COL. WILLIS, OF GEORGIA

Brave Soldier Whose Service Was Appreciated by the Great Stonewall Jackson.

REACHED HIS AMBITION

Then Died as Bravely and as Worthily as He Had Lived.

Judge James B. Gantt, of the Supreme Court of Missouri, has written a letter to Major Robert Stiles, of this city, which, though not intended for publication, tells so beautifully the interesting story of a Confederate soldier, it ought to go to record in this column.

After thanking Major Stiles for having written the book "Four Years Udder Marse Robert," Judge Gantt continues:

The purpose of this letter, however, is more particularly to thank you for your beautiful and eloquent tribute to Colonel Edward Willis, the colonel of our regiment for whom I had the warmest affection and whose memory is cherished by every member of the Twelfth Georgia Regiment.

I was particularly gratified at reading your account of your first meeting with him at Colonel Cabell's headquarters. As you state, Colonel Willis was the first adjutant of the Twelfth Georgia. He served in that capacity until General Jackson took the old Edward Johnson brigade under his command at McDowell. From that time on he served on General Jackson's staff as captain and assistant adjutant general, until just prior to the battle of Fredericksburg on the 13th of December, '62. On the morning that Jackson's corps broke camp near Winchester, Va., to join General Lee at Fredericksburg, as our regiment had begun the march General Jackson and his staff, with the exception of Colonel Willis, passed us on the road, and something like a half or three-quarters of an hour later Colonel Willis rode by on his way to Staunton, as it afterwards turned out, for the purpose of going to Richmond, Va., to get his commission as major of our regiment. Not a living soul in the regiment knew that this was his mission at that time, but he had so endeared himself to the officers and men of the regiment in his early service with us as adjutant that when he rode opposite the regiment there was a spontaneous cheer given him by the whole command. We little knew then that he would soon return to us and assume command of the regiment.

Months later, when our regiment was encamped in Augusta county, near Weyer's Cave, it was my duty as orderly sergeant of my company, to make a report to him in his headquarters one night.

After making my report I was retiring from his tent when he requested me to sit down and talk with him. I pleaded that he was busy, but he restrained me, and, coming out of the tent, we sat down on an old log immediately in front of the door, and I do not now recollect a more delightful conversation that has ever occurred to me. He so won my confidence that I remarked to him that there was one occasion in his life that he must now recollect with peculiar gratification, and he enquired what that was and I said: "You remember the morning that we broke camp at Bunker Hill on our way to Fredericksburg?" and he said, "Yes." I said: "You will remember as you galloped by on your little bay mare the whole regiment gave you a spontaneous and hearty cheer." I said: "At that time not an officer or member of the regiment knew that you were to be appointed major of the regiment and return to us, and it must have been peculiarly pleasing to you to know that you had the affection of a regiment that you were soon to command." He remarked: "I had remembered it, and I cannot describe the satisfaction that I felt at this exhibition of loyalty and love of the regiment."

He then recounted to me how General Jackson had sent for him on that morning and enquired of him what his desire was in regard to remaining on staff duty. He said: "I said to General Jackson; General, if I remained on staff duty, of course I prefer to be on your staff to that of any other officer in the army. I greatly prize the honor of being a member of your staff, but if you desire to know my preference, I say to you frankly that I much prefer to seek preferment in the line."

To this General Jackson responded: "You have spoken like a true soldier, and that is the reason I have sent for you this morning. There is a vacancy in the majorship of your regiment, and if you desire to return to the line it is a good opportunity for you to get back to your old regiment, and I will write a letter to the Secretary of War, recommending your appointment as major of the regiment, and you can start this morning to Richmond, and when you get your commission as major, you can rejoin me at Fredericksburg." Knowing, as I did, that no one else knew what had occurred between General Jackson and myself, when I received the ovation which the regiment gave me that morning, it made the old regiment dearer to me than ever before, and I determined to prove myself worthy of its confidence."

The sequel is known. He went to Richmond, received his commission as major of our regiment, returned to us at Fredericksburg, and got there the night after the battle was fought. On that day Lieutenant Colonel Scott was killed. In a few weeks Colonel Connor resigned and Colonel Willis was promoted to the coloneley of the regiment. In the history of the Doles-Cook brigade, the compiler, Mr. Henry Thomas, of Atlanta, Ga., has reproduced your tribute to Colonel Willis and every member of the brigade will read it with profound gratitude that his memory has been preserved in this enduring form. No more gallant gentleman ever drew his sword in behalf of the South than Edward Willis.

Dr. James A. Ethridge, the surgeon of the Twelfth Georgia and brigade surgeon of Cook's brigade, recounted to me the scenes that he witnessed at the death of Colonel Willis at Cold Harbor. He said that he had witnessed death in all of its forms, he had been a physician prior to the war, and for many years after the war. He was surgeon from McDowell until the close of the war and was himself one of the most gallant men that ever served in the Confederate army. He said that never in all his life had he witnessed anything as remarkable as the composure of Colonel Willis on his death bed in the camp at Cold Harbor. Without recalling the painful instance which he related, there is one statement that I can never forget. After dictating to Captain Reed, of our regiment, and a warm personal friend of his, letters to his father and mother, and disposing of his personal effects, a number of them among his friends in the regiment, he said: "And now, gentlemen, I want to thank you for your kindness to me, and I want to say to you that I am one man in the Confederate army that has reached his ambition. When I enlisted at Richmond in '61, it was my ambition to be a general officer in the Confederate army. I have not receive my commission as brigadier general of Pegram's brigade, but I have that which is just as sweet to me, and that is General Lee's own personal assurance that he has recommended my appointment, and that I would receive my commission in due course of time."

Faithfully yours,

JAMES B. GANTT.

MANASSAS III.

Veteran Who Saw Manoeuvres Makes Interesting Comparison.

The following story, taken from the Atlanta Constitution, is not exactly Confederate history, but it is not out of place in our Confederate Column:

Of the thousands of soldiers and civilian visitors at Manassas last week, there were few who enjoyed themselves more than Comptroller-General William A. Wright.

For him it was a revival of old memories, some sweet and pleasant and others sad, as well as a pleasant outing. In the old days when the fighting round Manassas was of a sterner sort than the mock business of the other day, Colonel Wright was there and on that bloody field he received the wound that cost him a limb.

And after being thus wounded, as told in yesterday's Constitution, he spent many happy days growing strong again as the guest in a charming Southern home near by. There were fair hands and willing hearts to minister to the wounded soldier then and a smiling garden adjoining that home, wherein the scarred warrior could lie beneath spreading trees and inhale the odorous breath of roses while he waited for a return of strength.

During his visit of last week Colonel Wright renewed some of these old acquaintances. His fair nurse, the bloom of youth stolen from her cheek by the intervening years, was still there to greet him, but others of her family were absent. The passing years had claimed them and theirs was the absence of eternity.

And yet, withal, it was a happy visit. Perhaps there hovered over the old home a sacred shade of melancholy laid there by the stormy, terrible days of old, but that was more a holy peace and tenderness than a present, aching grief. And though the old battlefield echoed with the rattle of rifles and the roar of cannon, as of old, it was mimic war, and in the clamor and dust the spirit of peace spread her glad wings.

All these things combined to make the visit delightful for Colonel Wright. The present and the past were woven and interwoven in one, charming whole, and when the Comptroller-General appeared at his desk in the Capitol yesterday morning he was brimful of Manassas memories and anecdotes.

"It was just such weather in 1862 when we marched into that country," he said, "The heat was something frightful and the dust, pale, yellowish dust, was thick on the trees and grass, the caisons and the uniform of the men just as it was when we assembled there forty-two years ago determined to capture Washington.

"The old scene was as vivid in my memory as the last one is now, and I was struck by the sameness, outwardly, of the two. The faces of the soldiers engaging in mimic warfare were begrimed and brown just as our faces were. The powdery dust lay just as thick on their uniforms and was sprinkled all over the landscape. There were the same tracks of many feet, the same long sinuous lines made by the gun wheels, the same stragglers, footsore and weary, appearing now and then on the dusty turnpikes. It was the Manassas of war days over again as though some one had painted a picture of the old scene.

"There has been little change in the country round about, and everywhere I saw well remembered houses and other objects. I didn't get to the spot where I was wounded. That was two miles and more away from Thoroughfare Gap, where General Corbin's headquarters were, and it was almost impossible to secure a conveyance. Every horse and mule in all that country was simply fagged out and worked to death. They were the weariest looking lot of equines I've seen in many a year.

"That the scene had familiar memories for others besides myself was evidenced by an incident that happened one day during the manoeuvres. General Bell, commander of the Browns, ordered up a battery at Haymarket Station, a point Jackson occupied for a time. This battery came up on the run, limbered up and began booming away. The first shot had scarcely ceased echoing when a grizzled old veteran hobbled up, shouting to General Bell, who sat on his horse nearby:

"'If you hold the place like Jackson did once gin'ral, all hell can't drive you out.'

"There was one circumstance about the manoeuvres that amused me. That was the fact that people residing in the vicinity of the manoeuvres grounds, all though the Blue army was made up entirely of northern troops and the Brown army made up of southerners entirely. This mistake lead to some comical behavior on the part of the residents of the surrounding country. When a soldier stopped at a farm house for a drink of water, for informatio, or for any other purpose, the occupants of the house were always polite, but almost invariably asked him to which army he belonged. If he said to the Browns, he was invited in and informed that the best the house contained was his for the asking. But if he said to the Blues, the householders didn't have a great deal to say to him, and he was not given that cordial invitation to enter.

"The bands on the day of review carried out this idea, and while the Blue army marched past the reviewing stand, such airs as 'Yankee Doodle,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' and 'The Star Spangled Banner' were discoursed, but when the Brown army swung into the roadway before the stand the bands struck up 'Dixie,' 'The Bonny Blue Flag,' 'Maryland, My Maryland,' and other Southern airs. The spectators cheered the first airs, but the old Southern tunes, all of them familiar and well beloved, provoked a very storm of applause for the spectators for the most part were southern.

"By the way, among the Georgia boys present at the manoeuvres was a grandson of General Stonewall Jackson. He is the sixteen year old son of W. B. Christian, of Atlanta, assistant general passenger agent of the Seaboard Air Line Railroad. This young star was an honorary aide on the staff of General Barry, commander of the department of the Gulf. I saw him once or twice, and he reminded me very much of his illustrious ancestor.

"One day as we were about to sit down to dinner, General Barry and his staff rode up. Mr. Christian, Sr., was with us, and as General Barry's party started to ride away, the former said:

"'Son, hadn't you better stay and eat dinner with us?'

"The reply was just such as General Jackson himself would have made under similar circumstances and marked by the same dignity and courtesy. Said the young aide:

"'Father, I am on General Barry's staff, and it is my duty to remain with him.'

"And just a little while before that the boy had informed us he hadn't had a mouthful to eat since disposing of some hard tack and coffee about midnight, a matter of some twelve hours or more.

"That reminds me of another fact demonstrated by the Civil War service and by these last manoeuvres as well. The troops that came from the cities were able to stand more hardships, make longer marches, forego food with more ease, and, in general, get along better than their brothers from the country. That is a peculiar fact when you take into consideration the manual labor and outdoor life so familiar to the country boy, but it seems that city boys, being accustomed to going without food on occasion and leading more or less irregular lives, are able to stand more in the way of army hardships than the country boy.

"It was certainly a great pleasure to meet again the lady who nursed me so kindly in the days when my leg was amputated, and I was recovering from that wound. When I was at her home, a wounded prisoner, forty-two years ago, she was about twenty or twenty-one years of age, I imagine. She had two sisters and two brothers. One of the former was then a widow and is now dead. The other sister is married and resides in Gainesville, Va. One of the brothers was killed at Gettysburg, and the other, who was also in the Confederate army, now lives at Gainesville. Their mother was a widow at the time I was carried to their home, and she has been dead several years. It was a son of the widowed sister I mentioned that I first saw.

"Altogether, the Manassas trip was one of the pleasantest experiences in my life, and I think that most of the troops enjoyed it, though I heard some say that if they'd known what they were going into they would have been d—d if they'd have gone."

Pickett's Charge.

BY FRED EMERSON BROOKS.

(Republished by request.)

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
For three long days, with courage fraught;
Two hundred thousand men had fought;
And courage could not gain the field,
Where stubborn valor would not yield,
With Meade on Cemetery Hill,
And mighty Lee thundering still
Upon the ridge a mile away;
Four hundred guns in counter play
Their deadly thunderbolts had hurled—
The cannon duel of the world!—
When Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

When Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
Dread war had never known such need
Of some o'ermastering, valiant deed;
And never yet had cause so large
Hung on the fate of one brief charge.
To break the centre, but a chance;
With Pickett waiting to advance;
It seemed a crime to bid him go,
And Longstreet said not "Yes" nor "No,"
But silently he bowed his head.
"I shall go forward!" Pickett said.
Then Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

Then Pickett charged at Gettysburg:
Down from the little wooded slope,
A-step with doubt, a-step with hope,
And nothing but the tapping drum
To time their tread, still on they come.
Four hundred cannon hush their thunder,
While cannoneers gaze on in wonder!
Two armies watch, with stifled breath,
Full eighteen thousand march to death.
At elbow-touch, with banners furled,
And courage to defy the world,
In Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg:
None but tried veterans can know
How fearful 'tis to charge the foe;
But these are soldiers will not quail,
Though Death and Hell stand in their trail!
Flower of the South, and Longstreet's pride,
There's valor in their very stride!
Virginian blood runs in their veins,
And each his order scarce restrains:
Proud of the part they're chosen for:
The mighty cyclone of the war,
In Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg;
How mortals their opinions prize
When armies march to sacrifice,
And souls by thousands in the fight
On Battle's smoky wing take flight.
Firm-faced they come, in solid form—
The dreadful calm before the storm.
Those silent batteries seem to say:
"We're waiting for you, men in Gray!"
Each anxious gunner knows full well
Why every shot of his must tell
On Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg;
What grander tableau can there be
Than rythmic swing of infantry
At shouldered arms, with flashing steel?
As Pickett swings to left, half-wheel,
Those monsters instantly outpour
Their flame and smoke and death! and roar
Their fury on the silent air—
Starting a scene of wild despair;
Lee's batteries roaring: "Room! Make room!!"
With Meade's replying: "Doom! 'Tis doom
To Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!"

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg;
Now Hancock's riflemen begin
To pour their deadly missiles in.
Can standing grain defy the hail?
Will Pickett stop? Will Pickett fail?
His left is all uncovered through
That fateful halt of Pettigrew!
And Wilcox from the right is cleft
By Pickett's half-wheel to the left!
Brave Stannard rushes in the gap—
No more disastrous thing could hap
To Pickett's charge at Gettysburg.

'Tis Pickett's charge at Gettysburg;
Brave leaders fall on every hand!
Unheard, unheeded all command!
Battered in front and torn in flank;
A frenzied mob in broken rank!
They come like demons with a yell,
And fight like demons all pell-mell!
The wounded stop not till they fall;
The living never stop at all—
Their blood-bespattered faces say:
"'Tis death alone stops men in Gray,
With Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!"

Stopped Pickett's charge at Gettysburg
Where his last officer fell dead,
The peerless, dashing Armistead!
Where ebbed the tide and left the slain
Like wreckage from the hurricane—
That awful spot which soldiers call
"The bloody angle of the wall,"
There Pickett stopped, turned back again
Alone, with just a thousand men!
And not another shot was fired—
So much is bravery admired!
Pickett had charged at Gettysburg.

Brave Pickett's charge at Gettysburg!
The charge of England's Light Brigade
Was nothing to what Pickett made
To capture Cemetery Hill—
To-day a cemetery still,
With flowers in the rifle-pit,
And no one cares to capture it.
The field belongs to those who fell;
They hold it without shot or shell!
While cattle yonder in the vale
Are grazing on the very trail
Where Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

Where Pickett charged at Gettysburg,
In after years survivors came
To tramp once more that field of fame;
And Mrs. Pickett led the Gray,
Just where her husband did that day.
The Blue were waiting at the wall,
The Gray leaped over heart and all!
Where man had failed with sword and gun,
A woman's tender smile had won:
The Gray had captured now the Blue,
What mortal valor could not do
When Pickett charged at Gettysburg.

OLDEST CONFEDERATE.

Where and Who Is He?—Let's Find Him.

There was recently held in Kentucky a reunion of the men who fought under that intrepid raider, General John H. Morgan.

The Kentucky-Citizen, of Paris, Ky., in its notes of the reunion mentions especially the present of Dr. A. K. Wall, of Maysville, who, it says, is probably the oldest living Confederate soldier, being now 94 years of age. Dr. Wall was a surgeon in the Confederate Army, and served a part of the time in Virginia.

Is Dr. Wall the oldest living Confederate veteran? If there is one who is older, our Confederate Column would like to hear from him or about him.

AS TO VENISON.

One Man Who Likes It Well Enough, But Prefers Roast Beef.

"Where I stayed in the Adirondacks this season," said a returned summer boarder, "we had, after the deer season opened, venison twice a day. I ate it just once and then I cut it out.

"It was good venison, and nicely cooked and nicely served, but as a matter of honest fact I'm not much stuck on venison; it doesn't seem to me to have much taste anyway.

"I can imagine that venison from a deer that a man has shot himself might taste very good to him—very good. In eating it he would have the pride of the hunter in being able to provide for himself, and after the hard work and exposure of hunting he would have the appetite of forty-seven mules. Venison cooked at a campfire under such circumstances would taste very good. But on a hotel table? Not for me.

"I may lack sporting blood, and I may lack the taste of a really and truly epicure, but I have no great hankering for venison. I like it well enough, but as between venison and roast beef, why, give me roast beef."—New York Sun.

NAPS AND LONGEVITY.

Impressions Brought Back to the Busy City From Cape Cod.

"We have just returned from Cape Cod, where we spent our vacation with a great-uncle," said the Manhattan woman, "and I brought two vivid impressions back with me.

"One was the picture of our great-uncle, 83 years old, and as straight as an arrow, standing waist deep in the water, hauling in fish as fast as he could handle the line. His hair and beard are snow white, but his checks are as ruddy as a schoolboy's.

"The other thing was a little interview we had when we called at the home of the local expressman to see about having our baggage sent ahead of us to New York. His wife came to the door, and when we asked for the man of the house she seemed doubtful.

"'Of course, if it's urgent, I can call him,' she said, 'but I hate to, for he's just takin' his nap.'

"We begged her not to disturb him and said we had no idea he had so much night work that it made it necessary for him to sleep in the daytime.

"'Oh, no,' she explained, 'it isn't that, but he always takes a nap at this time of day. I guess you'll find that pretty near everybody on the Cape is takin' a nap just about now.'

"And, sure enough, we did."—New York Sun.

Like a Soldier of Rome.

The Japanese soldier is more like the soldiers of Julius Caesar than the world has seen since Rome fell. "He comes about as near being an impersonal quantity as it is possible," said a leading army officer. "The authorities in Japan are not troubled by disgruntled members of the army writing home from Montauk Point about ill treatment and bad food, and thus stirring up congressmen to swarm down upon the administration and the war department. The Japanese soldier is allowed to send nothing home in the way of mail but a card, containing no information save that he is well. He is not allowed to tell where he is." He submerges his personality below his character as a fighting citizen. He is a unit in a great whole, which has but one object, viz., to win the battle. He has no feelings for self. He is a soldier of Japan. And yet he is humane and not cruel. The little brown man is the marvel of the twentieth century.—Terre Haute Tribune.

He Suffered No Ill Effects.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale tells a story of a New York clergyman who had received a call to a fashionable suburb of Boston. A gentleman who had in his employ two English grooms accidentally overheard the following conversation between the two servants.

It appears that the first groom, who had for some time been endeavoring to get the second groom to attend service at the church presided over by the New York clergyman, said:

"Didn't you like the sermon?"

"Very much," replied the other, "very much, even hif 'e is a bit 'igh Church and Hi'm Methodist. Hi thinks as 'ow I'll prob'ly hattend the haafternoon service, too."

"Hi just knew you'd change your mind," remarked the first groom, triumphantly. "As Hi told yer, I've 'eard 'im twice an' what 'arm 'as it done me?"—Collier's for October 1st.

Lots of Literature.

Six thousand copies of what they call the "Lincoln Steffens Magazine" up there have been sent into Wisconsin for gratuitous distribution. Governor La Follette is quite certain the railway companies didn't pay for them.—Chicago Tribune.

QUERIES AND ANSWERS

United States Prisoners.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—How many Federal prisons are there in the United States, and where are they located?

Very truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

Two; one at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and the other at Atlanta, Ga.

Disfranchised Voters.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please do me the kindness to print in the column of your valuable paper the number of people who have been disfranchised in the South. I would like to know if you could give me the number of inhabitants who, by certain laws, will be unable to vote in the coming election for President.

W. A. ROBINSON, M. D.

It is manifestly impossible to give this information, as no State keeps any record of persons who are not permitted to vote.

The Pendleton Family.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Some months ago I saw in your columns the following inquiry: "Can you give any information in your genealogical column concerning Reuben Turner?" He is twice mentioned in Sarah Pendleton's will dated January 1, 1811. First, as legatee of Mrs. Pendleton to inherit £6, and second, as trustee to hold £100 for Sally Turner. He is mentioned also as surety for Daniel Turner as administrator of John Turner. These references are in the clerk's office of Caroline county, Va.

Let me correct a mistake in supposing that Judge Edmund Pendleton ever left children. He died without issue, but his nephew, Colonel Edmund Pendleton, whose wife was a sister to his uncle's wife, left children.

JOHN POLLARD.

Text Books.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please inform me what book does a child study when they have finished public school, and enter Richmond High School for first session, and by whom, Latin, rhetoric, algebra, French, history; price of each, and obtained at what book store in Richmond?

SUBSCRIBER.

A pupil on entering our High School will use the following books: Well's Essential of Algebra, Waddy's Composition and Rhetoric, Wilson's New Speller, Collar & Daniel's First Year Latin, Myer's General History, Davis's Elementary Physical Geography.

He will find use also for Webster's Academic Dictionary, Scott, Ivanhoe.

The beginning classes do not study French.

A Simple Problem.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please give me the solution to the following and greatly oblige a querist:

If ten men can build ten locomotives in ten days, how many locomotives will eight men build in eight days?

J. E. H.

If ten men can build ten locomotives in ten days, one man can build one locomotive in ten days, or one tenth of a locomotive in one day. Hence in eight days one man can built eight-tenths of a locomotive and eight men can build sixty-four tenths or six and four-tenths locomotives.

World's Fair Attendance.

In response to many inquiries, we give the following table, showing attendance at the St. Louis Exposition:

Monday, September 26	111,267
Tuesday, September 27	116,841
Wednesday, September 28	128,451
Thursday, September 29	127,028
Friday, September 30	121,660
Saturday, October 1	117,318
Total	722,565
TOTALS BY MONTHS.	
April, 1 day	187,793
May, 26 days	1,001,391
June, 26 days	2,124,836
July, 27 days	2,343,557
August, 27 days	3,088,743
September, 26 days	3,651,873
October, 1 day	117,318
Grand total	12,515,511
WEEK'S TOTALS.	
Opening day, April 30	187,793
First week, May 7	137,708
Second week, May 14	184,399
Third week, May 21	257,647
Fourth week, May 28	299,990
Fifth week, June 4	376,146
Sixth week, June 11	499,[illegible]
Seventh week, June 18	475,187
Eighth week, June 25	548,670
Ninth week, July 2	540,340
Tenth week, July 9	592,303
Eleventh week, July 16	500,359
Twelfth week, July 23	512,150
Thirteenth week, July 30	551,842
Fourteenth week, August 6	601,411
Fifteenth week, August 13	666,607
Sixteenth week, August 20	641,283
Seventeenth week, August 27	793,471
Eighteenth week, September 3	759,307
Nineteenth week, September 10	874,954
Twentieth week, September 17	*1,027,918
Twenty-first week, Sept. 24	770,418

*St. Louis Day, 404,450.

Confederate Matters.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—What was the rank of the gallant A. P. Hill at the time of his death, April 2, 1865? In your last Sunday's issue he was classed as brigadier-general, and a few days later the News Leader contained a notice of the approaching marriage of Miss Lucy Lee Hill, as the daughter of Major-General A. P. Hill. I have always been under the impression that he was a lieutenant-general in command of the Third Army Corps, Confederate States army. Which is correct?

I have also heard it stated that his body was buried three times, and is now supposed to be resting under the monument near the late Major Ginter's country home, but there is a doubt in the minds of some that the body disinterred in Chesterfield county and removed to Hollywood a few years after the war was not the body of A. P. Hill. Can any one remove this doubt? Perhaps Colonel William H. Palmer, who was General Hill's adjutant-general, could give some assurance of the identity of the remains at time of first disinterment.

ENQUIRER.

(1) The Army of Northern Virginia was divided into three corps after the death of General Jackson, in May, 1863. General A. P. Hill was made a lieutenant-general on May 30, 1863, and assigned to the command of the third corps. He held this command until his death, near Petersburg, on April 2, 1865.

(2) He was buried first in Chesterfield county, near Clover Hill. After the war his remains were removed to and buried in Hollywood, in a section near to and, we believe, adjoining that of the late Judge William H. Lyons. When his monument was erected on the Hermitage road, they were transferred to and placed in a sarcophagus beneath that monument, where they now are. We are informed that there is no doubt whatever of the identity of his remains.

The Vote of 1896.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Will you kindly answer the following query and oblige a constant reader:

What was the total vote cast for all the presidential nominees in 1896? What is the total attendance at the St. Louis Exposition up to date of your answer?

J. F. JOYNER.

The total vote in 1896 was 13,923,376.

The other question is answered elsewhere.

Concealed Weapons.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—What are the laws about carrying revolvers in the city of Richmond, Va., and Chesterfield county, Va.? Can they under any circumstances be carried concealed?

If a person wanted to carry a revolver on a belt or in a hip pocket, plain to view, is there a law against it?

A CONSTANT READER.

The laws of Virginia prohibit the carrying of concealed weapons, but any man has the right to carry on his person any weapon that is clearly exposed to view.

The Jeter Phillips Case.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The McCue murder has brought to my remembrance the murder of Mrs. Jeter Phillips that was committed in your city, and when I was a little thing, heard it discussed in my home then. Will you please give me the particulars of the case if you can? I will be greatly obliged.

J.

On February 28, 1867, Mr. George F. Drinker, of Henrico county, while walking through the woods on his farm found the dead body of a young woman about twenty years of age, blue eyed and of fair complexion. He failed to recognize the corpse, and the woman was given a pauper's burial, after a coroner's jury had rendered a verdict of death by violence at the hands of some person or persons unknown." The body was afterwards disinterred and taken to the jail, but nobody identified it, and after a while the public forgot all about the case. In the meantime, however, Constable Cole and Detective Knox worked industriously on the case and ascertained that the young woman was Miss Emily Pitts, of Essex county, Va., and that about two years before she was married to John Jeter Phillips, a young man who was employed on the farm of Mr. Turner, of Henrico. Jeter was arrested and accused of having murdered his wife, but declared that he had never had a wife. Abundant evidence of his guilt was found, however, and he was tried and condemned to die. It was discovered that after the murder was committed he had writen letters to his wife's people, telling them that she was alive and relating various little circumstances concerning her. He stoutly denied his guilt until just before his execution, on July 22, 1870. Then he made in writing a full confession, declaring that he had murdered his wife simply because he was tired of her and wanted to get her out of his life.

An Actor's Name.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Will you kindly tell me the given name of the actor (Morrison) who played Faust in Richmond last year, and oblige,

A CONSTANT READER.

Lewis Morrison.

Standard Oil Company.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please give me the names and address of the presidents and general manager of the Standard Oil Company.

The president at this time is H. H. Rogers, who is reported to be ill. The general offices of the company are at No. 26 Broadway, New York.

The Hog Nuisance.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please answer in your Query Column if any steps can be taken to prevent a man keeping twenty-five or thirty hogs when it is very objectionable and unhealthy to the neighborhood, which is very thickly settled. The pen is in fifty feet of neighbors' door. If so, kindly oblige by answering.

A SUBSCRIBER.

If within the limits of a city or town, the State makes provision for the abatement of nuisances through the department of health. The health officer may make complaint under oath that there is good cause to suspect or believe that there is on any lot or in any house any nuisance, source of filth or cause of sickness, proper to be destroyed or removed; then any justice of the corporation or county may issue his warrant to the sheriff of the county or sergeant of the corporation, or to any constable of either, requiring him to enter such lot, and, under direction of such health officer, to remove or destroy any such nuisance, source of filth or cause of sickness.

If in the country, it is then either a public nuisance or a private nuisance; if it is maintained on private premises, but is to the prejudice of the general public, it is a public nuisance, and that is indictable, and the party maintaining it may be criminally prosecuted therefor; if on private premises and to the prejudice of one person or a few persons of the neighborhood, it is a private nuisance, and the party maintaining it becomes civilly liable in damages to the party thereby injured.

As to what is a nuisance, one must forbear to cause or suffer the existence upon his premises of anything not naturally there, which causes damage to his neighbor; or endangers the life, or impairs the health, or disturbs in any material degree the physical comfort of such neighbor.

A Question of Garnishment.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please answer the following query in your next Sunday's paper with your authority.

A is a married man and owes B a belt. A gets a salary of less than $50 per month. A's wife, however, has deserted him and he no longer supports her, but they are not divorced. Can B by garnishment recover from A.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.

Section 3652 of the Code 1887, says: Wages owing to a laboring man being a householder, not exceeding fifty dollars per month, shall be exempt from distress, levy or garnishment.

A householder is the head or master of a family; a person who occupies a house and has charge of and provides for a family therein.

Under the circumstances stated, we should say that A was not a householder, and therefore that his wages could be garnisheed.

A person having and providing for a household, is a "householder." The word has been defined to include a man who kept house and had boarders, although he was an unmarried man and hired a woman to take charge of his household affairs. On the other hand, it has been held that a person, adult, residing with his step-mother and transacting her business, is not, within the meaning of a statute exempting wearing apparel from execution, a householder.

Flirtation.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please publish in your valuable paper (the query column of Sunday's issue) the flirtation of stamps (placed on letters.

O. B.

We are too old to know anything about flirting. Perhaps some of our young readers can answer the question.

School Books.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Why is it that schoolbooks cost so much more than other classes of books of thes ame kind of binding, printing, &c.? The difference in price is certainly very great. There are children here who cannot go to school on account of their parents being unable to pay for the books. I suppose that this is the case in other communities. An answer will greatly oblige

SUBSCRIBER.

Our correspondent's complaint does not hold good in Richmond. Most schoolbooks sold here are cheaper than other books of the same binding, &c., and cheaper than ever before.

Elephants Fond of Tobacco.

Tim Buckley, who knows elephants as a mother knows her own children, said last night that the story of the elephant cherishing revenge for the tailor who had given him a piece of tobacco and years after soaking him with muddy water, is all a fake.

"Elephants will not take tobacco or anything else, if they do not want it, even if they have had it in their mouths; and what is more, I have known elephants to be really fond of tobacco and to eat it with pleasure. I have had elephants that would steal a plug of tobacco out of a man's pocket and swallow the whole thing. They do not like the tobacco, but they do like the licorice. Men and boys will frequently give them tobacco and other things which they do not like, under the pretence of feeding them peanuts, but the elephant is wise, and he will simply toss such things to one side, and go on the ordinary course of his life, without a thought of filling his trunk with muddy water and wetting the person who gave him the stuff."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Our Agricultural Wealth.

Between the two oceans we raise one-fifth of the world's wheat, four-fifths of its corn, one-fourth of its oats and four-fifths of its cotton. This harvest is the foundation of our prosperity. Agriculture this year will add about $4,000,000,000 to the country's wealth, and foreign customers will pay us not far from $300,000,000 for our agricultural products, shipped to them over the sea. All the gold in America—the greatest hoard of the yellow metal ever gathered in any country—could not buy one year's harvest of our corn and wheat. To buy one season's wheat crop would take all the gold mined in this country in six years. In the past seven years all the gold mines have only produced enough to buy one year's yield of our six leading cereals.

Rowed 400 Miles to School.

Alter Stewart, 17 years old, came 400 miles down the Arkansas river in a row boat to attend school at Indian University, three miles north of Muskogee. He had a rough experience.

He had practically no money, and his boat capsized in deep water and he lost all the extra clothing he had, even his shoes.

According to his own narrative, he swam out of the river and followed the boat as it drifted down. It finally landed on a sandbar and he swam out again and got in. What clothes he had on were badly torn as he ran through the thick undergrowth along the river bank.

When he arrived at Indian University he was out of money and had precious few clothes. He came from Wichita and announced his intention of working his way through school—Kansas City Times.

Old Locomotives.

In this country the general method is to run a locomotive for a limited number of years and then to relegate it to the scrap heap in favor of a more modern type of engine. On the other side, however, the practice is to retain a locomotive in service as long as it will run, irrespective of the developments and improvements that may be incorporated in the progress of time. The result is that upon the English railroads may be seen engines still in hard use which we should consider long past their term of service. Yet no English engine has attained the unique distinction achieved by the locomotive No. 965, "Charles Dickens," upon the London and Northwestern railway, which has covered close upon 2,100,000 miles in haulage of express trains since 1882.

His Fortune in His Hat.

Mrs. Juana Garcia N. Vinda de Junco has been put into possession of the property and money left by her husband, Saturnino Junco. The money amounts to $125,000 in banknotes.

Junco, as stated when he died, some five months ago, owned a tienda at the corner of Itebeldes and Callejon del Santisimo, opposite the Nuevo Mexico drug store. He always and at all times by day and by night wore a black hat which he had worn for years. Everybody believed that he was superstitious about his hat, because he never put it aside. Even when he went to the barber shop he sat in the chair, having his hat in his hands. When he died, it was found that the crown of another hat was carefully sewed in the interior of the hat, and between the two there was $125,000 in banknotes.—Mexican Herald.

Parts of Modern Air Brake.

The modern air brake consists of twelve parts, among which are the air pump, which compresses the air; a main reservoir, in which the air is stored; the engineer's brake valve, regulating the flow of air; the train pipe, which connects the brake valve with the triple valves under each car; the quick action triple valve, controlling the flow of air to and from the main reservoir, and the brake cylinder piston rod, which is forced outward, thereby applying the brakes.