

W. K. Pillsbury, of Dawson, is among the prominent Georgians at the Brown house.

Lord Palmerston, principal la

Mr. Dudley authorities; men enough character, b proceeding them. Indu where the ing witness, pendent upc ley succeede laid it in the ance with th sell.<sup>5</sup> These to the Boar telegraph, a hour.<sup>6</sup> Mr. the affidavits be-

of the church and social upbuilding of the place.

Professor Hunicutt of the agricultural department of the State University will address the Sumter County Agricultural Society on Saturday next, July 30, at the court house, with a view of forming a farmers' institute in Sumter. A full attendance of the farmers is desired.

Americus was represented at Ellaville, Seale county, on yesterday, at which place the Masonic lodge sat down to a feast of good things. The two Masonic lodges of Americus were represented at this feast. We learn that it was a most enjoyable affair.

A "Baby Carnival" was held here on yesterday afternoon. A long line of the prettiest babies in Americus, in their tiny carriages, moved from the library building to the Hotel Windsor, presenting as pretty a picture as was ever seen in this fair city on the Muckalee.

Americus supports well her two daily papers, for both of them are aggressive, newsy and intellectual in their make-up. I have "a fellow feeling" with journalism in Americus, for in the '80's did successful work here on the old Americus Recorder. Editor Walter Fur-

still handles his pen on the Times-her with unabated vigor.

Fred. Crisp will leave in a few Birmingham, Ala., to accept a the State Herald.

respondent has been "on the two weeks past, and here before his return home the Telegraph again with K. Pillsbury.

## A DAY SPENT IN AMERICUS

WHAT A DAWSON MAN HAS TO SAY OF THE CITY.

It is a Fairy Spot in the Rich Fields of South Georgia—The Home of Loyal Confederate Veterans—A Festival at Hotel Park. 1897.

Americus, Ga., July 29.—This little city is a "fairy spot" in the rich fields of South Georgia. Settled in the '30's, it only took on a new lease of life when the railroad reached the place during the early '50's. From that time to this the name "Americus" has been all that was synonymous of a far-reaching character for good.

In the Confederate war Americus had a bright place in a picture which illustrated the heroism of the sons and daughters of the South, and the Confederate sentiment here today is full of vitality. Last week a reunion of Confederate veterans took place, at which time a sumptuous barbecue was given, all of which was under the auspices of the Confederate camp here, Judge J. B. Pillsbury, commander of the camp. If there is one thing in life that Commander Pillsbury is proud of, it is of having been a Confederate soldier for four long years. He went out with the first regiment that left Georgia for the war, the First Georgia regiment of volunteers.

The ladies of the Baptist church gave a festival at Hotel Park yesterday afternoon. The nicest cakes, cream sandwiches, coffee, fruit and other nice things were served. The same day transmitted by the Collector val was a spe at London, with a request for instructions by val was a spe at London, with a request for instructions by val was a spe at London, with a request for instructions by

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## THE MACON TELEGRAPH:

who lost nothing in the affections of his countrymen because he met defeat against whom no word of complaint has ever been raised, and who today is as dear to the Southern heart as he was when his plume shone in the thick of the war.

Did More Than Duty. 1897

Governor Hubbard brought out some very interesting history regarding the South in his admirable address before the literary societies of Mercer University on Tuesday last. After referring to the parts played in the founding of this great republic by Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Patrick Henry, John Marshall, W. Saunders Pinkney and the Lees, all Southern men, he said:

The South of our Revolutionary fathers, we calmly assert, supported by impartial records, bore not only a heavier burden than our Northern brethren. The North of that day responded to the call of Washington and the congress. They did their part of the duty, but your ancestry did more than their part of their duty in the "day that tried men's souls."

The official estimate and report of Gen. Henry Knox of Massachusetts, secretary of war under Washington, to the first congress, shows these forgotten and wonderful statistics. Baltimore fitted out the first cruisers, the beginning of the navy of the early republic, and Maryland furnished over 20,000 soldiers to the revolutionary army.

In 1790 the white male population, over 16 years of age of Virginia and Pennsylvania were about equal, the one being 110,783 and the other 110,924; and Gen. Knox, who fought through the seven years' war in that report says: "Pennsylvania furnished 22,000 soldiers; New Hampshire had a military population of 573 in excess of South Carolina, and she sent 14,000 soldiers and South Carolina sent 31,131. South Carolina sent 29,836 more troops to Washington than New York though twice the military population of South Carolina. (The explanation points are mine, not Gen. Knox's.) Connecticut and Massachusetts did more than any of the Northern States; and yet South Carolina sent to our army 37,000 soldiers; Massachusetts sent 23 out of every 42; Connecticut 30 out of every 42; and New Hampshire 18 out of every 42."

For the record of these startling facts, I beg the young men of the South to read that report of our first secretary of war in 1790, our American State Papers, Military Affairs, III, etc., and the masterly review of the South in the old revolutionary volumes and dates and pages by that distinguished man of letters and statesman and former ambassador to the court of Spain, the Hon. J. M. Curry, in his great work of "The Southern States of the American Union," etc. The North sent to the army 100 out of 227 of military age, and the South 100 out of every 203—verified by the census of 1790. Time will not permit to follow the long contest from Concord and Lexington to Yorktown, and I say that our Southern contingent to the armies of that day—their native health and cradles and their native health to go from 500 to 1,000 miles to the battlefields in New England and the Middle States. The records show that among them there were less "torres" and fewer deserters than from the other commonwealths. It was and is a grateful remembrance.

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of the United States of America;" "that the enlisted men were to join the ship in Messrs. Laird & Co.'s yard;" that they were enlisting men "who had previously served on fighting-ships;" that the enlistments had then been going on for over a month, and that there was need of immediate action by the British Government, if action was to be of any service in protecting its neutrality against violation.

Mr. Collier said immediately, "It appears difficult to make out a

fighting against overwhelming numbers, and for deep and honest convictions, though wrong—in justice to the Southern hero, no armies—excellent—hardly ever equalled—the brave fellows who followed our Sydney and Jo Johnston, Stonewall Jackson and Robert E. Lee. We came of the same blood, same language, same religion. Let us restore the early love and confidence of the union of Washington—Give us peace!"

In his "Personal Reminiscences" the same invocation is written down, giving a blessing and a benediction to the South and a restored union. "Let us have peace" he uttered in life and over his grave the South places first and last roses of spring time and summer. Gen. Ord commanded an army corps in the Federal army of the Potomac. This splendid soldier commanded the military department of Texas, while your speaker was the executive of the state, I loved Ord. He is dead, but he was a patriot without fear and without reproach. We met the Mexican president at Matamoras in behalf of our exposed frontiers and to preserve the peace of the sister republics. He said to me, coming back to San Antonio, "I want to give a part of my unwritten history of the war of 1880. The last celebration of the victory of Gettysburg less than a year before the assassination of President Lincoln, I was with that typical American on that historic field. He asked me to show him the line of the awful charge of Pickett and his men against the Union army and the cemetery heights. I did so, marking here and there where battalions fell, like leaves in wintry weather, moved down by a thousand cannon from the heights of the cemetery. Now when Lincoln said 'Stop, Ord, that's enough,' I thank God that I am the countryman of men who could make such a charge as that—or surpassing the Irish brigade at Balaclava. Gen. Ord, I thank God also that the war will soon be over and the Union preserved, and if I am living I shall hope to have these erring states come back to the fold on the same footing as before this strife. They are worthy of being your countrymen and mine."

The illustrious dead of the "enemies" of that time, we never forget, are on the witness stand for the South. The Duke of Cambridge, by whose side in distant imperial lands I stood, speaking of the Southern rebellion a name made honorable by the rewards offered by King George for the heads of the rebels Hancock and Washington and the revolutionary heroes—this commander of all the armies of England and Britain pronounced our Southern war taken all in all, the most splendid conflict of his forty fought by the South against the might odds and with all the world against them on account of human slavery. He said Alexander and Napoleon and Wellington did not surpass our Lee and Johnston in the strategy or triumphs of war.

We well recall the day when, because of this opinion, published in the British press, great American journals impaled this honest Englishman upon a halibird of slander. This is the Southern soldier in the war fought against us, and of unprejudiced critics of other lands.

As a brief summary of the history of the Southern people from the colonial days down to the present time Governor Hubbard's address is a very valuable contribution to current literature of the South. It should be put into the hands of every student in the land.

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<sup>1</sup> Vol. III, page 29; Vol. IV, page 398.

<sup>2</sup> Squary to Adams, Vol. III, page 29; Vol. VI, page 397.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. III, page 31; Vol. VI, page 406.

<sup>4</sup> Vol. III, page 21; Vol. VI, page 397.

<sup>5</sup> A speech delivered in the House of Commons on Friday, August 4, 1871, by Sir Roundell Palmer, M. P. for Richmond, page 16.



1,000 miles to the battlefields in New England and the Middle States. The records show that among them there were less "torres" and fewer deserters than from the other commonwealths.

It was and is a grateful remembrance that the old South had no Benedict Arnold, no Horatio Gates, seeking to crush Washington, and not one Southern member of congress at Philadelphia when mutiny was wild and unreasonable in that dark hour of our history.

These are historical facts which are not known to a great many, and which should interest, at least, the younger students of the South—the class to whom Governor Hubbard's address was directed.

Another important feature in the history of the earlier days of the republic touched upon was the question of slavery.

No one in this day defends slavery. But the South is often pointed at as being its author and defender on this continent. Governor Hubbard gives the truth of history on this subject as follows:

Briefly in passing, may we recall to Southern youth the fact—no one denies—that slavery existed up to the close of the Revolutionary war in every American state, British and Boston and Philadelphia, gold filled the slave ships mostly. It is no excuse for, or defense of, African slavery—oh no, my countrymen; but it palliates the wrong or "crime" (often times it was called) of human bondage, in that the North, then nor since—shaking "their gory locks" at the South—can say "we did it," "Particeps criminis" the confession may go, but no further! In time our brothers beyond the border line saw that slavery was not profitable, and would not "pay," and they "manumitted!" Oh, no! They "sold" these human beings as chattels to their Virginia man and Maryland and Carolina and Georgia brothers, and with one hand put the gold in their exchequers and with the other began to strike the South for retaining the fee simple, warranty titles of all these slaves.

It was a fortunate day for them! It would not do in a land comparatively bleak and sterile—where the sun

ernor Hubbard's address is a very valuable contribution to current literature of the South. It should be put into the hands of every student in the land.



### Wallace's Tribute to Lee.

Gen. Lew Wallace, distinguished not only as the author of "Ben Hur" but as a Union soldier of the civil war, delivered the chief address in Louisville on the occasion of the decoration of the graves of the federal soldiers. Among many interesting and significant passages the following will be read with especial pleasure by the Southern people:

There is such thing as an honest mistake. It occurs always where one does a wrong believing it right. And if one die for success in a cause, what better proof of honesty can he furnish? Ah, no! Instead of spitting on his grave, I would libate it with a cup mixed in equal parts of sorrow and admiration. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance." Remembrance! Of what? The heroism that invokes the sacrifice.

Speaking still to Confederates and Federals alike, there are some things upon which we agree. Here is one of them. Though a man have not house or horse, ox or dog, yet, while it stays with him, he shall own his own soul. Here is another: it being given him to own his own soul, the man does not live who will of preference voluntarily choose it small or unclean. Admiration for the great and noble in everything is natural. In this you may all find a tribute. But is there one among you at loss to tell the clean from the unclean, or the great from the small? I think not; but a few examples may help fix the distinction.

Robert E. Lee, once, preparing to take the offensive, set about collecting supplies for his columns in march. Confederates, hearing me, will not require to be told of what a Confederate ration consisted. It was scant, and of no variety, and without required a deal of labor to get. About the time he had barely enough, an officer came to him and said: "General, the prisoners in Libby are starving." "Starving! Can that be?" "It is so!" There was no hesitation. The commissary general was sent for, and appeared. "Make haste," said Lee, in a tone interdictory of argument, "and send from your supplies enough to feed those poor fellows in Libby, while we are gone." And it was done. That, I say, was noble; and where is he to gainsay it as proof of a great and clean soul?

That Gen. Wallace should have paid this tribute to Robert E. Lee on such an occasion goes to prove the universality of the respect which the great hero of the Confederacy commanded even among those who fought against him. No American's high place in his country's honor roll is more lastingly assured than Lee's. All men admit his noble character and highmindedness, his devotion to his cause, his military genius and his unselfishness. Posterity will regard him with ever increasing admiration as an American who superbly exemplified all the civil virtues. Gen. Wallace shows himself to be a truly chivalric soldier in recognizing so honestly and candidly and publicly the moral worth of him who so long upheld against an outnumbering foe, the banner of the Confederacy

and the free. Lee and froze one-half the year, 1863, was a splendid deal—to ship and sell these African barbarians fresh from the jungles of Africa.

Conscience came to the pulpit long after the revolution.

And yet Southern statesmen and Southern states first insisted on making the slave trade piracy—and advocated gradual emancipation. It is historic that the capital of the great Northern cities and states with old England in legislatures and congresses defeated this early move of the South and postponed until nearly twenty years later—making a law declaring the slave trade piracy!

Our civic history down to the war of 1812 and for a half century later, was resplendent with eloquence and statesmanship—on the bench, at the bar, and in all the walks of troublous life. For fifty-four years out of the first sixty-four years of our early life your South had Southern presidents at the helm. And how grandly and safely they commanded the "ship of state," in peace and war—of the chief justices of the greatest judicial tribunal the world ever produced, with John Marshall at its head, the South filled this exalted place for over 50 years—a majority of the army and the old navy and of ministers to foreign courts.

In the war of 1812 half of our soldiers and generals were Southern men. It was begun by Southern statesmen and ended in glory by Jackson at Chalmette.

And yet it must not be forgotten the New England states largely opposed the war, and at the famous "Hartford convention" demanded that the "unholy war with England should cease," and asserted that unless stopped, they "had the right under the constitution to withdraw from the union." The South, then, as from 1776, was for the union in peace or war. So we purchased and paid for every slave under warranty titles, and in later days cursed both slavery and secession, and trampled with unnumbered and overwhelming legions the ill-fated South.

"Slavery was an occasion—not the underlying cause of that mighty conflict," said he, and truthfully. Slavery was the incident, opposing constructions of the constitution the cause of the war. The arbitration of the sword settled both. The South lost all she contended for, but the valor and heroism of her sons and her daughters will be preserved in imperishable memory. Bearing upon this thought Governor Hubbard gave some unwritten history which shall be recorded here. He said:

Will you pardon, in illustration of this fact the recital of the first and last interview the speaker had with General and ex-President Grant in our great metropolitan city, only five months before, like a knight of old, his ransomed soul passed over to the other shore. The occasion of the brief visit to the dying hero was to talk, at his request, of Japan, to whose court I had been accredited as United States minister, that beautiful land of the morning, where in his voyage around the world, he tarried twice as long as in either England or La Belle France or sunny Italy. In bidding me bon voyage, we shall not forget the words of that remarkable man. He said in substance, "we wish you a happy stay and safe return to our country, and that if the home-coming you will find our people have largely forgiven, if not entirely forgotten the awful tragedy of that unnatural war between sister states. I feel now, as they, that we knew the cause of the union was right, but he said, "as a soldier seeing much of that great contest, I will say that for valor and fortitude and soldierly qualities,







Alfred Tennyson  
1897

SONG OF AN ANGEL.

At noon a shower had fallen, and the clime  
Breathed sweetly, and upon a cloud there lay  
One more sublime in beauty than the Day,  
Or all the Sons of Time;

A gold harp had he, and was singing there  
Songs that I yearn'd to hear; a glory shone  
Of rosy twilights on his cheeks—a zone  
Of amaranth on his hair.

He sang of joys to which the earthly heart  
Hath never heat; he sang of deathless Youth,  
And by the throne of Love, Beauty, and Truth  
Meeting, no more to part;

He sang lost Hope, faint Faith, and vain Desire  
Crown'd there; great works, that on the earth began,  
Accomplish'd; towers impregnable to man  
Scaled with the speed of fire;

Of Power and Life and winged Victory  
He sang—of bridges strown 'twixt star and star—  
And hosts all arm'd in light for bloodless war  
Pass, and repass on high;

Lo! in the pauses of his jubilant voice  
He leans to listen; answers from the spheres,  
And mighty poems thundering he hears  
Down the empyreal skies;

Then suddenly he ceased—and seem'd to rest  
His godly-fashion'd arm upon a slope  
Of that fair cloud, and with soft eyes of hope  
He pointed toward the West;

And shed on me a smile of beams, that told  
Of a bright World beyond the thunder-piles,  
With blessed fields and hills and happy isles  
And citadels of gold.

If this is "water" what must the "wine" be?  
If this is "moonlight," how brilliant the "sun-  
light"!

...were not going in the 29th...

M. Charles Benoist, in a recent article in  
the "Revue des Deux Mondes," has point-

ed out the inherent difficulty in Spanish  
politics. The people are at least two cen-

turies behind the age. "The great part  
still played in Spanish Government by ec-

clesiastics is suggested by two incidents:  
four monks sitting in the Prime Minister's

antechamber, and announcing that they  
had been invited by Canovas to 'talk over

the political situation'; and a bishop enter-

ing the palace, summoned by the Queen,  
while grandees, generals, and ladies of hon-

or knelt before him." "It is such things,"  
as Mr. Benoit says, "that make one

feel that the real Spain is still living in  
the sixteenth century. As far as foreign

policy is concerned, this was admitted by  
a distinguished public man with whom

the writer talked. 'Without a break,' said  
he, 'we have for three hundred years tried  
to govern our colonies with monks and  
soldiers.'

Alabama.—Semmes's Adventures Afloat, pages 403, 409.

these inquiries could be com-  
the circumstances this hesita-  
Alabama to lie unmolested in  
short of criminal in the offi-  
ant of it.

crew numbered about ninety  
hannel, then round the north  
the Giant's Causeway. She  
Azores, which she reached

THE BLIND WEAVER.

A BLIND boy stood beside the loom  
And wove a fabric. To and fro  
Beneath his firm and steady touch  
He made the busy shuttle go.  
And oft the teacher passed that way  
And gave the colors, thread by thread;  
But to the boy the pattern fair  
Was all unseen—its hues were dead.  
"How can you weave?" we, pitying, cried.  
The blind boy smiled. "I do my best;  
I make the fabric firm and strong."  
And one who sees does all the rest.  
O happy thought! Beside life's loom  
We blindly strive our best to do  
And He who marked the pattern out  
And holds the threads, will make it true.  
—Youth's Companion.

tain and determine what  
left Liverpool on the 29th

CUBA.

BY MRS. J. E. M'GEE.

A FIVE-HOURS' ride across the Strait of  
Florida will bring one to the beautiful  
"Gem of the Antilles," that in the last  
few years has been drenched with the  
crimson flow of blood. A cruel war has  
spread its pall of gloom and horror over a  
land where nature seems to have almost  
exhausted itself in tropical luxuriance of  
field and forest, in loveliness of landscape.  
The trees of Cuba are majestic, and con-  
stitute one of its chief sources of wealth.  
Many species of palm are found, the royal  
palm rising to the height of one hundred  
feet or more. The coconut-palm grows  
wild, and is rich in leaves and fruit. The

abundant that it lays on the ground, care-  
lessly kicked aside by the pickaninnies and  
disdainfully treated by the animals. The  
banana bunches are cut from the tree  
while they are still green.

The cigar-boxes, so well known in the  
United States and Europe, are made from  
a tree similar to the mahogany, popularly  
known as the cedar. A very superior  
quality of mahogany also forms one of  
the exports.

Cuban sugars and tobacco are famous.  
Havana is a metropolis of wealth, the  
foremost tobacco and sugar market in the  
world, and manufactures cigars in in-  
mense quantities. Its *cafés* and restau-  
rants rival those of Paris.

But, in spite of the great natural wealth  
and beauty of the island, misery and suf-  
fering abound. Thousands are in extreme  
poverty, many on the verge of starvation.  
One of the grievances of the Cuban pa-  
triot is the neglect of education, public  
schools being almost unknown.

There are three parties in Cuba: the  
Loyalists, Separatists, and Autonomists.  
The first comprises those of Spanish birth  
whose privileges and interests are bound  
up in the present régime. The Separatists  
are the party of revolution, ready to fight  
for independence. The Cubans in the  
United States and the exiles in Cuba and  
the adjoining islands belong to this class.  
The Autonomists occupy middle ground,  
rebelling against the misgovernment, yet  
limiting their demands to home rule and

Spain.

The great weapon used by the Cubans  
in their warfare is the machete. It some-  
what resembles the farmer's corn-scythe,  
but is much heavier. It is usually a horn-  
handled blade of from twenty-four to  
thirty inches in length, perfectly straight,  
as heavy as a cleaver, with an edge kept  
like a razor. Such an implement is neces-  
sary, in order to cut paths through the  
dense undergrowth of the forests. The  
Cuban uses it with dexterous ferocity in  
hand-to-hand conflicts.

The Spaniards place great reliance on  
*trochas* as a means of thwarting the ene-  
my. *Trocha* simply means a military line  
of fortified posts near together, designed  
to bar the passage of the enemy. Gomez,  
however, in his ten-years' war, crossed  
and recrossed them, at one time having  
his wife with him. On the evening of  
January 1, 1896, Gomez and Maceo crossed  
this *trocha* without firing a shot and tore  
up three miles of railroad track, "just to  
let the Spaniards know we noticed their  
toy," Gomez said. The heroic Maceo had  
just passed a *trocha* thrown up by Weyler  
when he was killed, December 4, 1896.



## INSURGENT CRUISERS.

equipped in twenty-four hours for "battle." This is not too strong [380] concerning the Alabama. She was, in fact,

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HOYT'S JERSEY BUTTER,  
HOYT'S JERSEY BUTTER,  
HOYT'S JERSEY BUTTER,  
HOYT'S JERSEY BUTTER.

HOYT'S TALO TEA,  
HOYT'S TALO TEA,  
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Graining Colors, Etc., Etc. Dealer in

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## A NEW EASTER.

O chime of sweet Saint Charity,  
Peal soon that Easter morn  
When Christ for all shall risen be,  
And in all hearts new-born!  
That Pentecost when utterance clear  
To all men shall be given,  
When all shall say my brother here,  
And hear my son in heaven!  
—James Russell Lowell.

R TENDER.

153

most cor  
all these  
promptl

shed between the officers of  
the Governor of the island  
permitted to repair his ship.<sup>2</sup>

[383] supplies, she left Jamaica, "bound to the coast of Brazil, and thence to the Cape of Good Hope."<sup>3</sup>

Vt. One of them, Mrs. Patty Richardson, has already been referred to. The other is Mrs. Esther S. Damon, widow of Noah Damon, who fought with the Massachusetts troops. Mrs. Damon lives in the old town of Plymouth Union, and is comparatively young, being only eighty one years of age.  
Another Virginia widow of the Revolution is Mrs. Rebecca Mayo, living in the village of Newbern, Pulaski County. Her husband, Stephen Mayo, fought with the Virginia troops, and helped fight Cornwallis in the Carolinas.  
The last of the Revolutionary widows is Mrs. Nancy Weatherman, who married again after her soldier husband, Robert Glascock, died. He fought in the same Virginia regiment as Stephen Mayo. Mrs. Weatherman is now in her eighty-sixth year, and lives in the town of Laneback, Carter County, Tenn.  
These old ladies are rapidly passing away. A few years ago there were over thirty on the pension list. Next year there will probably be but five or six. There are many widows of the Civil War just as old, but a hundred years from now there will still be widows of the soldiers of '61 drawing pensions from the government, just as these old ladies are doing.

"He died in 1812, on the 8th of February, and my youngest child, a boy, was born the same day, about half an hour before Mr. Cloud died. He was in his senses, and named him Washington, after the Father of His Country. The house was crowded. He repeated his wish over and over. I told him all that he wanted us to know was that the child's name was Washington.  
"I was married to Mr. Cloud in, I believe, 1836. My oldest child was a girl, born in 1839. Mr. Cloud left me a good home and a right smart bit of property. He requested me to educate Washington, and thought he would make a useful man. I tried to do so, and sent him to school all I could. He was the best boy I ever saw. He was always kind to his mother, but he has been gone from me about twenty-three years. He is practicing law, and wanted me to come to him, and sent me money. I preferred to stay with my daughter, who is married and living about a mile from where Mr. Cloud died.  
"I had a hard time through the late war. All the money left me was exhausted before that, for I had to educate my two children. The money was gone."

the customer's stores, and the purpose Americans in by English mer, claim the con- the better high seas. ter to the as, which tfulness piratical authority

## WIDOWS OF THE REVOLUTION.

NINE ARE LIVING AND DRAWING GOVERNMENT PENSIONS.

MARRIED BLUFF AND HEARTY SOLDIERS OLD ENOUGH TO BE

Their Grandfathers—Two Write Interesting Letters.

The present generation looks upon the heroes of the late war as old men whose ranks are constantly thinning by the ceaseless battle of time, and soon to be wiped out altogether. Yet that war ended only thirty years ago. Little is heard of those who fought in the Mexi-

where she food Hope, necessary peak of the

and permitting government as sibility for the described in a







the common, even prisoner, a mighty kind to him. I had to sell some of my fow for seven years I had to do anything." NANCY CLOUD.

NANCY CASE  
 son living in the village  
 of St. Paul, Carroll County, Va. Her  
 son Washington, who was born just  
 before the battle of Gettysburg, is  
 in the Federal Army. The family  
 has many other Southern families of like  
 war. A fac-simile of part of Mrs. Cloud's  
 letter is reproduced.

**Mrs. Turner's Letter.**

Mrs. Asenath Turner was another of the  
 Revolutionary widows who likes to talk  
 of the great war times. She has written  
 a very interesting little story of her life  
 in answer to a request. She married  
 again after the death of her soldier hus-  
 band, whose name was Samuel Durham.  
 He belonged to the Connecticut troops  
 which did great work in the battles of

village  
 Her  
 just  
 dy like  
 Cloud's

Mrs. Aesnath Turner is another of the Revolutionary widows who likes to talk of the great war times. She has written a very interesting little story of her life in answer to a request. She married again after the death of her soldier husband, whose name was Samuel Durham. He belonged to the Connecticut troops which did great work in the battles of

Long Island and along the banks of the Hudson River. Mrs. Turner is now living in the town of Manchester, Ontario in the N. Y. surrounded by children. She is now 70 years of age.

nd along the banks of the  
Mrs. Turner is now liv-  
vn of Manchester, Ontario  
surrounded by children.  
to Mr. Dug-

My name when a girl was Asnah Gurley. I was born and brought up in Connecticut (Mansfield). My father died out. I was quite a young girl when I married Mr. Durham, my soldier husband. He was a pensioner when I married him, but only got \$25 a year because he had a little property and the country was poor then. We lived in the same neighborhood where I was brought up several years, had two children, both now living; then we came here into York

*When I was young & young girl  
when I married Mr O. W. B.*

the country was new and  
with plenty of woods and  
excepting a very few years,  
at the old war, for hardly  
but what my husband told  
Caleb (Winnipeg) was -  
when were found  
was a young girl  
named Mrs. O. H. H.

**Young's Letter.**  
write it to have it read, but I presume the children could read, any how. I have a letter from the town, Almainin Durr.

do not think there is ~~any~~

up the  
 at turn  
 arch  
 wide  
 d  
 o meet  
 old grain  
 the  
 in the  
 have to  
 it sure,

ninety-first year, and very feeble. I do not leave the house.

"My husband served two terms in the war. Once he was drafted and once he enlisted, but I have forgotten how long he served each time.

"Yours respectfully,  
"ASENATH TURNER."

Mrs. Mary Brown is now in her ninety-first year. Her husband, Joseph Brown, fought with the Pennsylvania troops all through the war. The old lady is now ~~living~~ in the city of Knoxville, Tenn., and can tell many stories about the hardships her Revolutionary husband encountered.

There are two Revolutionary widows living in the little county of Windsor,



from block to block, and you keep on searching for weeks and for months. You say: "It is a matter of ten thousand pounds whether I see him or not." O that men were as persistent in seeking for Christ! Had you one-half that persistence you would long ago have found Him who is the joy of the forgiven spirit. We may pay our debts, we may attend church, we may relieve the poor, we may be public benefactors, and yet all our life disobey the text, never seek God; never gain heaven. O that the spirit of God would help this morning while I try to show you in carrying out the idea of my text, first, how to seek the Lord, and in the next place, when to seek him. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

I remark, in the first place, you are to seek the Lord through earnest and believing prayer. God is not an autocrat or a despot seated on a throne with his arms resting on brazen lions, and a sentinel pacing up and down at the foot of the throne. God is a father seated in a bower, waiting for His children to come and climb on His knee, and get His kiss and His benediction. Prayer is the cup with which we go to the "fountain of living water," and dip up refreshment for our thirsty soul. Grace does not come to the heart as we set a cask of water to catch the rain in the shower. It is a pulley fastened to the throne of God which we pull, bringing the blessing.

I do not care so much what posture you take in prayer, nor how large an amount of voice you use. You might get down on your face before God, if you did not pray right inwardly, and there would be no response. You might cry at the top of your voice, and unless you had a believing spirit within you, you would not go farther up than the plowboy to his oxen. Prayer is earnest, loving, earnest, loving. You are

with the grasp of a sick man, beats mightily against the soul with a thousand heart-throbs.

When you come into the religious circle, come only with one notion, and only for one purpose—to find the way to Christ. When I see people critical about sermons, and critical about tones of voice, and critical about sermonic delivery, they make me think of a man in prison. He is condemned to death, but an officer of the government brings a pardon and puts it through the wicket of the prison, and says: "He is your pardon. Come and get it." "What! Do you expect me to take that pardon offered with such a voice as you have, with such an awkward manner as you have? I would rather die than so compromise my rhetorical notions!" Ah, the man does not say that; he takes it! It is his life. He does not care how it is handed to him. And if, this morning, that pardon from the throne of God is offered to our souls, should we not seize it, regardless of all criticism, feeling that it is a matter of heaven or hell?

But I come now to the last part of my text. It tells us when we are to seek the Lord. "While He may be found." When is that? Old age? You may not see old age. Tomorrow? You may not see tomorrow. Tonight? You may not see tonight. Now! O if I could only write on every heart in three capital letters, that word N-O-W—Now!

Sin is an awful disease. I hear people say with the toss of the head and with a trivial manner: "Oh, yes, I'm a sinner." Sin is an awful disease. It is leprosy. It is dropsy. It is consumption. It is all moral disorders in one. Now you know there is a crisis in a disease. Perhaps you have had some illustration of it in your family. Sometimes the physician has called, and he has looked at the patient and said: "That case was simple enough; the crisis has passed. If you had called yesterday or this morning, I could

the crisis has passed." Just so it is in the spiritual treatment of the soul—there is a crisis. Before that, life! After that, death! O my dear brother, as you love your soul do not let the crisis pass unattended to!

There are some here who can remember instances in life when, if they had bought a certain property they would have become very rich. A few acres that would have cost them almost nothing were offered them. They refused them. Afterwards a large property sprang up on these acres of land. They see what a mistake they made in refusing the property. There

is mercy. There is a price. There is a reward. Prayer made the waves of the sea as solid as granite pavement. O how many wonderful things prayer has accomplished! Have you ever tried it? In the days when the Scotch Covenanters were persecuted, and the enemies were after them, one of the head men among the Covenanters prayed: "O Lord, we be as dead men unless Thou shalt help us. O Lord, throw the lap of Thy cloak over these poor things." And instantly a Scotch mist enveloped and hid the persecuted from their persecutors—the promise literally fulfilled: "While they are yet speaking, I will hear."

O impenitent soul, have you ever tried the power of prayer? God says: "He is loving and faithful and patient." Do you believe that? You are told that Christ came to save sinners. Do you believe that? You are told that all you have to do to get the pardon of the gospel is to ask for it. Do you believe that? Then come

O Lord, I know Thou hast told me to come to Thee, and I could get it. I come. Keep Thy promise, and liberate my captive soul."

that you might have an altar in the parlor, in the kitchen, in the store, in the barn, for Christ will be willing to come again to the manger to hear prayer. He would come in your place of business as He confronted Matthew, the tax commissioner. If a measure should come before congress that you thought would ruin the nation, how you would send in petitions and remonstrances. And yet there has been enough sin in your heart to ruin it forever, and you have never remonstrated or petitioned against it. If your physical health failed, and you had the means, you

be launched into eternal glory, and that all who believe in Christ shall be saved, and that all who reject Christ will be lost—would I not be the best coward on earth to hide that the very day before you with a cold, or truth or sin? My dear brethren, even placidly your redemption.

now is the day of judgment. It is very certain that judgment. We soon appear before God. He says: "Every man cannot escape it. The Bible says: 'Which eye shall see Him and they also shall pierce Him, and all the kindreds of earth shall wail because of Him.' On that day all our advantages will come up for our glory or our discomfiture—every prayer, every sermon, every exhortatory remark, every reproof, every call of grace; and while the heavens are rolling away like a scroll and the world is being destroyed, your destiny and my destiny will be announced. Alas! alas! if on that day it is found that we have neglected these matters. We may throw them off now. We cannot then. We will all be in earnest then. But no pardon then. No offer of salvation then. No rescue then. Driven away in our wickedness—banished, exiled forever!

Have you ever imagined what will be the soliloquy of the soul on that day unparadised, as it looks back upon its past life? "Oh," says the soul, "I had glorious Sabbaths. There was one Sabbath in autumn when I was invited to Christ. There was a Sabbath morning when Jesus stood and spread out His arms and invited me to His holy heart. I refused Him. I have destroyed myself. I have no one else to blame. Ruin complete. Darkness unpyting, deep, black! I am lost! Notwithstanding all the opportunities I have had of being saved, I am lost! O thou long-suffering Lord God Almighty, I am lost! O day of judgment, I am lost! O father, mother, brother, sister, child in glory, I am lost." And then as the tide goes out, your soul goes out with it—farther from God, farther from happiness, and I hear your voice fainter, and fainter and fainter: "Lost! Lost! Lost! O ye dying, yet immortal

men, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found."

But I want you to take the hint of the text that I have no time to dwell on—the hint that there is a time when He cannot be found. There is a man in this city, eighty years of age, who said to a clergyman who came in, "Do you think that a man at eighty years of age can get pardoned?" "Oh, yes," said the clergyman. The old man said, "I can't; when I was twenty years of age—I am now eighty years—the spirit of God came to my soul, and I felt the importance of attending to these things, but I put it off, I rejected God, and since then I have had no feeling." "Well," said the minister, "wouldn't you like to have me pray with you?" "Yes," replied the old man, "but it will do no good. You can pray with me if you like to." The minister knelt down and prayed and commanded the man's soul to God. It seemed to have no effect upon him. After a while the hour of the man's life came, and in his delirium a spark of intelligence seemed to flash, and with his last breath he said: "I shall never be forgiven!" "O seek the Lord while He may be found."



# A Revival at the Methodist Church.

Dr. Scruggs is conducting a series of meetings at the Methodist church this week. Services are held every morning at 9:30 and evening at 7:30. It is to be hoped that the meeting will result in much good to the community. 1895

President McKinley, after visiting the Nashville Exposition, spent the Sabbath at Chattanooga. The manner in which he spent it ought to give profound satisfaction to all good people. No city can surpass Chattanooga in hospitality. Mr. McKinley and party rolled quietly into the station, in the early morning of Sunday, took carriages, were driven to private homes, and spent the day as became the Christian President of a Christian Nation. He attended service at the First Methodist Church in the morning, and spent the afternoon in rest. A few friends called and were presented to him, but a careful effort was made to avoid demonstration.

Now this was a sore disappointment to many people who were eager to see the President; but it was exactly as it should be, and reflects the highest credit on our chief citizen. I am particularly glad of the example he has set. I wish it might become a precedent that all our Presidents and public officers would follow. The Sabbath is fundamental in the divine order of human society. It is of infinitely more value than the tariff, Hawaiian annexation, or Cuban recognition, monometallism, bimetalism, or whatever other interest may agitate the country. There is an increasing laxity of sentiment regarding its observance.

Even in the staid and conservative South, where the observance of the Sabbath as a day of sacred rest has been a marked feature of our social life, we are getting accustomed to all sorts of desecration. Furnaces are in full blast, factories run on usual hours, railroads do their heaviest passenger business, games of ball and all sorts of demoralizing amusements are advertised; and the secular press leads the fight against the Christian observance of the day. All of these influences are breaking down the Sabbath. The youth of our country are losing reverence for the day. Public opinion is giving way before the clamor of commercial greed and ungodly pleasure, and we are in grave danger of becoming paganized, so far as the Christian Sabbath is concerned.

In the face of all this, the example of the President in foregoing all public demonstration, and keeping the Sabbath in a quiet and godly manner, will do a vast amount of good.

The pleasure afforded by President McKinley's visit was immensely heightened by the presence of Mrs. McKinley. Our Southern people don't take much stock, and I hope they never will, in the new woman; but they know how to honor and to love true womanhood. The praise of Mrs. McKinley is on every tongue. Her refined and gentle bearing, the beautiful simplicity of her manners, the utter absence of all consciousness of her exalted position, her gracious acceptance of attentions that must sorely have tried her delicate strength—everything she did and said was so ladylike, according to our Southern notions, that she won our hearts completely.—The Independent.

Nashville, Tenn.

ISERS.

captured cargo on board; of Sir Baldwin Walker at the of a cruiser; of the partiality of the decision of Her Majesty; of the decision of the Government of the decision of the Govern-

of that decision it had been determined to send attempts to change the facts, under these instructions a question being carried the first [386] carry out the Government, agents of the only

dian Ocean, and, to Cape Town on coaled at Singapore of the Penin-

board fresh supplies at the port (and, in Singapore on the 23d allowed to be put the last supply was of the duties of

and moved the [387] were superintendents, their way to their

the 11th of June, career was now in those waters, Cherbourg, this rizer went down

the Tuscaloosa. New York, with of June, 1863, in this prize was

ng Singapore, page

# PROVIDENTIAL REPUBLIC.

We closed a series of lectures to this South Dakota Chautauqua Saturday night. On Sunday, July 4, a great audience assembled to hear an ex-Confederate preach a patriotic sermon on "A Providential Republic." There was a manifest curiosity on the part of some as to how a Southern preacher would deport himself in such a role before a great audience of Northern people. Before the hour concluded, however, the points of the compass, the day of the week and the sanctity of the hour were all forgotten in a tumultuous outbreak of spontaneous applause. Why shouldn't a Southerner preach a Fourth of July sermon and be perfectly at ease on such an occasion? When all the colonies were wavering in anxiety, doubt and indecision, it was the peroration of Patrick Henry, the Southerner, that aroused all to duty, decision, and destiny, and gave the watch-word and the battle-cry of all the war which was shouted from Richmond to Bunker Hill, and emblazoned on all the battle-flags of the Revolution—"Give me liberty, or give me death!" When a pen of fire was needed to indite the Declaration of Independence, Jefferson, the Southerner, wrote the immortal document. When a heroic chieftain was needed, Washington, the Southerner, led the armies to victory. It was Andrew Jackson, the Tennessean, with Southern soldiers, who again whipped England at New Orleans. It was Taylor, Scott and Jeff. Davis, with Southern soldiers, who marched triumphantly to the City of Mexico and made the present Empire State of Texas possible. It was under Southern administration that two-thirds of our national domain (even the Dakotas) were secured to our Nation.

The crimson of our star-spangled ensign has been deepened by the blood of too many southern sons for us to ever cease to love it. We appreciate all the more a banner which has been so often baptized in blood. "A flag under which our new-found world marched to greatness in a single generation; beneath whose folds happy homes nestle, wide-spread valleys laugh with plenteousness, teeming mountains yield their rich treasures and vast waters float the argosies of States." During the

5. Last twenty years we have seen it waving over nearly all the seas and oceans of earth, flashing like an aurora amid the glacial pinnacles of the North, and answering back the vivid constellations of the tropics with its kindling stars. In the classic ports of the Mediterranean it proclaims a wondrous republic, "mighty as old Rome, vast as Europe, rich as India, and peaceful as Paradise."

"Long may it wave,  
O'er the land of the free  
And home of the brave."

Lake Madison.

W. B. P.

A NUGGET.  
A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;  
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;  
Thou shalt be served thyself by every one of service which thou renderest.  
MRS. BROWNING.

their cargoes by to which the vessels, or in into account. they ask this for

and was equipped with intent to es, with whom in had reason-vessel, and did fitting out, or

n British jurisdiction of the the arms—all ities had such all these facts. hostile expedi-

to warlike use on war against nce to prevent equently, from jurisdiction at jurisdiction at Cape of Good ashington. had promised,

at Cape Town onths had ex-carries with it



this day Friday Sept. 24, 1897. my friends have gathered around me for large numbers + there ministered to me in my old room + at home

# SOME PEOPLE 1897

## AND THEIR WORK

Tourist Starting From Rockbridge  
Studies a Couple of Tollers in  
Their Overall.

### CLOTHES DO NOT MAKE A MAN

The Man Who Works For Pecuni-  
ary Gain Can Never Dignify  
His Occupation Like an  
Unselfish Worker.

To the Editor of The Journal:

Leaving home Monday night over the great Southern line, I boarded the Southern for seventeen hours of continuous travel. The elegant traveling coaches, the courteous conductors, the solid road-way and a wide-awake management all made the trip delightful. I took the Pullman sleeper, where I could see and hear or sleep without paying tax to Pullman. What I saved that way goes to my mission box, for I think "the heathen at home" don't need all that should be spent on the gospel. Mr. S. H. Hardwick may well be proud of his service.

Just before leaving, two men in overalls, with flambeaus, examined the running gear of the coaches. "That's my duty," replied one of these begimed fellows. "Too many lives involved in these trips to let things be out of fix."

I felt like taking my hat off to this faithful fellow at work near midnight to make travel safe. If, as Carlyle says, the difference between people is mainly a matter of clothes, be careful that you don't put overalls at the bottom of the graded list. If you do, when the King comes in and surveys the gathering of the invited guests He'll pass by many a silk robe and many a cloth suit, and many a uniform with stars upon its collar and decorations upon its breast to the bottom of the room, and say, "Friend, come up higher."

If clothes make all the difference between men, let us not forget that it was a coarse garment, and little better than the grimy overall of that night employe bending under the coaches and proving their fitness to bear life, that was made to shine whiter than fuller can whiten. It was the man in the coarse, seamless garment that gave it honor and splendor. And the overall itself is often radiant to the sight of the just, when it is worn by faithful tollers.

#### THE MAN HIMSELF.

It is the man in the clothes that causes them to shine. It is a painful thing when all the shining is what the clothes do for the man. Whenever the man is measured by his shuck and his passport to society and receptions is not what he has in his heart of good and under his hat of brains, but what he wears, then the case is pitiable. Shining because of a silk worm's toll and in the fine stuff of its coffin! Shining because of the good digestion of Alpine sheep turning mountain grass and dew into his covering! The man who is genuine, and who toils, whether in office or shop, whether on books and ledger or in coal beds and ooze, whether with briefs or plow, that he may be honest and helpful to his family, is a diamond—he has light in himself.

But whoso do these things for the money that is in them, and for that only, who is true merely because of its paying quality, and attentive to the details of work mainly to hold his position, is a being no sort of clothes will dignify. Every blow he strikes, every rounding out of day's work, is so much of selfish service offered only to himself. There is no true work that is not for others!

#### UNSELFISH SERVICE.

All labor is dishonorable that has hoarding and high name for its end, and the whole machinery of toll for that cause, from a pen to a plow, is too unholy to be touched. But the republic of unselfish service is full of citizens on the same level and equality of distinguished merit, honorable alike because of service and holy motive, whether in presidential cloth or laborer's overall. The sweat-drops upon a brow, bent low to guard the life and safety of the trusting, are the richest gems. Diamonds come out of carbon beds, but these are born of blood.

Why, bless me! I had started to the Rockbridge, and I am still standing, with hat off, looking at the midnight employes in overalls and flambeaus, testing the wheels and gearing of the coaches! Very well, you don't often see better things. Even the Blue Ridge has no summits higher than that exalted service.

WALKER LEWIS.

August 18, 1897.

tribunal to find [397] he VI of the Treaty, or law not inconsistent with leral reasons heretofore use, in the case of each complained of were done

Dimbarton, below Clyde, on the 10th day of January been said, "a Miss the Confederate States, Virginia." It was no-

page 706.  
VI, page 593.

page 706.  
VI, page 593.



# SOME PEOPLE AND THEIR WORK

Tourist Starting From Rockbridge  
Studies a Couple of Toilers in  
Their Overall.

## CLOTHES DO NOT MAKE A MAN

The Man Who Works For Pecuni-

ary well. Only a comparatively small number are preparing themselves to act that part. It is encouraging to see signs that they college will soon take part in affairs and them. The young men who are now in teaching wise conclusions concerning are studying practical problems and tion that the college students of Georgia speeches we heard last night an indica- alism and we are glad to see in the great need of the country now is conserva- tism is righteous and necessary, but the extremists. There are times when radical- especially the more gifted ones, have been en the majority of our college students. Too often exerted a conservative influence. Too often Colleges in the south have not always de- of this state. some tendency among the college stu- style. Their speeches indicate a whole in strong language and clothed in pure men presented mature thoughts expressed found in college orations. These young and gaudy rhetoric which is so often a delightful absence of the high-down handled it in a practical way. There was speakers chose a practical subject and their conservative tone. Every one of the to be especially admirable. We refer to other characteristics which seems to us No thought, style and delivery, and had an- The men of Georgia. Their speeches were excellent in fo- be taken as types of the thinking young men of Georgia. They represented five of the leading ed- uational institutions in Georgia and may selves handsomely. ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION acquired mem-

Buffalo, in New York, in t of the United States mter. Entering Cape by the insurgents. Her d into a schooner, and ut the Bahama Banks. red, near the island of over, and took the prize there sold the cargo, ntations being made of nial Authorities, ey supposed that [391] the vessel.<sup>2</sup> Mr. ned altogether conclu- presented as the person resentations, procured entry at the Revenue Locke was indicted, d States are not aware thought the bail "sur- 9th of February, 1863, captured the Ameri- molasses. This prize a Islands, and notwith- aster,] and in the pres- her cargo; a portion of troyed."<sup>4</sup> The Retribu- she was sold, assuming

Tribunal to find [392] a failed to fulfill le VI of the Treaty, or w not inconsistent with eral reasons heretofore se, in the case of each complained of were done

Dumbarton, below Clyde, on the 10th day of Jan- eady been said, "a Miss the Confederate States, Virginia."<sup>5</sup> It was no-

page 706.

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1897  
There are many teachers who apparent- ly lose sight of the fact that God never made two persons exactly alike, and that cast-iron rules cannot be enforced with children. Some boys, for instance, can- not master mathematics, but can master geography or history; other boys take to mathematics naturally, but find other studies an intolerable bore. It is mani- festly improper to whip the first boy be- cause he cannot learn his arithmetic, and the second boy because he cannot learn geography. The teacher should study the child even more closely than the child is required to study the text book. There are some children—fortunately very few—who have been spoiled at home, or are perverse from other causes, who must be dealt with firmly. It is pretended that her voyage was to be to China.

## Seek The Good.

Bishop A. W. Wilson has been in Georgia for the last four weeks holding district conferences and preaching to the people. He has held four conferences and preached nearly every day during the sessions. From the accounts we hear, we doubt whether Georgia has often, if ever before, had as many s'rong, per- tinent, inspiring, doctrinal sermons in the same length of time. The church has thoroughly en- joyed, and, we believe, appreciated, these mas- terly discourses.

But we wanted just here to emphasize, if we can, one of his points which we have heard repeated. There are others, no doubt, equally as worthy of mention, but this is before us, and if practiced, would help every body. It is the importance of seeking out the good there is in people and working on and through that good for their salvation and for the salvation of the world. To say nothing of the help to be ac- complished in this way, it is so much more pleasant to find, talk about and develop the good than it is to be always dwelling on the evils of humanity. The vulture element in man is a mark and ugly one, while the element of love for the true, the beautiful and the good, is it- self lovely. Seek the good and dwell on it and the good will live by it.

1897  
purpose of waging war against the Northern States of America; and there seemed to be very little doubt that both the defendants had to do with the men's leaving the port of Liverpool, for the purpose of joining the Japan, afterward called the Georgia. \* \* \* Now came the question, whether the defendants had procured the men to be engaged

<sup>1</sup> Extracts from London Daily News, February 12 and 17, 1863, Vol. VI, page 503, et seq.  
<sup>2</sup> Dudley to Seward, Vol. II, page 665; Vol. VI, page 509.  
<sup>3</sup> Vol. II, page 681; Vol. VI, page 516; Vol. VII, page 88.  
<sup>4</sup> Vol. II, page 672; Vol. VI, page 512; Vol. VII, page 88.  
<sup>5</sup> Mr. Adams to Earl Russell, Vol. II, pages 677, 678; Vol. VII, page 88.  
<sup>6</sup> Mahon's affidavit, Vol. II, page 672; Vol. VI, page 513.  
<sup>7</sup> Thompson's affidavit, Vol. II, page 671; Vol. VI, page 511.  
<sup>8</sup> Speech of Thomas Baring, Esq., M. P., Hansard, 3d series, Vol. 175, page 467.



Rev. Dr. Watkinson,  
British Wesleyan Conference

From the Chicago Times-Herald.

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1897

<sup>2</sup> Vol. II, page 671; Vol. VI, page 511.  
<sup>3</sup> Vol. II, page 666; Vol. VI, page 509.  
<sup>4</sup> Vol. II, page 667; Vol. VI, page 510.

conscious that the vessel was intended  
ough sometimes it was an incon-  
God has ed as the defendants were,  
making e, sometimes it was a vast  
ould not be called, because

ity or to high attainment in the divine life is born of a faith, and finds expression only among those who imperfectly un-

It is not true that a man may be so covered with the righteousness of Christ as to make that righteousness avail in his behalf while he himself remains in positive unrighteousness.

A man's character can be more accurately determined by what he does and by the company he keeps than by what he professes to believe and to be.

Only men of great courage have such mastery over themselves as to suffer and be silent under the attacks of a malicious and lying tongue.

The carefully conferred certificate of a first-class secondary school is more to be desired than the diploma of a counterfeit college.

It is easy to be a soldier on dress parade, but scars and medals of  
 honor are the field of battle.

However hard your lot may be, it is unmanly and unchristian to whine about it.

to whine about it. \_\_\_\_\_

When the burden of your own woe grows heavy try to help somebody else. \_\_\_\_\_

somebody else.

He who injures another does an irreparable harm to himself. It is to miss their true meaning.

To live in the surface of things is to miss their true meaning.

A high motive shoots clean over a low nature.

ction to be taken by the

One woman lived in a stately mansion beside the sea. Her lawns sloped down to the tide. A wide garden stretched behind. She had a carriage and a coachman to drive her wherever she chose to go. Her dearest friend lived in cramped quarters in the city. She was not rich, but she had a circle of charming friends and many opportunities for social and intellectual development.

"How I envy you your life!" wrote the city woman to her friend. "If I could only sit down after breakfast to an uninterrupted morning such as you describe! We have tw

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& Highatt, as has al-  
were fined but fifty  
ed to deter them from

ister, History, &c., A. D.

See also Charles Thomp-

nt times against persons charged with  
ervice of the Confederate States. Of

No prosecution appears to have been instituted against Bullock himself. (Bernard's *Neutrality*, pages 361-2.) This is a terribly small record, considering the magnitude of the offenses committed, and considering the zeal shown in repressing en-