AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Written July 25, 1881, Touching "Secession as a Right and Remedy."

The letter of President Davis which follows touches upon the vital issue of 1861-5, and was written in to an inquiry made by one who was called at that time to answer questions by the senior students in Becamble College in regard to national questions under the Constitution. Held as a "private" letter for twenty-eight years, it is now placed before the public as worthy of publication because of the issue it meets so fairly and judicially. It is worthy of the great man whose merits are being more and more appreciated.

Panit Beauvous, Nouson Co., Muss.,

H C. Holland Eyr Accept my thanks for

gone kind letter of the sott not he way I your engany I would say The Attho cannot be dipured of their ween eight of eight by their own station in a general neutron such as formed the constitution Ato each state Did by to own concernt, deparen convention bely en certains vers a reserve the rest, so omich each that grant any additional power as the only means by which it can justly be depuned of it Face may prevail over right but cannot die

The yearse of the power to course a Det cannot give to ther ach constitutional authority hat it has been as asymerced in that the was -ely of transpron by an oppressed ominarily simet. be considered impracticable

The South never asked for more them a pristing construction of the constitution as willipseled by the men who made it, and if in the putine that can be seemed we may be content, stough we cannot remember a right over which at with the wind with at .

I was omak gratified by the expression of your openion in regard to the part and Zoney yours,

THE NAMELESS GRAVE BY WINIFRED LAURENS

Day is an even more pathetic anniversary than in the North. Owing to door; but the windows stood open been?" difference of latitude and climate, too, wide, and with childish castosity I "Let it is observed, in most of the States, earlier in the spring. In Georgia it is observed on April 26th, instead of

In the North the holiday arose from the patriotic exertions of General Logan; but in the South the observance of the day was originally due to the personal efforts of a Mrs. Williams, of Columbus, Georgia, and began earlier.

With us, however, little effort or persuasion was required to initiate the holiday. In many of our small towns and villages the custom of bearing flowers to the graves of our dead soldiers began spontaneously.

I remember that in the first years after the war we were accustomed on that day to drive to the cemetery in our old family carryall, loaded with wreaths of cedar and glossy magnolia leaves, made on long, pliant willow branches; piled, too; with sprays of dogwood and bushels of wild purple pansies and dog-tooth violets from the valley of the Oostanaula, and crab-apple and peach-blossoms from the fields

The old carryall was an arbor of Tragrance, all its old ribs and worn wheels hidden in pink and white blossoms.

Yet bowever heavily we went loaded to the cemetery, we never had flowers enough for all the graves, there would be found one more grave, in some far corner, still bare of floral tributes; and my father, himself a tame veteran of Lee's army, would call to us to fetch another armful. If we said there were no more, he always bade us divide those on the other graves and make up what seemed an equal "honor" for the negjected one.

There was one grave, howevernot in the compley, but down under The magnolias by the fence, in the extreme corner of our grounds at Springbank-which for many years ne one of as ever dreamed of decorating with flowers.



"And You Have Done This-These Flowers -For My Son!"

In truth, we children never went near the spot. Only in low, awed tones or whispers did we ever speak of it—"the Yankee's grave!" For in all those sad old days, after Sherman's devastating march through Georgia the name Yankee was to us thing far more terrible than that of Indian; it was the synonym for solution and grief.

In my childish thoughts, too, the was even more dreadful. On the day before the battle at Woodop of Northern cavalry had halted

With us in the South, Memorial house. My mother put us children in claimed: the parlor and hastily locked the wide, and with childish contasty I

> A NEW MEMORIAL TO THE PRES-IDENT OF THE CONFEDERACY.



there were so many of them. Always ing on the open book of history. The arriving travelers, came toiling to our statue is by Edward Valentine, and gate. was dedicated recently in Richmond.

this day I seem to hear his words, living friends were now few. "You little dear! You are the very image of my little sister Rosy!"

For years afterward, whenever my brothers or younger sister Josephine wished especially to humiliate or plague me, they would point the finger of scorn and cry, "A Yankee kissed you! A Yankee kissed you!'

It may possibly have been the same young trooper, although that is unlikely, whom, after the skirmish and battle across the fields, our old house servant, Uncle Joe, found near the fence down by the magnolias, shot through the lungs, mortally wounded unconscious.

I was but three at the time. I retain of course, but a confused recollection of the fight, the shouting and yelling outside, the burning barns, the awful sounds of the firing and the well-nigh frantic fears of my mother

Kelley's brigade of Mississippians was formed across the road and across our plantation; the enemy was up the walk. With hospitable intent, repulsed, and fell back to Woodlands, my mother descended the steps to leaving a number of their dead and meet her. wounded. But these were all taken away that night except this cavalry-, who was overlooked, and whom old colored man found down plied. "Will you come in?" man, who was overlooked, and whom there by the fence the following evening. He died during the night, and from New England," the stranger Uncle Joe brought to my mother a said. "I fear I may not be welcome, silver watch with the initials "J. W." My motive for coming to you is a in the back of the hunting-case, and strange, sad one." She paused, with a small seal ring engraved with a a little catch in her voice,

coronet and two crossed spears. well as our neighbors, were with the set out a comfortable chair. Southern army. There was no one to The stranger seated herself, and call upon; we were even in straits for after a pause, spoke again: Nor was there a horse or a mule or a cart left us. Down there by the fence, under the magnolias, unpleasant memories of a past which Uncle Joe buried the body. And that, we who have suffered desire of all in brief, was the story of the Yankee's things to forget. My brother and grave.

During all those first years follow- She glanced pathetically at my mothing the war-so embittered and ter- er's face. "They were, of course, on day before the battle at Wood-rible were all its memories—that the Northern side," she added. "My the foar miles from Springbank, a mound down by the magnolias was a brother was killed at Antietam; but spot shunned by us all,

such as ours. I think it was on the day before Memorial Day, 1875, that we prepared our floral tributes for the cemetery, my mother stole quietly away from the group on the piazza, and taking a handful of blossonis, bent her steps to that solitary little mound under the magnolias.

In wonder our eyes followed her, and when she returned, Josephine ex-

"Why, mother, where have you

"Let us hope, children, that some had toddled forward and stood under where in the North, kindly hearts are the high sash, watching the horses. doing the same for our own name-One of the cavalrymen crossed the less graves there-for your Uncle plazza, and before I could run away, Pinckney and Cousin Will Gresham," he caught me up and kissed me! To she replied, gently.

We were too much surprised to an swer.

Afterward, no Memorial Day was allowed to pass that some one of us did not rake off that little mound and freshen it with a few flowers.

So the years passed till 1883. That we should ever know anything further conderning this little grave under the magnolias seemed improbable. It was merely one of so many thousands of nameless graves, South and North.

That spring of 1883, as it chanced, my sister and I were at home from Savannah. My widowed Aunt Lena, too, from Atlanta, was visiting us.

It was the evening of April 28, two days after our Memorial Day, when all save the bouquets in jars and glasses had withered on the graves. The afternoon had been very warm.

We were sitting out in the piazza, to enjoy the approaching coolness of evening and hear the mocking-birds and whippoorwills.

Presently there came to our cars the rattle of an approaching vehicle; Jefferson Davis is here portrayed in and slowly the decrepit old carriage an emotional role, with one hand rest- at the railroad-station, which served

"Who can our visitor possibly be?" was the thought in all our minds, for and re-interred in the North.

A lady in mourning stepped down,



MISS WINNIE DAVIS

"It this the home of Mrs. Leigh?"

the stranger asked.

"I am Mrs. Warrenton from-

"You are very welcome," my All the men of our household, as mother replied, gravely. Josephine

"I do indeed hope that the question I am obliged to ask will stir no my son both fell in the terrible war." my son was with Sherman's army, But time mercifully and divinely and was finally reported missing-But time mercifully and divinely and was finally reported missing—
soveral troopers came into the softens even embittered memories and that is all I have ever been able

to learn." Mrs. Warrenton paused again, to check fast-coming tears.

"I know positively that he was alive at Dalton," she continued.
"After that I can learn nothing. But mother's heart craves more; and still in the hope of learning something as to his fate, I have journeyed South on this sad quest. At the house of a family near Kingston they told me of the unidentified grave of a Federal soldier on your estate.

"I have been to so many unidentified graves," the poor mether added, "that hope has nearly failed me. But tell me, have you, had you, any clue, or were there any circumstances that would-aid me to know?"

My mother greatly touched could hardly summon heart to tell her; but Aunt Lena interposed. "Have you reason to think that your son carried a plain silver watch, marked inside the case with the initials J. W.?" she

"Yes, yes!" cried our visitor, eagerly. "The school watch I gave him on his sixteenth birthday! Those were his initials-Jerome Warrenton." In our growing excitement we were

now all on our feet, gathering about "And did he wear on his little finger a signet ring, with a coronet and crossed spears?" my aunt asked,

quickly. "Oh, it was he! It was he!" Mrs. Warrenton cried aloud. "That is the crest of my own family," she ex-plained. "O my poor boy! My poor boy! And have you the watch and the ring? And his grave-is it far

to go?"

Too much affected to reply, my mother rose silently and brought forth those sad mementoes of the terrible past; and then we turned away instinctively from a grief too

sacred for the eyes of strangers. A little later, just as the sun was setting, my sister and I led the way to the little mound under the magnolias, my mother holding our visitor's hand. Nor had the bouquets of pansies, placed there two days before, as yet wholly withered. It was when, through her tears, her eyes fell on these flowers that the last traces of Warrenton's reserve vanished.

"And you have done this these flowers-for my son! For my poor dead boy!" she cried impulsively, and threw her arms about my mother's neck.

In truth, a common sorrow makes sisters of us all; and it was thus, at last, that "the Yankee's grave" was identified.

Mrs. Warrenton remained with us

TO A DRUMMER BOY.

BY R. W. GRIZZARD, LOUISVILLE, KY. The robins nest in fair Cave Hill
And gentle zephyrs blow
Where sleep both braves of blue and gray—
Soldiers of long ago;
The slabs are white, the sunshine's bright,
The turf is light and green—
Nobler sires nor braver soldier.
The world has never seen

Hard by Louisville's gay, bustling streets,
Where grim Death bears his own,
Where dwell the dead in their long sleep,
The Reaper has his throne;
And there upon a cloudless day
I paused beside a tomb
To dwell in thought on life and death
In that lone place of gloom.



Many deep-wrought inscriptions there
On serried grave stones gleamed;
But of them all none held my eye
Nor to my fancy seemed
So fraught with love's tender tribute,
So tense with woe to come.
As that, which simply told but this:
"Boy, we miss thee at home."

Long years have flown since he went forth
To live a soldier's life;
The stone that marks his resting place
Tells he fell in the strife.
Gone now the friends who vigils kept
Where his young feet did roam,
But biding through all the years this—
"Boy, we miss thee at home."
—Confederate Veteran.

Lee and Arlington.

After all, it is at Arlington, on the Potomac, that the present-day visitor is most vividly reminded of General Lee and the life he loved so well. This beautiful estate-now a national cemetery, where 16,000 Union and Confederate soldiers are buried-is lofor nearly a fortnight, and at the end cated opposite the city of Washington, If her visit changed her first intention and it was here, as has been ex-



A VIEW OF ARLINGTON ON THE POTOMAC

friendship which, born of a common ver ribbon in the distance, and its sorrow, has grown up between us quaint mansion rendered distinctive Here, where heaven moved your in appearance by massive Doric colhearts to lay flowers on his grave- umus and not gain a new conception here let him rest; and I, if you will of the matchless peace and charm and

sad pilgrimage to us, Mrs. Warren- halcyon days before the war. ton journeys southward to pass a few weeks at Springbank, and be near the grave of her son on Memorial Day .- of Thesus at Athens, was erected in Youth's Companion.

The Place For It.

An old Scotswoman was advised by her minister to take snuff to keep herself awake during the sermon. She answered briskly, "Why dinna ye pu' the snuff in the sermon, mon?'



GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.

of having her son's remains removed plained, that General Lee spent all and re-interred in the North. the happiest years of his life. No "If I were to do that, dear friends," person can visit this splendid domain, she said to us, "I should feel that I with its magnificent trees, its panowas breaking this dear new bond of rama of the river winding like a silpermit me, shall come to his grave." restful content of the life on the old And every spring, since that, first baronial estates of the South in the

The stately Arlington mansion, which was modeled after the Temple 1804. It is of brick, covered with stucco, and with its two wings has a frontage of more than 140 feet. The grand portico is sixty feet in width and twenty-five feet in depth. Features of the manor house are the remnants of the old decorations, including the hunting scene fresco, which was painted by General Lee's fatherin-law, Mr. Custis, who, with his wife, is buried in a quiet nook in the woods on the Potomac, their graves being marked by plain marble shafts. This historic home is in an excellent state of preservation and visitors are shown all the apartments of especial interest, including the room in which General Lee was married. There is no record that General Lee ever returned to Arlington after the war, although the veteran servants at the mansion have long been wont to declare most steadfastly that "Colonel Rob" was seen about dusk one evening slowly riding through the grounds in company with General Grant, and presumably bidding a last farewell to his old home.-Waldon Fawcett.

Farming Without Capital. It is absurd to expect that the small farmer, alone among small men, should achieve success without capital. With capital all is possible; without it only the exceptional man is likely to be heard of.—Estates Ga-

Germany is freely imitating American patterns in the manufacture of farm implements and machinery, though American harvesters still predominate

D. BOONE MEMORIAI

Dedicated Near Spencer, N. C., With Impressive Ceremonies

ADDRESS BY JUDGE PRITCHARD

Six or Eight Thousand People Came From Many Sections of the Country to Honor Memory of Daniel Boone, "the Great Backwoodsman."

Spencer, Special.-The first memorial in honor of Daniel Boone, the noted pioneer, was held at Boone's Cave, Davidson county, near Spencer Saturday. The crowd, which was estimated at from six thousand to eight thousand people, came from Winston-Salem, Greensboro, High Point, Lexington, Salisbury, Charlotte, Asheville, and from counties adjoining Rowan and Dividson and some from other States.

Under the uspices of the Daniel Boone Memorial Association, chartered by the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1909, Judge Pritchard spoke in splendid style, captivating the immense crowd of listeners. He was introduced by ex-Congressman John S. Henderson, of Salisbury, who also made a brief speech. Judge Pritchard's address which was decidedly scholarly was an elaborate discourse upon the life of Boone, his work as a pioneer in North Carolina, and the northwest, making special mention of his connection with the State of Franklin at one time a part of Tennesses as opposed to the federal government. Representative Robert N. Page, of the sixth district, delivered a historical address of much interest giving many facts in connection with the work of Boone, his experience in North Carolina and what he did. Col. A. H. Boyden, of Salisbury, spoke in behalf of Rowan county, thanking the ladies of the D. A. R., many of whom were present, for their interest in the celebration. Mr. J. R. McCrary, of Lexington, one of the leading workers in the memorial association, acted as master of ceremonies. The monument is a huge marble shaft, erected to the memory of Boone

as a donation from Rowan citizens. The memorial is a one-story, double roomed, log structure, with clay chimney, and shelter, an exact replica of the homestead built by Boone about 1755. Housed within it are numerous precious relies, such as guns, hunting knives, powder horns, and articles of clothing worn by the pioneer, as well as cooking utensils used by his family.

The significance of the selection of the date for the dedication lies in the fact that April 30 is the 160th anniversary of the departure of the Boone family from Bucks county, Pennsylvania, for their new home on the banks of the Yadkin river and the 141st anniversary of the departure of Daniel Boone from North Carolina for Kentucky.

It is a little known fact that not many miles away, in old Joppo ceme-tery, near Mocksville, Davie county, repose the remains of Daniel Boone's father and mother. The grave of Squire Boone is marked by a simple headstone, which has been enclosed in a steel cage, to save it from relic hunters, which bears this literal inscription:

'Squire Boone departed this life in thay sixty-ninth year of life. in thay year of our Lord 1765, Geneary thay 2d."

Charleston Girl Mysteriously Shot. Charleston, S. C., Special.-Miss Margaret Musgrave, 22 years old, is dead and Clarence E. Grimshawe, a conductor on the Southern Railway, is seriously wounded as the result of a mysterious shooting on a lonely causeway Thursday night. The young man and the girl were out walking

Savannah Jury Indicts Packers.

together.

Savannah, Ga., Special.-As a result of the investigation which has been carried on by the federal jury here for several days into the prices of meats in Savannah and the cause for them, an indictment was returned against five of the big packing con-cerns and three men, local managers of three of the packing houses, as individuals.

Fortifications for Panama Canal. Washington, Special.-In a message accompanied by a detailed report from the war department, President Taft Saturday sent to congress information regarding the necessity for immediately beginning the fortification of the Panama canal in order to have it completed by 1915. the date set for finishing the construction of the canal. The reports accompanying the message do not give the exact locations of the proposed fortifications, but it is expected that this can not be furnished until information has been obtained regarding the "status and availability of certain parcels of land."

Government Pursues Gamblers.

New York, Special.-Following the raiding Saturday of two alleged bucketshops, to the accompaniment of arrests and the cutting of wires, a new turn has been given to the government crusade by the statement of federal inspectors that other arrets are to follow and that several prominent brokers not yet named are the real object of attack.