as he fears it, will forget that it has been
voted by the Chief Actor, nothing could exceed
the simplicity and modesty with which it
was written. Many of the facts were drawn
out by questions of temperance and not until
the party came to his Children, to his Comrades
and to Polity were enrolled upon him, even I
receive the full list: as given here, every word
of which unless the writer himself is at fault
is true, every fact is capable of substantiation
by living witnesses.

The eventful fall.
The last aggressive move of the
Confederacy.

A Narrative of the Last Days of
The War by the former of a Family Lodge:
The Charge of Capt. Pearsall Commanded.

This was an eventful day in the
Morning and, being by suggestion of a Virginia
member, as I stepped from the train at Rippon.

The large number of soldiers, for the
train arrival in the twin daily court of a
small town, were standing shivering by
the platform, looking to their care in cold,
and over each of the windows of the cars;
whereby any inquiry for Capt. Carron is, by eleven hired men,
pointed to a figure of preaching through
the sunlight, that fell unheeded
beyond the cloud of enemy's smoke which
Armed with the task and made a chilly shade about one. Sitting in the ancient plunge, I saw a man six feet in height, strongly built and erect as an Indian. His slightly flaccid face was square cut in its lines, but virile and by a laughing moustache, and lair, wearing his temper with gray locks, straight back, fell into view beneath his broad hat. As I crossed his hands a low, pleasant voice welcomed one and lit the bright, inviting eyes. How blue or more gray? — man was the kindness of his smile. Instinctively I felt the presence of a gentleman, yet I sensed a carryly acquaintance. The inclination of my hand what for brazen gaze, far before one stroke as gallant soldier as one wore the gray. This

Informed of my mission my host led the way through a pleasant little town to his own college where with his wife a grand owner of the College. John Marshall of Kansas a happy family of interesting children. The candle Surrey in their piping ages of peace. There was no air of thrift and prosperity in the well kept premises, and in the jail a sheathing away and losing themselves in the air patience and expectation of success. The grand pollard was exactly a grove garland. Beside a ordinary fum of oak logs, with their glow and the glow of the fire was flamed upon his face to win me the true story of Stimmam and its capture on the morning of March 28th, 1868, a story never to faithfully reproduced in print. I beg that the noble