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WILMINGTON, MAY 30

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

HEALTH OF THE CITY.—A report has gone abroad, and is to some extent current in our own midst, that Wilmington is exceedingly sickly.—This report is not only very erroneous, but very injurious to the welfare of the town, and it behooves all good citizens to make every exertion to contradict it. Earlier in the season the city was filled with refugees and released Federal prisoners, among whom, owing largely to their physical condition on arriving here, the mortality was very great. Many military officers and other new residents whom the national occupation brought here have also been subject to some disease, generally, however, the ordinary acclimation that invariably follows a change of climate. But at no time has any infectious or malignant disease prevailed here, nor is there any at present. Indeed, owing to the admirable cleanliness of our streets and places under military orders, the city was never more healthy than it is at the present time.

A NATIONAL BANK.—It is understood that negotiations are pending for the establishment of a banking house in this city on the basis of the national banking law. Several well known capitalists are interested in the movement, whose enterprise and energy is a guarantee of success. Such an institution is much needed in this region, and will prove of incalculable benefit in restoring business generally. Our people have ample securities, but are utterly devoid of money with which to resume their occupations. With a healthy bank in our midst, having ample capital to loan on undoubted security, we shall soon have prosperity again.

WILMINGTON AND MANCHESTER RAILROAD.—We are pleased to learn that the Wilmington and Manchester Railroad Company have determined upon re-opening their road to the public at the earliest possible moment, and that they are possessed of funds to put the roadway in good repair. A large force of workmen is now employed on the line, driving the labor with a commendable energy. The bridge over the Great Pee Dee has to be replaced which is the most considerable job that prevents the immediate re-opening of the road.—As soon as this bridge is replaced we are advised that trains will commence running between this place, Florence, and the far south.

THE HERALD OFFICE is printing posters, hand-bills and circulars in large quantities, evincing the liveliness of trade in our midst. There is no more profitable accessory to a liberal system of advertising than a profuse distribution of hand-bills. Send in the orders if you want customers.

REFRESHING.—The copious showers of the past few days have been gratefully received. The country was much in need of rain, the coming of which has had the effect to dispel gloom and awaken prospects of good crops, and ample returns for agricultural labor.

Attention is especially directed to the card of Dr. B. F. Arrington, to be found in our advertising columns to-day. Dr. A. is too well known as a practitioner of dental surgery to require further notice from us. His office is now over the drug store of Elijah Willis, Market street.

The National Loan.

PHILADELPHIA, May 21, 1865.
The subscriptions to the seven-thirty loan on Saturday amounted to \$1,916,350. The largest Western subscriptions were \$200,000 from the Second National Bank of St. Louis, and \$90,000 from the First National Bank of Springfield, Ill. The largest Eastern subscriptions were \$100,000 from the First National Bank of Reading Pa., and \$100,000 from the National Metropolitan Bank of Washington. There were 1,335 individual subscriptions. The total amount subscribed for the week was \$12,106,700.

PHILADELPHIA, May 23, 1865.
The subscriptions to-day to the seven-thirty loan amount to \$1,036,150. The largest single Western subscriptions were \$100,000 from the First National Bank of New Albany, Ind.; \$60,000 from John Lundt & Co., of Louisville, and \$50,000 from the Commercial Bank of Cleveland. The largest Eastern subscriptions were \$214,800 from Fiske & Hatch of New York (who also subscribed yesterday \$203,500) and \$100,000 from the First National Bank of Baltimore. The number of individual subscriptions amounted to seven hundred and twenty-five.

The Southern Telegraph Lines.

LOUISVILLE, May 23, 1865.
The Southwestern Telegraph Company's lines are now open to Mobile, and will be working to New Orleans in a few days.

JEFF. DAVIS.

The True History of His Disguise.

He is Captured in His Wife's Morning Wrappers, Hooded and Veiled, with a Pail on His Arm.

HIS WIFE CALLS HIM HER "POOR OLD MOTHER."

SURRENDER OF C. C. CLAY.

Stephens Arrested While Living Like a Stoic and Hermit at His Home Near Atlanta.

CAPTURE OF G. N. WHEELER AND STAFF

Davis Confined in Fortress Monroe, and Stephens Sent to Fort Lafayette, &c., &c., &c.

[Washington Correspondence, N. Y. Herald.]
WASHINGTON, D. C., May 22, 1865.

Since my arrival at Fortress Monroe, where, for the first time since I left Gravelly Springs, Ala., with General Wilson's cavalry expedition, on the 22d of March last, I had the opportunity of reading Northern newspapers, I find that a great many errors have crept into their columns relative to the attempted escape, capture and final disposition of Jeff. Davis and his co-conspirators. These have been sent for publication by correspondents whose information was obtained principally from Madame Rumor and the grapevine telegraph, and, as a matter of course, are as erroneous as the great bulk of news obtained in that way. Having been intimately connected with the parties who made the capture, and enjoying their full confidence, I had every opportunity of learning, during our voyage, every incident connected with the pursuit and capture of the fugitive from justice; and from Macon to Fortress Monroe, and up to the evening of the 21st inst., can give the facts from personal observation and investigation.

As I have given in my previous letters a very full account of the capture and transit of those parties, I will confine myself principally to incidents not previously written, and to the correction of the errors above mentioned; and in doing so I shall write, as I always do, with the knowledge that I am writing history.

THE CAMP WHERE JEFF. WAS CAPTURED was situated in a pine forest, on the side of the Abbeville road, about one mile from Irwinsville, Irwin county, Georgia. It consisted of a large wall tent, containing only the arch traitor and his family, and an ordinary "fly," containing the male portion of the caravan. Surrounding and contiguous to these were two common army wagons, two ambulances and several horses and mules, with the usual amount of camp paraphernalia, such as saddles, bridles, harness, cooking utensils, &c. Davis himself and Postmaster Regan, with the two colonels—Lubbock and Johnston, aid-de-camps—had only overtaken the party the night before, after a fatiguing journey from Washington, Ga., where they had remained to "settle some business," as they say, while Mrs. Davis, with the children and servants, had pushed forward, under the protection and escort of Private Secretary Harrison and a few of the faithful, such as Lieutenant Hatha way, Midshipman Howell and about twenty private soldiers. It was probably at or very near Washington where Davis dismissed his escort and divided the spoils, under the most pressing circumstances. Some of Stoneman's cavalry were hard upon him, and he concluded to deceive them by letting them follow the body of cavalry, while he and his friends travelled *à cog*, across the country and joined his family. To add to the horrors of his situation the escort demanded a division of the contents of the kegs and boxes (gold and silver), and he was obliged to delay some time and act as paymaster. As far as I could learn the division was very unequally made—some of the officers receiving as much as one hundred dollars and upwards, the lion's share; while others not so exacting received a bare pittance. This raised considerable disturbance in the camp, and during the *melee* Jeff and his *compagnons du voyage* skedaddled.

THE "PETTICOAT STORY"

is, in the main, true, although it has been told a score of times by different correspondents, many of whom supplied the lack of a knowledge of facts by copious draughts from the imagination, and gave it as many different phases as there are months in the calendar. The facts are as follows:—

The attack was made upon the camp by Col. Pritchard just as the first streak of dawn began to light the Eastern sky. Everything was profoundly silent. Jeff. was undoubtedly dreaming of his former greatness, and the entire party were wrapt in the somnolent embrace of Morpheus, when they were suddenly startled by the yells of the soldiers, and awoke too late to make preparations for even a feeble resistance. After officers and men in the "fly" were safely under guard, which occupied some time, a corporal went to the door of the tent occupied by defunct royalty, and ordered them to come forth and deliver themselves up. Mrs. Davis appeared at the door and said:—

"Please, gentlemen, do not intrude upon the

privacy of ladies. There are no gentlemen here, and you will oblige us greatly by giving us time to dress."

"All right, madame," said the little corporal; "we will give you time to make your toilet, and then you can take a ride to Macon for your health."

A guard was placed around the tent, and the reader's imagination must draw from the denouement what transpired inside. After a half hour's interval, the monotony outside only being broken by the demands of the guard to "hurry up," there came to the door Mrs. Davis and Miss Howell, leading an apparently decrepit old lady, dressed in a lady's morning wrapper, with a tight hood on her head and her face covered with a small veil. The "old lady" could walk only with great difficulty, but tottered through the door of the tent with a tin pail on her arm.

"Soldier, I suppose you have no objection to letting my old mother go to the spring for some water for us to wash with?" said Mrs. Davis.

"Wall, I reckon I have some little objection to letting that old lady go," said the corporal. "She wears boots, don't she?" and with the point of his sabre he raised the frock, discovering a large, coarse pair of calf skin boots. While the corporal was discovering and exhibiting the cloven foot of the beast, another soldier stripped the veil and hood from off his face, and lo! the great ass which has so long been hidden 'neath a lion's skin—Jeff. Davis—stood before them, in all his pusillanimity, and in his true character, before the light of which Henry VII. pales, and Richard III. rises in the scale of human greatness.

When Jeff. saw that he was fairly caught, and would be delivered into the hands of his enemies, he waxed exceeding wroth and railed out at the soldiers whenever opportunity offered. He frequently made use of such sneering remarks as—

"Valorous soldiers, indeed, to make war upon women and children!" "I thought the Yankee government was a little more valorous than to send its soldiers to steal defenceless women and children out of their beds at night," &c.

Mrs. Davis ironically remarked that she "was not aware that an old woman and four children were of so much value as to be escorted by three hundred soldiers through the country."

JEFF. READS THE PROCLAMATION.

I have previously mentioned the effect produced upon Davis by the President's proclamation offering a reward of one hundred thousand dollars for his arrest. I have often tried to imagine the terror of Belshazzar when he read his doom in the handwriting on the wall, or the horror of the murderer when the hands of the officers of the law are laid rudely upon him. Such, but in a vastly magnified degree, must have been the feelings of Jeff. Davis when he read that proclamation. As his eyes glanced over the fatal lines I have thought that he must have come to the first realization of his condition. He trembled like an aspen leaf, dropped the paper from his hands and sank into reveries and sullenness. His wife picked up the paper, read its contents audibly, and they all burst into tears.

AT MACON AND EN ROUTE.

Colonel Pritchard and escort arrived at Macon about four o'clock on the afternoon of the 12th instant. For miles along the streets and on the road on which the *escort* was expected to arrive were strung squads of people eager to catch one glance of the man who but so recently had been their sovereign, and at whose doors so many crimes and sins were laid. Their curiosity, however, was not gratified to any considerable extent, as he rode in a close ambulance, and when he alighted at the Lanier House (General Wilson's headquarters) the guards obstructed their vision. Dinner was already prepared, and the prisoners partook of it with a relish. After dinner Postmaster Regan, who, it seems, had taken the contract to see "the President" (?) safe through Texas, was admitted to General Wilson's room, where were congregated several officers, including the General himself, and your correspondent. Regan told General Wilson that he wished to ask his permission to accompany "the President" to Washington, adding that he had shared with him his property—(exactly so; *vide* the bills of exchange drawn on London in his name)—and did not wish to desert him in the hour of his adversity. On receiving assurances that he would be permitted to accompany him he expressed his gratitude.

"You are under no obligations, sir," said the General, "for I should have sent you, whether you wanted to go or not. You are a civilian prisoner, and he is a prisoner both military and civil."

The party was joined here by Clement C. Clay and his wife, they having come from Lagrange (their home,) the previous day, and surrendered themselves to General Wilson. The meeting between Davis and Clay was very cordial, and Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay were very affectionate towards each other. The affections and feelings of the two families, seemed to run in one and the same channel, and they were often caught in secret counsel together, and separated by the guard. While in conversation with Colonel Pritchard and myself, Mrs. Clay jocularly remarked that as she brought Mr. Clay to Macon she should claim the reward.

"Yes," said Mrs. Davis, "one hundred thousand dollars would be considerable of an amount of pocket change for us poor unfortunates now. I sold my horses, carriage, silver ware and jewelry for what little money I had, and that has been stolen from me."

I could not see, however, any lack of jewelry

about her person, as she sported two splendid diamond rings upon one finger.

Nothing further of interest occurred during the route from Macon to Atlanta, as it was in the night, and most of the party, weary and sleepy, went off into deep slumber.

At Atlanta General Upton had a train, an escort and a warm breakfast in waiting for us, and, after about an hour's delay, we were off for Augusta. General Upton and two of his staff officers accompanied us.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

I learned here from General Upton that an escort in charge of the rebel Vice President Stephens had gone ahead of us on the regular train. He was arrested on his plantation, only a short distance from Atlanta, by a squad of General Upton's men, under a captain and staff officer, whose name I have forgotten. Stephens made no effort to escape; but was found at his house quietly smoking his meerschaum. He had no companions save two negro servants and a dog, and lived almost entirely in solitude. He joined us on the boat at Augusta. I solicited an introduction, and had a very pleasant, profitable and lengthy conversation with him. As my object was to gain information I gave him the floor and let him do most of the talking, merely responding in the affirmative or negative, and occasionally putting in a feeler. He was very anxious to know what policy I thought the government would adopt towards the leaders of the rebellion. He asserted that a conciliatory policy would at once rout the people, revive trade, commerce, manufactures and agriculture, and, in fine, bring the disrupted States back to their allegiance and original status in the Union. A different policy, he held, would serve to keep up a feeling of bitterness and require the presence of a large standing army to reduce to subordination the contending factions. He was careful to impress me with the idea that he did not speak from selfish motives, but I could not see it in the light of that illumination. He remarked that if the government had sent him a note to appear at Washington to be hung he should have taken the shortest route, and went immediately to the capital. What he said in justification of his course in accepting the Vice Presidency of the confederacy was published in a previous letter, and time and space preclude a repetition. Stephens and Jeff. Davis, it is well known, are at swords-points, and there was no signs of recognition or regard on the part of either. Both kept their respective places, independent entirely of the other's presence. Stephens said to me that when he went to Hampton Roads, in company with Judge Campbell and the Hon. R. M. T. Hunter, to meet President Lincoln, he could have made satisfactory terms of peace in five minutes. He was not, however, clothed with the proper official authority, and hence his mission failed.

GENERAL WHEELER AND STAFF

were also captured, about fifteen miles from Atlanta. He had an escort of about one hundred men, who fled at the approach of our cavalry (less in number,) and left their general to his fate. They were also taken to Augusta, and were there put under charge of Colonel Pritchard by General Upton. It is supposed that Wheeler and his men were going across the country to join Davis, though they claim they were en route for their respective homes.

THE PRESS DEPARTURE.

FORTRESS MONROE, May 22, 1865.

At one o'clock this afternoon the steamer *Silas J. Pierce* left Baltimore wharf, at this place, with Brevet Major General Miles, accompanied by other officers of prominence, and proceeded immediately to the steamer *Clyde*, at anchor in the stream with Jeff. Davis and the remainder of the rebel party on board.

An hour, perhaps sufficient to give the departing rebels time to take a long farewell of friends and dear ones, was awarded them. The harbor, which usually is crowded with all kinds and classes of vessels, to-day looked almost deserted; scarcely a dozen sail of vessels could be counted, and even they seemed dull and listless.

Colonel Roberts, commander of Fortress Monroe, perceiving the absolute necessity of maintaining strict discipline, in conformity with the wishes of the government that the transportation of the rebel party to Fortress Monroe should be conducted in as quiet a manner as possible, very early in the morning stationed guards in the immediate vicinity of the casements where are cells intended for the incarceration of the prisoners, and also along the various paths and routes they would be obliged to traverse while en route to the fortress.

In a short time after the *Pierce* reached the wharf the prisoners began to land. Such were the arrangements, strictly enforced by the military authorities, that no person was allowed to approach the wharf where the prisoners landed, except at a distance of over five hundred yards.

As the prisoners marched up the wharf, preceded by a guard of their captors of the Fourth Michigan cavalry, the tall, spare form of Jeff. Davis, dressed in grey clothes and wearing a light felt hat, could be easily discerned. As soon as the prisoners were all ashore they were marched up along the beach to the sallyport of the water battery, in the rear of the fortress, and thence to the cells in the second tier of casemates.

Clement C. Clay accompanied Jeff. Davis inside the fortress, and also, it is supposed, the largest portion of his personal staff. Mrs. Davis and her four children, her brother and sister and the wife of Clement C. Clay, remain on board the steamer *Clyde*, and, it is thought, will

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