

# THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL

VOL 12.—NO. 28.

PICKENS, S. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1902.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

## THE CONFEDERATE VETERANS' REUNION.

LARGEST ATTENDANCE OF VISITORS  
YET KNOWN IN THIS STATE.

The Hospitality of Greenville Was Unbounded.

THE GUESTS WERE LAVISH IN THEIR PRAISE OF THE  
"PEARL OF THE PIEDMONT."

The Good Order and Decorum of the Occasion Were Never  
Surpassed.—The Speeches and Addresses.

The first session of the South Carolina division, United Confederate Veterans, was held on Wednesday, Aug. 6th, in the auditorium of Chicoza College, which had been tendered for this purpose. Every seat in the spacious building was occupied when the presiding officer, Gen. Thos. W. Carville, of Edgfield, called the convention to order at 12 o'clock. An earnest and fervent prayer was made by Rev. E. P. Taylor, of this city, invoking the blessings of God upon the veterans and their deliberations.

Hon. W. L. Mauldin was then introduced and delivered an address of welcome on the part of the local camp of veterans.

Mr. B. A. Morgan, city attorney, welcomed the veterans and other visitors on the part of the citizens of Greenville.

To these welcoming speeches the response was made by Gen. Carville in a brief and happy manner, after which he introduced the annual orator, Hon. Robert Aldrich, of Barnwell, who was received with much applause, and who spoke as follows:

ANNUAL ORATION BY COL. ALDRICH.  
"Another year has come and gone, and we meet again to grasp hands that have never faltered, to look into eyes that have never faded and to commend the cause in which we were imperiled and in which many of our fellows gave up their lives; that cause about which history has been written, orators have spoken, poets have sung, and yet the half has not been told. Since last we met some of our brethren have crossed over the river, and let us hope to rest under the shade of the trees of eternal life. Some have not gone who, perhaps it is not saying too much to say, it would have been better for them if they had gone."

"I will endeavor to show you in a few words that in fighting for the cause of the Confederacy we were right, in undertaking the struggle we were wise and made no mistake and that the greatest calamity that ever befell this country occurred when we did not win the victory. Our forefathers announced in 1776 that all people are entitled to be free; that all government rested on the consent of the governed and when the government became destructive for the purpose for which it was intended the governed had a right to throw it off. That principle they announced to the world and with a heroism unsurpassed they caused that principle to triumph."

"In 1860 we decided, as it was our right to do, that the government had become destructive and we reaffirmed the right which came down to us from our forefathers to throw it off and establish a new one. The greatest statesman of that time, Horace Greely, said we had a right to do it. The majority of the statesmen said that whether we had the right or not they did not intend for us to exercise it. Then it was that our State called upon us to stand against desolation. How we performed that duty has never been told in full nor never will be. As long as the mountains stand, as long as the rivers flow where Lee and Jackson fought, as long as blood and ashes consecrate the soil, so long will that cause stand as a monument to Southern soldiers. (Applause.)"

Colonel Aldrich then referred to the taxation of the South. The North-erners, he said, inaugurated a system characterized by us as the protective tariff system by which they took the greatest portion of our earnings. This system made the most productive part of the country the poorest. What is the condition today? The total receipts of this section last year amounted to \$402,000,000. Where is it? It is gone to enrich Northern manufacturers. How did it go? Everything that you use, everything that the Southern planter uses in the production of their crops is taxed from 3 to 150 per cent, which causes the production of our section to go to the North. We are merely slaves to the Northern portion of this country."

Suppose we could keep this money in our own quarters year after year. In ten years from today we would be the richest and most prosperous people under the sun. It was our right to be so and we fought for that right and would have been bastards if we had not. Two hundred and fifty million dollars are paid out for pensions, we pay one-third of that amount. When I think of these things I can't agree with my countrymen that it would have been better to have failed. We had a right to establish a government for ourselves, we had just cause and but for accidents would have succeeded. Our failure was not for the want

of heroism on the part of our men. "Our cause," said Colonel Aldrich, "was sanctified by the care, prayers and many tears of our glorious women. While every Southern soldier has done justice to the women in his heart we have not done justice ourselves by them. That monument to the women must go up. (Applause.) If you don't send in your contribution soon you will not have the opportunity to do so before crossing the river."

In a speech I recently heard Capt. Richard Pearson Hobson make he gave the following as his reason why no monument has been erected to the women of the South: "That if all the men of the South were to collect upon an open plane and dig down to the solid granite and collect all the white marble in the world and put it block upon block until it reached the brilliant heavens it would not be high enough to commemorate their memory." Colonel Aldrich himself paid a high tribute to the noble women of this Southland.

If the times were to change and the people and men of today were called upon to face the question of another struggle, not forgetting the sacrifices that would have to be made, the terrible loss of property, the loss of lives and innumerable other disasters, but remembering that were it not done that the names of Lee, Jackson, Hampton, Kershaw, Jenkins and a host of other heroes would be taken from history and the fame that surrounds the soldiers and the women of the Confederate war I would nerve my heart to the duty of the hour and say we are standing on the right, fire! As long as you wear the name of Confederate soldier never admit it was an error or a mistake that challenged fate for a step. Colonel Aldrich concluded his remarks amid loud and repeated applause."

At the conclusion of this able and interesting address, Gen. C. Irvine Walker, commander of the Army of Northern Virginia department and formerly commander of the South Carolina division, U. C. V., was introduced. He expressed great pleasure in having an opportunity to again face the veterans of the South Carolina division, which, he said, was the largest division in the entire South. He referred to the first reunion held seven years ago when he became commander of the division. There were only twenty-eight delegates present. Last year in Columbia, he said, there were enrolled 4,700 delegates. General Walker concluded his remarks with a glowing tribute to the late Gen. Wade Hampton, whom he succeeded as commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. He then formally presented the gavel of South Carolina division to his successor, Gen. T. W. Carville, who accepted it in a few but well chosen words. The convention adjourned.

The second day's reunion proceedings began at 10 o'clock. Capt. R. H. Jennings, a one-armed veteran, in the absence of the chaplain, asked God's blessing upon the reunion. He prayed that at each succeeding meeting the veterans be more closely knitted together in the bonds of fellowship and brotherly love, and as their ranks become depleted those who remain will be living epistles of all that is true and noble, and that they bring no reproach upon the cause which is not lost."

Hon. James W. Austin, of Atlanta, was then introduced to the audience, and he delivered the speech to be found elsewhere in our columns. Mr. Austin is a native of Greenville County, and his father and mother, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Austin, were among the most interested listeners in the audience. He is a grandson of Dr. Manning Austin, who commanded a company in the Hampton Legion the first year of the war.

The memorial exercises in honor of Gen. Hampton followed, and the memorial read by its author, Col. Jas. A. Hoyt, was unanimously adopted by a rising vote. Col. Hoyt was followed by Gen. M. C. Butler, who spoke in high praise of the illustrious dead. Both addresses are printed in this issue.

Col. James Armstrong next addressed the audience in general and the ladies in particular, and his witticisms kept them in a roar of laughter. He spoke of his life of "single blessedness" and candidly admitted that it was not his fault. In his desperation he appealed to the ladies to take pity on him, referring especially to the pretty young lady sponsors and maids of honor. He admitted that such a union would be an exemplification of May and December. "But," said Col. Armstrong, "I repeat that if one of these pretty young ladies will take pity on me and come forward I will gladly commit my keeping into her hands."

The words had scarcely fallen from his lips when Miss Gertrude Epperson, of Sumter, sponsor for Camp Dick Anderson, and a bewitchingly pretty

young woman, walked up beside him, extended her hand and said: "Here I am, Mr. Armstrong, will you have me?"

Col. Armstrong first turned as white as his naturally florid complexion would permit, then red and finally as blue as an egg plant.

The audience howled, many pressing forward to extend their hands in congratulation, while the young lady looked into his face enjoying his confusion. Col. Armstrong was desperate.

The crowd continuing to shout and applaud with one convulsive effort, he reached out and put his arm around her waist, and before she could release herself from his grasp, implanted a kiss on her left cheek. It was then somebody else's turn to blush.

About two o'clock the line of parade was formed and marched down Main street to the park, where a delightful barbecue was served.

The reunion convention adjourned since die at 6 o'clock this evening after a harmonious session of two days. The election of officers resulted in the unanimous choice of Gen. Thos. W. Carville for division commander; Gen. Zimmerman Davis, first brigade commander; B. H. Teague, second brigade commander. In like manner the following veterans were chosen to serve on the State pension board: Wm. D. Starling, of Columbia; W. H. Hardin, of Chester; B. M. Leiby, of Charleston.

Resolutions of thanks offered by Gen. J. W. Moore, of Hampton, to the citizens of Greenville for their hospitality were adopted by a rising vote.

The meeting place for next year was left to Gen. Carville, division commander. Maj. W. M. Foster, of Spartanburg, and W. W. Lumpkin, of Columbia, made beautiful and entertaining speeches just before adjournment, and the convention united in singing: "When the roll is called up yonder." The benediction was pronounced by Maj. W. M. Foster, and this was ended one of the most delightful sessions yet held by the veterans.

## BUTLER'S TRIBUTE TO HAMPTON.

SPLENDID SKETCH OF HIS  
LIFE AND SERVICES.

As a Cavalry Leader and as a  
Statesman Without Fear and  
Without Reproach.

The tribute of Gen. M. C. Butler to his friend and commander, Gen. Wade Hampton, which was read before the convention of Confederate veterans on Thursday, is given herewith:

Comrades and Friends:  
It is eminently proper and appropriate that we should suspend the ceremonies usual at our reunions and dedicate a few hours to paying homage and respect to the memory of our most distinguished comrade—General Wade Hampton, who has died since our last meeting.

He was literally, and in the fullest sense, my immediate comrade, as he was of many of you here today. With the exception of brief intervals, when he was in command of an infantry brigade, or we were absent from the army disabled by wounds or sickness, we were in the same command from the beginning to the end of the war.

General Hampton began his military career in the Confederate army as colonel of the Hampton Legion, an organization made up largely by him or through his influence. He contributed freely from his own private means to its equipment and preparation for service in the field.

The Legion was composed of eight companies of infantry, four troops of cavalry, and a battery of horse artillery, afterwards increased to two. It was kept together until the summer of 1862, when, as a Legion, it was broken up. The infantry retained the name. The cavalry by the addition of six troops was increased to a regiment known as the Second South Carolina cavalry. The first brigade of cavalry of the Army of Northern Virginia was composed of the First and Second South Carolina and the First North Carolina. The Cobb Legion cavalry, the Phillips and Hart's battery. Pending the organization and getting together of this brigade, General Hampton was put in command of a brigade of infantry. After the organization of the first cavalry brigade, General Hampton was assigned to its command in the latter part of the summer of 1862.

He remained in command of this brigade until the 9th of June, 1863, when he was promoted to major general and assigned to the command of the First Cavalry Division composed of Butler's, Rosser's and Young's brigades, ranking in the order named. After General Stuart's death from a mortal wound at Yellow Tavern, in May, 1864, General Hampton became the ranking major general of cavalry in the Army of Northern Virginia. The cavalry corps of that army consisted of Hampton's, Fitz Lee's and Wm. H. P. Lee's divisions.

General Hampton, although the ranking major general, was not placed in command of the corps until September, 1864, when M. C. Butler was promoted to major general and assigned to the command of Hampton's division. It is due to the truth of history to say that General Lee, from some sinister influence, had not duly appreciated General Hampton's high military qualities until after the

battle of Prevision's Station, on the 11th and 12th of June, 1864, where, with only two divisions, Hampton's and Fitz Lee's, he defeated Sheridan at the head of a largely superior force, turned him back from his contemplated raid to join Hunter in the valley, and compelled him to seek shelter under Federal General Boats in the Pamunkey river.

After defeating Sheridan, as above stated, General Hampton moved across the front of General Lee's army, met Wilson at the head of two divisions at Sapony church, twenty miles below Petersburg, returning from his raid down the Southside railroad towards Staunton river, and defeated him, after an all night fight, scattered his forces, capturing his artillery, and ambulances and compelling him to make a long detour with the remnant of his command to regain Grant's lines.

When it is remembered that Trevilian's Station and Sapony church, near Storey Creek station, are about equal distances from Richmond in opposite directions, and that Hampton, practically with the same troops, defeated two columns of cavalry, each stronger, better equipped and better mounted than his own, within a period of two or three weeks, the magnitude and importance of the achievement may be realized.

After this, the closest and most cordial relations were established between Generals Lee and Hampton. The former not only trusted him with implicit confidence and sought his advice on many occasions, but entertained for his personal and military qualities the highest esteem. And well he might, for my candid judgment is, Hampton's defeat of Sheridan at Trevilian's station saved Richmond from an attack in the rear and probable capture. And his defeat of Wilson near Storey Creek, in a measure paralyzed Grant's cavalry forces and impaired the prestige of its former successes.

The importance of this service is further enhanced by the fact that both Sheridan and Wilson were soldiers of great ability, dashing, accomplished, perhaps the ablest cavalry commanders in the Federal service. More than that, I do not think it would be extravagant to say they commanded the best equipped and best mounted cavalry in the world.

General Hampton remained in Virginia with the army of Northern Virginia participating in all the operations of that incomparable army until January, 1865. Butler's division was transferred to South Carolina at that time. Wheeler's division of cavalry reached Columbia in February, 1865, with the remnant of Hood's army. The two divisions united in Columbia. Wheeler, as major general, ranked both Hampton and Butler. The former was promoted to lieutenant general and placed in command of the two divisions and retained command until the surrender of Johnson's army at Greensboro, N. C., in the latter part of April, 1865.

Before the final arrangements of capitulation between Johnson and Sherman, both Hampton and Wheeler left Johnson's army at Greensboro, intending to join the Confederate forces in the Trans-Mississippi department, leaving Butler in command of the cavalry of Johnson's army. Their plans, however, were changed and they decided to abandon further resistance to the United States armies.

This is a brief and imperfect statement of General Hampton's military career. I have not attempted to give in detail, (for the limits imposed by an address like this would not permit it,) of his splendid achievements in that long, perilous and unequal struggle. You old battle-scarred veterans, gallant survivors of the great armies the world has ever known, know and appreciate the value of those achievements and services. Let us hope the present and coming generations will not allow the illustrious and brilliant career of General Hampton to grow dim or lose any of its lustre as the years roll on.

Those of us, who have personal knowledge of his great exploits, military and civil, cannot in the course of nature expect to linger much longer on earth, and must necessarily commit to those who come after him the guardianship of Confederate valor—and the patriotic purposes of their high endeavor. There were three Confederate cavalry leaders who are entitled to primacy in that brilliant galaxy of splendid dashing sabreurs, who taught the world so much in the use of mounted troops in offensive and defensive operations of armies—Generals Stuart, Forrest and Hampton ranking in the order named, not necessarily in merit.

It would not be profitable or appropriate at this time to draw comparisons between them. The friends and admirers of each would naturally give the palm of merit to their personal choice. The cold criticism of history will in after years assign to each of these great soldiers his proper place in the order of military merit. When that is done we need have no fears, as to the place our distinguished friend and comrade will occupy.

General Earl Van Dorn may properly be placed in this competitive list for the first place among the great cavalry soldiers of the world. All had one quality in common, strong, vigorous, robust constitutions, a quality not to be ignored in the make-up of a successful cavalry leader.

I can speak advisedly from personal knowledge and almost constant association with General Hampton. He was a man of most temperate and abstemious habits, and in the many long, weary, exhausting marches, engaging in almost daily combats with the en-

emy, which sometimes swelled into fierce battles, he never seemed to realize what fatigue was. Superadded to his physical powers was another crowning quality, which enabled him to pass so successfully through so many exciting trials of endurance, namely, unvarying equanimity of temper and dignity of deportment. He never lost his head and rarely his temper. He never swore an oath or took the name of the Lord in vain—leaving, I fear, that painful necessity, which sometimes arises in managing a column of rollicking horsemen, to his less fortunate subordinates.

As these ceremonies are in the nature of memorial services, tributes of affection and esteem for our departed comrade, and as there are others who wish to show their appreciation of him not only as a soldier and statesman, but as a man and great exalted citizen, I cannot with propriety enter into the details of his brilliant military services and no less brilliant achievements in civil life and pursuits of peace. Suffice it to say that he participated with brilliant distinction in the first battle of the war at Manassas, and in the last at Bentonville, N. C., contributing in the meantime by his commanding military talents, genius, intuition, or whatever it may be called, to the glorious triumphs and achievements of the Confederate struggle, especially in the army of Northern Virginia. His antagonist never got the better of him. No honorable soldier, whether friend or foe, ever suffered indignity at his hands.

No act of oppression either within his own or his enemies' lines ever marred his exalted character, or his reputation as a soldier and gentleman. General Hampton had in a higher degree than any man I ever knew a knowledge of what is called woodcraft, the topographical instinct. He had been a most successful field sportsman in pursuit of wild game, and in this way had cultivated a natural talent for locating objects and catching at a glance the topographical features of the country in which he was operating. This gave him a great advantage over an antagonist who was deficient in such qualities, and like Stonewall Jackson and Forrest, he was constantly doing the unexpected, doing something—making some movement for which there was no rule laid down in the books. As a sportsman and perfect woodsman he had learned the value of secrecy and celerity of movement. The result was the enemy was baffled and misled, and often unprepared for the audacity and suddenness of his attacks.

No sketch of the military side of General Hampton's character, as imperfect even as this may be, would be satisfactory that did not make some mention of that band of invaluable assistants the mounted scouts, Shadburne and Hogan, and Scott and Sparks, and Ashby and Doolin, and Griffin and the other rollicking, fearless, dare-devil cavalymen detailed from their respective commands for special service, as scouts were literally the eyes and ears of the general officers of cavalry and through them the commanding general of the army. They operated between the lines of the two armies, often within the enemy's lines, exercising a hold, audacious, sleepless vigilance, relying upon their nerve and cool courage and upon their faithful horses and ever-ready trigger, they rendered services to their generals and country of incalculable value. All honor to the gallant, dashing fellows who watched while we slept and kept us advised of every movement of the enemy. If the true, unadorned story of their exploits could be written they would stagger the credulity of any reader. That story will never be written, but if General Hampton could be consulted, I am sure he would approve my word of commendation of these adventurous, faithful aids in connection with his life.

And now a word as to his services to his State since he sheathed his sword. In that connection, too, it was my good fortune to be intimately associated with him, and I am scarcely willing to trust myself to speak in detail, for I may inadvertently and almost unavoidably indulge in egotism, which is never a good tale.

His wonderful leadership in that great and memorable political revolution in this State in 1876, his election and installation as Governor, his successful administration of that high office, surrounded by such apparently hopeless difficulties, his prominent part in connection with his fellow countrymen in rescuing the State from the depths of political degradation and humiliation, establishing peace and law and order where there had recently been reckless debauchery in the public service, starting the people again on the road to prosperity, public and private credit by his wisdom, sagacity and patience, his election to the United States Senate where his scholarly attainments, high character, unselfish fidelity to his State and country reflected so much renown and honor upon that State and country, are all events of such recent occurrence that I need not do more than advert to them.

I violate no confidence and I trust no rule of propriety when I say of my own knowledge that when he was turned out of this high office, where he was serving his constituency so acceptably and ably, he suffered the most great grief of his life, which shrouded his declining years in sorrow and regret. Not that the office was essential to his happiness or peace of mind, but in view of his great and illustrious services and sacrifices for his people and country, he had a right to expect

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them to say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

General Hampton bore this disappointment with patience and charity for the authors of the injustice, and never relaxed in his love and devotion to his State. He was sustained through life by a composure and equanimity of demeanor which nothing appeared to ruffle, by a high, exalted, right-mindedness and unselfish, self-sacrificing patriotism, by abilities and attainments of a very high order, by an unswerving fidelity to duty, by the endowments, qualities and manners of a gentleman.

These principles, reinforced and strengthened by assurances and belief in the sufficiency and power of faith in his God, sustained him in death, and will support and comfort him in that endless, boundless, fathomless state of eternity.

Let me commend to you, my old, veteran friends, survivors of the great and beneficent that ever struck a blow for a good cause, and especially to you young people, I me, with an affectionate benediction, I commend to you the glorious, splendid, illustrious life of our departed comrade, and his equally glorious death, when he breathed almost with his last gasp, "Peace on earth, good will to man."

In the long years of our intimate personal and political association in times of high excitement and anxiety, when the ambitions and passions and sometimes resentments of men were excited, never a harsh or unkind word passed between us. This, to me, as a source of intense satisfaction and consolation.

## HOYT'S TRIBUTE TO HAMPTON.

THE SOLDIER  
AND THE STATESMAN.

The Spirit Animating the Con-  
federate Soldiers in War and  
in Peace.

The following is the memorial offered by Col. James A. Hoyt, of Greenville, at the reunion exercises on the 7th inst., held in commemoration of Gen. Wade Hampton, the soldier and the statesman, and which was a most interesting feature of the reunion:

The Confederate hosts are marching on to victory! The world looks backward to Appomattox to hear a Nation's cry! "The dark and awful night of the Confederacy had then come, and men were unprepared for the final shock of the contest which had been waged for four years. It was an era more eventful than any period in the world's history, where more battles were fought within a given time than on any other portion of the globe—great and terrible battles in which hundreds and thousands were slain on both sides. Our great leader said the time had come to surrender, and yet even at that moment, when the flag of truce was going forward, some of Lee's ragged, half-starved men were driving the enemy in front of them."

In altogether another sense the thin grey line that disappeared at Appomattox has achieved victories that are not less important contributions to the world's history, and today for a passing moment amid the sacred pleasures of reunion we pause to recount the virtues of the slain who died in vain for freedom on the field or who have made a record since that has challenged the admiration of the men and women who have known the Confederacy only as a memory of the past.

In memorializing our own great chieftain in war and in peace, let us recall some of those who were his compatriots in the triumphant tide of war and in the hours of bitter anguish, when the stoutest race that ever fought was brought low in the dust of humiliation, and in the brighter days that came with the dawn of reconciliation to take the place of hatred, war and ruin and despair. Let us enter with Father Ryan the world's woodland where he heard a grand memorial strain that came in solemn measure till his soul, with comfort blessed.

"Bank down among the lilies  
With folded wings to rest."

"Through the forest's twilight aisles  
Passed a host with muffled footsteps,  
In martial rank and file;  
And I knew those gray-clad figures,  
Thus slowly passing by,  
Were the souls of Southern soldiers  
Who for freedom dared to die."

Look yonder at Albert Sidney Johnston, who on Shiloh's bloody field yielded up his noble and unselfish life even when wicked and cruel slander was dragging down his name, and his vindictive enemies sought to make and silence the vile tongues of his traducers. He was among the noblest and bravest, and the South will ever cherish his glorious memory and unstained character. Swift as the eagle's wing there goes Stonewall Jackson, in whose ears rang the victorious shouts of his own soldiers as Chancellorville, as he passed to his reward with a crown of glory won and his warfare accomplished. The civilized world recognizes the fact that the supreme attribute of his character, though renowned as a militant soldier, was the inflexible devotion of his soul to the cross of Christ, an humble, faithful, untrepid follower of the lowly Nazarene. The warrior priest, Leonidas Polk, the great and might leader of men, who counted it joy to meet his Master while battling for the land and whose life was freely given for the land and noble spirit joined the martyred host on the

last battle plain, as it were; Jeb Stuart, the bold and daring cavalier whose funeral knell pealed forth amid the boom of his own artillery; gallant Ashby's stalwart form was laid in an early grave under the shadow of his own Blue Ridge, where the murmuring waters of the Shenandoah sing a requiem over his earthly remains; the matchless Polham and the peerless Pogram; the dashing, resourceful Morgan and the incomparable Forrest; and Jenkins, glorious Jenkins, with his fearless, steady eye that laughed with triumph when the battle-storm was raging; Kershaw, the cavalier without reproach; Kennedy, the generous, lofty spirit that knew not fear; Bernard E. Bee, an officer of tried courage and undoubted capacity, whose glorious career ended at Manassas, where he gave his first and last battle; Milledge L. Bonham, of noble bearing and soldierly mien, who had served in three wars; James Conner, kindly, chivalrous and true; Stephen Elliott, Jr., famous for daring and skillful fighting; N. G. Evans, the hero of Stone Bridge and Leesburg, commended for "dauntless conduct and imperturbable coolness;" Maxey Gregg, the brave soldier and true patriot, who when his ammunition was exhausted said he would hold the position with his bayonet; Johnson Hagood, distinguished for gallantry, and recommended for promotion by Beauregard as "a brave and meritorious officer;" Abner M. Perrin, who fell dead while leading his brigade through a destructive fire at the "body angle" on the 12th of May, 1864; "Iron-nerved" and renowned for his mechanical genius applied to the art of war; Wm. H. Wallace, whose service in war and in peace was without honor and idleness; Samuel McDowell, the lion-hearted, who won lasting honor and distinction in civil life and on the field of battle; Bratton, the beloved commander and tenacious soldier whose gallantry was never surpassed; Anderson, selfless and almost stoical, fighting meters. "Fighting Dick" best describes the estimate of his men; Mart Gary, the intrepid, dauntless soldier and born leader of men; States Rights Gist, the fervent patriot, and Maignault, the cultured gentleman and accomplished warrior. These men died bravely for the cause they loved or lived to serve their country with honorable intent and purpose. To these we add:

"The countless thousands  
In that mighty phantom host,  
True hearts and noble valiance,  
Whose names on earth are lost.  
There the 'missing' found their places—  
Those who vanished from our gaze  
Take brilliant, shining meters,  
And were lost in glory's blaze.  
Yes, they passed, that noble army—  
They passed to meet their Lord,  
And a voice within me whispered:  
"They marched to their reward."

"Sunny South, weep on?" Thy sons illustrated the spirit of their forefathers, but they came not back from Appomattox without hope and were not dismayed at the task that lay before them, though they look upon "homes whose light was quenched" and their memories were filled with "the graves without a stone, the folded flag, the broken sword," the gun without its soldier. "Yet raise thy head fair land!"

"The folded flag is stainless still, the broken sword is bright,  
No blot on thy record is found, no treason soils thy fame."

There is yet hope to lure us on to greater victories, where courage even of a higher type will be required and where manhood's strength will move us on  
(CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE.)

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