

LOVE LETTERS OF GENERAL PICKETT ARE FINE ROMANCE

Missives Written Mid Roar Of Cannon In Bloody Civil War. He Tells of Battles and of Valor and High Ideals of Warriors.

UNDER the secrecy preserving caption of "The Love Letters of a Confederate General" a remarkable series of communications sent by a soldier to his beloved, under the most dangerous and desperate circumstances—letters written from the thick of war, ringing of love and of valor—has been running in the Pictorial Review. The letters have stirred up a controversy that has run with particular zest through the southern states, and now that the last of them is about to be printed the woman to whom they were written has consented that the anonymity be destroyed. They were written by General George Pickett to the girl who was first Lassie Corbell, afterward Mrs. Pickett.

Mrs. Pickett is now living in Washington and has been the leader of the southern coterie there for many years. The "little general" to whom the letters refer came in after years to be a major in the United States army and died a year and a half ago, returning from service in the Philippines. His two little sons now live with their distinguished grandmother in Washington.

Allegiance to the South.

In the first one of the series General Pickett tells why his allegiance went to the Confederacy. He writes:

"No, my child, I had no conception of the intensity of feeling, the bitterness and hatred toward those who were so lately our friends and are now our enemies. I, of course, have always strenuously opposed disunion, not as doubting the right of secession, which was taught in our textbooks at West Point, but as gravely questioning its expediency. I believed that the revolutionary spirit which infected both north and south was but a passing phase of fanaticism which would surely unite in upholding the constitution, but when the great assembly, composed of ministers, lawyers, judges, chancellors, statesmen, mostly well-halred men of thought, met in South Carolina, and when their districts were called upon to vote on the table in the center of the room and affixed their signatures to the parchment on which the ordinance of secession was inscribed, and when in deathly silence, in spite of the gathered multitude, General Jamison arose and without preamble read, "The ordinance of secession has been signed and ratified; I proclaim the state of South Carolina an independent sovereignty," and, lastly when my old boyhood friend, who was for an invasion, it was evident that both the advocates and opponents of secession had read the portentous article.

You know, my little lady, some of those cross-attached mottoes on the cardboard samplers which used to hang on my nursery wall, such as "He who provides for his own household has worse than an infidel," "Charity begins at home," etc., made lasting impression upon me, and while I love my neighbor—that is, my country—I love my household—that is, my state—more, and I could not be an infidel and lift my arms against my own kith and kin even though I do believe, my most wise little counselor and confidant, that the measure of American greatness can be achieved only under one flag, and I fear, alas, there can never again return for either of us the true spirit of national unity, whether divided and under two flags or united under one.

The subject is pursued in a later letter, which runs:

Why, Chulita mia, all that we ask is a separation from people of contending interests, who love us as nations as little as we love them; the dissolution of a union that has lost its holiness, to be left alone and permitted to sit under our own vine and fig tree and eat our figs peeled or dried or fresh or pickled, just as we choose. The enemy is our enemy because he neither knows nor understands us and yet will not let us part in peace and be neighbors, but insists on fighting us to make us one with him, forgetting that both slavery and secession were his own institutions. The north is fighting for the Union and we for home and friends. All the men I know and love in the world—comrades and friends, both north and south—are exposed to hardships and dangers and are fighting on one side or the other and each for that which he knows to be right.

Will you come, my darling, and have some coffee with your soldier? It is some we captured, and it is real coffee. Come! The tin cup is clean and shining, but the corn bread is greasy and smoked. And the bacon—that is greasy, too, but it is good and tastes all right. It will only hold out till our stars and bars wave over our land of the free and our home of the brave and we have our own home. Nevertheless we'll hear of wars, but only love and life with its eternal joys.

On the night before General Pickett was wounded at Gaines' Mills he wrote the following note:

"This was never contemplated in earnest. I believe that if either the north or the south had expected that its differences would result in this obstinate cruel war the cold-blooded Puritan and the cock-hatted Huguenot and cavalier would have made a compromise. Poor old Virginia came offener than Noah's dove with her olive branch. Though she desired to be loyal to the union of states, she did not believe in the right of coercion, and when called upon to furnish troops to restrain her sister states she refused and would not even permit the passage of an armed force through her domain for that purpose. With no thought of cost, no consideration of disparity of relative strength or condition, she rolled up her sleeves, ready to risk all in defense of a principle consecrated by the blood of her fathers. And now, alas, it is too late! We must carry through this bitter task unto the end. May the end be soon.

Begged For Immediate Marriage.

In April, 1863, General Pickett, so distraught with the fear that death in battle would overtake him before he could make "Little Miss Sallie" his wife, wrote her to come to him at once and be married, if need be, by a roadside. In this letter he says:

This morning I awakened from a beau-

tiful dream, and, while its glory still overshadows the waking and glows my soul with radiance, I write to make an earnest request—entreaty, praying, that you will grant it. You know, my darling, we have no prophets in these days to tell us how near or how far is the end of this awful struggle. If the "battle is not to the strong" then we may win, but when all our ports are closed and the world is against us, when for us a man killed is a man lost, while Grant may have twenty-five of every nation to replace one of his, it seems that the battle is to the strong. So often already has hope been dashed to the winds.

As you know, it is imperative that I remain at my post and absolutely impossible for me to go to you. So you will have to come to me. Will you, dear? Will you come? Can't your beautiful eyes see beyond the mist of my eagerness and anxiety that in the bewilderment of my worship—worshipping, as I do, one so divinely right and feeling that my love is returned—how hard it is for me to ask you to overlook old-time customs, remembering only that you are to be a soldier's wife? A week, a day, an hour, as your husband would engulf in its great joy all my past woes and ameliorate all future fears?

So, my Chulita, don't let's wait. Send me a line by Jackerie saying you will come. Come at once, my darling, into this valley of the shadow of uncertainty and make certain the comfort that if I fall in battle will fall as your husband's; that you will bear my name, will have been my wife and will have all the rights of a wife.

You know that I love you with a devotion that envelops, absorbs all else—a devotion so divine that when in dreams I see you it is as something too pure and sacred for mortal touch. And if you only know the heavenly life that thrills through me when I make it real to myself that you love me you would understand. Think, my dear little one, of the uncertainty and dangers of even a day of separation and don't let the time come when either of us will look back and say, "It might have been."

If I am spared all my life shall be devoted to making you happy, to keeping all that would hurt you far from you, to making all that is good come near you. Heaven will help me to be ever helpful to you and will bless me to bless you. If you know how every hour I kneel at your altar, if you could hear the prayers I offer to you and to our Heavenly Father for you, if you knew the incessant thought and longing and desire to make you blessed, you would know how much your answer will mean to me and how I will plead, I am held back by a reverence and a sensitive adoration for you, for, Chulita mia, you are my goddess, and I am only your devoted, loving

On Road to Gettysburg.

The following exquisitely lyrical and spiritual passage was written on the road to Gettysburg:

Our whole army is now in Pennsylvania, north of the river. There were rumors that Richmond was threatened from all sides—Dix from Old Point, Getty from Hanover, Keyes from Bottom's Ridge, and so on—and that we might be recalled. It turned out to be a Munchausen, and we are still to march forward. Every tramp, tramp, tramp is a thought, thought, thought of my darling, every halt a blessing invoked, every command a loving caress, and the thought of you and prayer for you make me strong, make me better, give me courage, give me faith. Now, my Carlissima, let my soul speak to yours. Listen—listen—listen! You hear—I am answered!

This was written the night before the charge of Gettysburg:

Well, my sweetheart, at 1 o'clock the awful silence was broken by a cannon shot and then another, and then more than 100 guns shook the hills from crest to base, answered by more than another 100. The whole world a blazing volcano, the whole of heaven a thunderbolt, then darkness and absolute silence, then the grim and greswome, low spoken commands, then the forming of the attacking columns, the hurrying of the men to the position assigned to them. My brave Virginians are to attack in front. Oh, my God in mercy help me as he never helped me before!

I have ridden up to report to old Peter. I shall give him this letter to mail to you and a package to give you if—Oh, my darling, do you feel the love of my heart, the prayer, as I write that fatal word "if"?

Now, my darling, I go, but remember always that I love you with all my heart and soul, with every fiber of my being; that now and forever I am yours—yours, my beloved. It is almost 3 o'clock. My soul reaches out to yours—my prayers.

The following is part of the dramatic narrative of the battle of Gettysburg:

Ah, if I had only had my other two brigades a different story would have been flashed to the world! Poor old Dick Garnett did not dismount, as did the others of us, and he was killed instantly, falling from his horse. Ketcher was desperately wounded, was brought from the field and subsequently taken prisoner. Poor old Lewis Armistead—God bless him!—was mortally wounded at the head of his command after planting the flag of Virginia within the enemy's lines. Seven of my colonels were killed, and one was mortally wounded. Nine of my lieutenant colonels were wounded, and three lieutenant colonels were killed. Only one field officer of my whole command, Colonel Cabell, was unhurt, and the loss of my company officers was in proportion.

I wonder, my dear, if in the light of the certainty we shall any of us feel that was for the best and shall have learned to say, "Thy will be done?" No castles today, sweetheart. No; the bricks of happiness and the mortar of love must lie untouched in this lowering gloom. Pray, dear, for the sorrowing ones.

Writes on Birth of Son.

This letter was written upon the news to General Pickett of the birth of his son, "the Little General," as he was known in the whole Confederate army:

God bless you, little mother of our boys—bless and keep you! Heaven in all its glory shines upon you! Eden's flowers bloom eternal for you! Almost with avary breath since the message came relieving my anxiety and telling me that my darling lived and that a little baby had been born to us I have been a baby myself. Though I have known all these months that from across love's enchanted land this little child was on its way to our twin souls, now that God's promise

is fulfilled and it has come I can't believe it. As I think of it I feel the air of paradise in my senses, and my spirit goes up in thankfulness to God for this, his highest and best, the one perfect flower in the garden of life—love.

Blinding tears rolled down my cheeks, my sweetheart, as I read the glad tidings, and feeling so new, so strange, came over me that I asked of the angels what it could be and whence came the strains of celestial music which filled my soul, and what were the great, grand, stirring hosannas and the soft, tender, sweet adoration that creole around and around warmed my very heart, beat my very pulse. And, O little mother of my boy, the echoing answer came, "A little baby has been born to you, and he and the new made mother live."

Following the failure of the peace conference which preceded General Lee's surrender General Pickett wrote:

On every side gloom, dissatisfaction and disappointment seem to have settled over all, men and officers alike, because of the unsuccessful termination of the peace conference on board the River Queen on the fatal 3d. The anxious, despairing faces I see everywhere bespeak heavy hearts. Our commissioners know that we were gasping our last gasp and that the peace conference was a forlorn hope. Because of the informality of the conference and my knowledge of Mr. Lincoln, his humanity, his broad nature, his warm heart, I did believe he would take advantage of this very informality and spring some wise, superhuman surprise which would somehow restore peace and in time insure unity. Now, heaven help us, it will be war to the knife with a knife no longer keen, the thrust of an arm no longer strong, the certainty that when peace comes it will follow the tread of the conqueror.

Again in the same strain he writes: Ah, Chulita mia, the triumphs of might are transient, but the sufferings and crucifixions for the right can never be forgotten. The sorrow and song of my glory crowned divisions nears its doxology. May God pity those who wait at home for the soldier who has reported to the Great Commander. God pity them as the days go by and the sad nights follow. The soldier is dotted with tears a time, and to him a thousand years are as one.

The End In Sight.

The final letter of the series was written a few hours before the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. It follows in part:

Tomorrow, my darling, may see our flag furled forever. Jackerie, my faithful old maid career, see how I write as I write. He bears tonight this his last message from me as "Our Cupid." First he is commissioned with three orders, which I know you will obey as fearlessly as the bravest of your brother soldiers. Keep up a stout heart. Believe that I shall come home to you and know that Gettysburg. After tonight you will be my whole command—staff, field officers, men—all. The second commission is only given as a precaution lest I should not return or lest for some time I should not be with you. Lee's surrender is imminent. It is finished. Through the suggestion of their commanding officers as many of the men as desired, are permitted to cut through and join Johnston's army.

It is finished! Ah, my beloved division! Thousands of men have gone to their eternal home, having given up their lives for the cause which they knew to be just. The others, alas, heartbroken, crushed in spirit, are left to mourn its loss! Well, it is practically all over now. We have poured our our blood and suffered untold hardships and privations, all in vain. And now—well, I must not forget either that God reigns. Life is given us for the performance of duty, and duty performed is happiness.

It is finished—the suffering, the horrors, the anguish of these last hours of struggle, of these men, baptized in battle at Bull Run, in the lines at Yorktown, at Williamsburg, where they, with the Alabama, fought the battle of the Clouds. In the advance of the whole of McClellan's army, driving them back at Seven Pines, at Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, and the engagements in front of Bermuda Hundred, Fort Garrison, Five Forks and Sailor's Creek. The glorious gift of your love will help me to bear the memory of these days. In this midnight hour I feel the caressing blessing of your pure spirit as it mingles with mine. Peace is born.

The Battle of Seven Pines.

There follows part of a vivid and stirring description of the battle of Seven Pines:

A violent storm was raging, flooding the level ground, as I wrote you last, followed the next day by one of fire and blood—the battle of Seven Pines. I pray that you accepted the invitation of your cousin, lassie chum, and that your beautiful eyes and loving, tender heart have been spared the horrors of war which this battle must have poured into sad Richmond. Three hundred and fifty of your soldier's brigade, 1,700 strong, were killed or wounded, and all fought as Virginians should, fighting as they did for the light, for love, honor, home and state principles which they had been taught from the mothers' knees, the schoolroom and the pulpit.

Under orders from Old Peter (General Longstreet) we marched at daylight and reported to D. B. Hill, near Seven Pines. Hill directed us to ride over and communicate with Hood. I started at once with Charlie and Archer of my staff to obey this order, but had gone only a short distance when we met a part of the Louisiana zouaves in panic. I managed to seize and detain one fellow mounted on a mule that seemed to ride over and ride over fear and haste. The man dropped his plunder and, seizing his carbine, threatened to kill me unless I released him at once, saying that the Yankees were upon his heels.

HE PASSES WINTER IN BED.

Railroad Man of Danbury, Conn., is Like Groundhog.

John Hart of Danbury, Conn., a railroad man, has gone to bed to hibernate for the remainder of the winter.

Like some animals, he believes the winter should be devoted to continuous rest. He will not leave his bed until spring comes, and then whether he gets up will be guided by the groundhog's example.

Hart has followed the practice for five winters. He says it does him a lot of good. When he arises in the spring he is weak, but after a short time his strength returns.

Wireless Sent 4,400 Miles.

The wireless station at Nauzen, near Berlin, reports that it was in wireless communication with New York recently. This, it is stated, is the first time direct wireless communication has been established between Germany and America. The distance from New York to the kaiser's capital is approximately 4,400 miles.

HODGES IS REAL GENIUS OF CANAL

Colonel G. W. Goethals Tells of Assistant.

HE MADE PROJECT POSSIBLE

"Would Be No Canal but For Harry F. Hodges," Says Chief Engineer—He Invented New Design of Locks, Conceived Idea of Arches in Approach Walls—May Get Promotion.

"Colonel Harry F. Hodges is the man who designed the canal. He is its genius. Without him there would have been no canal." That is what Colonel George W. Goethals, engineer in chief at the Panama canal, has to say of the technical expert in charge of the construction of the great waterway. The engineer in chief spoke his praise in a recent interview at Washington.

Colonel Goethals says further: "Colonel Hodges is a man of detail. When he designed the canal he worked out the designs in detail, never overlooking any small thing which made for the success of the canal. As the work nears completion criticism of the project, technically or otherwise, is being refuted by the project itself."

"It is not generally known why the approach walls of the locks are arched. The impression is that the arches were put into the walls to save concrete. That question never was considered by Colonel Hodges. The reason he designed the walls with arches was because of the danger of the waters of the lake washing up and into the locks.

"There is a mean wind which blows down across Lake Gatun from the northwest. Had the approach walls been of solid concrete the waters of the lake, whipped by the wind, would have washed into the locks. As it is, the wind may whip the waters of Lake Gatun into a foam, but instead of piling up on the dam and into the locks the waters will be driven through the arches to the opposite side of the lake.

To Come Up For Promotion.

"The foregoing is but one of the many details which Colonel Hodges considered when he designed the canal. The mechanism for hinging the great gates was designed by Colonel Hodges. The type of gate is of his design. "Too much praise cannot be given Colonel Hodges for his part in the building of the canal. I reiterate that but for Colonel Hodges there would not have been a canal."

Because of his work and the credit given him by Colonel Goethals, Colonel Hodges will come to President Elect Wilson as the leader among army officers for promotion.

Colonel Hodges is the one most to be credited for the present stage of completion of the canal, a feat declared impossible by the foremost engineers of the world. He does the actual work from the engineering standpoint. During Colonel Goethals' absence he assumes charge of the canal zone.

Is Unassuming and Direct.

Since graduating among the first five of the class of 1881 of the Military academy he has won the distinction of being called one of the greatest engineers of the day. For five years he directed the work of river and harbor fortifications, and in 1901 he was made chief engineer of the department of Cuba. His work and reputation gained by skillful handling of all sorts of navigation and engineering problems led to his being selected as Colonel Goethals' assistant.

As a man he is unassuming, quiet and direct. He has the respect of every man under his supervision, and on the isthmus he is considered a marvel. After it had been decided to build the Gatun dam it was necessary to determine the amount of water it would take to fill it to the spillway, the amount of water required to raise ships of a certain size, and then how best to utilize each gallon of water.

In solving this problem he invented a style of lock which has now become the standard of the world. He designed locks so that ships of different lengths may be raised by using just water enough to lift it. By a unique arrangement of culverts he so arranged the double set of locks that the water used for lowering a ship in one set of locks will be used for raising a ship in the other set.

The first large ship will be sent through on Jan. 1, 1915, and will be the historic battleship Oregon, with its commander during the Spanish-American war, Rear Admiral Clark, on the bridge.

GERMANY LIKES DOG MEAT.

Eating of Canines Is Growing Practice Among Teutons.

The use of the flesh of dogs as a food for man is becoming common in Germany.

From necessity the German workingman has long made horse meat a substantial portion of his daily fare, but while Saxony consumes thousands of dogs annually the practice of eating this meat has not until recently invaded Prussia.

Now the overseers of the Berlin cattle yards have given their approval of a proposal to erect a municipal slaughter house for dogs at the yards, and it is expected that the police president will soon issue the required permit.

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H. R. MEGARGEL, Admr.
Sterling, Pa., Jan. 14, 1913. 5w6

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