

The Messenger.

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WILMINGTON, N. C.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1897.

TWO IMPORTANT NORTHERN HISTORIES ON CHANCELLORSVILLE AND GETTYSBURG.

Some week or two since we received a neat volume entitled, "The Battle of Chancellorsville—The Attack of Stonewall Jackson and his Army upon the Right Flank of the Army of the Potomac at Chancellorsville, Va., on Saturday Afternoon May 2, 1863."

Colonel Hamlin has made a very thorough study of the battle, has sought all available information from participants in both contending armies, and has received valuable assistance from General Jackson's aide, Colonel W. H. Palmer (of A. P. Hill's staff); Colonel Kyd Douglas and Major Jeff Hotchkiss, (Jackson's staff); Colonel Eugene Blackford; Captain Randolph Barton (Stonewall's brigade); and from two of Jackson's chief federal officers, and also points to grave errors committed by General Colquitt, and even General Jackson.

Justice to Pender, Harmsen and Lane. He shows up certain federal officers, and also points to grave errors committed by General Colquitt, and even General Jackson. He shows the very serious discontent and jealousy that existed in the northern army, describes strikingly the character of General Jackson and Lee, sets forth the greatness of Lee, without however showing the high appreciation of our great leader as Lieutenant Colonel Fremantle, Colonel Chesney and General Lord Wolcott, of the British army, have done.

Colonel Hamlin writes at length upon the wounding of General Jackson, and puts the blame where it belongs, and not upon the man in Lane's brigade that did it. The book is indeed well worth reading.

Colonel Hamlin highly appreciates the North Carolinians in the battle, and particularly Pender's and Lane's commands. He says at length a fine tribute to Lane's brigade, tells of its splendid fighting in many battles and its great losses and of its grand work at Sharpsburg and Gettysburg.

It was the left wing of the Eighteenth North Carolina that fired the fatal shot that killed Jackson. Colonel Hamlin shows the mistake that was made—a very great one indeed, in General Jackson sending for General Job Stuart to take command after his own wounding to death. It proved a great loss to the confederacy as you will see by reading this careful book. The maps are excellent and enables you to follow the fight under all its changes to close. The southern army lost some 17,000 at Chancellorsville, as the author thinks. North Carolina lost 2,721 killed and wounded. Lane lost 739, and Pender 693. General Lee reports his loss at 13,000. We believe that 13,000 were the number of killed and wounded. Virginia lost 1,523. These were the heaviest losses—less than 4,300. So it will be hard at that rate to make the loss 13,000. The book is indeed interesting and well worth reading.

Our gallant friend Captain W. R. Bond, of Scotland Neck, wrote to us concerning Colonel Hamlin's book before we had completed our examination of it. He is highly impressed with its value and sense of fair dealing. He tells us of another contribution to the literature of the great war between the states, and on the battle of Gettysburg. As our readers know, this is the battle concerning which more false statements, unfair glorifying, unjustifiable neglect and deliberate ignoring has been done than in any of hundreds of battles fought during the very late

four years. We have had a hand in exposing some of the gross misrepresentations, perversions and horn blowing and we began only a month or two after the battle was fought. Captain Bond writes that the book is by a Philadelphia lawyer, Mr. Vandercil, under the supervision of the battlefield commission. We quote from our esteemed correspondent: "It is wonderful in its accuracy and in its fairness. North Carolina is given full and entire justice. It is a great book. It is very evident that the writer, like Colonel Hamlin, thinks more highly of our troops than of the Virginians."

It contains 192 pages, with nine different maps of the battle at different hours; is printed well on thick paper. It is in every way carefully and excellently prepared, shows an earnest purpose to find the truth and tell it, and is really of historic value. It certainly clears away the smoke from parts of the battle and places blame where it properly belongs. It is a very complete vindication of the Eleventh Army Corps (the Germans) and shows they deserve about as much credit as any other corps, and behaved as well under most trying circumstances.

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It looks as if the house judiciary committee was willing for stage actors to indulge in obscenity and vulgarity, and that the legislators were favorable to receiving all the passes railroad corporations may offer. The Nashville (Tenn.) Sun says 20,000 passes have been given to Tennessee legislators by the senate. Comment is entirely superfluous. A straw will show the way a stream runs.

The recognition of the valuable services rendered to the city of Wilmington by the British army, says Lee was a greater soldier than Wellington. Gen. Winfield Scott, commander in chief of the United States army at the beginning of the great war, said the captain Lee (our young) was the greatest soldier in the Mexican war. See General Long's Life of Lee.

Expeditions trials of murderers, rapists are all right. But an ounce of preventive justice is worth a pound of cure. A mendacious criminal law has to protect life and white women and children would be more in order than any punishment of crime after it is committed. We suppose all lawyers know how very difficult it is to convict for grave crimes under the jury trial system that prevails. With ignorance and corruption sitting in the jury box along side of intelligence and virtue and compelling entire agreement to convict of all the twelve jurors is to shut out justice and give crime a constant impetus.

The Messenger has not had a word of discussion in the matter of the mooted "reformatory for youthful criminals." Its silence has not been because it would not "reform" the young rascals who steal and murder and break into the penitentiary, but it has not believed in its practicalness. We doubt if a negro would be "reformed" in a generation. It is favorable to having tramps and convicts kept to themselves and away from the hardened rascals and villains. But as to "reform" them, we admit our faith is very, very weak. When did one ever "reform" the old fellows stale to get back into the comfortable "pen."

George Meredith has written a volume—"Essay on Comedy," and "the comic spirit" assumes a far more dignified and brilliant novelty. It cannot well fail to be entertaining with such a delightful theme. The publishers, the Scribners, say that "its treatment blends theory and illustration with successful clearness and the different character of the comic spirit assumes in Aristophanes, Menander, Shakespeare and Moliere is vividly depicted." We hardly know a living writer from whom we would expect a more sparkling, incisive, witty discussion of comedy than the author of "Richard Feveril" and "Diagrams of Crossways."

The clever Scotch novelist William Black has written an article on his recollection of Carlyle in his old age. It is not flattering. He describes him "as an old man, worn and tired and bent, with deeply lined cheeks, a firm underjaw, tufted gray hair and a tufted gray and white beard, and sunk in an unutterably sorrowful eyes." He gives some samples of his extraordinary talk, for Carlyle was a most extraordinary man in many ways; one of the greatest of our century, and he has many, perhaps more, impressions upon our century than any man who has lived in it. He referred to Swinburne

we take it) to "that young man still going about vomiting forth blasphemy and the leers of Topkap" Carlyle failed at poetic writing as we mentioned long ago in these columns. He also failed as a novel writer. Mr. Black says that "Mr. Allingham, an old friend and frequent companion of Carlyle, assured me that he (Carlyle) had no sense whatever of the magic of lyrical poetry, while he had unmistakably a most excellent dislain for anything in art or literature that he could not personally appreciate. He had himself tried verse-making; conspicuously he did not succeed, and even after he kept repeating, 'you have anything to say, say it; why sing it? In like manner he tried novel-writing; he failed, and ever thereafter he scoffed at fiction-fiction, which from the time of Homer to the time of Thackeray has been the one beautiful and resplendent feature of the mental world.' The same metric tendency is clearly traceable throughout his article on Scott."

Unwritten History—It was beginning to look like rain. "Noah," called out the usurer who had accommodated the ark-builder with a small loan, "when are you going to settle that little account of mine?" "I think replied Noah, putting his head out of a window in the ark, "I shall be able to liquidate fully in about forty days." And he drew his head in again.—Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Uppenye—William, what do you mean by letting that child eat those dried apples? Don't you know they hurt him? Mr. Uppenye—You always said you wanted him to have some social pretensions. Mrs. Uppenye—Well, what on earth has he done that for? Mr. Uppenye—Just wait a little while and he'll be a regular howling swill.—New York Times.

Rev. Sank Timonious—"Ah, Miss Epworth, you are working for the good holidays next summer." Rev. Sank Timonious—"Ah, but my dear young lady, Satan never takes a holiday, not even in the winter." Miss Epworth—"I know; but then, Satan is used to the heat."—Baltimore News.

Tatterton Torn: "Mister, won't you give me the price of a lodgin'?" I haven't slept for six days." Benevolent old gentleman: "Here's a dollar. It is possible such destitution exists?" Tatterton Torn: "Yes; I always sleep at night." "Aren't you late in getting home from Sunday school, Bobby?" "Well, I guess! There was a man there who had made a speech." "Who was he?" "I forgot his name, but he was an escaped missionary."

There are over 4,000 pensioners on the rolls who came here to fight as substitutes, or for the bounty, and after the war was over they returned to Europe, they draw from the treasury over half a million dollars a year.—Nashville Sun.

The fear of war is very expensive. Europe keeps immense armies because the nations fear each other, can not trust each other. England, Russia and Germany are talking of increasing their military forces. Not a word about the people are burdened and robbed of their liberty and made food for powder. It will be a long time before war ceases in the world among the nations and the lion and bear hug each other. No nation can afford to neglect its neighbors. They watch each other as if ferocious animals ready to devour.

There is one thing that hard times, scarcity of money, dulness of trade, dependence upon the market, and suffering of the poor do not affect in the least. It is the price of coal. There has been scarcely any reduction all through the panicky years beginning with Cleveland's movement against silver in 1893, when he betrayed and ruined his party. The Baltimore Herald notes that while other commodities have fallen from 50 to 60 per cent. (mark it for it is a gold-bug talking now) that hard coal has ruled at \$6 or more a ton in Baltimore to the consumer since 1890. Why has all that the farmers produced so badly fallen—fallen so far—and still coal should keep up, freezing or no freezing, work or no work, money or no money? Why is coal exempt from causes that affect all other interests—why is it not governed by economic law of supply and demand as are all other products? The Herald says:

The amount of coal to be mined within a given period is set by the conference of sales agents. Transportation companies, the hungry miner, the coal dealer and the consumer are all within the relentless grasp of the Coal Trust, in comparison with which the Standard Oil Company and the C. & O. combine are virtuous institutions. The coal business is ruled by a rod of iron. An excess of 2,000,000 tons in a year over the average output, which might bring a little comfort to the home of the miner; which would add \$5,000,000 to the gross earnings of railroads; and which would reduce the retail price 50 cents a ton, would take \$20,000,000 from the profits of the coal owners. Hence, the catastrophe is ever allowed to happen.

Do you see? And yet the congress and the people submit to the continuance of devouring and tyrannical trusts.

Why, asked the inquiring one, "why should they allude to womankind as the fair sex?" "Probably," said the cynical bachelor, "by the same law of contraries that a church holds up an altar to a fair. Eh?" Cincinnati Enquirer.

Teacher (to the class in history)—Who was king of France in 1792? First Boy—Henry of Navarre. Teacher—Incorrect. Can the second boy tell? Second Boy—Yes, ma'am; it was Lamplighter.—New York Herald.

"If there's anything 'O' do disloike," said Mr. Dooleen, "it's shuperration." "Who's got it?" asked his wife. "Rofferty, the contractor. He owes me 'O' disloike 'O' making in this mornin' he won't pay me for fear 'O' 'O' hoo bad luck!"—Washington Star.

You will find one coupon inside each tin of Blackwell's Bull Durham. Buy a tin of Blackwell's Bull Durham. Buy a tin of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

Case He Knew six days in a recent book the ideas he put forth that mankind sang before it talked. What do you mean by it? Don't know, but there is a fellow on our block who is going to sing just before he dies, some time, his name is something like Epworth.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

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Table with columns for Station, Time, and Service. Includes routes to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other northern ports.

ARRIVALS AT WILMINGTON FROM THE NORTH. Daily No. 40—Passenger—Leave Boston 6:45 P. M., 11:30 P. M., 1:30 P. M., 3:30 P. M., 5:30 P. M., 7:30 P. M., 9:30 P. M.

FROM THE SOUTH. Daily No. 54—Passenger—Leave Tampa 12:15 P. M., 2:15 P. M., 4:15 P. M., 6:15 P. M., 8:15 P. M., 10:15 P. M.

Table with columns for Station, Time, and Service. Includes routes to New York, Philadelphia, and other major cities.

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