LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

A STRIKING PROSE EPIC DEPICTING STIRRING SCENES OF BATTLE.

WRITTEN BY CORNELIUS YOUNG.

How the Cry "To Arms" Came Like a Dagger Thrust and Summoned Brave Men from Thier Homes—The Parting Hours—War.

(For the Dispatch.)

I.

In a peaceful and charming spot, beneath Southern skies, sweet April, loveliest Nymph of Spring, wreathed garlands of the rose, honeysuckle, and jessamine. The humming bird and honey-bee gathered sweetness as they kissed each fragrant flower; the oriole and mockingbird breathed forth melody low and sweet; the mellow tone of the redbird's resonant whistle permeated the air, and having twice taken flight, he was singing his third variation, sonorous, enchanting—very strains from Heaven. If Beethoven could have heard those fluted notes, combined with the clear music of the clarion, they would have been a revelation to his senses, kindred in delight to the transport of the blind at the opening of the vision to the splendor of the sun.

The merry wren from its perch beneath the eaves of the wide spreading roof of the magnificent old home touched the heart with its simple lay of "Sweet Wil'm! Sweet Wil'm! Sweet Wil'm!" These etherial songsters, like all great musicians, are capricious, and not a note will they warble until the grand auditorium has been lighted and heated just to suit their notion; then at the waving of a wand in a hand invisible, each little throat swells in unison, and without rehearsal, anthems are chanted that fill the soul with ecstatic joy, and all nature seems united in shouting "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men."

Standing in this beautiful place, the thought could not be resisted that the time had surely come when "they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks," but the ways of Providence are veiled in mystery, and are beyond our fathoming.

A youth looked on, seemingly enraptured with the pervading loveliness. He sighed! He had dreamed a lovelit dream. In his vision he had seen his lady-love in gown of white, with hair so fair, and eyes so bright; she looked enchantingly, and threw a kiss, then sung merrily as she tripped along. Again she appeared.—her gown was black; her locks were gray; her eyes were sad; her cheeks were wan, and she sung mournfully.

"To arms! To arms!" That awful cry! Like a dagger-thrust, it pierced the tender heart—but the quivering lip, the tearful eye, the pallid cheek, the trembling hand, under a woman's high resolve, became vassal to her will. Dropping the olive branch, she seized her country's banner, and waved defiance at the foe.

The 11th day of April, 1861, has been made memorable by the departure of the first Confederate volunteers from the Southern metropolis. Their path was strewed with flowers, embalmed with tears. As they marched through the streets, a literal shower of roses was poured out upon them.

With baptism like this, does it seem surprising that whatever there is of renown and glory from deeds of valor came to them?

The parting tear had scarce been wiped away, ere this devoted band was called upon for a sacrifice. One of their noblest truest, best, was "sent home on his shield," among the first of all the mighty host to fall; at Bethel, his life blood flowed. As the funeral cortege passed, the bells of Richmond tolled sadly in honor of the dead; as the car moved on from the northern to the southern extremity of our land, the solemn knell reached from tower to tower, as if the spirit of the departed was being wafted homeward, so that ,before passing upward, it might touch the lips of her to whom he had been united—now left in desolation.

Oh, the heartache! The love of God affords alleviation, but a remnant of the sorrows is left, as a softening, as a binding and entwining of the spirit, in sympathy with those who mourn.

The twelth month of enlistment had barely passed when their homes fell into the enemy's lines, and this condition did not change until the close of the war. The agony from suspense in regard to the fate of those whom they loved was terrible to endure, but sometimes a ray of sunshine found its way to their hearts through a letter from mother, sisters, or others in whom they were interested.

The news from home was always cheering—everything was going on as "merry as a marriage bell."

One mother, in 1863, wrote something like this:

My Dear Son,—I have an opportunity to send this by safe hands. We are all well, and you must not grieve about us; we have everything that is necessary for our comfort. I always knew that my boys would bring honor to me. Jimmie is now fifteen, and will go to the front as soon as an opportunty can be found to get him through the lines. He is strong and well, and I have had him during the last twelve months go through hardening exercises, and he is very athletic. As he will be with you in the artillery, I know he can be useful. He can be depended upon not to become unduly excited in time of danger, which is a good quality, and comes by inheritance. There will not be any one more courageous than he, and he will take our dear Charlie's place. It is my regret that I have no more sons to send.

As our numbers diminish, I feel sure our men will, if such a thing is possible, increase in valor. We are certain that a few inured to hardships can accomplish more than a greater number of new recruits.

Mary comes to see me every day, and sometimes stays with me all night. Her mother, having so many girls, can spare her to me occasionally. She was always pretty, but has grown to be perfectly beautiful. Two and a half years have made a great change in her appearance. She is so good, and calls me mother,.

When Jimmie goes, she will live with me, as she says she cannot allow me to be alone. She is devoted to you, and can be relied upon, as her people are true and honorable in every particular. They deplore not having a boy in the family to go to the war. She is very proud of you, but would not own you if you were not at the front. She would have written if she had known of this opportunity. We pray for you without ceasing. Your devoted MOTHER.

A lovely morning in May, ushered in with waving floral banners, whose beauty and rich perfumes seemed almost blended with the carol of the birds, marked an important event in the world's history—the Confederate soldiers' return.

A mother enfolded her sons in fond embrace; her tears were tears of joy for two returned; but for one she wept, and her sorrow never ceased.

Mary wore a gown of white, with pink roses in her hair; nothing could be more beautiful. Her sister Annie, Charlie's love, was draped in the habiliments of mourning. Her hair was gray; her cheeks were wan, her form was bent—her heart was broken. Oh, how pitiful! The lot of some is dark, while others live in light; we see this everywhere; but pray remember the forbidding cloud and the enchanting sunshine are guided by One Hand.

II.

There is an excitement about a battlefield that to the participants robs it of its horror. Banners waving, the bugle note, roll of drum, shriek of fife, a sea of bayonets glistening in the sunlight, couriers and staff officers carrying orders in haste; scouts and pickets coming in; infantry taking position at "double quick."

See yon regiment of cavalry returning from a scout—they have more prisoners than they themselves number; but their riderless shorses tell mutely, pathetically, of the fierceness of the combat.

Each empty saddle has its correspondingly empty seat, in a far away desolate home, where they are watching and waiting, and praying; but their loved one will never return.

Not one memento love would cherish will ever be found; even the spot where the sod grows over him will never be known.

An occasional desultory shot is heard from the artillery; a volley or two of musketry; then a lull.

These are the preliminaries of a battle; then roll after roll of musketry reaches the ear, and the boom of artillery, accompanied by that awe-inspiring flash, as if Jupiter had opened his hand, and was hurling all the thunder and lightning of the universe into one place; the very earth with terror trembles.

A battalion of artillery is in the rear, awaiting orders. Ambulances are passing back and forth, taking the wounded and dying to the rear.

To be on the reserve is the most trying place to the soldier that can be found on the battle-field—to view the mangled forms, and see the blood flowing from their wounds, and to listen to the groans and shrieks of agony—under the chilling influence of the presence of death.

Scenes like this oppress the mind with harrowing thoughts that will bring a pallor to the cheeks of the bravest.

In reading of Napoleon's great battles, the emphasis that is placed on the importance of giving veterans positions on the reserve, and placing fresh troops on the first lines, cannot be perfectly understood, except by those who have stood in waiting, and who have truly seen the horrors of war in all its cruel nakedness.

The development of the full-fledged Confederate soldier was not dependent upon the "baptism of fire"; there was something about his nurture, and the rocking of his cradle, that gave him the inspiration of a veteran.

Nelson's celebrated signal, "England expects every man to do his duty," was cheered at Trafalgar. The Confederacy did not expect—it knew—"every man would do his duty."

The bugle calls "Attention!" and the order comes: "Cannoneers, mount! Trot! March!" repeated at every gun.

In a moment they are speeding like the wind. A dozen twelve-pound Napoleon guns; 127 horses; 250 men.

The battle has begun in earnest, and there will be many missing at the roll-call to-morrow.

As they pass along the lines, the grand old infantry, the bone and sinew of the army, send up cheer after cheer. They have seen movements like this before, and know that the enemy's attack is being concentrated at a point where the artillery is needed as a formidable means of resistance.

The enthusiastic waving of that bullet-riddled battle-flag in that young color-sergeant's left hand, is a thrilling sight; his empty sleeve is a pledge and badge of chivalry.

The spirit of Alamo, like a corona, hovered around that banner, and the story of the valor that bore it filling the heart with emotion to-day, will, far down the stream of time, meet with a responsive beat.

The horses in each team are urged with desperation. The drive is full of excitement and incident fraught with danger; woe to the man who loses his balance and is thrown to be ground by the wheels, and to be crushed by the iron-shod hoofs.

The objective point, the crest of a hillock, is reached, and by quick manoeuvres the guns are placed in position for action. All seeming confusion has disappeared. Each cannoneer takes his respective place, stands erect, statuesque. Minnie balls are passing with that peculiar "zip" which, if once heard, is never forgotten.

Occasionally one fulfils its terrible mission—some fond mother is bereft of a son. It is not comfortable to stand this inactively and see one's companions fall into the arms of death.

Enchanting strains of music are wafted from afar, and as the magnificent tones of the brass bands are brought nearer and sound clearer, the inspiring notes of the "Star-Spangled Banner," "Hail Columbia," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," break upon the ear, and with "Yankee Doodle" three double blue lines appear, all splendidly equipped, marching steadily, confidently, with "all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

The gunners at each piece have taken in carefully the position in front; the prominent objects have been noted, and the distance has been accurately measured by experienced eyes. Each man knows that upon the skill and rapidity with which the guns shall be handled depends the result of the battle and their very existence. They may be swept from the face of the earth, but if those guns are taken they will all lie dead or bleeding.

The men composing this command have enjoyed good advantages, both social and educational, and are well versed in the science of artillery. It is very probable that at any one of the guns a man could be found capable of commanding the battalion.

That splendid corps of infantry is marching up to take (?) the twelve guns.

The position by one of the companies or batteries of the battalion is near a church, in what has been the front yard of an humble country home.

Two stone chimneys, mouldering in ruin, marked the spot where the house had stood.

Never more will the sweet incense of the matins and the vespers from the heart of the mother pass through them on the way to the throne of Heaven. Never again will the yule log burn on those hearts of hospitality and mingle with its curling wreaths of smoke, the laughter, and the shouts of the young, and merry-hearted.

No more will the old and broken sit on those stones so ample and court despair in the dying embers.

The pictures that fancy paints are bright but glowing; but when viewed with a retrospective eye, the images that stood out in bold relief, so full of beauty and enchantment, are obscured by the shadow of disappointment, and on every spot that once reflected light an epitaph is written.

Not again will those chimneys look down upon the little children on their trundle-bed, wrapped in each other embraces, so full of joy that it won't keep until morning, but exudes in laughter while they are sleeping—dreaming of the blessings that await their awakening.

Oh! that every night could be a Christmas eve, and bring such happy anticipation. Santa Claus with his fleet team of reindeer will not again drive down them, and fill each little stocking with the very things wished and hoped for. Oh, may the sweet delusion never be dispelled—too much wisdom is not the friend of happiness.

Nor will they see again the good old time when the furniture had to be thrown out to make room for merry-making; when the boys and girls danced each other down on the bare puncheon floor.

Nor will they listen to the much ridiculed, but very wholesome curtain lectures; without them men would go wild as colts upon the pastures.

No more will they carry off the merry clink of glasses, and the savory odor of the "possum" and potato.

The home is an absolute monarchy, and the sceptre is swayed by a woman, who rules justly, mercifully, graciously. The sovereign is more patriotic than her subjects, and with her the fantasy of the Pelican would find verification, if need be, even to the extent of the laceration of her own breast.

In this realm the "lords of creation" stand abashed, and hang their heads at the consciousness of their own inferiority. When their self-importance and great achievements needs ventilation they go elsewhere.

The sorrowful sight of lone-standing chimneys brings a feeling of desolation to the heart. They speak to it of the broken home circle and the anguish of joys once tasted, but now gone forever.

The chimneys have outlived their usefulness, and are fit for naught but the abodes of bats and owls, and are places for poisonous vines to clamber upon.

They are functionless, and are waiting for the time of slow, but sure, disintegration—prototypes of many a living creature.

Some roses and lilies are blooming, and cheering the lonely place. "I am the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valleys." These beautiful flowers symbolizing the grace and purity of the person of our Saviour are soon to be trampled and made crimson in strife.

Your patience will not be taxed with a detailed narrative of a four-hours' engagement, where twelve pieces of artillery, discharging 1,200 rounds of shell and canister, repelled charge after charge of one of the finest corps of infantry in the Federal army.

Their determination and persistent efforts can be measured by the number of killed and wounded left in our front—3,500.

Our men were cool, calm, and deliberate. There was no waste of ammunition, and our guns were handled with consummate skill. Double charges of canister went howling through that field of ripened grain, mowing down men, and scattering the bread of the widow and the orphan.

The first lines fell, then on impetuously rushed the second, and the third, and piled high a self-made windrow of dead and dying men.

Napoleon's Imperial Guard at Waterloo, each battalion headed by a general, charged desperately. Wellington, seeing his lines giving way, shouted to his reserve: "Up, Guards, and take steady aim."

If our assailants had observed this detail, and had sent their volleys lower, they might have advanced with impunity, as there would have been none but dead men to have disputed their right.

There were two brothers, tenderly reared, whose early lives had passed like a beautiful dawn, the prelude of a bright day. They were noted for their devotion to each other and to their duty.

The older and stronger one shielded the other in all possible ways, and his every action plainly said that his love and protection went out to him, and, if necessary, even to the extent of his own life.

To either of them death would have been preferable to dishonor. The younger was beautiful with the grace of a pure heart—the other was truly "every inch a man"; he was a distinguished soldier, and one of the gunners; he was perfectly free from taint of vanity or selfishness. They stood beside each other in this engagement, and in the fiercest of the fight the younger fell, mortally wounded.

The older one filled his place as well as his own, and there was not a noticeable interruption in the service of the gun.

The cruel bullet that had laid his brother low seemed to have murdered the placid expression that belonged to the gunner's fine features. His face now seemed like the work of a great master—cut out of stone, rather than that of a living soul.

When the enemy had fallen back, and the firing had temporarily ceased, he took off his jacket, placed it as a pillow under the wounded boy's head, saw his life in the dark stream rapidly flowing, moistened his lips, bathed his face, listened to a few tenderly whispered messages, embraced him, then resumed his place at the gun.

The enemy had rallied, and was again advancing.

"Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flashed the red artillery."

The removal of his jacket revealed a tattered shirt, without collar, open at the throat, one sleeve gone and the other more than half missing. He had dropped his ill-shapen, slouched hat, and as he appeared with neck, breast, and arms bare, and head uncovered, he seemed a veritable Apollo—beautiful, intellectual, god-like—from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot without blemish, save where furrows had been ploughed in his flesh by merciless bullets. He would not have suffered disparagement by comparison with the Belvidere.

At 8 o'clock all was hushed. The rain had ceased, and the struggle had stopped. The moon's pale, sad light cast weird shadows over the death-strewn field.

Alas! how often had those manly hearts with rapture beat as that soft light hung over them in scenes of bliss.

"But now she glimmered from above
A sad funeral torch of night."

Nursed in the same arms, rocked in the same cradle, guided by the same precepts, buried in the same grave, together the brothers stand before the great, White Throne, for we know that "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Their manly virtues have left an impress, dear and sweet, the memory loves to hold. Who can help admitting that there is sublimity in human nature?

(CONTINUED NEXT SUNDAY.)

SUFFERING FOR THE Sins of Another

Blood Poison is an universal disease. The enlightened nations of the world, as well as the savage, have been contending with this monster scourge for centuries past. Civilization has not checked its progress. Scientists have discovered little concerning the character of this peculiar poison; they admit it to be a blood disease, for which they know no antidote or cure. Their Mercury and Potash preparations hide the symptoms, but cannot destroy the virus. This disease is so highly contagious that persons handling the clothing, using the same brush or towel, drinking from the same vessel, are inoculated. The deepest misery and humiliation have followed the kiss of affection. Though guilty of no wrong, the person who contracts the disease in this way endures the same physical suffering that the guilty one does. How often is the proud parent horrified when he finds the disease he so confidently believed had been forever driven from his own blood has been transmitted to his innocent child; its little body tortured with sores, the glands of the neck swollen and knotted and the skin a-fire with some burning, itching eruption. The symptoms of this hideous disease cannot be mistaken; eruptions upon the skin, sores or ulcers in the mouth and throat, copper-colored splotches on different parts of the body and the loss of hair and eyebrows, are infallible signs of Contagious Blood Poison. Other and more destructive symptoms follow, of course, as the disease progresses; the whole skin surface is often covered with a mass of sores, and even bone and tissue are destroyed. This is not a simple disease; do not trifle with it; terrible as are the immediate effects, it is horrible to think that through your carelessness or neglect others may have to suffer for your sin. You may have taken the usual remedies, but the aching bones and slight rheumatic pains, the annoying little ulcers and pimples that periodically break out, remind you that you are not cured; that the poison is still in your system.

AN INNOCENT VICTIM.

Some eight years ago I was inoculated with poison by a nurse who infected my babe with blood taint. The little child lingered along until it was about two years old, when its little life was yielded up to the fearful poison. For six long years I have suffered untold misery. I was covered with sores and ulcers from head to foot, and in my great extremity I prayed to die. No language can express my feelings of woe during these long years. I had the best medical treatment. Several physicians treated me, but all to no purpose. The mercury and potash seemed to add fuel to the awful flame which was devouring me. I was advised by friends who had seen wonderful cures made by it to try S. S. S. We got two bottles, and felt hope again revive in my breast—hope for health and happiness again. I improved from the start, and a complete and perfect cure was the result. S. S. S. is the only blood remedy which reaches desperate cases.

MRS. T. W. LEE, Montgomery, Ala.

S. S. S. is a specific for this disease. That it does antidote this peculiar virus, an experience of many years has proven beyond doubt. It is no experiment to take S. S. S. It has demonstrated in thousands of cases its curative powers. Being strictly a vegetable remedy makes it safe; there can be no bad after effect, as is the case where Mercury and Potash treatment has been taken. It eradicates Contagious Blood Poison completely and permanently from the system and removes all possible danger of contaminating others or transmitting it to posterity. It not only destroys the disease in the early stages, but even the worst cases give way when the system comes under the influence of S. S. S. Get this poison out of your blood; it is a barrier to domestic happiness; it wrecks both body and mind. Many a bright intellect has been clouded and happy life blighted by this terrible plague.

SSS

If, unfortunately, you have contracted Contagious Blood Poison, send for our book and learn all about this disease. Every symptom and stage is described so clearly and minutely that after reading it you can treat your own case successfully. Should you at any time need any special advice, you have only to write our physicians; we make no charge for this. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

KITCHENER AND SHERIDAN.

Facts from the Records About the South.

Richmond, Va., June 13, 1901.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:

The following article, headed "Sheridan and Kitchener," was cut from your edition of the 9th instant. I ask that you will reprint it, together with an additional article which appeared some months ago in your editorial columns as a copy from the Washington Post. My only justification for doing so is that, in the first instance, some southern papers copied the editorial from the Washington Post without commenting at all on it; in that way possibly leaving the future reader to believe that the southern people did not hold Sheridan in detestation as a brute, a coward, and worse:

SHERIDAN AND KITCHENER.

(From the Dispatch.)

The New York Sun has been moved to wrath and recourse to history by what it terms an attempt of "certain English journals to justify the burning of 650 farms in South Africa by the British troops by the precedent furnished in General Sheridan's destruction in the Shenandoah Valley during our civil war." The Sun contends that "the likeness is only made possible by a perversion of the facts as they appear indisputably in the official reports of Union officers," and after quoting from Grant's orders to Hunter, and Sheridan's instructions to Torbert, says that Sheridan, in reporting the operations, stated that he had destroyed over 2,000 "barns" filled with wheat.

The English apologists, adds the Sun, "who seek to twist the policy pursued by General Sheridan into a precedent justifying the burning of the 650 Boer farms, are able to do it only by misquoting his language. They make him say that he destroyed 2,000 farms filled with wheat, hay, and farming implements," which is a total perversion."

And in conclusion, our New York contemporary claims that the record establishes the fact that "the burning of the Boer farms had no precedent and no parallel in the Shenandoah destruction; for that policy was pursued simply for the purpose of getting rid of supplies necessary to the enemy, while the South African burning was to deprive Boers of homes."

But how about the following record of Sheridan's operations in Rockingham county, which was made by a committee consistng of thirty-six citizens and the same number of magistrates appointed by the Rockingham County Court:

"Dwelling houses burned, 30; barns burned, 450; mills burned, 31; fences destroyed (miles), 100; bushels of wheat destroyed, 100,000; bushels of corn destroyed, 50,000; tons of hay destroyed, 6,233; cattle carried off, 1,750; horses carried off, 1,750; sheep carried off, 4,200; hogs carried off, 3,350; factories burned, 3; furnaces burned, 1. In addition, there was an immense amount of farming utensils of every description destroyed, many of them of great value, such as reapers and threshing machines; also, household and kitchen furniture, and money, bonds, etc., pillaged."

The experience of Rockingham was the experience in greater or less degree of all the counties raided by Sheridan's forces. Verily, it would seem that our northern friends would better go slow in attempting to defend Sheridan by the record, and institute comparisons between him and Kitchener to the latter's disadvantage.

WHEN THE BOERS BEGIN TO SLAY.

(From the Washington Post.)

We note a disposition on the part of certain Anglophile apologists for Lord Kitchener and his barbarous and cruel policy in South Africa to protest that he is doing nothing more there than the Germans did in France thirty years ago, or than Sheridan did in the Shanandoah Valley during the last months of the civil war.

Of course, we have no means of knowing just what the Germans did in France at the period mentioned. In view of their present performances in China, we are ready to believe anything.

The insinuation that General Sheridan committed in the valley such brutal enormities as Kitchener is now committing in South Africa is, however, utterly unwarranted by the facts, and surviving Confederates acquainted with the details of that campaign will sustain us in this proposition as heartily as will their former Union antagonists. Sheridan ravaged the Shenandoah Valley on purely military lines. His mission was to end the war, and he sought this consummation by purely military and legitimate methods. He destroyed everything that could possibly contribute to the support of a hostile army. All stores of forage and food supplies were removed or obliterated. That was war. It was not ignoble or barbarous war. It was really inspired by humanity, for it is better to subdue an enemy by depriving him of the means of warfare than by sacrificing life. To compare Sheridan's policy with that of Kitchener is little short of sacrilege. Sheridan did not prosecute women and children. He did not burn the dwellings of helpless non-combatants, deprive them of food and shelter, drive them in herds to wretched prisons, or leave them to starve amidst the ashes of their ruined and desecrated homes. He was a soldier, a warrior, not a monster and a beast.

To show the difference between Kitchener and Sheridan—the difference between a ruffian and a gentleman—we quote the official report of one of Kitchener's subordinates, as made public in London yesterday and telegraphed to the New York Journal from that city:

"The town of Ventersburg has been cleared of supplies—partly burned. The farms in the vicinity have been destroyed, railway line in the neighborhood.

"The Boer women and children who are left behind should apply to Boer commandants for food, who will supply them, unless they wish to see them starve. No supplies will be sent from the railway to the town.

"BRUCE HAMILTON,
"Major-General."

This is not scandal concocted and disseminated by an enemy. It is an official proclamation, communicated to the English people with an unconcealed pride calculated to turn the stomach of a vulture. * * *

In your article, however, you refer to a part of Sheridan's operations in Rockingham county, detailing the destruction of dwellings and farm property, which, however, is so small a part of the whole history that I beg you will allow me to call attention to a few other official statements. Why it is that the northern press, in endeavoring to prove that General Kitchener is a brute, should universally compare him with Sheridan, I do not know, except that unconsciously they know that no greater brute ever had charge of an army than this same Phil. Sheridan.

There is one thing in the comparison between the two men to which I wish to call attention: That is, that whenever it became necessary for Kitchener to send troops for certain purposes, whether to fight or to burn, he himself led his men; whereas, Sheridan's brutality was executed by officers more worthy than he, but compelled to obey orders given them.

In confirmation of the little I have to say in regard to Sheridan, I refer to the "War of the Rebellion," Series 1, Volume XLIII., Parts 1 and 2, in which will be found the detailed operations of Sheridan's forces from the time he took command of the Shenandoah Valley in August, 1864, until some time in 1865. In making these references, I wish it clearly understood that this is not a "scandal concocted and disseminated by an enemy," but are from official reports of General Sheridan himself, and if there is anything in history in so-called civilized times that exhibits a more bloodthirsty, brutal, and murderous feeling, we have not yet read of it.

On Page 30, Serial 90, of October 7, 1864, in a letter over his own signature, is the following:

"In moving back to this point the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North Mountain has been rendered untenable for a rebel army. I have destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat and hay and farming implements; over seventy mills, filled with wheat and flour; have driven in front of this army four herds of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than 3,000 sheep. Lieutenant John R. Meigs, my engineer officer, was murdered beyond Harrisonburg, near Dayton; for this atrocious act all the houses within an area of five miles were burned."

Lieutenant Meigs was killed in open fight, as soldiers are apt to be, and not murdered, as stated, by Sheridan.

Please note that all houses, dwellings, as well as barns, stables and provender—food for non-combatants, as well as for men with arms in their hands—were destroyed by the order of the gallant warrior; and why? Because an officer of his staff, wearing the uniform of the army to which he belonged, was killed in the performance of a duty assigned to him by his commander, Sheridan—as brutal, cowardly, and as atrocious as was ever committed by the savage Indians on that same ground over a hundred years before. Read his record, as written by himself in his reports. In a letter to Major-General Couch, page 682, serial 91, November 27, 1864, we find,

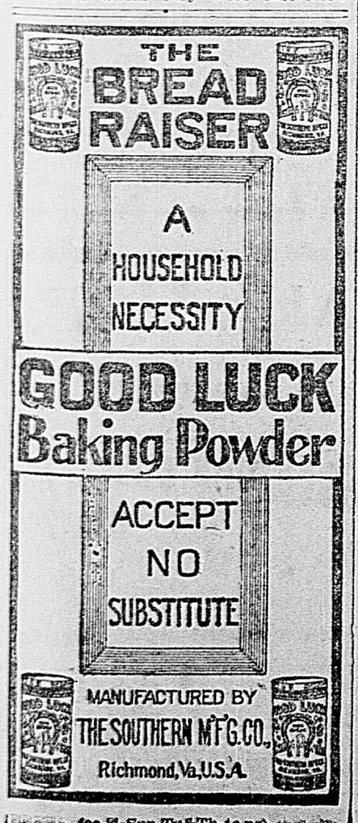
"If you have any spies, hang them. If you are in doubt, hang them anyway."

On page 920, read where by his order six of Mosby's men were shot and hung in the streets of Front Royal, while Brigadier-General Custer stood by and saw these murders committed without any offer of interference. Again, a few days afterwards, another of Mosby's men was hung by Sheridan's order, not because he was a spy, as he was in full uniform and a regularly enlisted man in Mosby's command.

We find, in addition to the statements above, that during the six months above referred to General Sheridan boastfully claims in a score of dispatches that he had Early just where he wanted him, and proposed to take him the next day or drive him entirely out of the Valley, and during the entire time the discrepancy between Sheridan's army and Early's was as follows: In August, 1864, Sheridan reports for duty 114,501 men, with 397 field-guns; Early reports for the same time 10,042 men and 35 guns. In October Sheridan reports 95,042 men and 411 guns; Early 11,032 men and guns not reported. This is the month in which the battles of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek occurred, and in which Sheridan's great reputation as a general and a dashing officer was made; and yet Early drove him from Cedar Creek to within a short distance of Winchester, where Early's men were so scattered that Sheridan succeeded in stopping the rout by force of new troops, and, driving Early back—Sheridan reporting his loss at 17,183 men killed, wounded, and missing—more men by 50 per cent. than Early had at any one time in his whole army.

The northern papers, however, have a rich list of men, probably not quite so brutal, from which to draw in case they wish to make comparisons with the generals of other armies, and I might present them with a partial list, beginning with Sherman, Butler, Wilson, Lyon, Kautz, and others, comparisons of whom, with the generals from other armies, can be made without disparagement to the humanity and soldierly qualities of the army of any other nation in the world.

Yours truly, J. B. MOORE.



WOMAN

IS LIKE A DELICATE MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

In good condition she is sweet and lovable, and sings life's song on a joyful harmonious string. Out of order or unstrung, there is discordance and unhappiness. Just as there is one key note to all music so there is one key note to health. A woman might as well try to fly without wings as to feel well and look well while the organs that make her a woman are weak or diseased. She must be healthy inside or she can't be healthy outside. There are thousands of women suffering silently all over the country. Mistaken modesty urges their silence. While there is nothing more admirable than a modest woman, health is of the first importance. Every other consideration should give way before it. Bradfield's Female Regulator is a medicine for women's ills. It is the safest and quickest way to cure leucorrhea, falling of the womb, nervousness, headache, backache and general weakness. You will be astonished at the result, especially if you have been experimenting with other so-called remedies. We are not asking you to try an uncertainty. Bradfield's Regulator has made happy thousands of women. What it has done for others it can do for you. Sold in drug stores for $1 a bottle.

A free illustrated book will be sent to all who write to

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. Atlanta, Ga.

A Piano 13 Years Old.

A Fine Recommendation.

May 21, 1888, I sold to Pine-Street Baptist Sunday school an Upright Piano at $250. Recently a competing house sold the school a piano, and were so well pleased with ours that they allowed $200 for it. This rare compliment proves that WE SELL THE BEST PIANOS in the city. The thirteen years of service cost the Sunday school only about 1 cent a day. The other piano store was over auxious for the piano, and we did not know anything about it until they got it. What a signal victory for the reputation of our goods! Use tests a piano. Buyers should see us first. Our goods are right, our prices the lowest. As to durability the above tells the tale.

MANLY B. RAMOS,

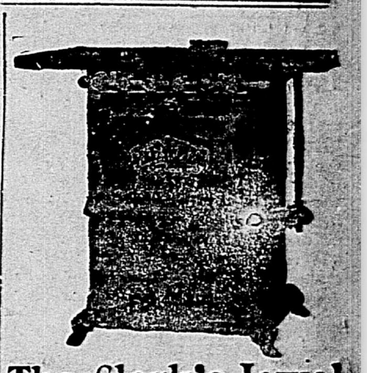
For

Manly B. Ramos Co.

119 E. Broad St.

de 30-Sun,Tu&F

Dyspeptics cannot be long lived, because to live requires nourishment. Food is not nourishing until it is digested. A discorded stomach cannot digest food, it must have assistance. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure digests all kinds of food without aid from the stomach, allowing it to rest and regain its natural functions. Its elements are exactly the same as the natural digestive fluids, and it simply can't help but do you good.



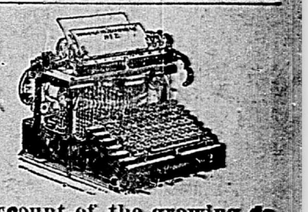
The Clark's Jewel Gas Range

has been tested and recommended by the City Gas Department, and proven to be the MOST ECONOMICAL in the use of gas. See it in operation at our store.

N. Klein & Son,

620 East Broad St.

my7,Tu,F&Sun



On account of the growing demand for

SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITERS

in Richmond and vicinity, we have opened a branch office at

803 East Main Street.

New 'phone, No. 341.

W. Garnett Lee is in charge of this office, and will be pleased to attend promptly to your every typewriter want.

MACHINES RENTED, MACHINES REPAIRED.

A FULL LINE OF SUPERIOR TYPEWRITER SUPPLIES.

(ap 5-F,Su&Tu3m)

The Celebrated Original and Genuine GLENLIVET Scotch Whiskey.

Bottled by Edward and John Burke. Imported by Davenport, Morris & Co.

ap 10-W,F&Sun 3m

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE at 15c. PER HUNDRED at the DISPATCH OFFICE.