

The Herald and News.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Robertson & Gilder and W. E. Pelham.

Instrumental Music. Mrs. Hebert, who has located at the Newberry Hotel will teach instrumental music at very reasonable rates. Those interested or wishing to hear her perform can call at the above hotel. It

For fine Perfume, go to Young & Co's. Nunnally's fine Candy, always fresh, at Young & Co's.

Mattings, all grades, at greatly reduced prices, at S. J. Wooten's. If

Great bargains in Ladies, Misses and Children's Oxford Ties, at S. J. Wooten's. If

The Thief Caught. Emma Davis, a negro girl, a servant in the employ of Mrs. E. M. Evans, stole a gold watch, the property of Mrs. Lockwood, a relative who was visiting Mrs. Evans, and several other articles in the house several days ago and left for parts unknown last Sunday. She was located at Greenville and Chief of Police Hunter left on Tuesday for her. He returned yesterday afternoon with her and the watch. She will likely serve the State for the theft.

It makes no difference how bad the wound if you use DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve; it will quickly heal and leave no scar. Robertson & Gilder.

Sea Salt for the bath at Young & Co's. Toilet Soap from 5c. to 25c. per cake at Young & Co's.

House and Lot For Sale. For terms and particulars apply to Dr. James M. Kibler.

For Sale. Several nice building lots. Cheap. Easy terms. W. D. HARDY, Master.

Piano for Sale. A valuable piano for sale. For full particulars apply to Miss Delle Land, at the residence of Mr. Jno. M. Kinard, Newberry, S. C. Terms reasonable. f&t

Rev. Sam P. Jones. The contract has been signed and arrangements made for Rev. Sam P. Jones, the famous lecturer, to lecture here for the benefit of the Excelsior Fire Company on Friday evening, June 10th. This will be an opportunity that every citizen should take advantage of to hear something good. Mr. Jones has a world-wide reputation and is greeted by immense crowds everywhere he goes. Tickets will be put on sale at an early date and as the number of reserved-choice seats will be limited, be in time in securing one.

A Pleasure and a Duty. I consider it not only a pleasure but a duty I owe to my neighbors to tell about the wonderful cure effected in my case by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. A few doses of it effected a permanent cure. I like pleasure. In recommending it to others suffering from that dreadful disease—i. e., W. Lynch, Dorr, W. Va. This remedy is sold by W. E. Pelham, Druggist.

When going to or from the depots, refresh yourself with something cold and sparkling at Young's Soda Fountain.

Moved. We have discontinued selling fresh meats on Market street, and are now operating a green grocer's stall on Main St., (West's old stand), where good and fresh meats can be had in a better condition than we have heretofore been able to furnish our customers. We will be pleased to serve our old customers and many new ones, as we are better prepared to serve them than ever.

DANIELS & WILLIAMS. A Whole Carload. Yesterday Mr. Edw. R. Hipp, Agent for the Rock Hill Buggy Company, received a whole carload of buggies. The Rock Hill buggy is one of the best and most serviceable vehicles now on the market, and Mr. Hipp finds a ready sale for them. The car in which the buggies came is the exclusive property of the Rock Hill Buggy Company.

Among the lot was a rubber tire buggy—something new for Newberry—which attracted a great deal of attention while being unpacked. Call and see Mr. Hipp's line of buggies. He has what you want.

An Epidemic of Whooping Cough. Last winter during an epidemic of whooping cough, my children contracted the disease, having severe coughing spells. We had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy very successfully for a week and naturally turned to that time and found it relieved the cough and effected a complete cure—John E. Cullford, Proprietor, Newberry House, Newberry, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by W. E. Pelham, Druggist.

Up-to-date—Young's Cream Soda.

DEATHS. Mr. Ivey Cromer, an old Confederate Veteran who attended the re-union in Charleston, came home sick and died on Wednesday at the home of his son in the country.

Lizzie, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Caldwell, died at their home at Caldwell, yesterday afternoon after a brief illness, aged one year. Interment at King's Creek this morning.

VARIOUS AND ALL ABOUT.

Dr. W. G. Brown, the optician, is at "The Newberry."

Col. T. W. Holloway, of Pomaria, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Brooks Swygert, of Peak, spent a few days in Newberry the first of the week.

Rev. J. W. Spake will preach at Helena church Sunday evening at 8:30 o'clock.

Tickets for Sam P. Jones' lecture are now on sale at Scholtz's jewelry store. Get one in time.

Get your ticket in time to hear Sam Jones' lecture on June 10th in the Newberry opera house.

Mr. J. E. Norment, of the News and Courier, is here attending the Mayor's Convention here this week.

Mrs. R. J. Wynne, having closed her business here, left yesterday for Columbia, where she will make her future home.

Mr. Ike Brill, of Columbia, has been in the city the past week putting in some fixtures at Mr. C. C. Davis' residence.

Messrs. Welch Wilbur and C. L. Pitts have rented the house recently vacated by Mr. T. J. Hayes, and have moved into it.

An examination for a free scholarship in Winthrop College, will be held in the court house at this place on Friday, July 21st at 9 a. m.

Miss Lizzie Ruff came down yesterday from Clinton in response to a telegram calling her to the bedside of a little daughter of one of her relatives.

Prof. Sidney J. Derrick, of the Preparatory Department of Newberry College, and his wife have been visiting relatives in town and county.—Lexington Dispatch.

Presiding Elder G. T. Harmon will preach at the Methodist church tonight at 8:30 and will hold his second quarterly conference. He will also preach there again Sunday evening at 8:30.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Beason left yesterday afternoon for Columbia. Mr. Beason went down to appear before the judge in habeas corpus proceedings in the case of the negro Brownlee, of which we made mention in our last paper. Brownlee is the negro who killed another negro by the name of Hardy, and is applying for bail.

An Entertaining Druggist. There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than Robertson & Gilder and W. E. Pelham, who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. Call at a drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size 50 cents and \$1. Guaranteed to cure or price refunded.

Go to Young's for a good Checker Board.

Try Young's Cream Soda. It's fine.

Cabbage and Tomato plants in abundance for sale by J. W. Swindler on Cline Street.

Fire at Prosperity. Yesterday afternoon about 4 o'clock the residence of Dr. J. A. Simpson, at Prosperity, was destroyed by fire. The fire was first discovered in the roof, and it is supposed to have originated from a defective stove flue. There was insurance on the house in the agency of Mr. S. P. Breezer for \$700, though that does not cover the loss, as it was a new house and cost about \$1,200 or \$1,500. No insurance on furniture, and only about half of it saved.

J. D. Bridge, editor and proprietor of the Democrat, Lancaster, N. H., says: "I would not be without One Minute Cough Cure for my boy, when troubled with a cough or cold. It is the best remedy for croup I ever used." Robertson & Gilder.

Remember Young & Co. are near the depots.

For Fine Perfume, go to Young & Co's.

Dr. W. G. Browne, a proficient Optician, is now at the Newberry Hotel, fully prepared and equipped to examine and treat all defects of vision. Glasses and frame made to order when necessary. Call as soon as possible and have your eyes examined free of charge.

Delicious and refreshing—drinks from Young's Soda Fountain.

OUR OWN MAKE! Robertson's Peppermint Cordial. A pleasant and efficient remedy for all diseases of the stomach and bowels in adults and children. Only 25 cents a bottle. Manufactured and for sale by ROBERTSON & GILDER, Druggists on the Corner.

An Ancient Remedy. The ancients believed that rheumatism was the work of a demon within a man. Any one who has had an attack of sciatic or inflammatory rheumatism will agree that the affliction is benedictive enough to warrant the belief. It has never been claimed that Chamberlain's Pain Balm would cast out demons, but it will cure rheumatism, and hundreds bear testimony to the truth of this statement. One applicant relieves the pain, and this quick relief which it affords is alone worth many times its cost. For sale by W. E. Pelham, Druggist.

Memorial Day Exercises

BEAUTIFULLY OBSERVED IN NEWBERRY.

A Fitting Tribute Paid the Memory of the Soldiers who Wore the Gray and Fought in Defense of Their Country's Honor. Excellent Addresses by Distinguished Speakers.

"After the fight the hero sleeps In God's unbroken rest, And still the South in honor keeps Her loved ones on her breast.

For sacred is the blood they shed, And through the flight of years The South shall bless her glorious dead With her memorial tears."

Memorial Day, the day set apart to pay tribute to the Confederate dead—the day which is held in reverence by all who have Southern blood coursing through their veins—which is usually celebrated in this State on May 10th of each year, was postponed from that date until May 23d, Tuesday of this week, on account of the annual reunion of the United Confederate Veterans in Charleston at that time, it being the desire of all to have present the survivors of the Confederate war from this county, to witness the exercises in memory of their fallen comrades.

There has never in the memory of our oldest citizens, before been witnessed such an outpouring of people on a similar occasion, and such interest manifested as was shown on Tuesday.

The committee, composed of both ladies and gentlemen, went to work with a deep feeling of interest and reverence, with pride and pleasure at the thought that the happy duty had been assigned them to do what they could to make the exercises of the day as forceful and impressive as possible as to the heroic and patriotic deeds of those who fought and gave up their lives on the battle fields, under the most trying circumstances, in defense of their country's honor. How well these committees succeeded, their excellent work and the happy results and effects bear lasting testimony.

Garlands of evergreens and roses were suspended from the top of the monument which was surrounded with wreaths and flowers, making a happy effect.

The stage in the opera house, where the exercises were held, was most appropriately decorated for the occasion, the decorations consisting of battle and camp flags, portraits of prominent soldiers and officers in the war, covered with wreaths of flowers and garlands of green, floral and other decorations, altogether making a most striking picture to look upon.

On the extreme right of the stage, to the left of the audience, was a large portrait of Surgeon D. E. Ewart, of the Third South Carolina Regiment. He was appointed Surgeon of the regiment, which position he held for some time. He then resigned and was appointed Assistant Surgeon Confederate States Navy, and died of yellow fever on board the gunboat Chicora in the harbor of Charleston in September, 1861.

To the right of this portrait was a stack of army rifles with the old canteen hanging from the guns with the inscription below "in memoriam."

The next large and handsome portrait was that of Capt. J. M. Kinard, of the Twentieth Regiment, S. C. Volunteers. He enlisted as First Lieutenant of Company F, and became Captain on the resignation of his uncle, John P. Kinard. During the fight in the Shenandoah Valley, near Strasburg, while acting Lieutenant-Colonel, he was shot through the heart, October 13, 1861. Standing at the side of this portrait was the new and handsome flag of Camp John M. Kinard Sons of Veterans.

In the center of the stage was the portrait of Col. James D. Nance, in whose honor the Camp of Veterans at Newberry was named. Col. Nance was the first Captain of Company E, Third Regiment, but in 1862 was elected to the office of Colonel of the regiment. He was killed in the battle of Lee's Wilderness, May 6th, 1864, and was quite a young man at the time of his death.

To the right of this was a large portrait of Col. W. D. Rutherford, Col. Rutherford entered the service as a private in the Quitman Rifles, was made Second Sergeant and afterwards Adjutant, and finally at the death of Col. Nance, was promoted to the rank of Colonel of the Regiment, which position he was holding when he was killed in the battle at Strasburg, on October 13th, 1861.

To the right of this was a large portrait of Gen. Paul Quattlebaum, of Lexington County, surrounded with a large and beautiful wreath of vines and flowers. Gen. Quattlebaum served as Captain of a company of volunteers who offered their services to the State in the Florida war. He served his country for a number of years as a representative in both the House and Senate. He was a member of the Secession Convention in 1860, was an ardent secessionist and vigorously advocated the secession of South Carolina. He was a great man and the entire people of our tributory paid to one of her most noble men. Gen. Quattlebaum was the father of Mrs. T. O. Stuart, who is now residing in Newberry.

The next portrait was that of Lt. Colonel R. C. Mallett, surrounded and encompassed by the flag of the James D. Nance Camp. Col. Mallett was elected Captain of Company C, Third Regiment S. C. Volunteers, and was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, in which capacity he served until he was made a prisoner and died in the Union prison at Fort Delaware.

The J. S. D. Nance Camp marched into the opera house in a body, led by Mr.

Joseph Culbreath of Edgefield County, with the old battle worn flag of the 3d Regiment waving with enthusiasm. The Camp was followed by the Sons of Veterans and other organizations until the opera house was filled to its utmost capacity.

Mr. Culbreath with the battle flag was given a seat in the center of the stage where he sat throughout the exercises with his hand on the flagstaff.

Three of the veterans who carried this flag during the war were present on Tuesday, Messrs. O. Wells, E. P. Bradley and W. T. Tarrant.

THE EXERCISES. M. A. Carlisle, Chairman of the Committee of preparation, acted as master of ceremonies in a happy and admirable manner.

Seated on the stage were Maj. Jas. F. Hart and Prof. Jas. P. Kinard, of York, orators of the day, and Messrs. J. W. Gary, Commander James D. Nance Camp, Rev. E. P. McClintock, Chaplain, John M. Kinard, Commander Sons of Veterans, Rev. J. J. Williamson, and Mrs. George Johnston, Miss Neville Pope, Miss Alice Mazzyck and Miss Kittie Jones, the Mayor of the city and visiting Mayors, besides a select choir consisting of the following persons: Mrs. P. Robertson, Mrs. T. J. McCrary, Mrs. E. P. Pawley, Miss Bettie Land and Messrs. W. K. Sligh, A. C. Jones, E. Cavenaugh and Rev. J. W. Spake.

Mr. Carlisle thanked the people for the interest manifested, stating that for many years had not such an outpouring of people been witnessed to pay tribute to the departed veterans. He thanked them on the part of the survivors of the Confederate war.

Chaplain McClintock opened the exercises with a most earnest and fervent prayer.

The next on the programme was "Dixie," sung by the little children of the third grade of the Graded School, which is taught by Miss Mary Burton. The song was well rendered and was most effective, reflecting much credit on Miss Burton, who is a most excellent and efficient teacher.

"Only a Private," a recitation by Miss Kittie Jones, was rendered in an admirable manner, the delivery being plain, distinct, easy and graceful.

The select choir mentioned above then rendered a very pretty and patriotic song entitled "The Bonnie Blue Flag." To mention the names of those who composed this choir, as we have above, is sufficient to say that the rendition could not have been excelled.

Mr. Carlisle then introduced, in a few appropriate remarks, Maj. Hart, of Yorkville, who addressed the audience as follows:

MAL. HART'S ADDRESS. We are assembled today in honor of the Confederate soldier dead. I, who come among you to lay a garland upon their memories, am not of the kith and kin of your dead, save by that tie of brotherhood, stronger and more enduring than bonds of friendship or affinity of blood. The mortal part of those who lie in your cemetery are my kindred as well as yours, for we were all "Children of the Confederacy."

It is eminently proper that a people who meet to honor the memory of their heroic dead, should keep alive a record of the causes for which they gave up their lives—that cause which led to such sublime effort and heroic achievement by southern people should be well understood by each succeeding generation. When the question is asked: "Why was this great war fought?" every child in the land should be able to give ready answer. Pardon me then for briefly calling to mind the causes that culminated in this great struggle.

The people of the south and of the north were essentially a different people. The northern civilization—their views of government and their appreciation of civil liberty were wholly different from ours. In that section the people had sprung from, and retained the impress of the Round Head and the Puritan; in the other, the Huguenot and Cavalier were the distinguishing types. Between peoples so dissimilar in origin—inhabiting sections widely removed from each other and between whom little communion was had, radical political differences were inevitable. The contention, at first earnest, but widening into anger as it grew, began almost with the adoption of the Federal Constitution. From the north came a demand for a strong government with one controlling central head that was to replace the powers then exercised by the States. From the south came the jealous answer that liberty is best conserved by distributing power to home control, and we will grant to the central government only such powers as are necessary to our intercourse with other nations—our protection from foreign invasion, and to regulate the intercourse between the States. This contention, for and against centralization, and for and against the rights of the States; beginning with Hamilton and Jefferson as the prominent exponents, grew with the years of the young Republic until many other subordinate issues were involved. In 1820 a forcible conclusion was avoided by the Missouri Compromise—again, in 1832, disruption and separation seemed imminent; but were avoided by concession—again in 1852, the same danger was imminent, but in 1860 the abstract proposition of the existence of a higher law than the American Constitution, and of a central government of greater powers than had ever before been conceded, was threatened to be practically applied in the destruction of the property of one section, the dread conflict could not be avoided.

With the south the battle was for

liberty and the rights of the States to control their own domestic affairs; with the north, for the perpetual union of the States under the constitution as there construed. We believed in the right of a peaceable separation of the States when the bonds of fraternal union were dissolved;—the north believed in a perpetual union of the States and proposed to maintain this union by the power of cannon and sword.

In the maintenance of these views the men of the south and north gathered in the ranks of war—the one aggressive—the other defensive, for the last great argument that decides the fate of nations.

The United States government has in the past score of years been publishing at immense cost all of the Union and Confederate documents relating to the war, and has entitled the work, "The Records of the Rebellion." There is not a line or a word in that vast collection of historic papers that does not put the seal of falsehood on the title pages of the books. There was no Rebellion! It was war; a war between nations unequal in numbers and resources. But the weaker and newer was acknowledged by the world as a belligerent, as well as our adversary. The movement which resulted in war was deliberately and legally inaugurated by the constituted authorities of eleven sovereign states in orderly procedure, and with all the forms of law. The government of the Confederate States, as well as of each state, in all their departments was in harmonious working order. There was disruption of the Union of the States, but no rebellion against authority. Your brothers and fathers who answered the call of your legally constituted government, and gallantly bore arms in its defence, were not rebels, but the lawfully constituted soldiery of their sovereign. Once, shortly after the war had closed, it was considered the proper thing in national parlance to call the southern soldiers traitors, but history has flatly condemned the vile epithet, and its use, even with the bitterest of our foes, has been abandoned.

The Congress of the United States is composed of many members who fought under the Confederate flag; and it annually appropriates a large sum to continue the publication of the records of the rebellion. It is to be hoped that some manly Confederate in that body will so forcibly protest against this perversion of history in the title of the work that its authors will awake to shame and repentance.

In all the annals of all the wars of all time, the soldier of the Confederate Army presented a type so distinct, that he will go down to future history in lasting colors. In him there was a genius and an individuality seldom found in the ranks. He was obedient to command yet difficult to bend to army discipline. He was ever ready to meet danger from a sense of duty and from patriotism, but rarely could he be driven by force of discipline. His patient endurance of the hardships and privations to which he was subjected was a prominent trait in his character. It has not often fallen to the lot of men to suffer so many of these for so long a period with the heroic fortitude that characterized the men who followed their Confederate leaders for four years of war. His intelligence was largely above the average soldier. He would often discern the object of some strategic move while it was being initiated, and would discuss campaigns, point out errors and criticize with rare judgment, the military movements in which he was engaged.

The hardships he endured were almost beyond the comprehension of men, especially in the later months of the war. General R. E. Lee, in a letter to Mr. Seddon, Secretary of War at Richmond, under date of Feb. 8th, 1865, thus forcibly presents the condition of the Confederate Army in front of Petersburg: "All the disposable force of the right wing of the army has been operating against the enemy beyond Hatcher's Run since Sunday. Yesterday the most inclement day of the winter, they had to be retained in line of battle, having been in the same condition the two previous days and nights. I regret to be obliged to state that under these circumstances, lighted by assaults and fire of the enemy, some of the men had been without meat for three days, and all were suffering from reduced rations and scant clothing, exposed to battle, hail, cold and sleet. I have directed Col. Cole, Chief Commissary, who reports that he has not a pound of meat at his disposal, to visit Richmond and see if nothing can be done. If some change is not made, and the commissary department re-organized, I apprehend dire results. The physical strength of the men, if their courage survives, must fail under these circumstances. Taking these facts in connection with the paucity of our numbers, you must not be surprised if calamity befalls us." (War Records No. 96, page 1209.)

But the crowning glory of the Confederate soldier was his matchless courage. Probably no armies in the world's history ever encountered foes so well equipped, or fought so many battles with such disastrous numbers through so long a war with such measure of success, as did ours from 1861 to 1865.

Take the battle of the Wilderness where 61,000 Confederates assaulted and drove away from the line of march, and from entrenched positions Grant's grand army of 118,000 men. In the thirty days of alternating marches and battles, with Wilderness as Cold Harbor, Grant had lost a many more men as he had at the opening of the campaign. In all of the tactical moves of Grant to evade

this army of tattered uniforms and bright bayonets, it was invariably found across his path compelling him to halt and move around it. Its numbers were too few, and its lines too short to hold the country in front of the invader, but wherever it was met it presented an impassable barrier to further advance.

I see around me on this platform the portraits of some of your heroic dead—James D. Nance—W. D. Rutherford, the Malletts, Ewart, and Paul Quattlebaum, the sire of patriotic sons. Some of these were friends of my school-boy days, and later my comrades in the army. I can call to my mind in imagination the early spring days of 1861, when these and hosts of others were assembled for the march to the front. The fond mother embraces her son, and prayerfully commends him to her country and her God; the loving wife, with breaking heart, takes the last fond leave of the husband who may never return; the blushing maiden strives to conceal her tears as she pins on the breast of her betrothed, some patriotic emblem that he is wear to the battle.

We follow these gallant men to the fever-stricken camp where disease and epidemics claim many victims. We go with them to where they are formed in martial array for their first battle. We hear the sullen roar of the distant gun, as the hostile outposts feel their way to the stronger lines in front. We see the thin grey line of Confederates advance under the crackling skirmish fire, followed by the heavy roll of musketry; it perhaps recoils and reforms to advance again and again, until finally shouts proclaim that it has won the field. And as night falls on the scene, the torches are seen flickering over the bloody field, where comrades seek wounded comrades, and gives rude burial to those who have fallen. Such in memory's vision was the experience of the brave men you have assembled to honor.

After the remains of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who fell in the hour of victory on the fateful field of Shiloh, had been removed to New Orleans for their final rest, there was found placed to the rude head board, it is said, in unknown hand, some lines, an extract from which might well be the epitaph of every Confederate soldier who fell in battle:

"The cause for which he perished is lost; The people for whom he fought were crushed; The hopes in which he trusted are shattered; The flag he loved, guides no more the charging lines; But his fame consigned to the keeping of that time, which Happily is not so much the tomb of virtue as its shrine, Shall in years to come, fire modest worth to nobler deeds."

And history shall cherish him. Among those chosen spirits, who hold their conscience unimpaired with blame, Have been in all conjunctures, true to themselves, their country and their God."

At the close of Maj. Hart's address the choir rendered in a most effective and touching manner, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

The next speaker was Prof. James P. Kinard, one of our own young men who spoke on the part of the Sons of Veterans. Prof. Kinard is now Professor of English in Winthrop Normal College, at Rock Hill. He spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF DR. JAS. P. KINARD. It is a beautiful custom that ordains that the decoration of the graves of the Confederate dead shall fall in this season of the year when all nature is pulsating with new life—in the season of bursting buds, and growing grain, of joy and gladness and aspiration. This never ending return of the newness of life is symbolical of the undying emotions of love and gratitude which live in our hearts for our noble dead—emotions that have their annual blossoming into deeds of tender devotion.

It has ever been a mark of nobility of character among all people that they refuse to forget the heroic men who offer up their lives on the altar of their country's honor. The dead need not the remembrance, the living do. "They are safe. After life's fitful fever they sleep well. Nothing can touch them further." But their children have need to remember; to keep burning in their own breasts the flame of patriotism that lighted their fathers' way to deathless deeds.

I would not praise unduly the soldiers of the Confederacy, nor would you care to hear it; but I believe the history of warfare does not furnish an illustration of another such army as the South threw into the field from '61 to '65. The intelligence, culture, and refinement of the average Confederate private cannot be paralleled in the ranks of armies.

General Fitzhugh Lee has noted the fact that of the 601 students of the University of Virginia at the beginning of the war one-half joined the Confederate Army, and out of 2000 graduates who offered themselves to the service 400 filled a soldier's grave.

When we consider the conditions existing in the South before the war, the cause for this high intelligence of the Confederate soldier is not far to seek. As the great laboring class could not be enlisted the rolls were made up largely of planters, merchants and representatives of the various professions. All could not be officers, so the ranks held great numbers of educated men.

An army of such soldiers, moving to

battle in a high and holy cause is well nigh invincible. Their bodies may be destroyed, but their spirit is unconquerable.

It was this union of intelligence and conservation to duty in the Southern army that accounts for the matchless bravery that won the admiration of even their foes; for the rapid march and counter-march, the midnight raid, the day-break dash that filled their enemies with dismay and consternation; for those terrific charges into the jaws of death, that made the "wide world wonder."

Here, too, we may find the cause of that reckless disregard of danger that has given to the world some of its brightest examples of individual courage; of that womanly tenderness that knelt by the side of the stricken brother, by the friend or foe; of that patient endurance of hardship and privation, more cruel than death; of that determined perseverance that kept up the fight long after the bright gleam of victory had turned to the darkness of despair.

To me, one of the most marvellous and pathetic passages in the New Testament is the account of the going forth of the twelve to preach the gospel. You will remember that the Saviour in sending them forth made them no promises of earthly reward, but told them on the other hand, that they would be delivered up to councils and in synagogues, and would be scourged; that they would be brought before governors and kings, and would be hated at all men for his sake.

The Confederate soldier, with no visible presence of the blessed Master to inspire him, went forth to danger and death, and certainly in the last years of the war, with no hope of reward, save the approval "well-done" of duty, "stern daughter of the voice of God." Nothing but this consciousness, the certainty of right, could have sustained him in the long and unequal struggle.

It is not my purpose today to engage in a defense of our fathers; but this much I will say: If they withdrew their State from the Union, it was because they could no longer remain in it with honor. If they refused to hold to a compact, they were acting in the exercise of constitutional privilege resorted to only after the party of the other part had misconstrued the agreement into a means of galling oppression. If they took up arms against their fellow-men, it was to drive a hostile force from home and native land.

But the bitterness and strife of the conflict have passed with the passing of the years. The same spirit that shook the hosts of opposing armies has won the no less renowned victories of peace. The good light of our fathers they could no longer remain in it with honor. If they refused to hold to a compact, they were acting in the exercise of constitutional privilege resorted to only after the party of the other part had misconstrued the agreement into a means of galling oppression. If they took up arms against their fellow-men, it was to drive a hostile force from home and native land.

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But today our thoughts are busy with the heroes of that other war, and the strains of another song are ringing in our ears: "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle."

The graves of these fallen ones, and of their comrades who have joined them are hallowed places. For more than a generation the women of the Southland have cared for them, marking them with noble piles of stone and adorning them with flowers that were set with their tears.

They have no wish to ston now! And when the last Confederate veteran shall receive the summons to join the hosts of his comrades who have gone before, he may lie down assured of one fact: that the place of his rest will not be forgotten. It shall be the sacred duty of the Daughters and Sons to keep green the graves of their devoted fathers. Nay, we shall do more. We shall inspire the next generation with the love and reverence that live in our own hearts. We shall tell them the true story of the great struggle. We shall teach them that their ancestors were not traitors, but high-minded defenders of a just and holy cause.

But while we talk, the graves of our beloved dead are awaiting us. Let us go to them now, on our mission of love, and crown them with the memorials of our gratitude and affection.

Sleep sweetly in your humble graves, Sleep martyrs of a fallen cause. Behold, your sisters bring their tears, And these memorial blooms.

Stoop, Angels, hither from the skies! There is no holier spot of ground Than where defeated valor lies. By mourning beauty crowned.

The exercises in the opera house closed with a song by the children of the third grade, "America," which was joined in by the select choir.

The entire audience, led by the James D. Nance Camp, then marched and surrounded the Confederate monument, and after singing the long metro doxology, the committee placed flowers and wreaths at its base.

The James D. Nance Camp and the Camp of Sons of Veterans held a meeting and unanimously elected Maj. Hart and Prof. Kinard honorary members of the two organizations and asked that their addresses be furnished for publication. Mr. Jos. Culbreath was also elected an honorary member of both organizations.

The sub-committees then left for the cemetery and the old graveyard where flowers were placed on the graves of the Confederate dead in keeping with the beautiful Southern custom.

Capt. S. J. McCaughrin acted as Marshal of the Day, and made a handsome appearance. His services would have been indispensable.