

VOL. XXVII.

THE OLD VETS.

Columbia Receives Them With Open Hands and Hearts.

TOUCHING TRIBUTE TO THE DEAD

"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" Awakens Many Tender Memories and Stirrings of Old Soldiers.

The gallant veterans of the South Carolina Division, U. C. V., have once more marched to their Capitol City. In behalf of South Carolina Columbia gladly and proudly welcomed these defenders of Southern rights. For their sakes and in memory of their deeds her gates were opened wide and warm was the welcome that came from the hearts of a people. The stars and bars were seen from the tops of houses, from windows, on vehicles and, best of all, they were waving in the hands of the fair daughters of South Carolina. Pictures of Jackson, Hampton and Lee were seen, always surrounded by the battle flags of the Southern Confederacy.

Secretary of State Gantt had the State House decorated and Governor Heyward had his office floating the stars and bars and the Palmetto flag. The Governor's mansion was draped in these patriotic colors. They clung, with loving pride around the marble monument to the Confederate soldier in front of the capitol, and, flower-like and beautiful, they rested upon the old war cannon that stand silent and solitary around this monument.

The notes of the bugle and the drum were heard again and the band played "Dixie" and the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Electric lights in red and white lined the sides of the streets and overarched it at regular intervals. And peace was in the air, while the birds sang and the breezes blew softly for those fiery spirits whose valor gave the doom of battle in the bloody arbitrament of war. The tents on the State House grounds were vivid reminders of the old fighting days. Adj. Gen. Frost was busy preparing his camp for the old veterans, knowing that they would like these resting places. The large tent held over 200 soldiers and the numerous small tents made things look regimental here.

The veterans came in the first day in large numbers. Every train on Monday night brought squads and companies and on Tuesday, the first and opening day of the reunion, the old veterans were in complete possession of the city. The opening event was the welcome to sponsors at Wright's Hotel from 6 to 7:30 Tuesday evening. Numbers of the old veterans were there, "looking after" their sponsors and maids, and scores of sons of veterans were there "looking after" their fathers. Music was furnished by the Columbia Orchestra, and the event was a very brilliant one.

A WARM WELCOME.

The State says there were soul-inspiring scenes at the Columbia theatre Tuesday night of last week. The vast auditorium was packed as it has not been since last the Confederate survivors met here, and at times those, the youth of whose heart beats the frost of time on their brows, were drawn back to scenes when love of country was dearer than life itself.

The organized body of Confederate veterans of South Carolina was called to order at 8:30 o'clock. That hour found the opera house filled, with hundreds outside struggling to gain admission. The jam around the doors prevented some of the sponsors from getting into the hall and this prevented the exercises beginning promptly. On the stage were the invited speakers, a number of sponsors and maids of honor and the choir, who so sweetly sang the songs of Auld Lang Syne. The entire lower floor of the opera house was reserved for the veterans, and there were perhaps 1,500 of them present, for in the galleries above, among the fair ladies of Carolina, were men whose hearts never faltered in the days of '61 to '65.

MEDLEY OF WAR TUNES.

While the great audience was gathering the orchestra struck up a medley of war tunes. The strains of "Yankee Doodle" first evoked a storm of cheers and then the music glided into tunes of the camp fire, quickening the recollection of hundreds of brave hearts. Suddenly the sound of trumpets was heard and then—"Dixie."

When the survivors had concluded cheering the march which had swept them into the face of death time and time again, the lights were turned out and a hush fell over the assembly. Bugler Lightfoot stepped to the front of the stage and sounded the quick notes of the assembly, a call which has wakened the sleeping soldiers from dreams of home and loved ones to dash into the mouths of hell-breathing cannon, sounding the assembly to the great dress parade of eternity. When the notes of the bugle had died away the curtain rose swiftly and a choir of 60 voices on the stage began singing the Long Metre Doxology. This too struck a responsive chord in the audience, and hundreds of voices, terror laden when giving the "Rebel yell," were softened in singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow."

CAPT. STARLING AT THE GAVEL.

Capt. W. D. Starling, a man who loved and fought for the Confederacy and the man who for his faith in Columbia and his willingness to labor for her has been made commander of Camp Hampton and general chairman of the reunion work, advanced and called the meeting to order.

Rev. W. D. Gordon of Camden, a distinguished preacher of the Episcopal church, offered a prayer straight from his heart, for he was a gallant fighter among the Matchless soldiers of North Carolina. His reference to the dead on fields of battle was particularly beautiful.

"The choir warmed the hearts of the old soldiers by singing the "Bonnie Blue Flag," each stanza of which pro-

voked prolonged applause.

BUSINESS MEN'S WELCOME.

Mr. W. A. Clark, president of the Chamber of Commerce and a Confederate veteran, welcomed the veterans to the city in behalf of the business men of the city. Mr. Clark said:

Mr. Chairman and Veterans: It affords me real pleasure, fellow veterans, speaking for the chamber of commerce and for the good people of this city, to extend to you a most cordial welcome and to wish you a happy and pleasant reunion. Our doors are thrown wide open and by their authority and representative I invite you to enter and be our guest.

In extending you this invitation allow me, friends and fellow veterans, to say that any community should esteem it a privilege to be your host and we, I assure you, so esteem it. As the surviving heroes of the Lost Cause you are rightfully entitled to our esteem, admiration and gratitude, for veterans indeed you are, veterans in age, veterans in experience, veterans in war and veterans in peace.

Few of you there be who have not already passed the sixtieth mile post in the journey of life and can now look back with experiences pregnant with great issues. It has fallen to the lot of few to have borne such vicissitudes as you.

You are the remnant of a war almost without a parallel in history, and yet the peace that followed imposed trials even more severe than the cruelties of war itself. These trials you have borne with more than Spartan fortitude. This time has been set apart to celebrate the triumph of your efforts and I speak no idle words when I say, we esteem the honor of the occasion.

HEROES OF A GREAT CAUSE.

You are the heroes of a great cause. You with your comrades, many of whom gave up their lives on the field of battle and many of whom have since met the last enemy and have come off more than conquerors, made battle for the cause of right and principle.

The great war in which you were the actors, unlike many others which are called great, was altogether defensive, fought in defense of rights more dear than life itself. History records but few waged upon the same plane of exalted principles. In the conquests of Alexander the underlying principles were the subjugation of the world. In the campaigns of the Caesars the underlying principles were new and additional territory for the Roman empire and the enslavement of entire communities of civilized peoples. In the wars of the first Napoleon the underlying principles were nothing more elevated than a selfish purpose to subordinate all to the indomitable will of a remorseless ambition.

Not so with the war waged by you. It like its great forerunner, the American revolution, had higher aims and nobler aspirations.

Constitutional rights and personal liberties were the great questions at issue and over which the great battle was joined. The line was drawn and the battle waged between the two distinctive peoples who had settled in this country and by whose intelligence, industry and courage it soon took its place among the foremost nations of the civilized world. Peoples, each distinguished for their intellectual vigor, their high standard of moral and religious aims, and their unbending loyalty to the cause of truth and justice. The puritans of New England on the one hand and the cavaliers and Scotch of Virginia and the Carolinas on the other; each fighting for constitutional liberties, as they each for themselves read and interpreted the law.

It was indeed a battle of principles, waged by giants. It was desperate and it was destructive. It also, from the very nature of the case, involved the horrors of fratricidal war. Fratricidal not only in the broad sense that we, while one people, were divided and fighting the one against the other. But true in the narrow sense. Yes, it not infrequently happened that those so near and dear as brothers enlisted upon different sides, each rising to distinction and high rank in the army of his choice. It was indeed the case of a divided house.

It has but recently been my privilege to see a book of the genealogy of one of the distinguished families of this country, who grew to greatness in the great State of Kentucky.

FOR THE RIGHT.

The record shows that the family furnished to both the federal army and Confederate army soldiers of distinction and of unquestioned courage. The name appears among the major generals in each army. From one house hold alone of the name three sons were soldiers in the federal army and two sons-in-law were soldiers in the Confederate army. Nor can either be charged with being traitor to his country. Each fought for the cause as appeared unto him right; and as he saw it, it was to him right.

For these as well as other reasons it was a desperate war. It was a conflict between a great people and upon great principles.

It has been aptly called an "irrepressible conflict." And so it was. In the evolution of this great country and in its rapid rise to greatness it could not be other than that great issues would emerge. Issues that must be settled and settled quick, so that progress should not be retarded.

Such issues did in truth arise and could not be stopped short of the great issue which culminated in that war in which you took so prominent a part. You, my friends, have a lively remembrance of it and of the result. Nor have we cause to regret because forsooth the result was against us.

The cause was inevitable and you performed well your part of the great drama.

You have been privileged to be the participants in the great struggle for right and truth and you should be none other than proud of it. Proud of its traditions, proud of its memories, proud of its men, proud of its heroes.

Proud of the great leaders it developed and proud of the men who followed them unto death. Proud of our Lee, proud of our Jackson, proud of our Hampton. Yea, and more, proud of all those who wore the gray and who

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR.]

HAPPY WORDS

Of Welcome Extended to the Old

Confederate Veterans by

GOVERNOR D. CLINGHEYWARD

A Handsome Tribute to the Women. The Great Deeds of Arms Wrought by Carolinians Brave Sons.

The Columbia State says eyes have never seen nor has canvas ever portrayed a scene more inspiring in its environments than that which greeted Gov. D. C. Heyward as he arose to address the Confederate soldiers Wednesday afternoon. He stood at the foot of the steps of the State house and gave South Carolina's godspeed to the veterans massed in front of him—on each side of the remnants of South Carolina's splendid battalions was a line of younger soldiers, on guard to prevent the profanation of the space reserved for the men who fought their way to immortality. Beyond the martial scene and its confining influences the Confederate soldier on the monument stood at parade rest. Back of the speaker the faces and forms of children gave brightness to the picture and the old "Rebs" lived their lives anew in gazing on the teens of young faces flushed with the happiness of having literally bestrewed with flowers the pathway of the army whose unprotected feet have felt the sharp flint on Virginia highways. Cheer after cheer rent the air as the veterans gathered before the stand, cheers for the governor of their commonwealth, cheers for the children who will be the queens of Carolina principalities in the years to come.

Just as the governor was about to begin speaking a shower drove many of the younger folks under cover of umbrellas, but the veterans stood their ground. "I am reminded by this shower and by the presence of the Georgians of an incident which happened on the Carolina coast," said Gov. Heyward to the eager listeners. "A Georgia corporal who knew nothing of tides stationed a private and forbade him to leave the post. When the corporal of the next relief came along he found the poor fellow standing in water up to his neck, with his gun held high in air. 'What the thunderation are you doing out there?' asked the corporal. 'I was told not to leave my post,' was the response, 'but say, haven't we had the dickens of a freshet up the river?'" Gov. Heyward declared that there had been a freshet of veterans this week, pouring into Columbia and refreshing and reviving by their presence the memories of the days gone by.

The little story and its application pleased the soldiers, who bared their heads to cheer—despite the rain. Many times during his admirable speech, delivered with much earnestness and feeling, the governor was forced to suspend on account of cheering. At the conclusion of his address he was the vortex of a surging crowd, each of whom wanted to grasp him by the hand. Some out of consideration for Gov. Heyward's welfare lifted him upon their musket knighted shoulders and carried him into a place of refuge. In addressing the veterans the governor said:

GOVERNOR HEYWARD'S WELCOME.

Gen. Carwie, Confederate Veterans, Sons of Veterans, Sponsors, Ladies and Gentlemen:

To the people of Columbia this is a week of sad and sacred memories, and also of great joy. Its opening days have been spent in honoring the dead—in placing wreaths on soldiers' graves; its remaining days will be given to the living—in greeting and in waving garlands for the veterans of the armies of the south.

The week has been like an April day, so quickly has the sunshine followed the shadow—so quickly has joy followed sadness. While the bells tolled, with bowed heads we thanked the Lord God of Hosts for those who in their lives and in their deaths advanced the south in glory and in honor; and now it is our pleasure and our privilege to welcome with happy hearts and with outstretched hands, to this the capital of South Carolina, those men who in years gone by also wore the Confederate gray.

Although it has been 38 years since the southern flag was folded at Appomattox, and 42 years since the guns of Sumter and of Moultrie thundered forth over Charleston harbor, yet the people of the south cannot forget. They still cherish the Stars and Bars—that glorious battle flag, around which once rang the "rebel yell," and beneath whose folds the sons of south yielded up their lives in defense of their constitutional rights—they still love the southern Confederacy—the young republic which arose so spotless and which fell so pure.

Once again this week, in the city of Columbia—a city which Phoenix-like has arisen from its ashes, the bands are playing Dixie, and once again those soul-stirring strains are sinking deep into the hearts of white-haired men who fought and bled for Dixie. Once again cherished relics of the past have been brought forth, and beneath a southern sky there floats, as proudly as of yore, those beloved, blood-stained and bullet-torn banners of the old Confederacy. Once again are marching the men who wore the gray, and again has the sunshine played upon their ragged gray caps, upon which as Henry Grady said, "The Lord God Almighty laid the Sword of His Imperishable Knighthood."

THE LAST MEETING.

You have met, some of you, perhaps, for the last time on earth to shake each others' hands. You have come from every part of South Carolina—you have come from Georgia, too, to mingle again as comrades, and to do honor to the memory of your soldier dead—that vast army of patriots who, having crossed over the river, are awaiting you on the further

shore. You have met again in this, the twentieth century, to record the fact that the Confederate soldier has no apologies to make—that he is not ashamed of the part he played in the days of '61 and '65, and you are here, also, my friends, to attest the fact that when the God of Battles decided against you, in good faith you accepted that decision.

The great privilege, the distinguished honor, has been conferred upon me of welcoming you to this city, in behalf of the people of this State. Let me say to you that, although, I welcome you gladly, heartily and lovingly, that you need no welcome to this, your own capital. You need no welcome here because Columbia is yours—it belongs to you—and I may add that there is no spot of ground in South Carolina or in the south to which you are not welcome. There is no patriot heart in our grand and glorious commonwealth—the commonwealth which produced such men as yourselves—that does not beat with pride at the remembrance of your deeds, and which does not gladly welcome you to home and fireside. In the years gone by you shed imperishable honor and lustre upon your beloved State, and gratitude and love from its people is yours forevermore.

As you gather each year at your reunion, your ranks are growing thinner—and your heads are growing whiter, and your footsteps more infirm. One by one the private is again following his commander—not now to the field of battle, but to the great reward.

Since last you met in this city in your annual reunion, another great chieftain has found that reward. In your quiet churchyard, under the dome of the capitol which he saved; beneath the Confederate flags and flowers fair, sleeps Wade Hampton. That spirit of his which was your inspiration in the hour of battle, and your hope in the days of reconstruction, thrills, I know, your hearts today, as we pause to do him reverence. Peace to his ashes, Carolina's great captain!

A WARM WELCOME.

I welcome every South Carolina veteran here today. I welcome every son of a veteran. I welcome every fair sponsor—and the women of the Confederacy, you are welcome, welcome—three welcomes!

I welcome you too—you Georgians—right gladly do I welcome you to South Carolina! Shoulder with our brave boys you stood, when those days of yours flashed forth in defense of southern rights. When the battle was fiercest you stood by the sides of Carolinians as you stand by their sides today. You too were soldiers of the Southern Confederacy—what more can be said:

"That you fought well and bravely, too, and held your country dear; We know, else you had never been a Georgia volunteer!"

What an impressive scene is this! We stand here honoring and welcoming the living, while your stone monuments commemorate the dead!

It is the history of the world that when a war is over it is the victors who build triumphant arches, honor their great generals and their conquering troops—that the vanquished erect no monuments to commemorate their defeat. The south is an exception to this rule. Today there is scarcely a cemetery, from the blue mountains of Virginia to the brown and far-stretching plains of Texas, in which sleep the Confederate dead, where there is not to be found some monument, though it be only a simple shaft, erected by poor but loving hands, upon which are engraved words which declare that the people of the south honor the men who fell in defeat, valiantly battling for a principle, just as much as any nation ever honored her sons who fell in victory.

And those monuments have been erected by the women of the south! It is needless for South Carolinians ever to ask what has woman done for the State—what has she done for her country—what has she done to nurture patriotism? We know too well—we know that more than anything else it has been our women, who

"Since the days of old, Have kept the lamp of chivalry Alight in hearts of gold."

GREAT DEEDS OF ARMS.

It was by their inspiration, and for their sakes that great deeds of arms have been wrought by Carolina's sons, not only upon the soils of South Carolina, but in other States, in foreign lands and upon distant seas. And when these sons returned, whether in victory or in defeat, when they laid their armor by, they could always rest assured that their bravery, their sacrifices, their privations would be commemorated by the women of South Carolina—that the women would see to it that posterity should know of all they had done through enduring brass and imperishable marble. The heroism of the Confederate soldier has found no truer historian than the women of the Confederacy, who suffered so much while he fought so well. Those old ragged gray caps of yours—can find no more loving custodians than the fair daughters of you, men, who wore those caps.

And now let me add, may your lives be spared to us for long years to come. We need you, and we want you. Your lives have not been spared in vain. They have been, and ever will be, an inspiration to those among whom you live, pointing the young manhood of the south upward to higher and to holier things. You, men, who defended the rights of south, did all that exalted and patriotic manhood could do, and as long as the south honors chivalry and holds patriotism dear, so long will loving tribute be paid to you.

I repeat again, you need no welcome. From one end of Columbia to the other

"Welcome and greetings have been said; Make glad our threshold with your tread. Old friends, once more! 'Salve' is writ, beneath, o'erhead, An open door."

Many slaughtered. Capt. Pershing's American forces in the Philippines have engaged in several fights with Moros during the past month. The Americans lost only two killed and four wounded, but hundreds of Moros were slaughtered.

to three line specimens of the swine family the little guide said: "The name of that one is Sixteen and One, the mother of this litter, and the other, the father, is named Mark Hanna."

THE CONFEDERATE ROLLS.

Col. Thomas Furnishes Information on an Important Point.

Col. John P. Thomas, in a communication to The Columbia State, gives further information concerning the Confederate rolls, the publication of which will be discussed at the U. C. V. reunion convention in Columbia this week. Col. Thomas says:

Going to headquarters for my facts first addressed myself to Gen. Marcus J. Wright, an old Confederate connected with the War Department:

Florence, S. C., April 23, 1903. Dear General: You will remember me as former historian of South Carolina Confederate rolls. Please inform me as to exact method of proposed publication of Confederate rolls. Will the government publish the names with the descriptive part, or the names only? Send all circulars of the War Department bearing on the subject. Yours, John P. Thomas.

Record and Pension Office, War Department. Washington, April 25, 1903.

Mr. Jno. P. Thomas, Florence, S. C.: A law enacted at the last session of congress requires the department to compile a complete roster of the officers and enlisted men of the Union and Confederate armies. The form in which the compilation will be published has not yet been decided upon and will not be decided until the compilation shall have been completed. No circular with regard to the work has been published. Authority of the Secretary of War. F. C. Ainsworth, Chief, Record and Pension office.

Addressing myself next directly to Mr. F. C. Ainsworth, War Department, I received the annexed reply:

Washington, April 27, 1903. Mr. Jno. P. Thomas, Florence, S. C. Dear Sir: In response to your letter, received today, relative to the recently authorized roster of the officers and enlisted men of the Union and Confederate armies, I beg leave to say that no decision as to the form and scope of the publication has yet been made and that none can be made until after the compilation of the Confederate part of the roster shall have been completed so as to make it possible to determine definitely the extent of character of the historical information that is available for use in the roster.

The department is now engaged in compiling data for the Confederate part of the roster, and in doing so it making use of all original contemporaneous records that are in the possession of the department or that may be obtained from the various States or other sources. Every item of information that is found in any of these records with regard to the service of any officer or enlisted man is separately recorded, so that when the work shall have been completed and the cards relating to that officer or man will fall together and will show his entire military history so far as that history is ascertainable from the records.

You will readily see that the relative completeness or incompleteness of the histories thus compiled in the case of Confederate officers and men will depend in great measure upon the extent to which the incomplete records in the custody of this department shall be supplemented by original records that may now be in the possession of the various States, of historical or memorial associations or of private persons. Very respectfully, F. C. Ainsworth, Chief, Record and Pension Office.

The original publication by the Secretary of War seemed to imply that only the names would be published, and not each soldier's record. But the correspondence herewith given points the full publication of our Confederate rolls, names and records of each officer and private.

If this be the case then the general government proposed to do its duty, not only magnanimously, but fully, by the Confederate soldier and South Carolina will be relieved of her publication—her late foe coming gradually her relief and taking off her hands the solemn obligation that rested upon her.

To this complexion it has come at last and let us thank the Lord of hosts that He puts it in the minds of hearts of the men in blue to honor men in gray. It is the great reconciliation. It will remain, however, for the veterans in convention assembled to urge general assembly of South Carolina to make such an appropriation as will enable Col. Tribble to amend, revise and, if necessary, to purge the rolls so as to present them clean, clear and complete—as far as possible to the United States and preserving hands of the record and pension office of the War Department, and especially honored by the names of Root and Ainsworth and all others connected with this noble and timely benefaction—that, above all else, puts on the page of history the names of the veterans who composed the matchless armies of the young Confederacy that see so fair and tell so pure of us.

And let every Confederate aid noble in his great office so as to have records as fair and as thorough as possible. For one I pledge myself to do all I can to second Col. Tribble and loyally volunteer for the final war of the States as a private, seeking no reward except what comes from the sense of duty. Jno. P. Thomas.

ban of the rolls, a court of honor. If the odor of one of our family estraining onions in the kitchen.

A Dastardly Deed. A special from Trenton to the State says Thursday afternoon about two miles north of Monetta there came near being a serious accident. When the train was at full speed a white boy standing near the railroad threw a rock at the train. The rock struck the window near Mr. J. W. Youngner of Trenton, and a piece of the flying glass struck him near the left eye. The wound bled freely, but is only a slight cut. Had it struck him half an inch further down it might have put out his eye. Such a dangerous act should not be overlooked, but should be dealt with so that all reckless boys could learn a lesson about throwing stones.

COAST BATTERIES

Named In Honor of Distinguished Officers in the Service.

SOUTH CAROLINA REPRESENTED

Those Who Served in The Revolution, the War of 1812, the Seminole and Civil Wars.

The war department Friday assigned names to a large number of seacoast batteries. The names are in honor of officers who have performed distinguished service in the Continental Army of the Revolution, the War of 1812, the Seminole War and the Civil War.

The following are the batteries, with the names assigned:

Fort Caswell, N. C.—Battery Madison, in honor of Surgeon W. S. Madison, Third United States infantry, who was killed May 14, 1821, in action with Indians near Fort Howard, Wis.

Battery McDonough, in honor of First Lieut. Patrick McDonough, corps of artillery, U. S. A., who was killed Aug. 15, 1854, at the battle of Fort Erie, Canada.

Battery McKavett, in honor of Henry McKavett, Eighth United States infantry, who was killed Sept. 21, 1846, at the battle of Monterey, Mexico.

Fort Moultrie, S. C.—Battery Logan, in honor of Capt. Wm. Logan, Seventh United States infantry, who was killed Aug. 19, 1877, in action with Nezperce Indians at Big Hole Basin, Mont.

Battery Bingham, in honor of Second Lieut. Horatio S. Bingham, Second United States cavalry, who was killed Dec. 6, 1866 in action with Sioux Indians near Fort Phil Kearney, Dakota territory.

Battery McCorkle, in honor of First Lieut. Henry L. McCorkle, Twenty-fifth United States infantry, who was killed July 1, 1898, at the battle of El Caney, Cuba.

Battery Lord, in honor of Assistant Surgeon Geo. E. Lord, U. S. A., who was killed June 25, 1876, in action with Sioux Indians at Little Big Horn river, Mont.

Fort Fremont, S. C.—Battery Jesup in honor of Brig. Gen. and Brevet Maj. Gen. Thos. S. Jesup, United States army, who served with distinction in the War of 1812 and the Florida War, and died June 10, 1860, at Washington, D. C.

Battery Farnace, in honor of Capt. James Farnace, thirteenth United States infantry, who died July 3, 1898 of wounds received at the battle of San Juan, Cuba, July 1, 1898.

Fort Screven, Ga.—Battery Garland, in honor of Col. John Garland, Eighth United States infantry, brevet general U. S. A., served with distinction in the Florida War, the Mexican War and who died June 5, 1861, at New York city, N. Y.

Battery Penwick, in honor of Col. Jno. B. Penwick, Fourteenth United States infantry, who served with distinction in the War of 1812 and died March 19, 1842, at Marseilles, France.

Battery Backus, in honor Lieut. Col. Electus Backus, Light Dragoons, who died June 7, 1813, of wounds received in action at Sacket's Harbor, N. Y., May 29, 1813.

Battery Gantt, in honor of First Lieut. Levi Gantt, Seventh United States infantry, who was killed Sept. 13, 1847, at the battle of Chapultepec, Mexico.

Fort Taylor, Fla.—Battery Adair, in honor of First Lieut. Lewis D. Adair, Twenty-second United States infantry, who died Oct. 25, 1872, of wounds received in action with Sioux Indians at Heart River Crossing, Dak., Oct. 14, 1872.

Battery Covington, in honor of Brig. Gen. Leonard Covington, U. S. Army, who died Nov. 14, 1813, of wounds received at the battle of Chrysler's Fields, Canada, Nov. 11, 1813.

Battery Gardner, in honor of Capt. George W. Gardner, Second United States artillery, who was killed Dec. 28, 1835, in action with Seminole Indians at Withlacoochee river, Fla.

Battery Dilworth, in honor of Second Lieut. Rankin Dilworth, First United States infantry, who died Sept. 27, 1846, of wounds received at the battle of Monterey, Mex., Sept. 21, 1846.

Fort Dade, Fla.—Battery McIntosh, in honor of Lieut. Col. James S. McIntosh, Fifth United States infantry, brevet colonel, United States army, who served with distinction in the War of 1812, and who died Sept. 26, 1847, of wounds received at the battle of Molino del Rey, Mex., Sept. 8, 1847.

Battery Burchested, in honor of First Lieut. Henry A. Burchested, Second United States infantry, who was killed Nov. 30, 1813, in action with Indians on the Alabama river, Alabama.

Fort De Soto, Fla.—Battery Laidley, in honor of Col. Theodore T. S. Laidley, ordnance department, United States army, who rendered conspicuous services in the War with Mexico and the Civil War and who died April 4, 1886, at Palatka Fla.

Battery Bigelow, in honor of First Lieut. Aaron Bigelow, Twenty-first United States infantry who was killed July 25, 1814, at the battle of Dundy's Lane, Canada.

Fort Pickens, Fla.—Battery Van Swearingen, in honor of Capt. Joseph Van Swearingen, Sixth United States infantry, who was killed Dec. 25, 1837, in engagement with Seminole Indians at Okechochee, Fla.

A Dastardly Deed.

A special from Trenton to the State says Thursday afternoon about two miles north of Monetta there came near being a serious accident. When the train was at full speed a white boy standing near the railroad threw a rock at the train. The rock struck the window near Mr. J. W. Youngner of Trenton, and a piece of the flying glass struck him near the left eye. The wound bled freely, but is only a slight cut. Had it struck him half an inch further down it might have put out his eye. Such a dangerous act should not be overlooked, but should be dealt with so that all reckless boys could learn a lesson about throwing stones.