

AMERICAN CITIZEN.

"Let us have Faith that Right makes Might; and in that Faith let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it!"—A. LINCOLN.

VOLUME 2.

BUTLER, BUTLER COUNTY, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 19, 1865.

NUMBER 19.

Richmond as it is.

We quote from the *Way* its interesting description of the present condition of Richmond:

We gave in yesterday afternoon's edition of the *Way* the main history of events which marked the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederate Government and army, and its occupation by the forces of the United States. An inspection of the buried district this morning shows that we did not over-estimate the extent of the area burned over or the number of houses destroyed. The fire, commencing at the Shockoe Warehouse, radiated front and rear and on two wings burning down to, but not destroying, M. L. Jacobson's store, No. 77 Main street, south side, half way between Fourteenth and Fifteenth sts., and back to the river, through Cary and all the intermediate streets. Westward, on Main, the fire was stayed at Ninth st., sweeping back to the river. On the south side of Main the flames were stayed at Mitchell & Tyler's jewelry store, between Thirteenth and Fourteenth sts.

From this point the flames raged on the north side of Main up to Eighth st., and back to Bank st. The familiar aspect and face of Main st., is changed so completely that those best acquainted with the buildings, cannot point them out with certainty. The busy street of a few days ago is the ghost of its former self, an amphitheater of crumbling walls and tottering chimneys.

The Custom House, late Confederate Treasury, passed through the ordeal of fire unscathed, from the fact that the edifice is of granite and fire proof. The Bank of the Commonwealth presents a granite front, but is a mere shell, as also is the Bank of Virginia. At one time during Monday Morning the Spotswood Hotel was in great danger, the flames leaping toward its location with great rapidity; but a merciful Providence caused a lull in the breeze, and blew the flames out of their track.

THE DRUG STORES.

A dozen drug stores at least shared in the common ruin. They are, as far as we can recollect, the stores of Purcell, Ladd & Co., corner of Thirteenth and Main sts.; William Grey, Main st., between Twelfth and Thirteenth; Peterson's corner of Main and Twelfth sts.; Meade & Baker, corner of Main and Sixteenth sts.; J. P. Duval, south-east corner of the same streets.

Old boundaries and landmarks are entirely obliterated that it is with the greatest difficulty that the sites of particular stores can be pointed out, the debris of brick and granite and iron destroying any trace of the cross streets; they can be distinguished only by the openings in the ruins.

SOME OF THE SUFFERERS.

The vastness of the list of sufferers and the lack of any correct guide in the way of a directory, would render the publication of their names impossible. We can only mention such as occur to our memory, commencing on Main st.:

West and Johnston, booksellers; Arnts & Co., auction house; John Dooley & Co., hatter; Gennet, jeweler; Secession Club House and Billiard Rooms; Kent, Paine & Co., auction house; White, Monteiro & Co.; Catlett, Telleason & Co., auction house; Manry & Co., bankers; Goddard, Harrison & Apperson, bankers; Williams and Co., Bankers; A. Antoni's confectionary store.

ADDITIONAL PUBLISHING ESTABLISHMENTS BURNED.

By a second survey of the burned district we perceive that several additional publishing establishments are to be included among those destroyed. These are the job printing establishment of Edward J. Ayres, publisher of the *Illustrated News*; the old office of the *Liberator Messenger*, corner of Twelfth and Bank sts.; the office of the *Evening Courier* in the *Dispatch* building; the offices of the *Central Presbyterian*, *Southern Churchman*, and *Religious Herald*. Mr. Ayres saved all his type and stock, having moved them several days before the evacuation.

INCIDENTS OF THE EVACUATION.

On Sunday morning, April 2, broke upon Richmond calmly and pleasantly, and without anything protentious in events immediately transpiring. There were rumors of evacuation, but very few supposed the event was upon us and at hand. The church bells rang as usual, with nothing of alarm in their tone, and worshippers were as prompt and devout as was their wont. But by the hour of noon nervous people began to sniff danger in the air, and one's ears were filled with the most terrible rumors. Then there came an unusual increase in the number of wagons on the streets; boxes and trunks were being hastily loaded at the depots,

ments and driven to the D'neville depot. Those who had determined to evacuate with the fugitive Government looked on with amazement; then convinced of the fact, rushed to follow the Government's example. Vehicles with two horses, one horse, or even no horse at all, suddenly rose to a premium value that was astounding, and ten, fifteen and even a \$100 in gold or Federal currency was offered for a conveyance.

Suddenly, as if by magic, the street became filled with men, walking as if for a wager, and behind them excited negroes toting trunks, bundles and luggage of every description. All over the city it was the same—wagons, trunks, bundles and their owners, a mass of hurrying fugitives, filling the streets. The banks were all open, and depositors were as busy as bees removing their specie deposits; and the directors were equally active in getting off their bullion. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of paper money were destroyed, both State and Confederate. Night came, and with it some confusion worse confounded. There was no sleep for human eyes in Richmond Sunday night. The rapid tramp of men upon the streets, the rattle and clatter of wagons, the shouts of soldiers rearing through the city to the South side, went on the whole long, long weary night.

A TILLAGE KILLED.

One of the pillaging soldiers engaged in robbing the stores on Main st., Monday morning, was shot from the inside by the proprietor, while he was knocking in the show-glass. A charge of buckshot entered his stomach, and it was believed he died in a short time, but we could not learn what became of the body.

At the Government clothing store, corner of Cary and Pearl sts., a man, while pillaging clothing, fell through the hatchway and broke his neck.

THE COMMISSARY STORE-HOUSE.

At daybreak on Monday morning the scene at the commissary depot, at the head of the dock, beggars description.

Hundreds of Government wagons were loaded with bacon, flour and whiskey and driven off in hot haste to join the retreating army. Negroes with their peculiar "heave oh!" sweated and worked like slaves; but the immense piles of stores did not seem to diminish in the least. Thronged about the depot were hundreds of men, women and children, black and white, provided with capacious bags, baskets, tubs, buckets, tin pans and aprons, cursing, pushing and crowding, awaiting the throwing open of doors, and the order for each to help himself.

When the Government wagons had gotten off all the stores possible, it was found that several hundred barrels of whiskey remained in one of the upper stories.

A WHISKEY CATASTROPHE.

One after another, in hasty procession the barrels were rolled to the hatchway, the heads knocked out, and a miniature whiskey Niagara poured continuously down, pouring into the dock in a current, almost strong enough to have swept a man off his feet. Between 200 and 300 barrels were thus poured out—a big tribute to the fishy inhabitants of the river.

About sunrise the doors were opened to the populace, and a rush, that almost seemed to carry the building off its foundations, was made, and hundreds of thousands of pounds of splendid bacon, flour, &c., went into the capacious maw of the public.

And here we may remark that while the Confederate Government was making such a poor mouth over the reported failure of supplies—while the people were being starved that the army might be fed, this immense storehouse was bursting with fullness and plenty, to come finally to utter wreck and waste.

SUDDEN WEALTH.

While hundreds of families have been rendered homeless and homeless by the conflagration, a great many persons who live in sections spared by the flames have accumulated small fortunes by rescuing large quantities of goods from the burning buildings. Clothing, shoes, dry goods of every description, were saved in large quantities, and are now stored away in the houses of those who saved them. Part restitution would be the proper thing in cases where the owners were known.

A PAPER TORNADO.

A whirlwind sweeping through dead leaves in Autumn scattered them no more wildly than official documents, pamphlets, &c., were scattered on Monday morning. Confederate bonds, Confederate notes, bank checks, bills, fleckened and whitened the streets in every direction—all so worthless that the boys would not pick them up.

SHELL EXPLOSION.

While the city was burning, about 8 o'clock on Monday morning, terrific shell explosions, rapid and continuous, added to the terror of the scene, and led to the impression that the city was being shelled by the retreating Confederate army from the Southside; but the explosions were soon ascertained to proceed from the Government Arsenal and Laboratory, then in flames.

LIBBY PRISON.

Which ever since the war has been used as a prison house for Union prisoners, is not serving the same purpose for Confederate prisoners, several thousand being now confined there, and the number is increasing daily. Hundreds of Confederate deserters and stragglers are hunted out and confined there.

THE HAXALL MILLS.

We are glad to be able to correct the report widely circulated and generally believed yesterday that the extensive Haxall Mills have been burned. The Warwick Mills were burned.

A PONTOON BRIGADE.

The military authorities, in view of the destruction of the bridges across the James, have thrown across the river below Mayo's bridge one of their firm and very durable pontoon bridges to facilitate travel and transportation to the south side.

THE INSURANCE OFFICES.

Being mostly located in that portion of the city destroyed, are included among the buildings burned, with their books and accounts, in many instances. Hundreds of the sufferers hold policies of insurance on their property in these offices, but whether they can ever realize a cent under the present circumstances is a grave question.

THE VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The President, accompanied by Admiral Porter of the United States Navy, with an escort of army and navy officers, was landed at Rocketts about 3 p. m., from a gunboat, and was enthusiastically cheered by the populace and Federal soldiers all the way up Main street to the market, and up Franklin st. to Governor's st. The President was on foot and walked rapidly, towering above the crowd, flanked on his right by Admiral Porter, on his left by his son Thaddeus.

The President was dressed in a long black overcoat, high silk hat, and black gaiters, giving to his form a very commanding appearance. The President and escort moved up Governor to Twelfth st., out Twelfth to Marshall st. and the mansion of Jeff. Davis, late President of the Confederate States, and now the headquarters of Maj. Gen. Godfrey Weitzel. The crowd surrounded the mansion, and sent cheer upon cheer as the President entered the doorway and seated himself in the reception room and reception chair of Jeff. Davis. Three cheers for Admiral Porter were then proposed and given with a hearty good will.

A brilliant collection of Union officers assembled in the hall were then presented to the President, and afterward the citizens generally were allowed the opportunity of shaking the President of our whole Union by the hand. Subsequently the President and suite, with a cavalry escort of colored troops, appeared on the square, drawn in a carriage and four, which was driven around the walks, the President inspecting the condition of the troops and exhibiting an unwonted interest in everything.

Everywhere the reception was the same, the hands playing and the people besieging the grounds, each anxious for a closer inspection of the distinguished occupants of the carriage.

While these ceremonies were going on a salute of guns was fired from the steamers at Rocketts.

The President is still in Richmond, we believe, but we are not informed what are to be his future movements.

THE THEATER.

The Theater will be reopened to-night under the management of Mr. R. D'Orsay, who may now exclaim, "Richard is himself again." The play selected for the occasion is Don Cesar de Bazzan. Mr. Ogden will personate Don Cesar, supported by the company recently performing at the Theater.

Invitations have been sent to President Lincoln, Gen. Grant, Weitzel, Shepley and other officers of distinction. An efficient guard has been detailed by the Provost Marshal to preserve order.

—A clergyman just deceased in New York, united, during his life, four thousand couples in marriage, and christened ten thousand infants.

—The Duke of Morny left 4,000,000 francs.

CONTENTED JOHN.

One honest John Tomkins, a hodge and ditcher, Although he was poor, did not want to be rich, For all such vain wishes to him were prevented, By a fortunate habit of being contented.

Though cold were the weather, or dear were the food, John never was found in a murmuring mood; For this he was constantly heard to declare, What he could not prevent he would cheerfully bear.

"For why should I grumble and murmur?" he said, "If I cannot get more, I'll be thankful for bread; And though fasting may make my calamities deeper, It can never come near and choose to be cheaper."

If John was afflicted with sickness or pain, He wished himself better; but did not complain, And never wall if some folk, who are greater and richer, But said that he hoped to be better to-morrow.

If any one wronged him, or treated him ill, Why, John was good natured and sensible still; For he said that the world without even a humble, Would be smacking too roughly where there need be but one.

And thus honest John, though his station was humble, Passed through this sad world without even a grumble, And never wall if some folk, who are greater and richer, Would copy John Tomkins, the hodge and ditcher.

Presentation of a Watch.

The following correspondence will explain itself, and needs no comments: KNOXVILLE, March 25, 1865.

SIR—A committee of the colored population have desired me, in their behalf, to present you this excellent American Watch. Costly gifts, and from persons of higher pretensions, you have often received and may again receive. None more expressive. Neither personal friendship nor motives of interest prompt it. Far other. Of a race subjected to a bondage by laws of which there were for them, neither husband and wife, nor parent and child, much less property, the humbled laborers have no stored wealth to lavish in the bestowment of gratuitous or interested favors.

From this traditional bondage they have just been delivered. As a people they are disenthralled. Possibly their conceptions of liberty may not be as devoted or as dear as are those of men who have breathed no air but that of liberty. The eye first opened to the light sees but dimly, menas trees walking. Yet they deem the boon of freedom incalculable, beyond all their powers to estimate—freedom to own themselves, and to receive the fruits of their own labor; freedom to appeal to the law for protection and redress; and freedom to organize families with hopes of a prosperity that can inherit fortunes acquired and a good name deserved.—You they regard as, under the providence of God, a chief instrument in this mighty accomplishment. Such is the sentiment which, by this token, they wish to express.

Enclosed you will find the names of the committee and contributors.

Taking this occasion to tender assurances of personal regard,

I am, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
HORACE MAYNARD.

To his Excellency, W. G. Brownlow,
Governor of Tennessee.

THE REPLY.

MR. MAYNARD—I accept the watch presented to me through you, by a portion of the colored population, and to them, each and all, I tender my profound acknowledgements, as well as to you for the terms in which you have made known their wishes. This war was commenced, and has been carried on by the South, to enlarge the powers of slavery, and to perpetuate the institution; but in the providence of God, it has destroyed the institution, and these colored persons are now and forever free. When this war is closed out—and it can't last much longer—and the demoralized, disappointed, and defeated rebels return, they will be disposed to show the colored man no quarters. Hence, as Governor of the State, I shall feel it to be my duty to call upon the Legislature to protect them by legislation.

If I were to advise them to a course of action, it would be that of great prudence, and manly forbearance. I have heard with regret, on these streets, profane expressions uttered against the whites, by some colored persons, and I have seen otherstrated rudely, who did not merit such treatment. These instances have not been numerous. So conduct themselves, I would say to each and all, as to be found on the defensive, if any difference should occur. Act upon the old maxim, that *thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just.*

The arrogant rebels may be inclined to ask if the Governor elect of Tennessee will condescend to accept of a present at the hands of the colored population? If Jeff. Davis and those associated with him in arms and treason, can afford to conscript colored men to fight to perpetuate the bondage of their wives and children, under the false promise of freedom to them, and to fight to advance the worst cause on earth, certainly I can accept and proudly wear a watch given to me by loyal men of color. Nay, when one of these traitors is hanging with a rope to his neck, because I refused to grant him a pardon, I can draw out this watch and tell, though far away, when his troubles are over, and he has obtained his rights!

Whilst I shall highly esteem this present, I shall carefully preserve the list of the names of the donors, and remain sincerely, &c.,
W. G. BROWNLOW.

March 26, 1865.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

A True Story of a Great Change—Arlington and its Proprietors.

The Washington *Intelligencer* has the following description and narrative:

A visit to the Arlington Mansion and surrounding estate, a few days since, filled us with oppressive and melancholy reflections. Four years ago Robert E. Lee, then a Lieutenant Colonel of cavalry in the Union army, and now Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army, was with his family in the happy possession of that magnificent inheritance. More than one-half of the estate, consisting of a thousand acres was covered with a splendid forest of oak and other timber, and the rich and productive fields adorned with the hand of culture. To-day what a change! The venerable ancestral mansion, erected by the honored son, by adoption, of the Father of his Country, and for half a century his cultivated and delightful home, is now in the center of a vast cemetery of those who have fallen in the service of their country.

Two hundred and fifty acres of this estate surrounding the mansion have been permanently appropriated for burial purposes by the Government, and inclosed by a substantial and handsome fence. Nearly five thousand soldiers have already been there buried, and the number is daily growing larger. In 1853, Mrs. Custis, the mother of Mrs. General Lee, died in the Arlington Mansion, and was buried in a sequestered and delightful grove near the mansion; and in 1857 Mr. Custis died, and his remains were deposited by her side, a vast concourse of persons of every rank testifying their reverence for the departed by their presence at the obsequies.

That sequestered grove, thus selected by its owner as the last resting place for himself and his wife, has been in the temple of the times invaded; the forest has been transformed into a field of the dead, and the two marble columns marking the remains of George Washington, Parke Custis and Mary Lee Fitzhugh, his wife, now rise in the midst of more than four thousand patriot soldiers' graves. Nearly the whole of the timber and wood has been swept from the entire estate and used for war purposes. The Freedmen's Village is established upon one portion of the land thus cleared, and it is all being put under cultivation by contraband negro labor.

Mr. Custis inherited this estate from his father, who was the son of Mrs. Gen. Washington by a former husband. Soon after his mother died, in 1802, he, then about twenty-five years of age, came here from Mount Vernon, and with his young and accomplished wife took up their residence in the Arlington Mansion, which he had just then erected, and which ever more was their beautiful and cultivated home. The fruits of this union were four daughters, all of whom died in their infancy, except Mary Custis, the wife of Gen. R. E. Lee. Mr. Custis' father, John Parke Custis, was an aid-de-camp to Washington, and died of camp fever in 1781, contracted at the siege of Yorktown, at the age of twenty-seven years. He had married, at nineteen years of age, Eleanor Calvert, of Mount Airy, Md., a descendant of the second Lord Baltimore, when but fifteen years of age, and at twenty-three she was thus made a widow with four children. Gen. Washington hastened to Eltham, Md., where the husband was sick, only to see him in his dying moments. This was the only surviving child of Mrs. Washington, the daughter having died some years before. He was deeply affected, and, weeping, said to the mother: "I adopt the two younger children as my own." These were Eleanor Custis, then two and a half years of age, who died at seventeen, of consumption, and George Washington Parke Custis, then six months old. Gen. Washington took unwearied pains in training his son in his adoption, desiring to give him a solid and liberal education; but his efforts failed.

The son was averse to study, though possessed of good abilities, and at twenty-three years of age married, and devoted his life and very large fortune inherited from his father and mother, to agriculture and pleasant literary pursuits. He was possessed of much natural eloquence, and wrote with a ready and cultivated pen, as the columns of the *Intelligencer*, to which he often contributed, bear testimony.—He was one of the first persons in this country to embark in the raising of Merino sheep. He inaugurated an annual

convention for the promotion of agriculture and domestic manufacture, known over the country as the Arlington Sheep-shearing. These gatherings were at Arlington Spring, beneath a venerable oak near the banks of the Potomac.

For many years, on the 30th of April, the annual shearing took place, a large concourse gathering to see the ceremonies.—Prizes, provided at the expense of Mrs. Custis, were awarded to those presenting the best specimens of sheep's wool and domestic manufactures. He had at one time a large and splendid lot of sheep of the choicest breeds, which, however were plundered by thieves and dogs, till at last only two remained, and these for several years held solitary sway in the domain.—Mr. Custis took delight in paintings; but the six paintings now hanging in the hall of the Arlington Mansion, representing battles and Revolutionary incidents, painted by him, evince rather a sorry capacity in the author in that direction. The walls of this mansion were, however, adorned with some fine specimens of the art. Among them were several splendid original portraits of Washington—one by the elder Peale, another by Steuart, and also a beautiful portrait of his mother, by the latter named artist. All these family pictures were taken away by the Lee family when they went into the rebellion.

The mansion is now occupied by the officer in command of the post and his subordinates. The dining hall is used as an office. In this room are three old-fashioned book cases, containing some four hundred volumes, principally old books—broken sets of very small value. The parlor adjoining the hall is not occupied, the only article in it being a mahogany sideboard, which came from Mount Vernon. In the parlor, beyond, are two sofas and six stuffed mahogany chairs, covered with scarlet velvet; two marble-top tables, a side board and a piano stool, matching the chairs. On the walls are several coarse large portraits, and one of two fine oil paintings. There are also two old engravings, of a classical mythological character, hanging with the rest. The room in the Southerly wing, and used by Gen. Lee for his office, is now used as a bedroom; and all the upper part of mansion is used for a like purpose. The building is not injured. The flower garden has been enclosed by a new fence, and is laid out and tastefully adorned this spring.

The grave of each soldier is neatly marked by a wooden slab at the head and foot, painted white, inscribed with the name of the soldier, and his company and regiment, and at a little distance these slabs have the appearance of marble. The mounds are to be neatly covered with sod.

Gen. Robert Edmund Lee is the son of Gen. Henry Lee, of Revolutionary memory, and known as "Light Horse Harry," whose mother was the beautiful Miss Grimes, Gen. Washington's first love, and whom he celebrated as "the lowland beauty." Gen. Harry Lee was twice married. By the first marriage he had two children, Henry (an officer in the war of 1812) and Lucy. By the second wife, a Miss Carter, of Shirley—he had five children, two daughters Annie and Mildred, and three sons. The sons were Charles Carter, Robert Edmund (the General) and Sidney Smith, the last named an officer in our navy, and now in the rebel army.

Gen. Robert E. Lee was born in 1807, and is, consequently, fifty-seven years of age. He graduated second in his class, in 1829, (Judge Charles Mason, of this city, and formerly Commissioner of Patents, standing first in test class) and was assigned to the Engineer Corps, as Second Lieutenant; in 1835 Assistant Astronomer, fixing the boundary between Ohio and Michigan; in 1836 promoted First Lieutenant; Captain in 1838; Chief Engineer under Scott, in Mexico, and greatly distinguished, being promoted successively by merit, Major, Lieutenant Colonel, and Colonel, for his gallantry; in 1852 Superintendent Military Academy; in 1853, transferred as Lieutenant Colonel of the new regiment of cavalry; March 16, 1861, promoted Colonel of the First Cavalry; resigned April 25, following and reluctantly embarked in the rebellion.

The following are the children of Gen. Lee: George Washington Custis Lee, about thirty-three years of age; Mary Custis Lee, about thirty; William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, about twenty-seven; Annie Lee, died at Berkley Springs in 1863, and would have been now about twenty-five; Agnes Lee, about twenty-three; Robert E. Lee, about twenty; Mildred Lee, about eighteen. None of them have married except William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, whose wife, Miss Charlotte Wickham, died at Richmond in 1863. The eldest son, George, graduated at the head of his class, at West Point, in 1864, and was

a first lieutenant in the corps of engineers when he followed his father into the Southern service. William Henry was farming on the White House estate, which belonged to the Custis inheritance when the war opened. He was commissioned second lieutenant in the Sixth Infantry in 1857, but resigned in 1859. Robert was at a military school in Virginia. The sons, it is well known, are all officers in the rebellion. The three surviving daughters are with their mother, who, it is believed has latterly been at Lynchburg.

Mr. Custis, at the time of his death, owned some two hundred slaves, who, by his will, were to be free at the termination of five years from his death, which period expired October 10, 1862. The most of these slaves were kept on the White House estate, and all the valuable portion were carried South; some twenty or more old men and women and twenty children were left at Arlington. Mr. Custis' mother owned the white House estate and resided there when she became the wife of Gen. Washington.

The Confession of Kennedy.

The following confession, in substance, was made by Kennedy while awaiting his execution: "After my escape from Johnson's Island I went directly to Canada, where I met a number of Confederate officers. They asked me if I was willing to go on an expedition. I said, 'Yes, if it is in the service of my country.' To which they replied, 'It's all right,' but gave no intimation as to its nature, nor did I ask for any. I was shortly after sent to New York, where I stayed some time. There were some eight of us in the party, and after we had been in the city three weeks, we were told that the object of the expedition was to retaliate upon the North for the atrocities of Sheridan in the Shenandoah Valley.

"It was originally intended to set fire to the city on the night of the presidential election, but as the phosphorus was not prepared, it was postponed until the night of the 25th of November. Of the eight men who formed the original party, two fled to Canada, leaving but six. I was at first stopping at the Belmont House, in Fulton street, but afterward moved into Prince street. I set fire to four hotels, or rather to Barnum's Museum, Lovejoy's Hotel, Tammany Hall, and the New England House. The others only set fire to the house in which each was stopping, and then set off. Had the entire night done as I did, we would have set fire to thirty-two houses, and played a big joke on the fire department.

"I know that I am to be hung for setting fire to Barnum's Museum, but the fact is that the affair was simply a reckless joke. I had no idea of doing it; but when we were in there, for the mere fun of the thing I emptied a bottle of phosphorus on the floor, just to scare the people. I knew it wouldn't set fire to wood, for we had tried that before, and had at one time concluded to give it up. There was no fiendishness about it. The Museum was set on fire by mere accident, after I had been drinking, and just for the fun of a scare.

"After setting fire to my four places, I walked the streets all night, until near morning, when I went to the Exchange Hotel. There we all met the next morning, and again at night. My friend and I had rooms there, but we sat most of the time in the office, reading the papers, while the detectives, who were thick, watched us. I expected then that I should be caught, and if caught I expected to die. Had I done so then it would have been all right; but I think now it is rather rough. I escaped to Canada, as did all the rest, and very glad I was to get safely across the bridge. I was restless, however, and wanted to rejoin my command. I started with my friend via Detroit. Just before we reached the city, he received an intimation that the detectives were on the lookout for us, and giving me a signal, he jumped from the cars. I didn't notice the signal, but kept on, and was arrested in the depot.

"I wish to say that the killing of women and children was the last thing we thought of. We wanted to let the people of the North understand and feel that there are two sides to this war, and that they can't be rolling in wealth and comfort while we at the South are bearing all the hardship and privations. In retaliation for Sheridan's atrocities in the Shenandoah, we desired to destroy property, not the lives of women and children, although that would of course have followed in the train."

—The French soldiers in Mexico are getting away as fast as possible. They have abandoned the projected expedition to Minatitlan, and are seeking every opportunity to get passage to France.