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WILKES BOOTH'S DEED.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Andrew Johnson and Mrs. Surratt—How a Regard for Religion Might Have Saved Lincoln.

(Amnston, Ala., Hot Blast.)

As the day approaches that marks the yearly record of Lincoln's death, I find myself dwelling upon it with more than usual sadness, because I happen to be amid the surroundings that framed in the startling report when it reached me.

It is strange that this free government of ours, the crime, which of all others is the outgrowth of despotism, should find development. Do extremes meet in this way, or may we take this strange appearance of assassination as a symptom of a deep seated disease that escapes ordinary seeing? Are we, after all, still above the ills of tyranny in our form of government, or have we only shifted the evils of oppression by one, or a few, to that of the many? Is not the despotism of a majority as intolerable as that of one man or of a class? Our government has developed into one of parties, and while our constitution was framed to protect the minority, the unwritten constitution of experience running through a century, really proclaims the fact that a minority has no rights which the party in power is bound to respect.

It is a little singular, however, that our two instances of assassination, which started the civilized world, were outside the ordinary run of politics. Both struck for the South, the one an armed revolt, and Guiteau killed the President his party had elected. But these draw no line and only illustrate the fact that heated partisanship, uttered in words, is sure to find active expression from the insane.

Booth's bullet had luck of it. Jeff Davis's utterances, while Guiteau's pistol, fired at Washington, was loaded at Utica.

Of course Jeff Davis, nor Bescoe Conkling, ever dreamed of such intents, and were undoubtedly shocked and pained at the results. The fact remains, however, and should be a lesson to the leaders to teach them to be more guarded in their utterances, for the consequences of such political campaigns, which we hear from the stump and read in the press, are dangerous, for while the masses take them at their true value, cranks are stirred into devilish activity.

We must remember, too, that for two thousand years, poets, orators and patriots have been singing the praises of the assassins—of all popular saints Brutus and Charlotte Corday have been and are the most glorified. The truth is that neither was motivated by any lofty impulse or patriotic motive, the fact being that one was a low sort of a woman and the other a mean man. Both and Guiteau were quite as good as the classic pair. Next to setting up a sham as a popular idol, the greatest difficulty is to pull down again and escape the consequences of our own folly. Good may come out of violence, done by masses when they rise half starved against oppression, but there is no good in assassination. There is a difference between murder and war.

These things, however, are not germane to what I set down to write. I only seek to record some facts connected with the awful murder of the great and good President.

When the news of President Lincoln's assassination started the people I was at my home, on the Macedon, Ohio. While walking along the pike near toward the village, some two miles distant, going for my daily mail, I met a man on horseback, whose saddle struck me. American farmers have the saddest faces of all humanity, but this was a gloom of unusual depth. Stopping near me, he asked if I had heard the news, and getting a response in the negative, he continued:

"They do say at Liberty that Lincoln is dead."

"Dead?" I repeated.

"Yes; shot dead by a play-actor, or circus chap, or some sort of fellow of that kind."

I hurried on. I was struck by the silence of the town. Life in the four years of bloody disasters or our part, which were quite as bloody in our part of victory as they were in our defeats, had been terribly cheapened in public estimation. The reports of thousands left dead upon the field, or dying in hospitals, were received with noisy comment, it is true, but yet with a certain indifference. Here, however, was a death that commanded grave attention, and seemed to change the day itself from one of noisy life to a Sabbath-like stillness. The shops were open but deserted, and around the corners the people were collected gazing at each other in silence. Towards noon the country people began to gather in. They came directly from home in their ordinary work clothes, and as returned soldiers, stimulated by liquor, grew noisy and the threatening feeling spread, and during the day and night, I expected to hear of certain obnoxious Democrats, known as Copperheads, being mobbed and maltreated. But we escaped all violence, and in twenty-four hours the excitement was collected gazing at each other in silence.

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That political organizations been more evenly divided at that time the country would have been deplorable. But the Republican party meant then the American people at the North, and popular fury was expended in denunciation of Jeff Davis and the rebels, as they were called. It was generally believed that the assassin were agents of the Confederates, who, failing in the field, had resorted to murder to avenge their lost cause.

A year afterwards I visited a niece, then residing in Maryland, on the route taken by Booth in his flight from the capital. The terror excited by the war, and the community yet prevailed, and the Marylanders, my relatives included, spoke cautiously and in an undertone of the event, and such parts of it as came under their immediate observation.

The fury of officials deprived the government of much valuable evidence that would have thrown considerable light on the dark transaction, and while striving to punish the guilty would have in a

measure protected the innocent. Secretary Stanton, a man of violent passions and, therefore, when aroused, of blind prejudice, was aided in his insane fury by Andrew Johnson, who had reasons of his own for keeping alive a storm which prevented close a scrutiny into his own past associations and conduct.

The men of the famous class known as detectives, developed by the war, and cultivated by the secretary of war and the secretary of state, where kings and subordinate officers, were executors under their own law, and instead of encouraging an opening of testimony, they persecuted all who were supposed to know anything connected with the murder of Lincoln and the attempted murder of Seward. In this way a poor stage carpenter, who innocently held Booth's horse on the night of the assassination, was sent to a living death, and poor Dr. Mudd, who treated the broken ankle of Booth, never dreaming of what caused the accident, was glad to escape the gallows in sharing the carpenter's punishment. Mrs. Surratt, who was found guilty of keeping a boarding house at Washington, was hanged to our national shame through a capricious and unfeeling judge.

It was death to any one known to have seen, let alone associated with Booth, and in this way mouths were closed in fear, and consequently a revelation of the facts suppressed.

This affords a key to the reasons for Andrew Johnson's strange, contradictory and wild conduct on the occasion. He out-heroded Herod, which means Stanton, in his angry denunciation of the man whom he afterwards, when in the safety of a subsidized excitement, strangely favored. And in this way we can find the only reasonable solution of his passing from one extreme to the other. On one day he was furious in his demands to have treason made odious by hanging the traitors, from Jeff Davis down. Not long after he shifted to the other extreme and favored general amnesty, and was remarkable for an equally heated denunciation of the Radicals at the North who would recognize Lincoln's mild reconstruction policy, based on forgiveness and kind treatment.

President Johnson felt that he was the only man in all the world who was benefited by the death of his predecessor, and haunting him was a fact that strangely escaped attention at the time. He had recently been the boon companion and confidential friend of President Grant, but the assassin's card was found in the wrong box at Johnson's hotel, familiarly addressed to the Vice-President, asking for an interview on the very day of the night on which the assassination occurred.

Less evidence than this hanged others, and Stanton's blind rage and Johnson's simulated fury saved Andrew Johnson from a punishment well alike to the incurable and guilty.

Much time and ink have been wasted over that recommendation to executive clemency awarded Mrs. Surratt by the court-martial that condemned her, and an effort made to have us believe that it was left from the President.

The records show that this recommendation made a part of the proceedings upon which the President had to pass. It was not so, so the President was guilty of an illegal act. The fact is that the recommendation to mercy was before the man who not only dared not comply with the plea, but, in his fear, actually hurried up the execution. And this great advocate of the constitution, furthermore, refused to recognize the interference of a civil tribunal that sought to review the proceedings of a court-martial, as it had the right to do, under a writ of habeas corpus.

It is possible that Booth had the meeting with the Vice-President for which he asked, and if so did he tell the Vice-President of the awful work he had in hand? If so, it may be that Andrew Johnson took this to be the vapors of a drunkard actor—and it is very likely that his strange conduct came rather from fear than from the workings of a guilty conscience.

As Judge Advocate of the Extraordinary Court of Inquiry that sought to investigate the military conduct of General Buell, I was brought in close association with Andrew Johnson, and what I learned of him on that occasion gives me a better opportunity for forming judgment than falls to the lot of the many who ascribe all his actions to high patriotic impulses.

It may be that the future historian, weighing these facts in an impartial mind, will come to the same conclusion that I have in regard to President Johnson. But this is doubtful. A thoughtful mind has told us that history is the politics of the past and the present, and politics mean the prejudices and current beliefs of the people.

I have been struck in this connection by the remarkable similarity of conduct on the part of Johnson and that of Macbeth. When the murderer of that great and most perfect tragedy is brought face to face with his awful crime, he fairly roars in his starked wrath. The grand imagination of the kingly assassin that has given us some of the purest expressions of philosophical poetry give place to the miserable rant of a vulgar mind, Macbeth, however, was carrying the murdered Duncan on his conscience, while Johnson was probably driven to desperation by the knowledge of an indiscretion that had the most dire and immediate consequences looming into immediate existence.

I would rather have been the associate of Booth and possessed of his dreadful secret, if the awful choice were forced upon me, and have been hanged for it, than to have lived through years to my grave haunted by the thought of that poor woman wringing her motherly hands in abject terror upon the scaffold Johnson authorized, or seeing night and day that bundle of woman's clothes swinging in the hot sun of summer, as they covered at the end of a rope the agonies of death.

While on a visit to my relatives, above referred to, I heard of a negro who had been with Booth's guide on the night of the flight, and hunted up the man. I found him a stupid fellow of about 18 or 20, and I got very little out of him. This little, however, was to me very significant, and to my mind threw a light on Booth's designs I had never seen suggested. The hovel in which the boy lived had been aroused after midnight and a goodly sum in gold offered for a guide. The youth, with the consent of his parents, dressed himself, if putting on a coat and pair of shoes could be

disguised with the name. Mounting a mule he joined the two and undertook the duty demanded of him. It was hard work for me to drag information from the stolid fellow; but I learned that while one of the night riders talked nonsense all the time the other said little, and that little was given to cursing his broken leg and somebody for not putting out the light.

The light business took hold of my mind with a fascinating tenacity that I could not shake off. As I worked it out it seemed to me a key to the mystery that enveloped all the work of the assassin on that terrible night, but I could not manage the testimony. What light was that which should have been extinguished and was not? The actor may have been haunted with Othello's soliloquy, where he says before Desdemona's death, "put out the light and then put out the light." But it gave no satisfactory solution to the surmises.

Years after, while telling the late Richard Merriek of this mystery, the eyes of that eloquent and able advocate brightened. When I ended he said, "Your negro gave you the key." The story of that awful crime came to me in my capacity as a lawyer. Booth, the assassin, who put the key to the life not only of an able, kind-hearted man, but of all the hopes which the South had of an honorable and peaceful settlement in the way of reconstruction, had arranged with an accomplice to turn off the gas from the theatre when he (the accomplice) heard the report of the pistol. This would have plunged the theatre into midnight darkness, and in the terrible fright and confusion the assassin would have escaped detection. The fellow relied on, smitten with contrition at the enormity of the crime or by fear, failed his chief and fled. In stead of quietly gaining his horse, and as quietly riding away undetected and unsuspected, he had to face the audience in the full glare of the footlights and ride desperately, well knowing that the foot of justice was on his path.

The lights were not extinguished. The desperate murderer, in his hasty flight from the box, caught his spur in the flag of our Union that draped the box, fell, broke his ankle and rode down to death. The plot was clearly planned and one can imagine the tumultuous light of that crowd, in the darkness that was to have followed the crime. And one can realize the desperation and agony of Booth as he rode off into the night, well knowing that he was recognized, and that there was no spot on earth in which he could find hiding and safety, even had not his broken leg deprived him of every advantage. The fatal mark of Cain had been imprinted on him in the full glare of his familiar footlights, and that retribution which dogs the steps of crime was but a question of time.

The murder occurred on the night of Good Friday, and had our good and greatest of Presidents paused to remember for a moment the belief of a great majority of Christian humanity, he would not have been exposed to the cruelty of the assassin. But "God reigns and the government still lives."

DON PIATT,
Maec-o-chee, Ohio, March 27, 1887.

John Sherman Talks Again.

Senator Sherman has had himself interviewed again. He was interviewed less than two weeks ago by the Cincinnati Enquirer, which wanted him to explain the difference between his Nashville conciliation speech and his Springfield speech, and now he has been interviewed by the Commercial Gazette in order to explain the explanation. He still refuses to see any inconsistency between the two speeches, although he admits that the Springfield speech was impolitic. Every word in it, he says, is literally true except, perhaps, the statement that "there is not an intelligent man in this broad land of either party who does not know that Mr. Cleveland is now President of the United States in the name of crimes against the elective franchise."

He concludes the interview by saying: "I cannot see any reason why the Confederate cause, which was eternally wrong, but bravely and honestly fought out, should be loaded down with the infamy of crimes which we past week committed long since the war, by politicians alone, for political power and for the benefit of the Democratic party. I can find some excuse for these atrocities in the strong prejudice of caste and race in the South, growing out of centuries of slavery, but I can find no excuse for any man of any party in the North who is willing to submit to have his political power controlled and overthrown by such means." The conversation as reported gives the impression that Mr. Sherman wrote the questions as well as the answers.

The Cotton Movement.

From the New York Financial Chronicle the following figures are gathered relative to the movement of the staple during the past week:

The total receipts reached 2,361 bales, against 3,549 bales last week, 4,632 bales the previous week, and 7,599 bales three weeks since; making the total receipts since the 1st September, 1886, 5,187,182 bales, against 5,247,193 bales for the same period of 1885-6, showing a decrease since September 1, 1886, of 60,011 bales.

The exports for the week reach a total of 10,072 bales, of which 3,385 were to Great Britain, 1,500 to France, and 5,187 to the rest of the world.

The imports into continental ports during the week were 50,000 bales. These figures indicate a decrease in the cotton in sight of 75,785 bales as compared with the same date of 1886, and a decrease of 59,337 bales as compared with the corresponding date of 1885.

The receipts from the plantations, being the actual movement, not including the overland receipts nor Southern consumption, of cotton that reached the market through the outports for the week were only 1,523 bales. The total receipts since the 1st of September are 5,184,374 bales.

If you have catarrh, use the surest remedy—Dr. Sage's.

A GRIZZLED STRANGER.

HE TELLS HOW HE MADE A MILE A MINUTE ON HORSEBACK.

His Race Over the Devil's Track—Why He Felt Inclined to Make Such Good Time.

(From the New York Sun.)

"I've made a mile a minute on horseback in the saddle."

As a grizzled stranger with a quizzite pin made this remark, a silence fell upon the little group of turfmen who sat in the corridor of the Windsor Hotel, at Denver, the other evening. The man who had just told of driving an unrecorded mile in 2:11 arose deliberately, brushed the ashes of his cigar, buttoned his overcoat, and walked away. "I am a liar, myself," somebody began.

"Hold on," said the stranger, "let's isn't a lie. It's cold, clammy truth, and I'll back it with money."

"Have you the papers for it?"

"No, nor the judge's affidavits. In fact, nobody saw it except myself, but if you will permit me to tell you the circumstances, I'll leave it to yourself whether it isn't a fact."

"Place away."

"The group drew closer. Even the man who had walked off suspended his conversation with the hotel clerk and listened on the quiet. The grizzled stranger removed a section of tobacco from his mouth and began:

"This happened five years ago last fall. I was living in Leadville at the time, but had mining interests that took me frequently into the outlying districts for a radius of perhaps a dozen miles. These trips I nearly always made on horseback, on a tough little broncho, hard mouthed, trained to mountain roads, and capable of keeping up a jog trot at a pinch for twenty hours on a stretch. On the occasion in question I started very early one clear, cold morning for a claim I owned on the other side of the divide, on the slope of what is called Cold Mountain—you can find it by looking on any map. To reach it I had to first cross Tennessee park and then wind over a very crooked, tortuous trail that gradually ascended to a pass somewhere above Timber Pine. It was not more than two miles as the crow flies, but nine by the road, owing to the frequent zigzagging or tacking made necessary by the steepness of the range.

"I took things easy, and it was about noon when I reached the claim. I had a couple of men at work there, one on a horse and one on a mule, and then went over to look at the shaft. One has no idea how rapidly time passes underground, and everything is dark, and when I came up I was surprised to find that it was nearly 4 o'clock, and the shadows of a pinon a hundred yards off had crawled up to the windlass. I was annoyed, too, for there was a suggestion of snow in the air, and the ride across the range was in a storm—well, the loss said about it the better. So I lost no time in getting into the saddle, and pushed rapidly ahead toward the pass. I had to go quite a little distance before I reached it, and all the time the sky grew grayer, and presently a few flakes began to fall. I urged the broncho, and finally began the descent.

"The road beyond the pass led down a long, straight incline for about a quarter of a mile. This took it to the fringe of timber pine, and then it made a detour of nearly two miles to get around a spur of the range. At that point I paused. The idea occurred to me that I could make a short cut by going directly over the spur and striking the trail on the other side. The range was not particularly steep at this place, but rather a succession of rough eminences, and the undertaking did not seem to be accompanied by danger. A sudden rain wind decided me. I turned the broncho off the road and started.

"The plan appeared the more feasible as I advanced. What looked like steep accents at a distance proved to be gentle ones, and I was soon pretty nearly across. The spur was well wooded with old pine trees, some of which had rotted as they lay, and on the far side the declivity extended down at an even slope to the valley, where big rocks and boulders looked like grains of blasted powder, and the rocks like a tiny streak. I remember yet how, betwixt the tree tops, I caught a glimpse of the park with the Arkansas river winding through it, and the whole thing looking like some map in my old geography. That was the last thing that impressed itself on my mind before my horse staggered, stumbled, plunged a little, and then came down with a crash, first on his fore legs and then flat on his belly, his head down hill. I can't readily describe it, but he fell in such a way that my right leg, without being crushed or even much bruised, was twisted in the stirrup strap and caught fast.

"Right here let me stop to explain a circumstance that will enable you to understand the situation. Down in the valley, at the base of Gold Mountain, was a sawmill owned by George Lacy, of Leadville, and extending up from its yard almost to timber line, was what is called a log shoot. This is simply a V-shaped trough, large enough to hold a good-sized pine trunk, and built solidly against the face of the mountain. Of course it has to be straight, or nearly so to permit the logs to slide down without obstruction, and use soon makes the inside as smooth as glass. Such a contrivance saves a great deal of hauling, for as the trees are cut, they are dragged over and dumped into the trough, and go down the yard like a streak of lightning. In the course of time, the pressure will drive the trough in pretty nearly level to the earth. This was the case with the Lacy shoot. Moreover, it had not been used for about a year, and pine needles, dead boughs, and other rubbish had in places almost hidden it from sight. I was well enough acquainted with the mountains to know, the instant my broncho fell, that he had walked into the old log shoot. I was not aware of it at the time, but I think now that that headlong tumble broke his back then and there, and he never knew what hurt him.

"It takes a moment for the coolest head to clear itself in times of unlooked-for peril, and long before that moment had elapsed the broncho and I were on

our way to the valley, going faster at every breath, nothing to stop us, death ahead, and the devil's own railroad underneath. I was sitting almost erect in the saddle. The leather flaps had twisted around and kept my legs from swinging against the side of the trough, but held me like bands of iron. Even had they not, jumping off would have been out of the question. I have never been on a toboggan, but I think that people who have will understand why I bent all my energies to holding on. I did not faint and did not get dizzy, there was a hideous roaring in my ears, a furious wind seemed to all of a sudden to tear up the mountain and suck the breath out of my mouth, but everything was deadly clear and distinct. I could see black specks grow suddenly into big pines and then shoot past me. I could even see the snow caught in their needles as the same whizzed by. Every instant, through some clearing, I could see the valley, in a flash, and over it all was a sickening feeling as though the mountain was sinking away from me, and I was plunging out into immeasurable space. So strong was this that even now, standing on the solid marble floor, I can recall the qualm and nausea as all support seemed to give away, the earth to open and let me fall, fall, fall—it felt as if forever. A mass of rock as large as this hotel was beneath me. As I looked it seemed to leap into the air like a balloon. There was a black line of forest below. I shot through it as through a tunnel, and out into the light again. I tried to shut my eyes. It was impossible—I tried to scream. The air had turned to stone.

"I have read that when men are about to die their lives recede before them like a panorama. Mine didn't. All I could think of was the crash, the bloody mass of man and horse lying somewhere in the valley, and I remember I was glad in a wild, crazy kind of way that it would be all over in an instant and that it wouldn't hurt me. I knew we must be nearly there. The trees and rocks were undistinguishable, when all of a sudden a black mass flew up into my face. I felt that I was being beaten, bruised and hurled over and over, and then everything was still.

"When the moon was well up I came to myself. I was lying in a snowdrift, rubbing at my head and moaning. After a long time I crawled a little ways, and then fell down and cried for my very helplessness. I must have been a little faintly, and heaven knows how I quartered my way down the snow, a quarter of a mile beyond; but I did, somehow, and they carried me in and laid for help. You see the old timber shoot had fallen into decay, and some distance above the yard was a broken place that saved my life. When we reached it the dead broncho jumped the trough and the two of us went sailing and turning andavoring over a field of fresh snow until we stuck into a drift about 500 yards away. The broncho was being worst of it, even there, for he kept on going until he struck solid earth. I broke three ribs and this arm in so many different places that the doctor wanted to cut it off and do with it. What puzzled the mill men most was that my legs escaped, but the saddle flaps were worn to fringes and I suppose that explains it. From the point where I started to the mark was over two miles, and the old hands said logs used to make it in less than two minutes. I had no watch, but I'll back myself against any log that ever made the trip."

THOSE BATTLE-FLAGS.

Some Facts About the Captured Banners—The History of the Confederate Flag.

(Washington Letter to the New York Times.)

When the captured Union flags were found at Richmond, there was a collection of designs for a Confederate flag. With the devices were letters explaining their meaning. But in all, over 200, there were not above half a dozen devices without the stars. The arrangement of the stars made infinite variety, but through all, the mullet or five-pointed star was retained, showing that, desirous as the Confederates were to get a flag unlike the "yankee" emblem, the old feeling could not shake off attachment to the stars. And in almost every letter with a device for the flag, reference is made to retaining the stars, though sometimes ignoring the stripes. One Confederate wrote: "Let the Yankees keep their ridiculous flag of stars and stripes, but by all that is sacred do not let them monopolize the stars and stripes. You have fought well under our glorious banner; could you fight as well under another? Never! Change it, improve it, alter it as you will, but for Heaven's sake keep the stars and stripes!"

Another said: "Do not give up the stars and stripes to the North. It is ours as fully as it is theirs. Keep the stripes, keep the azure field, and a star for each sovereignty in the constellation, and then distinguish it by a red cross (the Southern cross) cutting the stripes at right angles. * * * The songs of a nation and its flag have a prodigious moral influence."

One Confederate alone wrote against the stars and in favor of the stripes. He said: "I don't like the cross. It is significant of Catholic rule and had too much to do with the machinery of the dark ages. The old stars must be abandoned. They will keep them. It is nothing with us. Let there be seven stripes, one for each of the original States, as the thirteen were for the original States of the old Confederacy. Let them be vertical instead of horizontal."

One writing wholly in favor of the stars, sent his advice and said: "We still have a 'star-spangled banner' which is dear to the people from old associations, and we can afford to let the Yankees keep the stripes. We are entitled to a 'star-spangled banner,' because the best poetry in honor of it was composed by a Southern man, and the incident which occasioned its composition occurred on Southern soil and reflected honor on Southern soldiers."

The committee of the provisional government in their report on a flag and seal for adoption, confessed they were not so much attached to the old flag, and declared it would be inappropriate to "retain the flag of the government from which we have withdrawn." The design recommended by the committee and adopted by the provisional government

was known as the "Stars and Bars." The Union blue in the corner had a circle of seven white stars, to represent the seven original seceding States. The rest of the flag showed three bars, red, white and blue. In 1862 the Confederate government as one evidence of absolute severance from the United States, decided on a new flag. This was the Southern cross, finally adopted by the Confederate Congress in 1863, and favored by General Beauregard. It was first, however, General Joseph E. Johnston's battle-flag, he having selected the blue spangled stars upon a red field as his battle ensign. It did not please the Richmond Examiner, in which it was described as a "red field bestraddled with a long-legged white cross." Probably the confusion of the Rebel and Union colors at the first battle of Manassas led to giving up the "stars and bars" by the thousands.

On looking over the flags in the war building I find most of the Confederate flags of the Southern Cross design—red field and blue cross having thirteen stars. Now and then one shows but eleven stars, or eight. One has fifteen stars. A printed catalogue of these flags when they were on exhibition in the ordinance museum gives the number placed there in 510. The history of 510 in this catalogue is brief and ends the list. "No. 510—Yellow battle flag brought from Richmond by Master T. Lincoln." President Lincoln's youngest son was a lad of twelve years when he went with his father on the memorable visit to City Point, where General Grant had his headquarters.

The ordinance museum remains in Anderson's building. Will the flags be returned to the States, and placed where the public may see them again? It may be that some time ago the secretary of war, then General Belknap, wished to have the Confederate flags sent to West Point and put in the museum there. Strong objection was made on the ground that this would tend to keep alive unpleasant feelings between the exiles from the two sections, in exaltation on the one side and regret on the other.

When the proper place for the flags was here in the war department building. To return them to the South would, he declared, when that suggestion once came up, be a direct recognition of the rights of the rebellious organizations.

THE GROWTH OF THE SOUTH.

A MOST ENCOURAGING EXHIBIT OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

What Has Been Done in the Southern States in Three Months—Some Statistics That Show No Sign of Paucity.

The Chattanooga Tradesman, at Chattanooga, has compiled by States a report of the leading new industries and railroad companies organized and projected during the three months ending June 30. The miscellaneous industries reported in each State consist partly of land improvement and development companies.

ALABAMA.

Agricultural implement factories 3, brick works 31, breweries 3, car works 5, cigar and tobacco factories 4, cement works 2, cotton mills 10, compresses 4, car wheel works 1, engine works 3, electric light works 5, elevators 5, furnaces 15, foundries and machine shops 17, flour mills 3, fertilizer factory 1, grist mills 1, ice factories 6, locomotive works 1, mines and quarries 19, natural gas, oil and asphalt 11, oil mills 1, pipe works 2, rolling mills 8, railroads 13, steel plants 2, street railways 10, shoe factories 1, water works 6, wood working establishments 17, miscellaneous 40.

FLORIDA.

Brick and tile works 1, cigar factories 1, cotton factories 2, compresses 1, electric light works 4, fertilizer factories 2, flour mills 1, gas works 1, grist mills 11, rice mills 1, saw mills 17, street railways 2, water works 4, miscellaneous 7.

GEORGIA.

Agricultural implement works 6, brick works 11, bridge works 1, car shops 2, compresses 6, cotton and woolen mills 12, electric light works 1, foundries and machine shops 4, furnaces 4, fertilizer works 6, flour mills 1, gas works 5, grist mills 5, ice factories 2, lime and cement works 1, mines and quarries 22, oil mills 5, railroads 7, rolling mills 1, street railways 15, water works 7, wood works 41, miscellaneous 32.

TENNESSEE.

Agricultural implement works 2, brick works 12, cigar and tobacco factories 2, cotton and woolen mills 3, electric light works 5, foundries and machine shops 11, furnaces 7, flour mills 6, gas works 5, cement works 1, mines and quarries 33, natural gas and oil companies 17, oil mills 2, railroads 14, rolling mills 1, steel works 1, street railways 15, smelters 2, wire works 4, water works 9, wood works 49, miscellaneous 35.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Brick works 5, cotton factories 6, cigar and tobacco factories 13, electric light works 2, fertilizer works 2, flour mills 5, grist mills 7, ice factories 4, mines 17, oil mills 3, railroads 1, street railways 3, water works 1, wood works 29, miscellaneous 6.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Brick works 3, cotton mills 13, electric light works 1, fertilizer works 1, flour mills 1, gas works 1, grist mills 5, oil mills 1, rice mills 1, railroads 2, saw mills 1, tobacco factories 1, water works 4, wood works 9, miscellaneous 5.

VIRGINIA.

Agricultural implement factories 1, brick works 1, brike works 1, cigar and tobacco factories 3, compresses 1, cotton and woolen mills 1, distilleries 1, electric light works 5, flour mills 6, furnaces 11, foundries and machine works 1, gas works 4, mines and quarries 36, natural gas and oil companies 2, potteries 1, railroads 16, rolling mills 2, steel works 2, street railways 7, water works 7, wood working establishments 3, miscellaneous 33.

ARKANSAS.

Brick works 2, car shops 3, cotton factories 4, compresses 4, distilleries 1, foundries and machine shops 5, flour mills 7, gas works 1, grist mills 1, ice factories 3, lime and cement works 1, mines and quarries 37, oil mills 3, railroads 20, rolling mills 1, stamp mills and smelter 19, street railways 5, water works 1, wood working establishments 23, miscellaneous 16.

KENTUCKY.

Brick yards 2, car shops 1, cigar and tobacco factories 4, distilleries 3, electric light works 1, flour mills 8, foundries and machine shops 3, gas works 1, mines and quarries 12, natural gas and oil companies 21, oil mills 3, potteries 1, street railways 21, water works 1, wire works 1, woolen and cotton mills 2, wood working establishments 30, miscellaneous 20.

LOUISIANA.

Cotton mills 1, compresses 4, distilleries 3, engine works 2, flour and grist mills 1, foundries and machine shops 2, furnaces 1, ice factories 2, mines and quarries 6, natural gas and petroleum 2, oil mills 3, rice mills 5, railroads 4, sugar mills 1, street railways 1, wood working establishments 10, miscellaneous 8.

TEXAS.

Cotton and woolen mills 10, car wheel works 1, compresses 1, car shops 1, electric light works 14, engine works 1, foundries and machine shops 12, flour mills 18, gas works 3, grist mills 1, ice factories 7, locomotive works 1, mines and quarries 20, natural gas and oil companies 4, oil mills 5, railroads 15, street railways 12, water works 11, wire works 1, wood working establishments 15, miscellaneous 28.

WEST VIRGINIA.

Brick works 1, car shops 1, cotton and woolen mills 1, distilleries 1, foundries and machine shops 3, flour mills 2, mines and quarries 13, natural gas and oil companies 3, oil mills 1, potteries 1, pipe works 1, railroads 7, street railways 1, water works 2, wood working establishments 10, miscellaneous 6.

Pianos and Organs.