The Blue And The Gray.

An Exciting Incident of the Campaign in Virgina Recalled.

When the statue of Stonewall Jackson was unveiled at Lexington, Va., July 21, 1891, not a few soldiers who had fought against him were found among those who had come to honor his memory, says the Albany Telegram. In a crowd of old "Confeds" one of these Union soldiers, a West Virginian, probably, made his contribution to the war stories that fell that day thick as the leaves in Vallombrosa. "I was down the valley here fighting against old Early," said the boy who had worn the blue, "and when we got within striking distance of where my Sarah lived—she's now my wife—I lighted out one night I went to see her.

"I knew she was outside of our lines and if I had known she was in yours it wouldn't have made any difference. I was going to see that girl."

"Of course," interrupted some sympathetic listener.

"Well, luck was against me, I was caught, taken to Early's headquarters, tried, and condemned as a spy, and sentenced to be hanged at 6 o'clock the next morning. I was put in an old smokehouse over night, with a sentinel at the door. Presently my guard was relieved and the second watch went on. I am not going to tell you all I thought about that night, but by and by the third guard went on duty. I knew then that my time was near. I—"

"Stranger," sried a voice in the crowd of broad-brimmed felt hats, "let me finish that story. You talked to the guard through the clinks between the logs; who made him believe that you were a true man and no spy. He proposed to you to run for your life, and let him shoot at you. You ran; the guard shot; he was a prize shooter, that fellow, but somehow he missed you clean. Hello, stranger, I was that guard!"

What can men do at such a time, seeing they cannot fall on one another's necks and weep like Jacob and Esau? The crowd cheered and parted, and the two men grasped hands.

"I have advertised for you in the Gazette for years," said the Union veteran.

"I was busy raising corn—no time to read the Gazette," laughed the other.

"Well, this is what I wanted to find you for; just mention what you want."

"I've got a fine farm," said the Confederate, proudly, but with no sign of boastfulness, "a good wife, and six children, I don't want any, thing else that man can give."

"All right," said the stranger. "I ain't a rich man, but I've got some money, and I can get more, and every dollar of it is yours whenever you choose to ask for it."

"Come along," said the old Confederate, linking his arm in the stranger's; "all I want is for you to help us hurrah for old Jack today, and then go home with me and see the old woman!"—T. D.

New Dray.

I take pleasure in notifying my friends and the public that I have started a dray, and solicit their patronage. Hauling will be done promptly and at moderate prices.

E. J. OLIVIER.

Weakening on the Negro.

The Republicans are preparing to abandon all hope of retaining the negro as a political alley. The latest Louisiana and Alabama elections have brought home to the most hopeful and radical of the party leaders that the negro has an attachment for their Democratic friends and neighbors which they manifest on occasion in the substantial and acceptable form of a rousing vote. The St. Louis Globe-Democrat has been for many years of the firm belief that if the negroes were free to vote and could have their votes honestly counted they would support the Republican ticket almost to a man. That paper has been compelled by the authentic information of its own news service to seriously review its former opinions and admit they were wrong. It does not accept the new phase of the situation in a kindly spirit, but bitterly remarks:

The Southern negroes took care of their masters' homes during the war, and are now magnanimously helping them to preserve the Democratic party:

And again:

The negroes will probably rush in and save the State in Texas as they did in Alabama by casting their ballots for the orthodox Democratic ticket.

There is nothing strange or unnatural in this. The negro needs protection and employment. The Republicans of the South have shown conclusively that they cannot or will not afford them either. Hence, they have learned the wisdom of ranging themselves on the stronger side, and in many cases cast their political lot with their neighbors whom they know and their employers whom they respect.

Gov. Jones of Alabama, owes his success to the negro vote, as there was a white majority of about 40,000 against him. Gov. Foster also received substantial support from the black voters, though the exact number is in dispute. Were the negro votes that were cast for him and Judge McEnery stricken from the tally sheets both would suffer something of a reduction, and possibly the result would be changed. Gov. Hogg in Texas is counting confidently upon receiving a good deal of the same kind of support, and he feels sure of his election.

The consciousness that the negro can no longer be depended upon to give a solid vote to the Republican ticket has had a decided influence on the policy of the party in the North during this campaign. With the exception of a hopeful opinion now and then expressed that they may secure West Virginia, to which are added in a less hearty manner Old Virginia and North Carolina, there is hardly a politician of note who thinks it worth while to attempt to elect a Presidential elector in the South. This turn of affairs will probably settle the force bill, as the Republicans will have no care to protect the negro vote unless they are sure it will be cast for them. At present few believe it will be, and there is a decided disposition all along the line to concentrate all their available strength and influence in the doubtful Northern Sates.