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Edgefield, S. C., April 14, 1881.

MARTIN WITHERSPOON GARY Dead Amid the Splendor of His Lying in State.

He Breathes His Last on the Sixteenth Anniversary of Appomattox, the Day on Which He Refused to Surrender His Sword.

A MAN WITHOUT DISGUISE.

A Devotion to the Principles of Patriotism That Never Wavered.—In Edgefield's Heart Will Live the Perpetuity of His Greatness!

The soldier, the statesman, the patriot, the jurist, the orator, the tender son, the devoted brother, the faithful friend, and the remains of Martin Witherspoon Gary—great in impulse, learning, and power of intellect, and good in the bravery of his lofty character and his devotion to the unsullied principles of patriotism—now lie sleeping in the quiet churchyard of Cokesbury, the place of his birth.

After the adjournment of the late Court, Gen. Gary left his home and repaired to Cokesbury to visit his aged mother, then—and now—lying now upon a bed of illness. Upon his return to Edgefield, on Tuesday last week, he complained of not feeling well, but still appeared promptly in his office, and on Thursday afternoon attended a municipal meeting in our Court House. On Friday morning, about nine o'clock, it was announced by his two nephews, Major Earnest Gary and Mr. George Evans, who lived with him, that he was very ill. And instantaneously Oakley Park, his handsome home, was thronged with anxious friends. The seat of his disease was at the base of the brain; and from 8 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M. he suffered exaggerated nausea accompanied by terrible vomiting. At about this hour morphia caused him to sink into a sleep, and from this time, to his death at midnight, he remained in a semi-conscious state. The best medical skill at home, and from Augusta and Columbia, was summoned to his bedside, but the most powerful stimulants and remedies failed of effect, for God had summoned the brave spirit hence. And there was solemn and sacred sorrow in Edgefield's soul. And the stillness of death was on Edgefield's face.

At 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, followed by a procession which numbered our entire community, the body was taken into the Episcopal Church; and as the long funeral train moved slowly up the silent, sorrowing town, the air vibrated with the solemn sound of tolling bells—the inspiration of "dust to dust"—the dirge tune of life's sunset, the swelling symphony of immortality's morning. And as the man of God, in spotless surplice, met the coffin at the outer gate, these grand sentences woke the sacred stillness of the impressive scene: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth. And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." And then the organ swelled the deep tide of feeling, and St. Paul's burning words to the Corinthians—so full of triumphant faith and holy hope—fell with deep comfort upon weeping and humbled souls.

From the holy sanctuary the body was taken direct to Trenton, to be sent thence immediately, by rail, to Cokesbury. From Edgefield to Trenton this funeral cortege was a dead hero's march of triumph; and at Trenton the whole section united in doing honor to the illustrious dead.

It is difficult to realize that Gary's eloquent voice is silent, and that his years, historic in their usefulness, have so suddenly come to an end.

"Like the singing of a swan, Even such is man, who lives by breath, Is here, now there, in life and death."

But of him, as of others, it is truly said: "Early or late they stoop to fate, And must give up their murmuring breath, When they, pale captives, creep to death."

Martin Witherspoon Gary was one of those men who stood out without disguise before his fellow man. His chivalrous honor scorned concealment, his outspoken candor despised subterfuge, his manly courage disdained evasion. He laid his character bare to the world. His heart was in his hand, and his generous impulses found utterance in open deed and fearless speech. He was true in his friendships, he was undisguised in his enmities. His enemies respected him, his friends adored him. He had faults, otherwise he would not have been human. But like a towering monument, whose base is planted upon the earth, yet with its summit rising into the pure air, and crowned with the radiance of sunlight, he rose above his faults into the pure ethereal light of virtuous strength and dazzling pre-eminence.

Still Bent Upon Carrying Out the Mahone Bargain.

The United States Senate is in the fifth of its special sessions, and still the Mahone bargain will allow nothing of decent or economical to be done. They were called together, as is usual after the adjournment of Congress, to act upon the Presidential nominations. Over a month has been frittered away in a useless rangle. The President has sent in 290 nominations. Twenty-five have been confirmed, and of the remaining 265 only 65 have been referred to committees. There are also three treaties awaiting executive consideration. The Democrats since March 24 have made thirty-seven motions to proceed to executive business, and the year and record shows that each motion has been defeated by a solid Republican vote and Mahone. The Supreme Court vacancy has on several occasions necessitated an adjournment of that body for want of a quorum, and no Court can be held in the Fifth Judicial District, for there is no judge. The business of that court is large, and much important litigation involving great interests, is checked because of the Republican obstruction. There is no marshal for the District of Columbia and court business is thereby at a standstill. Important consuls, district attorneys, no end of postmastercies, some of them in large cities, and other offices, are vacant, and the public business is blocked and denied consideration in obedience to Mahone's demand that Gorham and Riddleberger shall be installed in office as payment for his vote—Gorham as Secretary of the Senate, and Riddleberger as Sergeant at Arms.

Ninety-Six have elected a dry ticket without opposition.

From the Chronicle and Constitutionalist of Sunday.

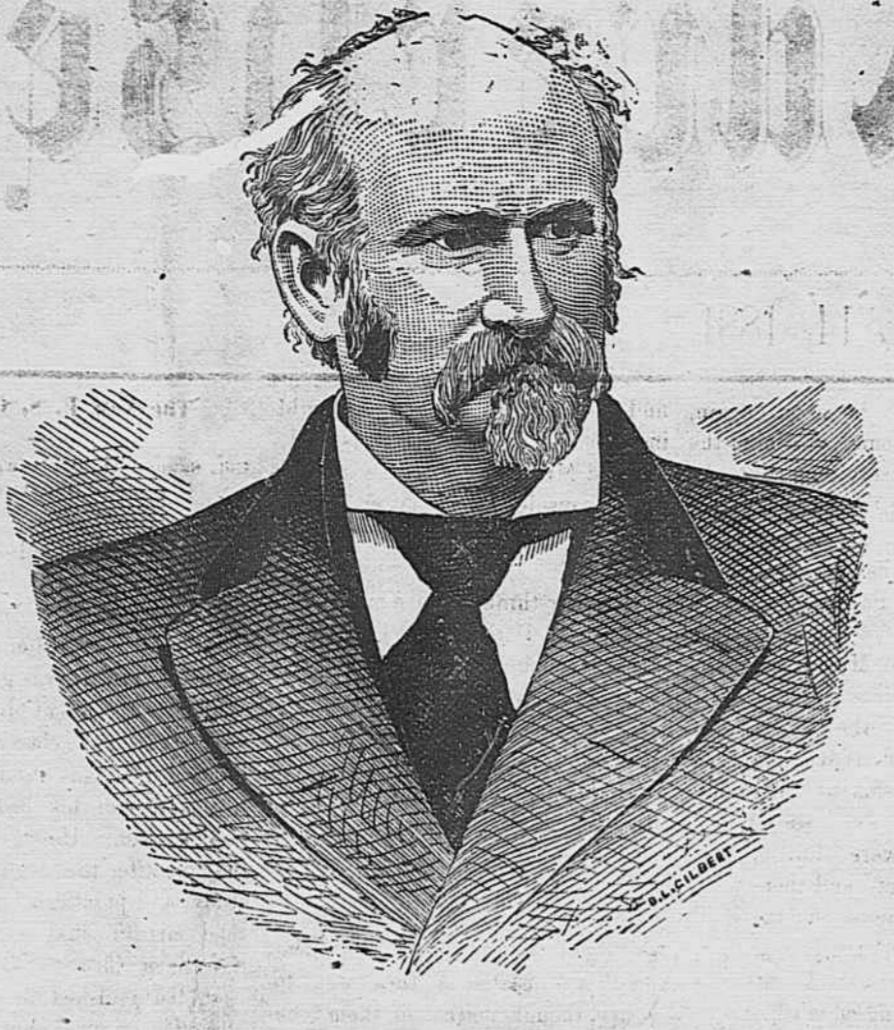
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From the Columbia Register of Sunday.

Death of General Martin Witherspoon Gary.

The death of General Gary has come upon us like a thunder clap. Have you heard of the death of "Mart. Gary?" was the deeply sympathetic inquiry on everybody's lips during the day. The very day of the night on which he died he was out as usual among his friends, and nobody dreamt that that night he should lay down and die and that no more should we greet the gallant and gamey Gary who bonded his friends to him with hooks of steel, and no man who ever lived had truer and nobler friends than this same proud son of the old Palmetto State, which we believe he loved with the same beautiful filial devotion that he ever displayed to her who gave him birth. Let it not be forgotten that last Summer, when it was feared that the General would, under certain temptations have turned back in the path, that his devotion for Carolina shone through all the compromising surroundings and his brave Carolina heart, though his known he felt wronged and injured, beat true to the blood, which flowed through his veins. And long and well and lovingly will the name of Martin W. Gary be remembered by hosts of friends in all parts of South Carolina—friends who are as good and



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A few days ago, Gen. M. W. Gary was in Augusta, apparently in the fullness of vigor and health. He is now no more. Our whole community was shocked to hear of his sudden demise, which was unexpected for as the fate of "Ships that have gone down at sea, When Heaven was all tranquillity." Death, come in whatever shape it will, in infancy, in the young morning of life, at middle age, in the twilight of existence, with suddenness or after lingering years of pain, is always mysterious and always pathetic. In the case of Gen. Gary it was peculiarly startling, not merely on account of the violent transition from lusty manhood to a stillness of the heart, but because the life that passed unscathed amid a hundred battles should have yielded to the insidious attack of an acute and almost unheralded disease. We who knew him best and appreciated him most keenly the loss, for while he was stern to his foes, so long as they kept the field in arms, he was loyal and staunch and true to friendship. No knightly soul ever went forth to the ranks of war than M. W. Gary. No cavalier ever wielded a brighter and better blade in defense of his right and better blade in defense of his right and his principles. No braver warrior ever led troops into the thickest of the fray. Few of the glorious men of the South—the men of '61—ever so rapidly and worthily rose from rank to rank until only the very loftiest prizes were theirs. As he was the idol of his soldiers in war, he was their chosen champion in the angry truce that followed, and peace that came largely through his influence and his leadership. There was nothing of a courtier, therefore, there were but of politics were dispensed to others. But to him, more than any one person in South Carolina, is due the exceptional glory of saving that Commonwealth from the "organized hell" of reconstruction, rescuing civilization from organized barbarism, and making it possible for others to wear and hold the honors of place and preferment that they now enjoy. He was a serious, determined, energetic man. There was no disguise of his sentiments, there were fixed and ultra, and there was no hesitation in commencing the plans, his quick and tenacious judgment approved. He had enormous faith in himself, a statesman, as a planter and as a lawyer. His mind was cultivated, grasping, courageous, self-possessed and as versatile as he was profound. Fables he had, as all have, but his good qualities far surpassed whatever was imperfect in his nature. He lacked reverence, perhaps, and missed, we think, some of the divinest gifts and blessings, but his natural virtues were rare and radiant. His nobler part will be remembered for many a day in the Palmist State and in Georgia, and by all whom he ever met. His more earthly frailties will be buried and forgotten. He had one trait of character that proved him to be at the core, a good man. He was the best of brothers and most affectionate of sons. Beyond even the devotion to his country were his love and care for his wife, and we hold it to be eternally true that no son that loves his mother can be other than a good man, despite any other unfortunate environment. We bid farewell, then, to the hero, the statesman, the orator, the advocate, the patriot, the good, true son of South Carolina and the pride of Edgefield. May the Spring roses bloom upon his grave and the turf rest lightly upon his manly form! The earth will take what is mortal to her embrace. But from the day there shall arise the imperishable memory of one who seemed to be a hypothesis, asked only to be painted as he was, and, inflexible in honor and truth, bore a "wild spirit in a loyal breast."

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