LIFE IN CAMP FOWLE

The Soldier-Like Way in Which Our Virginia Boys Enjoyed It.

A DANDY DARKY FROM PETERSBURG.

Up to Snuff and Ready for an Encounter with Officer or Private.

THE GALLANT FIRST AS FORAGERS.

Securing the Country for Grub and Securing All the Camp Luxuries.

A PEEP AT SLEEPING WARRIORS

A Remarkable Exhibition, Which Would Have Shocked Oscar Wilde.

THE FIRST'S FINE SKIRMISH-DRILL.

Military Manœuvres That Excited Admiration and Won Universal Applause.

Effect of Recalling Rifles.

[From Our Staff Correspondent.]

CAMP FOWLE, WHITESVILLE, N. C., July 20.—Did you ever anticipate going into encampment, and especially with the First Virginia regiment, you must make up your mind to bear several imagined hardships—first, let your whiskers grow until they acquire the length and stiffness of wheat straws, second, to eat what you can get and do without it if you can't get it; and third, to abstain from sleep almost altogether and take a cheerful aspect of everything. Do this and you will lead a blissful life and learn to appreciate and love your home.

These are the cares that attend such outings set forth in their most hideous phases—but to enumerate the many, many pleasant little occurrences and the bright side of such existence would require a merry lyric style of composition.

When the "First," first pitched their tents in the shadowy, hazy vales of Brightsville they had the fixed determination of having fun and they had it. It wasn't two hours before all the old jokes of Christendom were resurrected and dressed up in new and telling language, ready for their thousandth narration.

CAMP PARAPHERNALIA.

After the tents had been pitched pipes, cigars, and "angel hasteners" (as cigarettes are called in camp) sprung up from every side, and soon smoke curled to Heaven from all corners and nooks. Then the camp-stools were produced and good-natured lantering exchanged on every side. "Howdy, John, and Ah There, Bill," an example of the pure and chaste English in which good fellows are saluted.

When the meals were served all the companies were formed in line and marched to the music furnished by beating on tin plates with their knives around the tables, where Sergeant Moore doled out the "grub" by the wholesale. The First Virginia, and in fact nearly all the regiments, had several colored *attaches*, and while the boys generally treated these with considerable kindness and "tipped" them frequently they sometimes perpetrated ghastly jokes upon them. If the chocolate-colored representatives of Jackson Ward were caught by the sentries after taps they generally fared badly, and usually had their woolly hair to stand perfectly straight on its ends in terror.

On one occasion the jolly, rollicking fun-loving boys captured a darky, and he imagined wrong, threatened to inflict the severest punishment upon him. "Nigger" was a little bit "sassy," however, being in the right, but despite that it didn't take the boys but a few minutes to decide that the only just punishment would be burning at the stake, and they bore their terrified victim to the spot where the supposed incineration process would take place. The anguish of the poor "nigger" was terrible, and his teeth shook very gums before the boys let him off.

KNEW THE BOYS.

The Petersburg Grays, by the way, had a run the "blockest" darky in the camp with them. He is himself adjutant of a local battalion, and therefore "knew and kept the Cockade civilians posted about the officers' movements and what they were doing. He could mix and water in the most innocent manner after taps and slip out from tent to tent without the least suspicion. One night we were having a high old time and dances led in the dark, when suddenly a real adjutant slid up and demanded, the officer of the day is in the twinkling of an eye a chorus of snores sounded in contrast which a minute before had been echoes of bacchanalian revelries, and you would have thought sleep reigned supreme there.

IN THE SOUP.

After nightfall, when the guard lines were established and the sentries detailed, no one thought of slipping out of camp. You were walking along without thinking, when a guard would jump behind a tree out of a bush, and "Who comes there?" "Halt!" If "A Friend," he would answer, "Advance the countersign." If you give it, you were decidedly "in the soup." The boys, it must be admitted, take the greatest delight in "calling the officers," and an ordinary looking weighing one hundred and fifty would become so inflated with importance on such an occasion that he would appear to weigh two hundred and fifty pounds.

When the Virginia boys went through the North Carolina camps they were always treated with the most profound respect and courtesy. Somehow the "Tarheels" seem to look upon their sister State as one of the finest in the Union, and their courtesy was unlimited. The Wilmington Light Infantry seemed to be trying to excel themselves in hospitality, and it ever they captured a Richmonder in their camp they wouldn't let him leave until he was a man was more than satisfied. They would hand out all manner of eatables and drinkables, and seemed to hurl defiance in the face of indigestion. The "Wilmington" Sand-papers" will live long in the memories of the Virginians, and even though their names be entwined with lasting associations of "internal" discord they will always hold a prominent place in the hearts of the Virginians. Blessed be their names, and may they always with impunity enjoy the gastric libraries of life.

FORAGING.

After their military duties, which the "First" always performed with pluck and determination, the next predominant thought of the boys was "grub." Sergeant Moore, it seems, thought of this, too, twenty-four hours every day, and while his *menus* were fine, the appetites of the boys required more than three meals a day. They foraged the country in a practical manner, and brought in everything eatable for miles around. Almost every tent had little "side issues" of its own, which were partaken of at all hours. The threshold of these tents always stood ready to receive visitors, and there was no "us-two-and-no-more" business among those soldiers. Sometimes when miles from camp I would come across the citizen soldiers peacefully browsing upon gigantic ginger-cakes, eating candy, or masticating sandwiches. Where these articles were obtained it is hard to tell—they were not in the commissary supplies, but certainly the brass-buttoners, whether mounted or on foot, did not hesitate to interrogate the "natives," male or female, when that monster hunger attacked them. If they were grub-struck they would face a whole brigade of bull-dogs to make inquiries concerning food, which, by the way, they generally had to pay very generously for.

Watermelons and cantaloupes were the main camp luxuries, but the boys had to be mighty careful not to leave any of the rinds around their tents, for the camp was kept as clean as if an old maid had been colonel of the regiment.

It was really surprising how little card-playing and drunken-rioting were going on either in the North Carolina or Virginia lines. I don't think I saw a single "jack-pot" the whole week of our outing. Draw-poker wasn't "in it." Perhaps there were a few demijohns in some of the tents of the "medicine-men," but this of course was a necessity, and the mere fact that so few men got sick showed that intemperance did not prevail. Now what the boys had in their tents hidden among stray boots and looking-glasses, which always mingled fraternally together, it is not my province to disclose. Certainly glasses were heard to clink occasionally when visitors came around, but no commanding officer of the day can say that this sound ever reached their ears, and if they didn't notice it who did? Not a single member of the "First" got a "jag on."

JUST ONE ONLY.

One of the colonels was peacefully sitting in his tent during the early part of the encampment, when a private came up and gracefully saluted him. "Well, sir," said the Colonel, "what can I do for you." "Can I take a toddy?" was the reply. The soldier asked the question with the utmost gravity and the officer, endeavoring to assume a ten-penny-nail-biting ferocity, asked why he made this request. "Colonel," replied the private, "you told me that when I wanted a drink I must come and tell you." The fellow's cool nerve "phazed" the Colonel, and his rigid features shaped themselves into a smile and he replied: "Well you can take one, but mind you, just one."

It was an amusing sight to pass through camp after "taps" and to peep in the tents and see the remarkable attitudes the worn-out military would assume when, at last, after several hours of whispered chatting, they were waffed off into the lands of slumber. Some of them seemed to wrap themselves around their cots and beds, and judging from the number of pedal extremities sticking out, each man seemed to have as many feet as a centipede has legs. Oscar Wilde would have been shocked at the poor idea of æsthetics which prevailed, and boots, shoes, and surplus trousers seemed to be the chief objects of ornamentation. In some of the quarters, just after *reville*, when every one had scrambled out of bed, the floors of the tents presented a chaotic mass of accoutrements, bayonets, bedclothing, shoes, and other articles of clothing. But all these things failed to render sleep uncomfortable when once it was obtained, and those who slumbered were practically dead when in the land of dreams. Major Derbyshire used to exclaim in the most piteous tones every morning that *reville* was the most diabolical sound he ever heard.

The skirmish drills and sham battles of the "First Virginia," which won general admiration, and were the most clever pieces of manœuvring (?) I ever saw, were not all fun by any means. The boys had to hustle over rough ground, kneel and fire, scamper back and forth, and "evolute" generally until they got the fascinated spectators so wrought up until they didn't know what to do. The officers, too, in giving their commands, had to yell from the "inmost depths of their chests," as Virgil unpoetically expresses it, and after an evening of such sport, would all speak in "far-away" voices. Many a sore ankle, many a bruise, and many a fiendish corn indicate but too plainly that their duties were sometimes painful (literally speaking). But, O! if this active drilling was bad, what can be said of the ride-practice? In the first place the boys had to march about a mile to get to the range, and then the recoil of their muskets kicked them terribly and was really painful after several shots had been fired. One of Captain C.

Gray Bossieux's shoulders was bruised so badly that he appeared to have been beaten with a hammer. When Major W. M. Evans undertook to shoot his revolver by using one of his arms as a rest the weapon jumped up and "smote" him on the smeller with such force as to pick a small memento from his classic olefactory organ. E. R. C.

A Well-Known Editor Passes Away.

[By telegraph to the Dispatch.]

CHICAGO, July 25.—Herman Riester, widely known as editor-in-chief of the Chicago *Staats-Zeitung*, died last evening in Southern Silesia. He had been in poor health and went to Europe hoping to recuperate.

RODMAN GUN BURST.

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE OF LIEUT. SQUIRES AND TWENTY OTHERS.

Come Again, Major Randolph—An Unexpected Visit from the Little Boss—Moonlight Pic-Nics to the Rip-Raps.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA., July 25.—There was a good deal of excitement on the beach last Wednesday morning when an old four-and-a-half-inch Rodman gun burst while being used in target-practice by Captain Thurston's battery from Baltimore. Lieutenant George O. Squires, who had charge of the piece, was standing directly in rear with his left side to the gun. The breach broke into two pieces, one of which passed in front and the other in rear, and neither of them six inches away from his person, and buried themselves in the ramparts. Had he moved either way there would have been a man short in his mess. Private George Wilson, who was pulling the lanyard, had his cap blown off by a piece of the gun, which passed uncomfortably close to his head. He also had some small particles of iron blown into his face, which have been extracted.

A MIRACLE.

As there were two officers and twenty men in the immediate vicinity of the piece when the accident occurred it is a miracle that they all escaped. The gun is one of the first of its kind manufactured during the war, and was sent here and mounted on the fort. It was taken down to the beach some two or three years ago and has since been used for target-practice. Photographs have been taken of the wreck, and an effort will be made to secure the retirement from service of these old and obsolete means of warfare.

The seventeen young non-commissioned officers who were examined here for commissions early in July are still at the post waiting for the verdict. One of their number went up to Washington Wednesday on a scout, but he reports that the Secretary of War is absent and that no action or information can be had until he returns.

A WELCOME VISITOR.

Major Wallace F. Randolph, Third artillery, the genial inspector of target-practice for this department, is here on his annual visit and is the guest of Lieutenant Thomas R. Adams. Major Randolph spent some time in Richmond—much against his inclinations—in 1862, where he organized a tunnel company, and was the second man to leave old Libby Prison by the new route opened up. His many friends in Richmond will be glad to know that, like good wine, he improves with age, and that his fund of anecdotes is practically inexhaustible.

OFF FOR INDIAN STUDENTS.

Rev. Charles Freeland, who for the past year has been filling the position of post chaplain in a most acceptable manner, leaves on Monday for Dakota, where he will spend two months in selecting Indian students for the Hampton Normal School, with which he is connected. The work accomplished by this school during the last ten years in civilizing and educating the Indians has had an excellent effect upon those tribes who reside at the agencies, and no trouble is now experienced in securing all the good material that the school can accommodate.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

The familiar figure of General Mahone was seen at the Hygeia yesterday for the first time in a number of years. When the genial Phœbus was alive his visits were frequent, and many a scheme was concocted between those two astute politicians. He was quite an object of interest, especially to a large delegation of visitors from the blue-grass region, who had probably never seen him before.

Now that all officers below the grade of major must be examined before promotion, a board with Colonel Royal L. Frank as president, has been established here to accommodate the officers serving in this section. While this system has long been followed in the navy, it is a new thing in army circles—too new, in fact, to have become popular if, indeed, it ever will. The board held their first meeting on Wednesday, when Lieutenant John A. Travers, First artillery, now on college duty at Charleston, S. C., and Lieutenant Lucien G. Berry, Fourth artillery, of the garrison, appeared before it. They stand next for promotion to first lieutenants in their respective regiments.

Captain Claude Wright, of the Suffolk Grays, with his wife and her sister, Miss Lucie Riddick, arrived here last week and will spend a month at the Hygeia.

POPULAR PIC-NICS.

A sweet, new thing has just been introduced by the ladies of the Hygeia, which will no doubt become very popular—viz, a moonlight pic-nic to the Rip-Raps. Mrs. Lieutenant Williams and Mrs. John Paul Jones, of Washington, secured the steam-launch Hygeia on Monday evening and carried over a merry party of young people, and that they had a good time goes without saying. Among the party were Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Lockwood, of Baltimore; Lieutenant and Mrs. Duvall, Lieutenant and Mrs. Greble, Miss Frank, Miss Pennington, Miss Duvall, and half a dozen young officers.

PERSONAL AND SOCIAL.

Colonel C. O'B. Cowardin and family arrived here from Cobb's Island Tuesday evening and remained over a day at the Hygeia.

Colonel A. C. M. Pennington, Fourth artillery, was called to New York on business Monday.

Captain E. K. Russell, First artillery, arrived from Fort Wadsworth, N. Y., Sunday morning.

Lieutenant Henry C. Davies, Third artillery, who went off last month to gather recruits for his regiment, is now located at Danville. He has secured all the available material in Lexington and Roanoke. He was joined on Monday by Corporal Grenishaw, of Battery B, who will, no doubt, lend him valuable assistance.

Mr. Greenleaf, son of Colonel Greenleaf, of the medical department, arrived from Washington Sunday and is the guest of Lieutenant Squires at the camp.

Miss Slaker, of Detroit, arrived last week and will spend a month with her brother, Lieutenant Adam Slaker, Fourth artillery.

Two personally conducted excursions have arrived here by the Chesapeake and Ohio railway from Cincinnati during the week, which has filled the hotel to overflowing. Many of the visitors are evidently making their first trip to the seashore, and are more or less shocked at the young ladies who don the regulation bathing suit and dive off the pier with the boys.

Lieutenant George E. F. Harrison, Second artillery, who was stationed here some five or six years ago, when he wooed and won his wife, Miss Mamie Ray, of Washington, arrived here with his family on Monday. He is now East on leave from San Francisco, where his regiment is stationed.

Colonel C. W. Woolley, a prominent Democratic politician of Cincinnati, is spending a few days at the Hygeia. He thinks that Campbell will carry the State this fall, but that the fight will be a hot one.

Mr. T. F. Straub of Allegheny, Pa., with his wife and daughter, arrived Sunday morning on a visit to his son, Lieutenant Oscar I. Straub, First artillery.

Miss May Miller left on Monday evening for Governor's Island on a visit to Miss Julia Tompkins, daughter of General Tompkins, chief quartermaster.

Lieutenant J. F. R. Landis, First cavalry, now stationed at Fort Mayer, came down Sunday and spent the day visiting his old classmates.

Captain Frank E. Nye, who was stationed here about four years ago as commissary, arrived from Washington Monday.

Mrs. Hunter, of New York, and her daughter, Miss Eava Hunter, who have been at the Hygeia for the past month, left Monday for the White Sulphur, where they will remain until late in September.

OTHER MENTION.

Mrs. Captain Story, of the garrison, has gone to Lenox for the season. Her daughter, Miss Carolyn Story, who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Jules Reynal, of White Plains, N. Y., will join her mother next week.

Miss Delamera, who has been spending a month with her sister, Mrs. Lieutenant Allen, of the garrison, returned to Brooklyn Monday evening.

HOW A ROCKBRIDGE GUN WAS SAVED.

The Gallant Conduct of Two Artillerymen at a Gate Near Winchester.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

LEXINGTON, VA., July 25.—The following interesting relation took place here on the day of the unveiling of the Jackson monument:

"Do you see that stalwart-looking veteran standing on the curbstone?" said Colonel W. T. Poague, who was a colonel of artillery in the Army of Northern Virginia. "That is A. S. Whitt, of Washington, D. C., but formerly a member of the Rockbridge battery. He was one of the best gunners in the army. At Winchester in the spring of 1862 a large body of Federal infantry advanced on the Rockbridge battery. We were without proper support and had to change our position. Many of our horses were killed. In making the necessary movement, in consequence of a horse having been shot, one of the guns hung on a white-oak gate-post fully two feet in diameter. It was a hot place, for the Federal infantry were firing rapidly and with effect. I called for a volunteer to cut the post down. Corporal A. S. Whitt stepped forward, axe in hand.

FINISHED IT.

"When the post was half down Whitt felt a hand laid heavily on his shoulder, and a familiar voice said: 'Whitt, don't you want some help?' It was his friend and comrade, W. T. Strickler, who finished what Whitt had begun.

SAVED THE GUN.

"Whitt and Strickler saved that gun. It was a daring feat, and although it has been nigh thirty years since that day, it makes my old heart swell to think of it."

N., W. & C. RAILROAD.

A Bloody and Exciting Row in Berkley—A Prisoner's Desperate Fight.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

NORFOLK, VA., July 25.—The engineer corps engaged in running the route of the Norfolk, Wilmington, and Charleston railroad from Gilmerton Locks, near Portsmouth, through the Dismal swamp, reached Cornland yesterday and will be at Walleeton to-morrow, ten miles from South Mills. The engineers seem to be working slowly, but it is said they are doing it carefully. From South Mills they will probably go over two routes—one to Elizabeth City and one some distance north of that place.

PROPOSED ROUTES.

The people of Elizabeth City are already moving to have the road touch there. There is some talk of the Norfolk, Wilmington and Charleston utilizing the road-bed of the Dismal Swamp canal from Gilmerton to South Mills, which is the entire length of the waterway. While the proposed road will run through a flat country requiring little grading there will be a vast amount of bridging and trestling to be done.

A PLUCKY PRISONER.

A drunken row over the price of a drink in Petherbridge's bar, in Berkley, yesterday afternoon led to the barkeeper striking Emanuel Jackson over the head with a door-bar, inflicting a deep, bloody gash several inches in length. At the station-house the prisoner threw Officer Sykes against the cage, painfully cutting his head. The prisoner, who was severely clubbed, escaped by jumping a fence, and excited half the town by his flight down Liberty street *sans* hat, shirt, and pants, was finally captured and clubbed into subjection by the Town Sergeant and citizens, but not until he had bodily tossed the Sergeant ten feet over the fence and the Sergeant had been vigorously attacked by Jackson's sister with a billet of wood.

COTTON COMING IN.

Cotton is coming in steadily from North Carolina, but there are no buyers and the factors are storing and holding it.

There will be no Sunday session of the Police Court to-morrow.

A GRAND DONATION.

Mr. Peter J. Turney, a well-known merchant of Norfolk, has purchased the large residence of Dr. William J. Moore, on Bank street, for $12,000, and presented it to the Boys' Home. There are twenty-two boys at the Home, all of whom find employment in the city and partly pay their board. Heretofore the Board of Managers have had to rent a building. It is a successful and useful institution, supported by voluntary contributions and $700 per annum from the city.

Rev. Dr. H. M. Wharton, of Baltimore, spent yesterday at Ocean View fishing and bathing with his brother, Rev. Dr. M. B. Wharton, and Rev. Dr. D. W. Gwin, and left last night with Baltimore friends for home.

PERSONAL AND OTHER NOTES.

Jack Connors, the Philadelphia pugilist, who was defeated by Frank Wongo, the Indian, left the city for home last night.

Rev. C. B. Hudgins, rector of the Episcopal church at Rome, Ga., is here with his family to spend a month with his parents.

Messrs. William H. White and George McIntosh, of the Norfolk bar, sailed on the Umbria to-day for Europe. A larger number of Norfolk people than usual have gone to Europe this season.

Police-Captain W. Stewart, of the Pittsburg (Pa.) force, is spending his vacation in Norfolk.

Ten prisoners have been sentenced to the penitentiary in the Norfolk County Court this week, and ten more felony cases are to be tried.

Extensive improvements are under way at the wharves of the Old Dominion Steamship Company, and about 5,000 feet of floor-room will be gained.

The members of the Engineers' Association of Virginia, in session at Virginia Beach, came up to the city to-day and visited all the points of interest hereabouts.

BURIAL OF PROF. L. L. HOLLADAY.

Impressive Ceremonies at the Funeral at Hampden-Sidney College.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY, VA., July 24.—The very heavens seemed to weep to-day as if in sympathy with the mourning people, as devout men carried the body of Professor L. L. Holladay to its final resting-place in the burial-ground of College church. He died July 23d about 5 A. M. of angina pectoris.

Death has never struck a mightier or more stunning blow in this community. All ages, sex, and races are in tears. No man could have fallen whose loss will be more deeply felt in every department of life. All classes will miss him. It was intended, as requested by the family, only to bear his body to the grave and have a brief, simple service there, but as the rain had fallen heavily and the weather was still threatening, it was judged best to have the service in the church. His brothers and other relatives who had just arrived gathered at the house and were there joined by friends from Farmville and from the regions around with friends from a greater distance. The family in carriages were followed by a large number on foot, headed by the pastor of College church and the president of the college, Rev. Drs. E. H. Harding and T. W. Hooper, the venerable Dr. B. M. Smith and Professor J. B. Henneman.

PALL-BEARERS.

These were followed by the body, borne by acting pall-bearers, Professors J. M. Thornton, W. W. Bocock, J. A. Hogue, and Messrs. J. M. Hart, C. W. Sommerville, H. Venable, J. S. McIlwaine, and Colonel J. P. Fitzgerald. The following were the honorary pall-bearers: Messrs. J. M. Venable, A. R. Venable, C. C. Taliaferro, E. T. Taliaferro, H. Stokes, Sr., Dr. J. D. Eggleston, G. M. Eggleston, S. B. McKinney, W. T. Johnson, H. S. Reynolds, and C. C. Bass. On entering the church the choir sang "Come, ye disconsolate." Rev. Dr. Harding led in prayer, and this was followed by the hymn, "Coronation"—"All hail the power of Jesus' name." The pastor then read selections from the Scriptures adapted to the occasion and was followed in prayer by the Rev. Dr. McIlwaine. As we were passing out of the church the choir sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." At the grave a short prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Hooper. The pastor then committed the body to the grave and the choir sang "Home of the Soul" and "Thy Will Be Done."

HIS VENERABLE CLASS-MATES.

When the grave had been covered with flowers by loving hands, the last touching act was that the four only class-mates of Professor Holladay present, with deepest and tenderest emotion, stepped closer to the grave, and for them Dr. Harding laid another tribute of flowers thereon. The other three class-mates were Drs. McIlwaine and Hooper and Mr. C. C. Bass. It was indeed a scene that moved all hearts to see these four men with heads now silvered bowed with grief, and in this gentle way saying: "How we loved him!" And how we all shall miss him! The college for thirty-six years has had his invaluable services, given with the heartiest good will and executed in the strictest honesty. He was ready to fill and capable of filling any position when the emergency arose, and he always did it with success. The faculty found in him a brother. The students universally loved him. If marble or granite monuments could tell his worth his old students would no doubt consider it a privilege and an honor to erect such a one as would show their love, but the best monument he could have and one already reared is that which stands in bold relief in their hearts and on which their affection is inscribed sacred to his memory.

HIS GREAT LOSS.

To the Church his loss is grievous. His pastor will miss his wise counsel and loving and tender sympathy, for of his welfare he was ever considerate and kind. As a ruling elder in his Church and in her courts he was a model in many respects. His brethren of the session of the Church will miss him, for he was an example in punctuality, regularity, and method. The whole Church will miss him—for of her interests he was thoughtful, and in her service active and generous. His family—no tongue can tell how they will miss him, and we cannot attempt it. Who will not miss him? The suddenness of this blow, by which death has taken away so great and good a man, has created universal lamentation.

Callimachus, in his epigram on a good man, says: "'Tis ever wrong to say a good man *dies*." In this instance we can say, as Tennyson—In Memoriam—"God's finger touched him and *he slept*."

"Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of death to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in Friendship's crown above.
As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high."

COL. RUFFIN'S VIEWS

HE TALKS ABOUT THE PROPOSED REMOVAL OF THE MONITORS.

Richmond, He Thinks, is a Better Place for Them Than City Point—Why Brought Here.

Colonel Frank G. Ruffin returned to the city Thursday evening from Lexington. Knowing that he had taken a prominent part in securing the removal of the monitors from City Point to their present location a DISPATCH reporter called on him at the Capitol yesterday afternoon and asked him if he had seen the article in this paper of Thursday headed the "Monitor Fleet."

"Yes, sir," replied Colonel Ruffin, "I saw it Thursday on my way down from the Jackson ceremonies."

"Can you tell us anything more about it than is there stated?" was the next question.

"Yes, sir; several things. The plan of removing the monitors as near to Richmond as they could be brought with entire safety originated several years ago with myself or Mr. Burgwyn, I forget which, with the object of forwarding the policy of deepening James river. This was several years ago. But hearing that Captain Mullens—I think that was the name of the commander of the fleet at that time—was opposed to it, we dropped the subject.

SECURED THE REMOVAL.

"Subsequently early in 1888, I learning that my very good friend, Commander McCurly, who had succeeded Captain Mullens, was in favor of the removal, took up the matter again, and at the request of the Chamber of Commerce, of the Council Committee on James-River Improvement, and Mr. Ashton Starke, the president of the Exposition Society, I obtained an interview with Hon. W. C. Whitney, Secretary of the Navy, and laid the case before him. He at once wrote to Commodore Brown, then commandant at the navy-yard at Portsmouth, with instructions to examine into and report upon the propriety of the change of location. After making the examination, which was done without consultation with any civilian or officer in charge of the improvement of the river, he recommended the change, which was made at the expense of the city of Richmond by Mr. Burgwyn under the orders of Commander McCurly.

TAKING THE SOUNDINGS.

"After the site was selected Commodore Brown ordered Commander McCurly to invite Mr. Burgwyn, Captain Cunningham, the well-known pilot, and myself to join him in making the necessary soundings. To this commission I took the liberty of adding Mr. Lewis D. Crenshaw, chairman of the Improvement Committee. We then ran three lines of soundings, keeping as far off from the channel as Commander McCurly directed, so that the monitors could neither hurt nor be hurt by the passing of ships and steamers. These lines extended the whole length of the anchorage-ground between a quarter and a half mile, and Commander McCurly's report being satisfactory, the monitors were ordered up."

A MISTAKE ABOUT DREDGING.

"What about the hole that Colonel Brady said had to be dredged to float a number of the monitors?"

"Why that is a mistake of some sort. There was one, possibly two bumps, where the dredging contractors had surreptitiously dumped their loads in order to save time. These were dredged in a few hours' time. The average depth of the water both at, above, and below the monitors for about three quarters of a mile is 15 8-10 feet at low tide, and upwards of 19 feet at high tide, and as the monitors draw 11 or 12 feet the absurdity of the statement is apparent. That the water should shoal about some of the monitors is not surprising. It will do that anywhere. It did it at City Point, and I understand that when the vessels were moved not only did one or more of them have to be dug out of the mud, but that one or more anchors and some chains were so deeply imbedded in the mud that they had to be left there."

WILL NEVER BE USED.

"How about the necessity of removing the monitors for immediate use, as Colonel Brady suggests?"

"Why this: They will never be used again for any purpose of war. They are totally unseaworthy, as I am informed, and are not broken up and sold as *junk* because of the sentiment in the case.

"As to the economic advantages of moving them to City Point *alias* Petersburg, I have nothing to say; nor as to the political advantages to be gained by that course. It is natural for parties to try and help themselves in that way. They were brought here upon two arguments: One made by the city that their presence at or near Richmond would be a good advertisement, not of the city, but of James river; the other, made by the officers who wanted to come here, was that for self-evident reasons this proposed location was better than the comparative desert at City Point. Those who favor the movement can make their own arguments."

AN ADVISABLE MOVE.

"What do you think of the propriety of the monitors moving up to Richmond?"

"As far as police is concerned I think it would be advisable; on social considerations it would be desirable. As a practical matter I am not entitled to an opinion, and therefore have nothing to say but this: Go where they may, in the James or Appomattox, the water will shoal around them if they stay in one place long enough."

Commander Graham is heartily in favor of bringing the ironclads up closer to Richmond and he will co-operate with our people in their efforts to secure this end.

A REPLY TO COLONEL BRADY.

Monitor Officers and Men Almost Unanimous in Favor of Richmond.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

In reply to the statement made by Colonel James D. Brady, of Petersburg, in your columns of the 23d instant in an interview with your Petersburg correspondent, I would like to state that whatever the desirability in any way claimed for the City Point anchorage at the time of placing the monitors at that place, there is now no question that the proposed berth for these vessels off the city of Richmond is so incomparably superior and more desirable in every way and detail that the two are not to be mentioned in the same day.

The Colonel says: "The place at which the fleet is now moored was selected after all the points near Richmond on the James river had been carefully examined," and then goes on to tell of the necessity of dredging, &c., making the mistake that the *money* expended for the dredging was "refunded" by the United States Government.

MANY IMPROVEMENTS IN THE RIVER.

"It would be well for him to consider that since the placing of the monitors in their present anchorage about three years ago there has been expended on the improvements in every way of the James river, about the harbor of Richmond, many months of labor and many thousands of dollars, and there is something to show for it. The conditions are entirely altered if what he claims was the case, so let us dismiss this question at once and for all, as there is now no doubt of the ability of the harbor of Richmond to afford all the water needed for berthing the monitors off the city—this officially from the engineer in charge of the James river improvement to his Honor the Mayor."

JACK DOESN'T CARE.

In speaking of the grounding of the ships the Colonel says: "The crew have time after time, by letters and personal appeals, desired me to represent the matter to the Navy Department." I suppose he means us to infer the matter of going back to City Point, as it is scarcely to be supposed that "Jack" personally cares very much whether the ships touch the mud occasionally or not as long as he is happy, and it is asking entirely too much to believe that he could be happy in such a God-forsaken excuse for a town as City Point, with a store or two, a railroad station, a gin-mill, and a superabundance of negroes, with Petersburg twelve miles away.

As a matter of fact, the roster of the ships shows at present on board five officers and sixty men. Of this number there are just *nine* from City Point and Petersburg *together—two white men and seven colored.*

It is natural that these nine persons should like to go back to City Point, but even this is not the case, as two of the colored men are understood to be perfectly contented here. The remaining fifty-one of the crew are from other parts of the State, the North, or old sailor-men whose home is the navy itself.

A SMALL CREW.

So the Colonel's "crew" is composed of two white and five colored men, and most probably of one who was a yeoman on board the monitors, when he was discharged on account of the expiration of his term of enlistment and returned to City Point, his home, where he has a store and is one of the leading merchants of that place.

It is obvious why this merchant should have interested himself while on the monitors and does so now in supplicating by "letters and personal appeals" the removal of the vessels to his town.

With the exception of the above-mentioned interested "*crew*" of Colonel Brady's, it is almost needless to say that both officers and men are unanimous in their hearty, sincere, earnest desire to be anchored in the harbor of Richmond.

MONITOR.

THE FUNERAL OF REV. MR. PRICE.

Impressive Services—Remarks of Rev. Dr. Fair and Revs. Turnbull and Walker.

The funeral of Rev. Charles Dabney Price, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Newport News, who died in Baltimore Thursday, took place from the Grace-Street Presbyterian church, this city, yesterday at noon.

The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Fair, assisted by Rev. Mr. Turnbull, Rev. Mr. Walker, who succeeded the deceased as pastor of the Presbyterian church at Hampton, and Rev. Mr. Cannon, the Methodist minister at Newport News, and were most touching and impressive.

The church was well filled with the relations, family connections, and friends of the young divine, and the flower-laden casket was preceded as it was borne into the sacred edifice by the four ministers named and the honorary pall-bearers, with which latter were also Rev. J. Calvin Stewart, Rev. Dr. Kerr, and Rev. Dr. William A. Campbell.

THE SERVICES.

The services were commenced by the singing of the hymn, "Jerusalem, My Happy Home," after which Dr. Fair read the usual selections from the Scriptures, and delivered a brief but beautiful address taking as his theme the words found in Mark iv., 35: "When the even was come He said unto them let us pass over unto the other side." The words, he said, teach us a sublime lesson. It had seemed to him that the deceased was in the prime of life. He was doing so well and promised to do better. But Jesus whispered into the ear of the deceased: "The even has come let us cross over onto the other side." The lesson was that the Christian is never called away until the even has come. On this side are toil and sickness and tears; on the other side are joy and happiness. Christ does not say go over to the other side. He stands at the helm and passes over with us. Why then should we grieve? He is not dead; he only sleeps.

HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Upon the conclusion of Dr. Fair's remarks he read the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," which was sung by the choir and congregation, and then Mr. Turnbull arose and paid a feeling tribute to the deceased. He commenced his remarks by quoting the lines "God moves in a mysterious way," and said when a young minister died the mystery of God's ways deepened. But we must stand silent and submissive until the scroll of His providence is unrolled. The speaker referred to the early call of the deceased to the service of the Master, his work at college and the seminary, and the difficulties he had to encounter, and said that the first sermon he preached showed that his would be a career of usefulness. His prayer had been "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and he went out to seek his brethren. There was many a young man in the congregation to whom Charles Dabney Price had spoken touching his soul's salvation—had spoken not as a Pharisee, but as a brother. He was bright, sunny, genial, and moved among men as a companion, drawing all to him. He was a man of indomitable energy that overcame all obstacles, and was possessed of a holy ambition. His death had left a gap in his church, a gap in the presbytery, a gap in the synod, and a gap in the great Southern Assembly. Yet he was not dead, but risen. The speaker closed with an earnest invocation that some one might be raised up at the foot of the mountain by whom the deceased brother's mantel would be caught up.

REV. MR. WALKER.

Rev. Mr. Walker, of Hampton, spoke for about a minute only. He was visibly affected and his voice was husky with emotion. He said no words could express the love that was borne the deceased by the people of Hampton and Newport News. This feeling was shared by rich and poor, white and colored. We could only pray to be patient, knowing that He doeth all things well. Rev. Mr. Cannon then offered a fervent prayer, the hymn "In the Christian's Home of Glory" was sung, and the remains were borne from the church.

In the congregation nearly every old family in the city of Richmond was represented.

The interment was at Hollywood.

SALES IN CITY AND COUNTY.

A Great Number of Deeds Recorded in Richmond and Henrico.

In the clerk's office of the Chancery Court yesterday the following deeds of bargain and sale were recorded:

Hannah K. Breeden and Sarah G. Ballauf to Adolph Dill, their interest in 82½ feet on west side Twenty-first street between Grace and Franklin, and machinery, fixtures, and furniture, $10,000.

Andrew Pizzini, Jr., to W. B. Pizzini, 22 feet on south side Broad street, between First and Second, $5.

William B. Pizzini to Anna G., wife of Andrew Pizzini, Jr., the above property, $5.

Seitleicher & Scherer, trustees, to R. H. Hardesty, trustee, 25 feet on west side Twenty-second street near Clay, $525.

HENRICO COUNTY COURT.

Elizabeth and John A. Bushell to Elizabeth and John Berkley, 30 feet on north side Graham street between Erin and Gillian, $5.

Edward Crouch's trustee to Emma Morriss, trustee, 2½ acres on Mechanicsville turnpike, $226.31.

Harvey T. and John T. Langhorne and W. L. and J. D. Meredith to Charles Y., Chapman W., and Robert F. Morriss's guardian, half acre on Mechanicsville turnpike, $120.

Northside Land Company to Mary M. Withrow, lot 3 in square 11, Chestnut Hill, $200.

Same to D. B. McClung, lot 1 in square 11, Chestnut Hill, $200.

Same to John T. Anderson, lot 1 in square 35 and lot 4 in square 30, Chestnut Hill, $400.

Edmund S. Read and wife to Charles W. Hardwick and James C. Mitchell, 2 lots in Highland Springs, $150.

Jacob F. Shaw and wife to Frank Scott, 4 3-5 acres near Quioccasin road, $150.

Amelia and David L. Styles, Jr., to Alfred Fleming, 14 acres near Nine-Mile road, $200.

Joseph F. Tyler and wife to Horace Heart, 50 acres on Laurel road, $400.

THE GOVERNOR DID REPLY.

He Also Explains Why He Did Not Attend the Unveiling.

The statement has been made that Governor McKinney failed to acknowledge the receipt of Governor Holt's invitation to visit the encampment at Wrightsville. This is a mistake. The invitation reached Richmond when the Governor was absent from the city, but was forwarded to him by his secretary and he telegraphed immediately his regrets that he could not accept.

The Governor did not attend the unveiling of the Jackson statue at Lexington for the reason that he was very unwell. In a letter written to Secretary McLeod from the Blue Ridge Springs, under date of July 20th, the Governor says: "I am feeling too