RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONFEDERATE

With a Surgeon's Pass in His Pocket Visited Scenes of Carnage.

HOW JACKSON WAS "LOCATED"

Chickahominy Battlefields as They Appeared a Few Days After the Fighting.

A few days after the close of the Peninsula campaign, in 1862, I obtained a permit to visit the battlefields. I had tried several times to obtain this privilege during the engagements, but had been denied it; and now, in spite of the intense heat, I determined to put my plan into execution before some new order should forbid it.

I wished to cross the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, and, although my pass did not give me the authority to do so, I determined to make the attempt. An hour's ride brought me to the spot, and, as my pass was not good at this point, I determined to resort to strategy. As the sergeant of the guard approached me I entered into conversation with him about the news. He was a Georgian, and as verdant as the hills of his native State. We had been conversing for about five minutes, when I suddenly told the fellow I must push on. He moved aside, and, putting spurs to my horse, I went across the bridge with the speed of the wind.

Turning to the right, a short distance beyond, I soon discovered General Hill's track. His advance had been through a wheat field, and had left a broad path behind, as smooth as though it had been pressed down with a roller. Here and there were little zigzag paths through the wheat, marking the movements of the skirmishers.

From the crest of these hills I obtained a fine view of the Confederate position on the opposite side of the swamp. The Federals had held this position of their line only with a strong picket force, and numerous shelters of boards and pine boughs indicated the locations of their posts. After leaving the wheatfields I entered a succession of abrupt hills and valleys, through which ran a small brook, fed by a number of springs. One of these springs was in a lovely nook, and its waters were cool and sparkling. Just on its brink lay an unexploded percussion shell, which had been thrown by a Confederate gun. Shells and fragments of shells lay thickly about this country. The fencing was down, and the only road that I could follow was the track left by Hill's advance. This soon swept abruptly into the woods, and finding myself in danger of losing my way among the pines, I rode along the edge of them, but found that I had entirely lost the road. Soon a most intolerable stench convinced me that I must be near Mechanicsville. Following this novel guide, which grew more unpleasant every moment, I came out into the main road, in sight of the village. Here I found that the stench proceeded from a number of dead horses lying unburied in the woods near the place.

Village Passed Through Two Fights.

The village of Mechanicsville was a quiet, dreamy, sleepy sort of place, and had been the scene of two severe fights. These encounters had almost destroyed the town. Every house was cut through by shot and shell, and some were nearly a mass of ruins. The country around had a desolate appearance, for it had been literally torn to pieces. Ruins of dwelling-houses, stables, and barns, fragments of broken furniture and agricultural implements, greeted me wherever I turned. The fencing was down, and the crops were destroyed. The little church just beyond the village was full of shot-holes, and its walls were defaced with obscene and blasphemous sketches and writings in charcoal and gunpowder.

The fortifications were about a mile back of the town, and were very strong. They were built at the edge of a wood of pines, on the brow of a hill. In front of them was a large swamp, crossed by only a narrow road and a small bridge. This bridge was destroyed, and the Confederates were forced to advance through the swamp.

Ellerson's Mill, about a mile to the left of Mechanicsville, was strongly fortified, and was the scene of a desperate conflict, in which both armies fought with stubborn bravery.

Beyond Mechanicsville I turned down a steep, abrupt hill. The road passes through a narrow, rugged gorge at this point, and suddenly emerges from it in the midst of a swamp, which is crossed in only one place by a small wooden bridge, which had been replaced by the Confederates. Immediately opposite, not more than five hundred yards distant, was another hill, equally abrupt as that which I had just descended. It was crowned by a thick pine grove, and just at the edge of the trees I could see a long red line marking the position of works erected by McClellan's men. The suddenness with which I came upon this powerful and splendidly located line almost startled me. I reined in my horse, and for some moments gazed at it with unaffected admiration. Then, pushing through the swamp and ascending the hill, I turned into the main work. The redoubt had been armed with field artillery, or its guns had been carried off, for there were none remaining in it.

A few yards back of the parapet were the ruins of a large cantonment; and the empty cans, jars, bottles and papers scattered through the trees gave evidence that the Federals had not suffered for "the good things of this life." Shot of all kinds and pieces of shell lay thickly around me, and the trees were cut and scarred by balls. Evidently the fighting had been stubborn, and the victory dearly purchased here.

Leaving the redoubt and crossing the road, I entered the remains of an encampment of a portion of Fitz John Porter's command. Here, and indeed everywhere, I met with traces of good living. The huts and shelters of boughs were still standing, but the entire encampment had the appearance of having been stripped by one of the two armies. Which, I do not know.

Ravages of Cruel War.

In a short time I reached the farmhouse of a Mr. Hutchinson. He had returned to his home, and was engaged in putting his place in order. He had a difficult task, I doubt not, for a division of infantry had been encamped directly across his farm, and his fencing, barns and agricultural implements had been destroyed.

It was sad, sad indeed, to see the desolation produced in Hanover and Henrico counties by the armies. And yet I do not think that the Federal army exceeded that of the Confederates in its wanton devastation. I rode through the country occupied by both armies, and, judging only by its actual condition, I could not tell where the Southern lines ended and those of the Federals began. Both armies committed many inexcusable outrages upon property. Farmers frequently said to us, "When it comes to the care taken of our property, we had just as soon have the Yankees camped on our places as our own men."

Passing to the left of Hutchinson's house, and through the yard, I descended by a narrow bridle-path to one of the loveliest glens in the world. The foliage was of the brightest hue, the rocks of the most fantastic forms, and nature seemed to have chosen it as one of her most favored haunts. It was a place in which the Nymph Egeria might have

"Met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
And whispered in his ear her words divine."

It was hard to imagine that war had stamped his iron heel here; but scattered trees and broken boughs told too plainly that the battle had swept through this valley also.

A mile or a mile and a half from Hutchinson's I saw the remains of many sulphuric acid carboys, marking the spot from which one of the army balloons of Professor Lowe had been wont to ascend and look into Richmond. The gas-generating apparatus was captured, and I afterwards saw it in Richmond.

Well-Clothed Negroes.

Half an hour's riding brought me to Sydnor's farmhouse. This was situated very close to the river, and had suffered less than any other residence that I saw. It had, no doubt, been the headquarters of some corps or division commander, and this circumstance may have saved it from injury. A great many of Mr. Sydnor's negroes were still on the place. They were dressed in Federal uniforms, and in one of their quarters I saw clothing enough to supply a small regiment. I stopped to water my horse here and entered into conversation with one of the negroes. They were sullen and discontented, and regarded me with unfriendly looks. One of them was civil enough to direct me to Gaines's Mill, and I went on my way.

Emerging from the woods a short distance beyond Sydnor's house, I came upon a large, open plain, through which ran the Federal military telegraph and a broad and finely constructed road. I passed rapidly over this road, and at the end of it reached the residence of Dr. Gaines. I entered the place at the rear of the premises. It had been once a lovely country seat, the residence of an educated gentleman of wealth and taste. It had suffered sadly, however. The most of the outhouses were gone, the fencing was down, and the house itself greatly injured. The grounds and shrubbery, once famed for their beauty, were utterly ruined. The house was at one time General McClellan's headquarters, and Dr. Gaines spoke in high terms of the General's kindness to him and the excellent protection which he afforded his property.

Soon headquarters were removed to another house, and then the work of devastation began.

Evidences of Hospital Work.

During the battles the house seems to have been used as a hospital, for I found the yard full of amputated legs and arms, which had been thrown out in the hurry of attending to the wounded. A number of graves extended across the garden and grounds in the rear of the house, reaching up to the very windows of the mansion. What a pity that this was done, for it forced the owner to sacrifice the finest and most beautiful portion of his estate, or to disregard the dead buried there.

After leaving Dr. Gaines's my route lay for some distance across what was once a fine wheat field, but which was now trodden down hard, and which bore traces of having been the camping ground of a large number of men. Pieces of shell, round shot, minie bullets, cartridge boxes and belt plates lay scattered thickly from here to Gaines's Mill. At the end of this field I turned into the public highway again, and after about ten minutes' hard riding came abruptly into an open stretch of country. I passed rapidly across this and entered a deserted camp on the hill in front of Gaines's Mill.

Here the telegraph passed to the right, across the fields and into the woods, and to my left, near the mill, were a number of strong works. The camp seemed to have been abandoned in haste, for immense piles of ammunition were thrown along the side of the road, and the camp itself, was full of plunder, I secured several articles as relics.

Battle of Gaines's Mill.

Gaines's Mill was an old-fashioned brick building, the very beau ideal of a Virginia grist mill. It lay in a hollow on the side of a small creek. Very little fighting occurred at the mill itself. The greater part was done to the right of the mill, where the battle began, and thence extended through the woods to Cold Harbor, where the great battle of the day was fought. The woods between Gaines's Mill and Cold Harbor, a distance of two miles, were almost ruined by the iron hail that swept through them. It was nearly impossible to find a tree without several deep gashes in it, or several limbs gone. Some were cut down entirely. The fighting in these pines must have been terrible beyond description.

Just beyond the woods I found a carriage standing before a white frame house. I rode up to the driver and asked the distance to Cold Harbor.

"This is the place," said the man. "The battlefield is all around you."

The scene of the battle was a succession of hills and deep gorges, gradually descending from the Cold Harbor house to the swamp. The Federal position was magnificent. It surpassed anything I ever saw. The Federal army fought bravely, and but for the sudden and unexpected arrival of Stonewall Jackson with his corps would have won the victory. Many of the Federal troops, indeed the majority of them, believed that Jackson had been shut up in the Valley by Fremont and Shields, and his unexpected appearance in McClellan's rear filled them with dismay.

Locating Stonewall Jackson.

I heard a story soon after the battle which may explain the feelings of the Union troops. A party of Federal officers, stationed at Cold Harbor during the fighting at Gaines's Mill, were discussing the merits of Jackson as a general. One declared his career was at an end; that he was penned up in the Valley and without the means of escape. Taking a stick, he traced a diagram on the ground.

"Here," he said, pointing to a part of it, "is Jackson's position. If he retreats this way, Fremont will destroy him, or, if he goes here, he will fall into Shields's clutches, and—"

As he spoke a tremendous fire burst upon them from the rear. Dashing his stick to the ground, he exclaimed in an agitated voice:

"My God! there's Jackson now. No one else could do that. We will do our duty, gentlemen; but we are lost."

Passing through the abandoned camp of a Michigan regiment, I found a part of a flag. Some Federal soldiers had doubtless destroyed it to prevent its capture.

As I rode through one of the gorges in which the battle had raged hotly I found an Irishman, a Federal soldier, bathing his wounded arm in the creek. I entered into conversation with him. "Whose camp was that?" I asked, pointing to one near us.

"Be jabbers," he replied, with a laugh, "the last time I heard from it, it was Stonewall Jackson's."

In going over the field I found myself suddenly among a large crowd of Federal officers and men. Involuntarily I reined in my horse, but in a moment, I saw that I was in a camp of wounded men. Large numbers of wounded had been captured during the battles, and many had been left behind by McClellan during the retreat. Few of them had been conveyed to Richmond, owing to the imperfect transportation facilities of the Confederates. The poor fellows were suffering terribly from various causes, but it was not within the power of the Southern authorities to do much for them. Their own men were suffering from similar causes, and they could do but little for them. Hospital stores and medicines had been declared contraband by the United States authorities, and it was extremely difficult to procure them in the South. It was not until a year later that the Southern hospitals were supplied with a third of what was absolutely needed.

The dead had been buried; but a few horses remained above ground. Long rows of graves marked the resting places of those men who had fallen in the battle. Like most graves of this kind, the ditches were shallow; but the dead were all decently interred. Seven months later I rode across the same field; the rains had washed the shallow, sandy soil off the remains, and skeletons were lying thickly over the hills and valleys. This could not have been avoided. The soil of Hanover is light and sandy, and washes very much. The fact of the skeletons lying above the ground in 1865, when Richmond fell, may have given rise to the assertion that the Confederates had not buried the Federal dead who fell in the battle of the Chickahominy. These charges were made through a misunderstanding of the facts. I saw the fields after the dead were buried, and after the rain had washed up the skeletons.

A Little Ruse.

It was growing late, and I turned my horse's head homeward. Upon reaching the hills above the Meadow Bridge I found the whole picket force drawn up across the bridge. I could be seen by the guard, and I at once thought that my trick of the morning had been understood, and that they were resolved to be more strict with me now. My pass would not suit them, as it was intended for another part of the line. I had no idea of being sent to the guard-house, or left all night in the swamp, so I resolved upon a bold ruse. Just in front of me I saw a man riding up the road beyond the bridge. Putting spurs to my horse, I dashed down to the bridge. The sergeant advanced to meet me.

"Has General Cobb passed here this afternoon?" I asked quickly.

The sergeant looked at me with a bewildered air.

"Be quick," I cried impatiently; "I can't wait here all day."

The man touched his hat, and pointing to the horseman ahead of me, said doubtfully:

"You had better ride on, sir, and see if that's the General."

The guard gave way, and I dashed across the bridge, and did not draw my rein until I had reached the man before me. I discovered that he was a Hanover farmer, who had just crossed the bridge with a pass. He laughed heartily when I told him of my ruse. The guard consisted of members of General Cobb's Brigade, and were the greenest Georgians I have ever seen. I depended upon this estimate of them for the success of my strategem. The result proved the correctness of my opinion. I reached Richmond at sunset greatly fatigued by my trip, having ridden forty miles after 9 o'clock in the morning.

General Pope's Uniform

The summer passed away rapidly. The fortifications were greatly strengthened, and soon the campaign against Major-General Pope's army began. The uniform coat of that commander was captured by Stuart's Cavalry in one of their raids and brought to Richmond. It was exhibited in the window of Messrs. West & Johnston's bookstore, on Main Street, and afterwards transferred to the State Library in the Capitol.

During the fall I paid a brief visit to Drewry's Bluff, or Fort Darling, as it was called in the North. How this name originated I am unable to say. The work was properly named Fort Drewry, but was generally called Drewry's Bluff.

I left Richmond in company with a party of friends on the Confederate gunboat Albemarle. This vessel was simply a steam tug, armed with two rifle guns. A fine, drizzling rain was falling as we left the wharf, and soon afterwards came down in torrents.

The river was partially obstructed between the Bluff and the city, and was crossed by three bridges, two of wood, which were in process of construction, and one of boats, already completed. During the campaign of 1864 a fourth bridge was added. These structures were of great advantage to General Lee after Grant began the second siege of Richmond. They enabled him to move his forces with great rapidity, his army having at one time crossed three bridges four times in twenty-four hours.

Drewry's Bluff was on the south side of the James River, in the county of Chesterfield, nine miles below Richmond, and comprises a portion of the estate of a Mr. Drewry, from whom it took its name.

The fortifications consisted of Fort Drewry and a number of smaller works, the latter commanding the surrounding country. Fort Drewry was built along the edge of the bluff, and overlung the river, which lay nearly one hundred feet below it. The works were constructed of logs and earth, and the majority of the guns were casemated. The magazines were built under the ground, and there were also several subterranean hospitals for the reception of the wounded.

In the center of the fort, and just over the obstructions, was an iron-plated, casemated battery, armed with naval guns. This was the celebrated Naval Battery, and was one of the finest of its kind. One might while looking at it imagine himself on the deck of a first-class man-of-war.

The works were beyond doubt impregnable to any direct attack, but their weakness lay in the fact that they might be turned on their right, and rendered of no value to their holders. General Grant's movements in the spring of 1865 proved this. This weakness was not a fault, however, as it could not be guarded against. I was told that the works at the Bluff were designed by General Lee himself, and the greater portion of them executed under his immediate supervision. Whoever designed or executed them may well have been proud of them—they were masterpieces of military engineering.

The river was narrow, and made a sudden curve just above the bluff. Below there was a gradual bend, beginning at the obstruction, and extending for a mile down the stream. The obstructions lay just below Fort Drewry, and were commanded by its guns. They consisted of the wrecks of the steamship Jamestown, the steamboats Curtis Peck, Northampton, and one whose name I did not know, and several schooners, which had been sunk across the channel. Below these were a row of piles, and a number of sunken barges loaded with stone. A passage was left in the obstruction for ingress and egress of vessels, but is was known only to certain officials. Torpedoes were scattered thickly in the river below the obstructions.

At the lower end of the large bend, and on the opposite side of the river, was Chaffin's Bluff, also strongly fortified, but inferior to Drewry's Bluff. It was in this bend that the gunboats lay in the battle in the spring of 1862.

WILLIAM S. BIRGL, M. D.

YOUNGEST AND OLDEST CONFEDERATE IN VIRGINIA

Contest for the Times-Dispatch Jeweled Crosses—Reports From Some Very Young Ones and Two Who Are Quite Aged.

The old soldiers who bravely fought for the cause that was lost are taking a lively interest in The Times-Dispatch proposition to honor the youngest and oldest living soldiers of the Confederacy with a jeweled cross made from the metal of the Confederate iron-clad "Virginia," or "Merrimac."

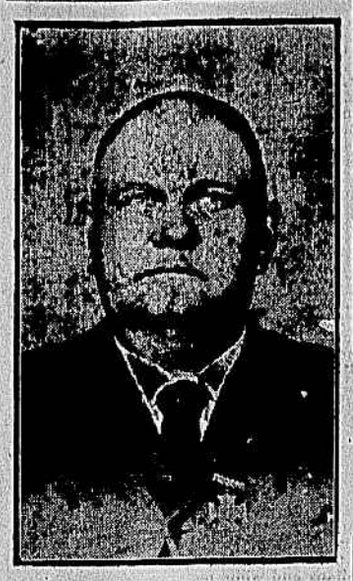
The letters below, showing among the youngest and oldest yet to report, are very interesting. Those who enter the competition are urged to make their letters explicit, and to send their photographs.

A Very Young One.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Referring to your inquiry as to the oldest and youngest Confederate soldier: I was born the 13th day of November, 1849, in York county, eight miles below Yorktown; entered the Confederate service when I was eleven years five months and seventeen days old, with York Rangers, at the beginning, afterwards Company I, Thirty-second Virginia Regiment, in Hunton's brigade until after the fight at Gettysburg; then in General Corse's bigade. Served during the entire war; paroled at Appomattox Courthouse, at which time I was fifteen years old, and weighed over two hundred pounds. Now, at the age of fifty-six I weigh two hundred and sixty-five pounds.

WM. F. HOPKINS,
708 East Marshall St.



WILLIAM F. HOPKINS,
Enlisted May 1, 1861, when eleven years five months and seventeen days old.

Young, but Not Youngest.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Referring to your editorial in today's issue respecting The Times-Dispatch crosses for the oldest and youngest Virginia Confederate soldier: I entered the Confederate army April 19, 1861, before I was seventeen years old, as the youngest member of the Richmond Grays, a company of 100 members, and surrendered at Appomattox Courthouse, April 9, 1865. Was never absent except from wounds received in five battles. The records of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans of Richmond, Va., will show that I was the youngest person with Richmond troops that served the entire period of the war, for I have had this verified.

If your proposition means to award this cross to the oldest soldier, meaning the one who served the longest period of time, then I claim your favorable consideration.

The survivors of Mahone's Virginia brigade, and the members, and records of R. E. Lee Camp, No. 1, Richmond, Va., will sustain this statement.

Respectfully,
JNO. E. LAUGHTON, JR.
Washington, D. C.

Another Young One.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In Sunday's issue of your paper you requested the oldest and youngest soldiers enlisted in the army from Virginia, and now living, to let you hear from them. I was born Jan. 18, 1847; joined the army March, 1862, Capt. J. E. Robertson's company, from Appomattox county; served until the close of the war.

Yours very truly,
GEO. C. REVELEY.
Fabers, Va.

Certainly One of the Youngest.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Seeing your notice in The Times-Dispatch in regard to the youngest and oldest soldier in the Confederate Army from the State of Virginia living, I will state that I was born in the city of Richmond, Va., on the 14th of December, 1849, and enlisted in the First Virginia Reserves in the spring of 1864, and was in active service around Richmond; was also engaged in battle of Staunton River Bridge. I was only fourteen years of age at the time I entered the army, and believe that I was as young as any soldied that carried a musket.

Respectfully,
D. A. LACY.
128 South Fourth Street.

Not the Youngest.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I was born November 3, 1848; was in the war in 1863. If I am the youngest Confederate, then I will give you an account of my service. Let me know.

Yours truly,
W. E. BIBB.
Louisa, Va., July 31, 1906.

One of the Old Boys.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I was born February 6, 1825. I enlisted in Company F, Twenty-eighth Virginia Regiment, Captain Hugh Nelson, March 15, 1862, at Goode's Crossing, Bedford county, Va. Should I win the cross of honor, please forward to me at 1811 Hull Street, Manchester, Va.

GEORGE W. WRIGHT.

Up to Ninety.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In answer to inquiries as to the oldest veteran at the Soldiers' Home, I wish to state that I was ninety years old last June, and I am, according to the register, the oldest veteran at this place.

Yours truly,
W. A. GILMAN.
Lee Camp Soldier's Home.

AN INQUIRY.

Was Private Peyton Anderson Hurt When Capt. Marr Fell?

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Having read the communication of Mr. John A. Hartzman, lieutenant in the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, in a recent issue of The Times-Dispatch, I would like to inquire in what engagement Peyton Anderson was wounded.

Mr. Hartzman states correctly that Captain John Quincy Marr was the first soldier killed in engagement with the enemy. See War of the Rebellion Report, Series First, Volume Second, Report of Brigadier-General Bonham, C. S. A. dated "Manassas Junction, June 1, 1861." It says:

"Captain Marr killed; Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell wounded in the shoulder; one private badly in the breast; six of our men taken prisoner."

Also, report of Lieutenant-Colonel Ewell on page 83 of the same volume, as follows:

"Captain Marr, of the Warrenton Rifles found dead; I received a flesh wound in the shoulder."

No mention is made of a "private wounded," as in Bonham's report.

Then report of General McDowell, U. S. A., page 60, same volume, herewith given:

"Many bodies were seen on the ground and several were taken into the courthouse and seen by one of our cavalry-men, who was taken a prisoner and escaped."

My father was a member of the Warrenton Rifles and fought in this engagement. Both Captain Marr and Colonel Ewell were his personal friends.

Now, was Peyton Anderson, the "private," mentioned by Colonel Bonham, as being wounded, as both Prince William and Rappahannock Cavalry were in this engagement?

J. H. R.

The Soldier's Lament.

(In memory of "Beauty," who fell at Manassas, August 28, 1862, fighting for her country.)

Oh! the bright, dark eyes of my Beauty,
And the dainty head tossing high;
Oh! the sinewy form of my Beauty
Seen pictured against the sky.

Oh! the chestnut mane of my Beauty,
The arch of her proud, strong neck;
Oh! the prancing feet of my Beauty
Seemed the whole parade to deck.

But now she lies dead, my Beauty,
Dead, on the greensward there;
Heart pierced by a ball in the battle;
Deept sorrow my heart must bear!

Oh! the firm, fleet tread of my Beauty!
To-day as we charged the foe;
Oh! the matchless speed of my Beauty,
Now, on foot, and alone must I go!

Just leaving you so, my Beauty,
As a prey for the vulture and hound;
Yet with heroes, who died for their duty,
Lying low on the damp, cold ground.

—JAMES C. SLAUGHTER.

General Lee once said: "I dread the loss of a good horse as I do the loss of a man."

THIS MAN WALKS ON BOTTOM OF DEEP LAKE

ROCHESTER, N. Y., August 11.—A submarine contrivance which permits a person to walk under water has been invented by R. P. Lawton, of Genesee. Already he has given two demonstrations of its power. Once he remained under water an hour; the other time forty-five minutes.

Lawton's experiments were made at Silver Lake. Clad in a bathing suit, he walked out, holding aloft a fish pole, to the top of which was attached a flag. He had remarked to some boys on shore that he was going for a walk on the lake.

When the flag was about forty feet from the shore it suddenly disappeared below the water. The boys waited for Lawton to reappear, and when he did not do so they gave an alarm.

Lawton reappeared soon afterward, and explained his ability to walk under water. The crowd was skeptical, so Lawton climbed into his bathing suit again and gave another exhibition. He remained under water this time forty-five minutes.

He will allow no one to see his contrivance. He says it is of simplest kind, and weighs little more than a pound.

Rice Eaters.

In China and its dependencies, with a population of 400,000,000, or 25 per cent. of the total population of the world, rice is the principal food supply. The same may be said also of India, with its population of 275,000,000, and Japan, with its 40,000,000. In addition to these, it is a chief article of diet with other peoples of Asia and Africa, whose population is estimated at 100,000,000. The total reaches 815,000,000, or 50 per cent. of the total population of the earth.—Boston Globe.

Queries AND Answers

Small Grammar and Less Taste.

Is this sentence grammatically correct—"Moses was the daughter of Pharoah's son"?

Yes.

The More's the Pity.

Is there in Virginia a school where one may earn an education? X. Y. Z.

We regret to say that we know of none available to the average candidate.

Last Exposition.

1. What year and month was the last exposition held at the old Fair Grounds? 2. Should stew be served in soup plates? SUBSCRIBER.

1. October, 1895.
2. Yes.

Pronunciation.

Will you please be kind enough to inform me through your query column the pronunciation of the word Lajoie? and oblige A SUBSCRIBER.

Lassiwoir.

Legal Names.

Is it legal for a couple to retain the woman's last name after marriage? R. F.

A person may change his name by order of the judge of the Circuit Court.

The Capitation Tax.

If I were not assessed for taxes in 1903 and 1904, but was assessed in 1905, and paid my taxes in March, have I not the right to vote in the next election? I registered in 1902. J. W.

If you were registered in 1902, you must have paid six months in advance your poll taxes for 1903, 1904 and 1905 to entitle you to vote in the fall election of 1906.

Wonders, Again.

Kindly give answer to following: (1) What are the seven wonders of the world? (2) What is called the eighth wonder? (3) What was the electoral and popular vote in 1896? B. A. R.

For (1) see above. (2) The Escurial of Spain. (3) Electoral—Democratic, 176; Republican, 271. Popular—Democratic, 6,502,925; Republican, 7,104,779.

Banks in Virginia and North Carolina.

You will oblige me very much by telling me how many banks there are in Virginia, and how many in North Carolina. A CONSTANT READER.

Virginia—State banks, 230; national banks, 82; private banks, 23.

North Carolina—State banks, 234; national banks, 51; private banks, 10.

Chemical Analysis.

1. Please answer through your query columns where a man can have rock or dirt analyzed as to its mineral value.
2. Where can a man buy a tobacco plugging machine?
3. Has a farmer the right to manufacture his own crop of tobacco? N. P. M.

1. Write to George W. Koiner, Commissioner of Agriculture, Richmond, Va.
2. We do not answer questions involving an advertisement.
3. Not without complying with government regulations and paying taxes.

Aggie Myers.

What became of Mrs. Aggie Meyers, who was sentenced to hang for the murder of her husband in Kansas City, Mo.? C. T. W.

Mrs. Aggie Myers and her paramour, Frank Hottman, are sentenced to hang on September 3, 1906—Hottman at Kansas City, in Jackson county, and Mrs. Myers at Liberty, in Platte county. The cases are in Missouri, not Kansas.

Recurrence.

Please solve for me the following problem: The Earth, Mars and Saturn were in conjunction at a certain time. In how many years will this occur again at the same point, the period of Mars being 1 8-9 years and that of Saturn being 29 1-2 years. INQUIRER.

As the Earth's period is one year, the recurrence will take place in a number of years (no fractions) that will exactly contain 1 8-9 and 29 1-2. Looking for the common multiple of these two, we find 1003, which is the number of years that must elapse from the given time.

Birth Stones.

1. Please be so kind as to tell me what to do after telling th owner of hogs to keep them off of my place, where they do a great deal of damage.
2. Also please publish the birth stones for each month of the year.

A CONSTANT READER OF SUNDAY'S TIMES-DISPATCH.

1. Seems to us you have ground for a suit. Better consult a lawyer.
2. January, jacinth; February, amethyst; March, jasper or blood stone; April, sapphire and diamond; May, emerald; June, agate; July, carmelian; August, onyx; September, chrysalite; October, opal; November, topaz; December, turquoise or ruby.

But the rule varies—e. g., some make the sapphire the gem for September.

The Seven Wonders.

Please tell me what were the seven wonders of the world, and what the seven of the United States? SUBSCRIBER.

Of the ancient world, the Pyramids, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Tomb of Mausolus, Diana's Temple at Ephesus, the Colossus at Rhodes, Phidia's Statue of Jupiter, the Pharos of Egypt.

Of the United States, Niagara, Yellowstone Park, Yosemite Falls, Mammoth Cave, Canons of the Colorado, Great Salt Lake, Mississippi River; the Virginia Natural Bridge is often in list.

Home for Confederate Women.

I have been requested by an old soldier's wife to ask for information through your columns of the "Home for the Widows and Sisters of Confederate Soldiers." She has been told that there is one in your city, which is free to them; but is willing to pay several hundred dollars if that will induce them to take one more at once. Are there not other homes also in your midst which for a consideration will take them for life? SUBSCRIBER.

There is in Richmond the Home for Needy Confederate Women, No. 3 East Grace Street. Mrs. A. J. Montague is president. A letter addressed to the institution will receive prompt attention. There are other homes for aged women in Richmond, but they are church institutions. The address of our correspondent can be had by any such institution desiring to communicate with her.

Catch Problem.

Please solve the following for me? It is said to be simple, but it does not seem to me so. An army column ten miles long marches at a uniform rate of three miles an hour. A courier, riding at the rat of ten miles an hour, goes from the front to the rear and immediately back to the front, which he reaches at the instant that the column has gone its own length. How far did he ride?

The problem is a very simple "catch," and the conditions are no more useful than the color of the horse the courier rode. The man went twice the length of a column ten miles long. He traveled twenty miles.

A Simple Mystery.

I have tried in many ways to find out the meaning of "N. V. M" in the christening service, and now appeal to you, etc. CHURCHMAN.

We thank our friend for the compliment involved in calling us in, but we are sure any rector in the State could have given him the information. In the service referred to, all the form is laid down except the name of the person to be christened. This must be furnished by the sponsor, and could not be printed in the book "N. V. M." means "here insert the name or names." The Latin form was "nomen vel nomina." This was abreviated to "N. V. NN.," doubling the initial for a plural as usual. The two N's got turned into M, somewhat as the old printers made a W out of two V's, and the present form resulted. This explanation is objected to by some philologists, because it assumes the frequency of the double name in England at a time when it was excessively rare. But it is the best we have ever seen.

Owen Wister.

Please tell me in your queries and answers who Owen Wister is. I think a Yankee could never have attained the Charleston atmosphere he has in "Lady Baltimore." L.

Owen Wister, the author and novelist, was born in Philadelphia, July 14, 1860. He was sent by his father Owen Jones Wister, to St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H., and graduated with the master of arts degree from Harvard in 1882. He took the degree of LL. B. in 1888, and was admitted to the Philadelphia bar in 1889.

He engaged in literary pursuits in 1891, published "The Dragon of Wantley; His Tail," in 1892; "Red Men and White," in 1896; "Lin McLean," in 1898; "The Jimmy John Boss," in 1900; "U. S. Grant, a Biography," in 1900; "The Virginian," in 1902, and "Lady Baltimore," in 1906.

His home is at 912 Pine Street, Philadelphia. He spent last winter in the South, stopping for a few days in Richmond on his return North.

His "Lady Baltimore" is one of the leading books of the year and is a charming picture of people and points of interest in and around Charleston, S. C.

One curious point about this novel is that its title is taken from the name of a delicious variety of cake sold at the Woman's Exchange in Charleston. The widespread popularity of the book has rendered the cake so famous that it has become difficult for the exchange to supply the steadily increasing demand for it.

Mr. Wister occupies a leading rank among American writers and men of letters of to-day.

Dog Days.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In the query column of your paper for last Sunday a correspondent asked when "dog days" began this year, and why so called. In addition to your reply the following, which originally appeared in the Chicago News, may be of further interest to "A Subscriber":

"Dog days begin, according to the traditions of boyhood in certain parts of the United States, when the green scum, algae, begins to appear on the surface of the lakes and rivers. Then it is supposed to be unsafe to go in swimming. And it is then that, according to the tradition of many adults, as well as of boys, dogs most frequently go mad. All nations and races of civilization, apparently, have a period during the summer known as dog days, when many maladies are supposed to be common. But the madness of dogs (hydrophobia) was never associated with dog days by the ancients.

"Dog days are a rather indefinite period, according to this green-scum rule, but there is a disagreement of authorities as to when dog days really do begin and end. According to the Century Dictionary 'dog days are part of the year about the time of the heliacal rising of the dog star, Sirus'—that is, when the dog star rises in conjunction as may be observed. Various dates from July 3rd to August 15th have been assigned for the beginning of dog days, and they are given various durations of from thirty to fifty days.

"It seems to have been from the heliacal rising of Sirus that the ancients most commonly reckoned the dog days. Thus, at the present time, dog days would begin July 3rd and will end August 11th. Sirus is the brightest star in the heavens, and it was easy to associate the mutual heat of the brightest star and of the sun with the hottest and most unkindly period of the year. Hippocrates (450 B. C.) declared the dog days to be the most unhealthy part of the summer.

"Dog days are continually dropping farther back in the calendar. Now they are twelve days behind the schedule to which they held in the period of the Pharoahs. In time Sirus may rise in the dead of winter. The Egyptians maintained that the first indication of the rise of the Nile took place on the morning of the longest day, when, as they said, the sun and Sothis (Sirus) rose together. They attributed the rise of the river entirely to the great heat generated by this star in conjunction with the sun.

"Sirus is situated in the mouth of the constellation, Canis Major (the 'great dog'). The Latin name of dog days was 'dies canicularis,' and from this comes the term 'canicularis year,' which was known among the Egyptians and Ethiopians. It was computed from one heliacal rising of Sirus to the next, and consisted ordinarily of 365 days, every fourth year having 366 days."

Dog days, however, have no terror for the small boy when on a hot afternoon he is tempted to take a dip in his favorite swimming hole.

JOHN H. MACKIE.