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VOL 37

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1897.

NO 108

JACKSON AND LEE.

STORIES OF TWO OF THE CONFEDERACY'S GREAT GENERALS.

The First Year of the War Jackson Was Called "Crazy," but That Opinion Did Not Last—Lee's Darkey Cook and His Flapjacks Saved the Union at Gettysburg.

Strange, is it not, that Jackson, like Sherman, should have been considered "crazy" the first year of the war? Indeed, before the war so eccentric was he that he was called "Crazy Jack" at the Virginia Military Institute. Nobody seemed to understand him. But so it has ever been and ever will be—when we ordinary mortals can't comprehend a genius we get even with him by calling him crazy.

I remember well how uneasy some of the Confederate generals were when placed under Jackson's command in early 1862. Ewell didn't like it and Dick Taylor didn't like it. They were afraid Jackson would lead them into some awful scrape or other. And when Ewell, with his division, was lying near Gordonsville in late April, 1862, but subject to Jackson's orders, Ewell and Taylor were very anxious to get from under him—either to go down to Joe Johnston at Yorktown, or to have some general sent to the valley who would rank with Jackson. So, at Taylor's instance, he was sent to Richmond by Ewell to see Mr. Davis, his brother-in-law, and Mr. Benjamin, then secretary of state, but recently secretary of war, about getting away from Jackson. But while Taylor was gone Jackson ordered Ewell to "come a-running" to the valley! The camp he had left in the morning at Swift River Gap, on the northwest side of the Blue Ridge, Ewell occupied that night. Jackson was gone, he knew not where. The valley campaign had opened. He was making his strategic detour back southwest over the Blue Ridge toward Charlottesville, hence west by rail past Staunton to Buffalo Gap and thence northward by Long marches to McDowell, where he struck Milroy. But there we were for a few days at Swift Run Gap without hearing a thing of Jackson. General Ewell may have known where he was, but I doubt it.

Meanwhile Taylor returned from Richmond to the old camp near Gordonsville to find that Ewell had gone to Jackson in the valley. Taylor was thunderstruck. One of his commands happened to be a little way out from camp on the road toward Gordonsville, when Taylor came rattling down the mountain side in his ambulance. He asked me what meant General Ewell's being ordered to the valley. I told him I did not know. He then asked me where General Jackson was. I again had to confess my ignorance and could only say that he had broken camp on a certain morning, going with his own division southwest, no one seemed to know where, and that General Ewell occupied his camp that night and had been there ever since.

"Well," said Taylor, "this is strange. Nobody at Richmond knows anything about it. Dut," he added, "there is one consolation. We won't be under this d—d old crazy fool longer. General Longstreet is coming up here to take command."

It was too late, however, to change commanders. Jackson was then fighting Milroy far to the west of us. He probably never knew how near he came to missing his great fame in the valley, and that in that campaign he not only defeated four Federal commanders, but "outflanked" two of his own best generals and the "folks" back at Richmond.

Jackson disturbed his immediate subordinates by never telling them his plans or consulting them. He had simply to follow him blindly. He never explained any proposed campaign to a subordinate or called a council of war or asked advice. Soon after Ewell joined him in the valley I remember riding with General Taylor and coming upon General Ewell. Taylor asked him what the movement meant. In his curt, half abstracted way Ewell replied: "I don't know. If General Jackson were shot down, I wouldn't know a thing of his plans." "What!" said Taylor. "You second in command and don't know? If I were second in command, I would know." "You would, would you?" smiled Ewell.

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THE BARCAIN CORNER,

In his odd way, holding his head over his side like a sap sucker peeping around a tree. "No, you wouldn't know any more than I do now. You don't yet know the man." But Ewell and Taylor found their "crazy," reticent commander to have more war sense than all of them put together. So they ever pinned their faith to him, admired him and loved him.

Our great General Lee was the victim of an indigestion, and it cost the south dear. It lost us the battle of Gettysburg. The battle of Gettysburg is a singular exception to General Lee's battles. It wasn't General Lee who fought it. It shouldn't count against him. His usual skill is wanting at Gettysburg. There must be a cause for it. He was sick, and not in possession of his usual equalinity and fine mental powers. Those near him at the time tell us this, and from some of them the story of how it came about has leaked out.

General Lee was very fond of old Virginia flapjacks—wondrous cakes of African invention—thin as a wafer and big nearly as a cart wheel, and when made of new flour and served hot, with fresh butter and maple molasses and folded and folded, layers thick, are a feast for the gods. But General Lee, the best and tenderest of men as well as the greatest, hadn't it in his heart to fare well—much as his ample means would have allowed—when his men were suffering for food, and if one wanted a poor dinner he had only to drop in on General Lee at that hour. He lived but a better than his men. This greatly disturbed his darkey cook, and when the army advanced into Pennsylvania, flowing with milk and honey and other good things edible, he said, "Well, I've gwine to git something good for Marse Robert for once, if he never gits none no mo'." So, skimming around for the general's favorite cake, the darkey, in his pride as chef and zealous love for his master, outdid himself on that 30th of June. The cakes were too tempting. The general ate too plentifully. He was sick accordingly, and Gettysburg was lost. The nigger and the flapjacks saved the Union! Some time ago it was the "crane" to find a national flower. Why not have a national cake? I suggest that at Thanksgiving the flapjack have equal honor with the pumpkin pie.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the shareholders of the Charlottetown Gas Light Company will take place at the Gas Works, on Tuesday, the 11th day of May, 1897, at the hour of eleven o'clock in the forenoon, for the purpose of electing directors and the general transaction of business.

LEMUEL McKAY,
Secretary.

97—pat

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A GOOD SWALLOW.

Thirty-seven Objects Recovered From the Stomach of a Melancholic.

It is satisfactory to have a story like this on high medical authority: Dr. Fricker, head physician of the Evangelical hospital, in Odessa, describes in The German Medical Weekly the case of a woman, 32 years of age, who comes of a healthy family, but about a year and a half ago the loss of a child caused a temporary nervous disorder. Three months ago, on the death of a second child, this was renewed and developed into decided melancholia.

The patient declared her resolution to commit suicide. She began by drinking petroleum and a solution of carbolic acid, but these did not kill her. Then she swallowed needles, small buttons and nails. These failing, she turned her attention, in an asylum to which she had been taken, to larger objects—hairpins, steel pins and long nails. This being also done in vain, she swallowed among other things a crochet needle, pieces of glass, two teaspoons, a fork and a piece of iron.

On the surgeon asking how she could swallow those rather bulky objects, she answered quite calmly: "Oh, it is quite easy with the handle first. You will," she said, "find a whole store of things in my stomach." In his operation Dr. Fricker took out of his patient's stomach a key about 3 inches long, a silver teaspoon 6 inches long, a plated teaspoon 5 1/4 inches long, a plated fork 8 inches long, two nails, one 2 1/2 inches and the other 3 1/2 inches; two hairpins, 12 pieces of glass, an iron hook about 4 inches in size, a steel pin, nine needles, a piece of graphite, a boot button, a grape stone, two little balls of tin foil and a crochet needle 4 1/2 inches long. Altogether there were removed from the stomach 37 objects. The operation was successful, and the patient was dismissed, cured.

Stanton's Poverty.

Mr. Stanton, soon after he left Johnson's cabinet, wrote somewhat in these terms to the Hon. J. K. Muirhead, who was for many years member of congress from the Pittsburgh district:

DEAR GENERAL—I am in need of money, even for marketing. I could get all I want, if I would let my poverty be known, by a public subscription. But you know I would not think of permitting such a thing. I want to borrow \$3,000. My security, you know, is sufficient in the coal lands we own together.

General Muirhead told me this soon after receiving Stanton's letter. He was my kinsman and most intimate friend, and he was aware of my friendship for many years for Mr. Stanton. My first acquaintance with the great lawyer was made in 1850 in Philadelphia, where he was arguing before the supreme court, I believe, what was known as the Wheeling bridge case. I know he was in great poverty when he ceased to be secretary of war, and that he borrowed this money, and it was paid back afterward. James L. Claghorn and the Union League of Philadelphia soon after Mr. Stanton's death raised a fund of \$100,000 for his family. I was a subscriber to the fund. At that time I lived in Williamsport, Pa. Henry Dundas, when secretary of war under William Pitt, and while England was putting forth every man and dollar to break the power of Napoleon Bonaparte, took a bribe of £100,000. Our great secretary, if he had desired, had the opportunity to acquire wealth beyond the greed of avarice. But he died in absolute poverty. We should all be proud of his memory.—J. B. M. in New York Sun.

Poor Investment.

Wife—Why are you always complaining about that \$10 you paid the minister for marrying us?
Husband—Because I was swindled.—Detroit Free Press.

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