issued from a doomed youth who had been found in the act of hooking some cloth, which had been sentenced by the Acting-Commandant, Colonel McLeod, of the Forty-second, to be hanged. The process of hanging him lasted nearly an hour, during which time the youthful Fantee policeman rent the air and disturbed every one with his cries. The next morning dawned upon the awfully ghastly figure of the dead man hanging to a tree, visible to the eyes of all, as an indication of the extent of punishment the authorities were prepared to inflict upon those who violated the law prohibiting plundering.

DESTRUCTION.

Coomassie, which seemed so crowded with the natives of the city the night previous, was now strangely deserted. The entire army collected in the main street did not give the city the appearance of population as it were the night before. We did not discover one native in the streets. Even our own houses, where we had taken shelter on our first arrival, had been deserted by its owner, though he had shown a disposition to be friendly and communicative and had actually sold three-pence worth of bananas to my friend; but the owner had taken precious good care to remove everything he possessed during the night. It had been a wicked night we had passed. Repose had been scorned by those whose minds had conceived alarm, distrust and suspicion of the Ashantees. The soldiers, when obliged to rouse themselves, were stiff and still fatigued from their marches, as the restless night was not calculated to assuage their pains.

HASTY EVACUATION AND MARCH TO THE COAST.

Major Russell's and Colonel Wood's regiments were ordered at early dawn to commence their return march to the coast, from which it was expected that they did not see very much of the city, and this was the first indication we received that Sir Garnet would not stay very long in the captured capital, and that he was actuated by an extraordinary eagerness to return to the coast.

THE CITY AS IT WAS.

I strolled up and down the main street of Coomassie for a while, to make a survey of the place which the British had come 145 miles to see and conquer. As the capital of Ashantee, Coomassie may be fairly said to have verified the standard I had conceived. It was situated on a low eminence composed of reddish clay and rock, strongly impregnated with iron; about half a mile in diameter one way and about a mile another way, around the base of which wandered a sluggish stream about eighty yards wide, which had transformed its former course into a swamp. The circumference of the city might be traversed by a man on foot within an hour, or it may be said the city was a little over three miles round. The principal streets were extremely broad and tolerably straight, whereon processions of State, to which Ashantees are much attached, might be made with due form and ceremony. The main street might easily contain 50,000 people, and other streets might contain many thousands in procession. Besides the main street, there were many lanes or alleys running through the rear, and communicating one with another. The general appearance of the main street was that of aristocratic Ashantee houses, with the usual front of arched porticos, whitewashed and raised four or five feet above the ground and situated apart one from the other, every picture of extravagance. The whitewashed facades of the houses were varied with the curious half-Moorish half-native designs already described in my letter upon Formannah, worked in the plaster made of fine white clay, which when retouched with a solution of this clay acquired a glazed white color similar to paint. The lower half of the front of each house was of a deep ochreous color, obtained from the reddish clay. The steps leading from the street into each house and the floors of the verandas were colored and glazed with the same material.

THE BROADWAY OF THE METROPOLIS.

So that, looking up the main street at its width, the glorious old patriarchal trees which towered at intervals along it, the long array of picturesque and novel porticoed houses, each appearing as if it were newly whitewashed and painted, the colors of clean white and red ochre strongly contrasting, the effect was one and gave one a new idea of the Ashantees as a nation with a high idea of their attainments in this ambitious embellishment of their capital. I have seen it suggested somewhere that straight, broad streets mark a young and growing nation; instances, Washington and the cities westward. What shall be said of Coomassie, with streets from 150 to 200 feet wide? The city of magnificent distances is excelled by this capital of a sable nation enthroned amid fastnesses of swamp, jungle and forest. Behind each of these white and red painted porticoed houses, which look out on the streets, the houses of the families and slaves belonging to the aristocratic proprietors were arranged in quadrangles, which, during peaceful times, must have been models of neatness; but the hurried departure of the inhabitants had littered these courts and quadrangles, verandas and yards, with an indescribable mass of black earthenware crockery and a miscellaneous assortment of goods and tools. Cotton waste for pillows seemed also to be plentiful. It was strewn over the ground like dust of slaty, milted snow.

SITE OF THE ROYAL RESIDENCE.

After the departure of Russell's and Wood's native allies I proceeded in quest of the King's palace, which had anticipated must be exceedingly fine. I found it covered an extensive area on a depressed piece of ground north of the road leading to Coomassie from Jwabini. Externally there was nothing very imposing about it, for after the manner of the Oriental style of architecture the beauties of an Ashantee house are seen in the interior courts and arrangements. I saw a mass of buildings and attached huts with a great extent of dead mud walls surrounded by a light palisade of bamboo, which stood about eight feet high. There were three or four sentries of the Fantee police on guard with long-barrelled shotguns and a miscellaneous assortment of goods and tools. Cotton waste for pillows seemed also to be plentiful. It was strewn over the ground like dust of slaty, milted snow.

less pleasing. This excessive boldness and broadness of design rather imparted an air of grand stateliness becoming the residence of a monarch of a warlike people. At

THE FIRST VIEW.

of them arose the exorable plea that the artisans had not the proper material to work with; that the plaster work was not durable because there was no durable support for it; that all these fine designs were wrought on plaster of triabie clay, scattered over fragile bamboo rods, instead of stone. Without the plastered embellishments and involved ribbons of clay mortar, the finest alcoves would be present to us as watted and mud daubed huts common to the Fantees as well as the Ashantees. But that they have been able to exhibit the original genius they possess is a marvel to any unprejudiced mind, and inclines one more than ever to compassionate the foolish stubbornness and contumacy which have induced them to continue their hostility against the imperial power of Great Britain. In every other shared Sir Garnet's anxiety. Three o'clock came and with it a tornado of wind and rain, which inundated the streets and made us all chilly and uncomfortable. An hour later it had again cleared up, but the streets were soaked and the littered lanes even worse than ever.

GOLGOTHA.

Just at sunset I went to see Sammonpoone, or the Golgotha, the stretch from which prevailed every nook and cranny in Coomassie, and made it appear as though we were in a charnel house. The Golgotha was the dense grove, which, projecting almost into the heart of the city, appeared the very fittest place for a cemetery, were not the grove and the swamp objectionable on a sanitary point of view. A little narrow path leading through a maze of tall grass and dense growth of cane, which grew on the edge of the grove from the foot of the great market place, brought us, after traversing 100 feet or so, into a glade, where the quantity of dead bodies thrown in had killed the undergrowth, and revealed the most appalling sight that can be imagined. We had entered the place with our handkerchiefs to our noses to prevent suffocation, for the odor was intolerable; but as the hell smell penetrated the folds of our handkerchiefs we could only remain long enough to assure ourselves that this wholesale butchery of humanity was real, and not a sport or freak of our fancy. Right at our feet, as we emerged before the hideous scene, were twenty or thirty

DEAD BODIES.

of men and women, which had been dragged hither after decapitation. There was only one body—that of a boy of eleven or twelve years old—which showed that decapitation was not the only means of inflicting capital punishment or sacrificing human beings to fetichism, and this boy had evidently perished from strangulation. These dead bodies in the early stages of decay rested upon untold strata of human relics, of skulls, thigh bones, ribs and vertebra. I say untold strata intentionally, for the reason that, ever since the city of Coomassie was founded, in the eighteenth century, this portion of the grove has been the receptacle of the bodies of victims slaughtered annually for the observance of the cruel customs imposed upon the natives by their abject and pitiful superstitious. Bowditch mentions that in 1817 the place was crowded with relics of mortality. Remember, then, that at the rate of 1,000 unfortunate slaves sacrificed every year, a period of fifty-seven years which has transpired since Bowditch visited Coomassie, there have been 57,000 victims slaughtered at the bloody footstool of fetichism! It has been repeated over and over to us that the people of Coomassie slaughter a thousand men and women slaves annually for the observance of their customs. M. Bonar, a French captain lately released, says he saw about 300 killed in one day. So that the enormous number of 57,000 is only a moderate estimate of the victims which have been dragged into this grove to bleach and rot during fifty-seven years. We cannot, then, be very far wrong if we compute the dead which have been thrown into this grove since the accession of S'Y Tatu to the throne of Ashantee, in the eighteenth century, at about 120,000.

STRATA OF SLAIN BODIES.

And here they lie, strata upon strata of human dust, fresh victims hurled in each day—sometimes sometimes a dozen, sometimes 300—relics of humanity scattered by the thousand, nay, tens of thousands, as if the negroes of Central Africa had been specially born for the observance of Ashantee ceremonies and to pander to the lust of murder inherent in the souls of this cruel, rascally race.

HORROR AND MORE HORRIBLE.

I hurried away from a scene which baffles description, which eclipsed that most awful sight, the incarnate fury of the Emperor Theodoré had prepared for us below the cliffs of Magdala, in Abyssinia. The day waned into night, and still the King had not come. Osakoko, the King's favorite messenger, had arrived during the day, and had told Sir Garnet the King would surely come, while at the same time that royal fugitive was in full flight. Osakoko was discovered subsequently handing out arms and ammunition out of a house to his people, which, considering the peaceful nature of his supposed errand, was very strange conduct. Mosomama, a chief of importance, accustomed to traverse the streets of Coomassie with 200 retainers shouting his titles, leaning him, holding his umbrella, proclaiming his valor and pedigree, was captured while touring it about on, I presume, a special investigation into the causes of the Ashantee King's defeat. Two or three others of lesser note, such as the chief of the Houssa body guard, the chief executioner and a dozen or so of important slaves, were made prisoners, with which, I believe, Sir Garnet rested content for the day, inwardly sorry that the King would not come, but determined to burn Coomassie to the ground next day.

CHILLED AND THINKING OF HOME.

The night of the 5th was another uncomfortable night. The ventilation sits along the roof ridge had been left open by the Ashantees, through which the rain pattered incessantly the whole night, and a cold wind came in rawling gusts, which gave us all pretty nearly a severe cold.

"ATTENTION!"

On the morning of the 6th the troops were astir early, an order having been promulgated the previous night that a march was to be made; but whether it was to burn the sacred city of Bantamma or the royal country residence at Aminecha, very few knew until, at six A. M., the wounded were borne, with their convicts, towards the sea-coast. Major Hume, of the engineers, was reported to be mining the palace and preparing to burn the city. At seven A. M. the staff following the brigade took their places in the line of march for the sea. The Forty-second Highlanders were detailed for the honor of being rear guard, as they had the honor of being vanguard when entering Coomassie.

PIRE AND DESOLATION.

About this time one-half of the city was seen enveloped in thick smoke, and we knew that the work of destruction had begun. Frequent explosions informed us also of the growth of the conflagration, as the fire, laboring against the palm atmosphere and through saturation of the palm thatches, began to extend and to burn fiercer. At nine A. M. every hut had been touched with fire and a great cloud of smoke hung over the bloody capital of the Ashantees, denoting the ruin that had at last overtaken its gore-stained houses. A couple of loud explosions heard at half-past nine A. M. informed us that two of the mines under the King's stone palace had been discharged, and a subsequent examination showed that two corners of it had been blown down and the edifice considerably shaken. The now raging fire was rapidly consuming the rest, and not leaving a vestige of it remaining. Next, if our wishes could have any effect, we could sincerely have wished that the earth had opened and swallow the accursed hill on which the city was built.

"RIGHT ABOUT FACE, QUICK MARCH!"

Towards evening we arrived at Aremannu, thirteen and three-quarter miles from Coomassie, on the road towards home. The Forty-second, however, were compelled to encamp on this side of the Orduas River, owing to the effect of the late rains, which impeded rapid

travel. The next day, finding that Sir Garnet intended to prosecute his return to Cape Coast Castle with all speed, I hurried away from the confusion consequent upon such a hurried return of an army, and on the sixth day of leaving Coomassie, I arrived at Cape Coast Castle once more, and greeted the sight of Old Ocean with becoming fervor and a proper feeling of gratitude that the campaign was over.

Summary of Events in the Field.

Before I begin summing up the campaign and its results I must acquaint you with later news which has arrived to-night. The gallant Glover, whom the military men were quite willing to desert, and for whose sake I have been anxiously chafed, has done wonders. On the 25th of January he had penetrated Jwabini, and was eighteen miles northeast of Coomassie five days before Sir Garnet had fought his first battle, which occurred the 31st of January. His presence in the immediate neighborhood of the capital seems to have been the cause of the excessive fright which possessed the Ashantees after the battle of Orduas. Glover had orders from Sir Garnet to the Prah on the 15th of January, otherwise he might as well never have left England. He took the hint, marched with his defendable force of Houssas and Yorubas, about 80 men, into the enemy's territory, defeated the Ashantees at Apogoo, had serious skirmishes with them on the Assome River, and was at Jwabini on the 25th of January, eighteen or twenty miles northeast of Coomassie, but being peremptorily ordered by Sir Garnet not to enter Coomassie, remained at Jwabini, the second city in importance in Ashantee. Coomassie Glover heard of the fall and destruction of the capital, and at once attempted to open communications with the commanding general, who had strangely neglected his duty on his part in this matter, sending Captain Sartorius with twenty men towards Coomassie with that view. Sartorius left Glover's camp on the 10th inst. and entered Coomassie the same day, and traversed the still smoking city without meeting a soul, four days after Sir Garnet's retreat (!) from Coomassie. Pressing on after him, Sartorius overtook Sir Garnet at Formannah, when he was warmly welcomed, and when he informed Sir Garnet that the King of Jwabini desired to surrender to him and lay down his arms.

NATIVE ALLIES.

Another event has lately occurred which redeems this expedition somewhat in critical minds. The King of Adansa has arrived in Sir Garnet's camp at Formannah with 1,000 men, and has expressed his desire to be forever at peace with the English—to leave Ashantee at once with all the members of his tribe. The King of Manpon, the third monarch of those tributary to the King of Ashantee, who, with Amanagoo, commanded the enemy at the battle of Amoiual, and who was wounded, has since died of his wounds.

THE KINGDOM IS PASSED AWAY.

The Ashantee Kingdom has thus collapsed like the bladder to which it was aptly compared. There were six great tributary kings, who were the main props of Ashantee proper. One has died and his people are scattered. The Kings of Jwabini and Adansa have expressed their willingness to surrender and have adjured their allegiance to Ashantee. The supreme King is a fugitive, hurrying with a disorganized army towards some point in the North-Coomassie is a mere smoking ruin, and Ashantee is henceforth but a name. These are great, indisputable facts, which go far to amend Sir Garnet Wolsley's faults and failings as a general. Since all has ended well, promising a still better end, it is hardly worth while to criticize one who I have no doubt in England will be henceforth lauded most justly, and who as a soldier has distinguished himself worthily.

WOLSELEY AS A COMMANDER.

I know I shall run counter to the majority in my opinion of Sir Garnet, but my duty does not lie in following the views of the majority, but in expressing what I think of Sir Garnet's conduct in this campaign and my reasons for this view of him. I make the following charges against him:— First—He did not pay attention to the control department of his expedition sufficient to save it from the constant series of failures which must be attributed to it, which on a campaign so peculiar as this ought to have had his continual and unceasing care and attention. Second—He was too vacillating in his demands upon the King, entertained too serious a regard for what Kester Hall might say to the detriment of the mission imposed on him. Third—He hurried away his time when the King's treachery was evident, in seeking to recall and bring him to the bay, and in trying to criticize one who I have no doubt in England will be henceforth lauded most justly, and who as a soldier has distinguished himself worthily.

GENERAL CONCLUSIONS.

But all these errors and omissions, which are only enumerated in order that you may be able to judge Sir Garnet accurately, are made to appear small by the series of things which have happened since Sir Garnet's hasty retreat from Coomassie, over which Sir Garnet personally had no control, but were the happy results of the perpetual defeat the Ashantees had suffered at the hands of British troops in the battles preceding the fall of Coomassie. These happy accidents, all tending to crown a successful campaign with glory, may, therefore, in a great measure atone for the faults and failures of the General commanding. The desired end has been attained—the Ashantee power has been crushed, I thoroughly believe, irrevocably, and this was the object of the British expedition to Coomassie. But supposing, as each of us had a right to suppose, judging from what an astute and stubborn enemy might have done, that the Ashantee spies had dogged the footsteps of the rapidly retreating British army, and the King had set to work to surround and destroy Glover with the guns which Sir Garnet permitted the Ashantees to bear away from Coomassie, what would the world have said of a general who had cruelly and needlessly abandoned such a gallant fellow as Captain Glover to his fate?

Supposing that the Ashantees had, upon the retreat of the British army, immediately taken it into their heads to rebuild Coomassie, which they could easily do within a week, and had begun to inaugurate a new era of conquest on the Fantees and their neighbors, and were congratulating themselves that, though defeated, they were not crushed; that, though Coomassie had been destroyed, the sacred city had not been touched, what would the world have said of a general who, entrusted with such a costly expedition, did not make his work thorough while he had them at his mercy? But why need we go further? The Ashantee expedition is at an end. By a series of accidents it has ended happily, and Sir Garnet Wolsley and the government of Great Britain may congratulate themselves heartily, and with good reason, that all's well that ends well.

KNITTING MILLS BURNED AT COHOES.

COHOES, N. Y., April 2, 1874. The Tivoli Knitting Mills, on Monakaw street, owned by J. G. Roots & Sons, were totally destroyed by fire this afternoon. The loss is \$200,000; insurance, \$180,000. The knitting mill of Gregory & Hiller was partially burned. The loss unknown, but it is fully insured. The thousand workmen are thrown out of employment.

THE WELLAND CANAL.

ST. CATHARINES, Ont., April 2, 1874. The Welland Canal will be opened on Thursday, April 9, for the passage of vessels.

ANOTHER CHURCH TREASURER ARRESTED.

COLUMBIA, S. C., April 2, 1874. Humbert, the County Treasurer of Orangeburg, was confined in jail to-day, charged with being a defaulter to the amount of \$30,000. Smith, County Treasurer of Richland, was placed in jail two days ago. Others are suspected.

HOLY THURSDAY SERVICES.

At St. Patrick's Cathedral yesterday the Most Reverend Archbishop McDonough officiated as celebrant. The Rev. Father Chery, Rev. John J. McNamee as deacons of honor, with deacon of the Mass John J. Salter. At the close of the mass a procession was formed by a priest, who passed along the aisle and deposited the Blessed Sacrament in the repository. In the Episcopal churches services were also held. In Trinity church services were read, the Rev. Father Chery, Rev. John J. McNamee as deacons of honor, with deacon of the Mass John J. Salter. At the close of the mass a procession was formed by a priest, who passed along the aisle and deposited the Blessed Sacrament in the repository. In the Episcopal churches services were also held. In Trinity church services were read, the Rev. Father Chery, Rev. John J. McNamee as deacons of honor, with deacon of the Mass John J. Salter. 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