

shall take pleasure in sending you the Bible and other articles, and, if not, I shall be greatly gratified if you can put me upon the track of finding the proper person.

Yours very truly,

GEORGE W. ATHERTON.

In reply to this letter, Colonel Nisbet stated that he was the owner of the above-mentioned articles, but that neither he, then a captain, nor his regiment, the Third Georgia volunteers, were ever at Newberne. The history of the trunk is as follows: In the fall of 1861, Colonel Nisbet was at home on a short furlough, and was hurrying back to Virginia to rejoin his command. On his way there, he says, that his trunk, containing articles of wearing apparel, a pistol and a Bible, was lost somewhere between Wilmington and Weldon, N. C., and afterwards carried to Newberne, where it remained unclaimed until it fell into the hands of the Union forces upon their entrance into that town. Colonel Nisbet says he has often wondered what became of this trunk, and expressed himself as deeply gratified to President Atherton in preserving these few remaining articles and in his efforts to find the rightful owner. Around the loss of this trunk of a Confederate captain, thirty-seven years ago, and its strange and unexpected recovery, centers many thoughts. The war, its moving history, the ways of reconstruction, the earnest and successful efforts of the returning veterans in effecting the restoration of their beloved states, the memories of hard-fought battles, painful wounds, the days of imprisonment, loved ones at home, and now the era of good feeling.

The young officer of the Union army of '62 is now a distinguished and learned president of a great institution. The young confederate captain, after attaining the rank of colonel in Lee's immortal army, after wounds and imprisonment, and restoration to health through the brotherly care of his whilom enemies, is now a gray-haired veteran, quietly pursuing the duties of his profession, and as devoted to his native state in peace, as he was ready to shed his blood for her in war.

And she, the wife of his youth, whose tender hand penned her husband's name in that long-lost Bible, now lies buried in the village cemetery. But her memory lives as fresh in the hearts of her friends as on the day the earth closed over her open grave.