

Yours of Wednesday was received this morning. Yes; partly on my dignity and partly because I have hardly been able to find breathing space during the five days of study and but little more on the other days, I have never been "run" half so hard. I usually run around the green in the morning, and then am in my seat for the rest of the day until drill. You see when my class started in October there were fifty six in it, now there are only thirty most of the others having been sent off for not being able to keep up and most of those who are in the class are those who went over it last year and were turned back and the others who are more advanced than I. There will be an examination in Feb and as I do not propose to be near the fort, I have to pick up. Just now there is a general ill feeling about food and a revolt is expected. I think we will demand to see the Quarter Masters account books. We are charged \$10 per month for board, which can not possibly cost \$4.00. Here lately, most of us have not only been unable to touch the meat, but the Mess Hall has been very offensive. Do not think I wish a box how ever, for a change will have to be made soon, or there will be no school.

Gertrude came to see me yesterday. She will leave here on Saturday, for which I will be very sorry, as her visits are very helpful to me. She told me of Brosie's not being able to come before the end of this week.

The Rev C.C.P. invited me to dine last Saturday, and I, not being too anxious to go, excused myself, but he seemed determined to make me come, so I promised to be there on Saturday, so I supposed I will have the pleasure of being seated between Rita & Shannie. I saw for the first time in Saturday Cousin Tom Pinckney he was very pleasant, seemed very anxious to see you all and would have run up for one day had he had the time, and I thought the same very fortunate. The last cold snap was so much milder than the first that we did not have fire in our rooms, altho' the thermometer in our room stood at 331 all day, and when the window was opened would run down in a few minutes to 241, which was pretty cold. Have heard nothing of the Old Man, but suppose the Rev. will say something about him on Saturday.

Good bye.

Much Love to each & all

Your loving boy Willie

N.B. Gertrude has had but little sleep, but does not look thin, Yesterday, I thought & he looked very well.

EGP

NEW YORK PETROLEUM EXCHANGE

No. 18 Broadway

New York Feby 13 1884

10 a.m. Wednesday

Arriving here at 9 this morning, went to work immediately & found things tolerably straight. Luckily the weather is very warm so that I don't miss my overcoat & other traps which were left in Columbia. A telegram from Nanno however announces that the trunk is Enroute. Had a series of vexations delays, two or three hours at Branchville, ditto at Charlotte and Washington, bringing me into Balto at five pm yesterday. Aunt M. had been quite under the weather with severe cold and fever but was sitting up for the first time last evening. Had an hours chat with her in Mrs L's room, Hattie looks plump & well tho' with a troublesome little cough. She walked with me to Emma's snug little home. Very prettily fitted up it is. Didnt want to keep Hattie up after her bed time (930) so had to wander about in the rain till departure of NY Express at midnight. Now to business matters. Julian Mitchell, on a visit to Ham Smith, rode as far as

Summerville with me on Sunday evening and I hope he wont think me too persistent a pumper, but we went over every legal point of the Flat Rock tangle and I had time enough to find out several secrets of his success with sheep & lambs. But of this, more hereafter. He says that Mr. Jone's objections are more than technicalities and that the only way out of it is to petition the probate court in Henderson for a partition of the NC land. This Court is always in Session and if the proceedings are Commenced at once Mr M. thinks everything can be fixed up by June first. The costs of advertising, summoning heirs &c will be about \$75. Mr Jones charged Barker \$250 for examination of Molyneaux title but Mitchell thinks his charge should not exceed \$100 in this case, but as a "Moderate fee" is rather Elastic, advises that Wm Elliott write & arrange this with him, which I will suggest to WE at once. Love to all

Ever affectly Brosie

EGP

Citadel
Feb 21 1884

Dear Aunt Emmie

I have been wishing to write you for some days past, but have been unable to do so. All this week we have examinations, which are very hard, but I am over half way through and feel better. Thoug [*sic*] if the morrow was safely passed I should feel still better. To day I received a very pleasant note from Hattie. Aunt Mamie has quite recovered. I heard on Sunday that Mrs Young had been thrown from her horse, while on the Battery last week, and had cut her face, Mr & Mrs Smith came down, This is all I heard and have not been able to find out any thing else. I have but little opportunity to gather news these days so am perfectly unable to supply you, I have called at the three Pinckney houses during the last five weeks. What did Dr. Memminger see, or find, in his nieces? I wish I could get his receipt, it might help me to pass a half hour in a more pleasant manner now & then. Cousin Carrie & Shan[...] say that a report has been spread in the city to the effect that "Miss Gonzales had gone to N.Y. with her brother, I wonder who started it? I send Uncle Ralph \$190.00 which I supposed he received on Monday, When I went to get the draft cashed for oats cc, I had to call on Julian Sr to identify me, which he came and performed quite pleasantly.

I wrote to Gertrude last week & said that I was anxious to get away from here as soon as possible, I have been writing to Nanno about this, but have not heard from him positively, I was to leave in July & could not see what good it would do me mentally to stay till then, while it will hurt my voice & strength to stay. ~~tell then~~ I suppose Nanno & Brosie are corresponding on the subject & I shall hear in a few days. No Military schools give holiday in Easter. August will be the next halt, and I hear that we, or those that are here, will go on camp during that month. Rita wished to know if Gertrude did not regret leaving the gay city? Well we had to run around on Friday for the plasure [*sic*] of the ladies, so it seemed, & we found it quite warm & tiresome, how un gallant.

Good bye. Love to each & all

Your loving boy

Willie

The Times-Democrat (New Orleans)

30 March 1884, p. 9

ON TO CUBA.

THE FIRST EXPEDITION FOR THE

LIBERATION OF THE GEM
OF THE ANTILLES.

An Interesting Account of This Initial
Movement from Gen. Ambrosio Jose
Gonzalez, Second in Command to
Gen. Lopez.

It has been a long time since the remarkable adventures of those who participated in the first and second expeditions against the Island of Cuba to secure its independence, or rather its annexation to the United States, have been referred to. Other issues have thrown around the exploits of Gen. Narciso Lopez and his gallant band of Americans a misty veil. The events of that time, however, have lost none of their prestige, and to those who are familiar with the bravery, rash courage and heroism of the men engaged in the expeditions they are recalled with feelings of appreciation and pride.

The presence in our city of Gen. Ambrosio José Gonzalez, who was chief of staff and second in command to Gen. Lopez in the movement on Cuba, prompted a request to that gentleman for a description of the formation and culmination of the Cuban crusade of 1848, to which request the following is an answer:

You ask me to give you my recollections of the movements inaugurated thirty odd years ago, looking to the liberation and subsequent

ANNEXATION OF CUBA.

As I consider you the recognized friend and advocate of the Latin-American race, I am more than willing to pay, through you, this tribute of gratitude to the noble spirits who have, in this section of the country, sacrificed their fortunes and their lives for the cause of the Union, of the South and of civil liberty, giving you what I can remember of the incidents connected with the inception and development of this episode of our American history: an imperfectly understood and greatly misinterpreted. The effort in behalf of Cuban annexation was the natural outcome of two political forces. On the one hand, the South, frustrated in its expectation of obtaining additional States out of the territory acquired from Mexico, needed the annexation of Cuba in order to maintain an equilibrium with the North in the Senate; and, on the other hand, the Cubans, oppressed with taxation, thirsting for political freedom and fearing for the preservation of their property, sighed for independence and consequent annexation. Had success attended the effort of American statesmanship and Cuban patriotism, the Union would have been strengthened and our civil war would have been averted. No wonder, then, that so many of the best and most farseeing men in the country, in every section, some reflectively, others instinctively, were the friends of Cuban annexation.

A conspiracy existed in Cuba, Gen. Roncali being Captain General, at the head of which were some of the most enlightened and wealthiest men in that island. They had won over to the cause Gen. Narciso Lopez. Gen. Lopez, had been brought to the island by Captain General Gerónimo Váldez. He was a native of Caracas, Venezuela, had risen from a private in the Spanish army to the rank of major general by his dauntless courage and dash as a cavalry officer. He had been commander-in-chief of the Christino Cavalry, under Espartero, during the Carlist war in Spain, and Governor of Madrid and Captain General of Valencia. In Cuba he had been Governor of the Central Province and president of the "commission militar" (supreme military tribunal), and had married Miss Frías, sister of Count Pozos Dulces. At the time of these events, 1848, he was retired, near Cienfuegos. The Captain General, seemingly aware of his connection

with the revolutionists, sent a secret order to the Governor of that province to arrest him. There were then no telegraphs in Cuba. Gen. Lopez

GOT WIND OF IT

and made an extraordinary journey on muleback to a northern port of Cuba, where he arrived just in time to leap on the train for Cárdenas, where the Governor, unconscious of what was passing, received him with all the honors; thence to Matanzas, still nearer to the Captain General, where he was equally entertained. In the night he boarded the American brig Neptune and was sailing, before day, for Bristol, R.I.

It was then that the Havana Junta sent the undersigned to the United States. His mission was two fold: 1. To offer Gen. Worth, returning home from the Mexican war, \$3,000,000, wherewith to raise an expedition of 5,000 men out of the disbanded soldiers of the Mexican war and officered by the best personnel in our army, to land in Cuba in support of a patriot movement to be initiated by Gen. Lopez with a bodyguard of Cubans and Americans. 2. To put Worth in communication with Narciso Lopez and Gaspar Betancourt Cisneros, editor of *La Verdad*, the Cuban revolutionary paper in New York. Finding difficulty in obtaining a passport, the undersigned determined to leave without it, and secreting himself in a state-room left Havana on the 5th of August, 1848, in the steamer Crescent City, and landed in New Orleans. Had the steamer been searched his fate was sealed. Gen. Worth had just passed New Orleans on his way North. He followed him up without stopping for seven days and nights until he caught up with him at Newport, R. I. It is illustrative of the development of the country that he had to go by boat to Mobile, from Mobile to Montgomery, Ala., from Montgomery to Columbus in the mail stage, from Columbus to near Macon, Ga., in the stage, where he struck the Georgia Central, and from Charleston to Wilmington in the night mail boat. His credentials, given in Havana to an American passenger as a matter of precaution to drop at the New Orleans Post office under a fictitious name, were not found here, and it is supposed they were intercepted by Mr. Buchanan, then Secretary of State, and who had, too, his eye on the Presidency. Nevertheless Gen. Worth gave him perfect credence at the outset, and accepted his offer. He then took him to Hudson, N.Y., his native city, where his former townspeople gave him a great ovation; from Hudson to West Point, where he was introduced to Charles F. Smith, commandant of cadets, Gustavus W. Smith, professor at the Military Academy and other officers; from West Point to New York, where Worth, Lopez and Betancourt were put in communication by the undersigned, and thence to Washington, where we made, through Gen. Worth, the acquaintance of Mr. Polk, Robt. J. Walker, of Mississippi, Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. John T. Mason, Secretary of the Navy, and others. The undersigned then requested Gen. Worth to send a confidential friend to Havana to satisfy himself of all that he had stated. Col. Henry Bohlen, of Philadelphia, a noted merchant and consul of Holland, in that city, who had been Gen. Worth's volunteer aid in Mexico, went accordingly to Cuba, and returned with every assurance, from personal intercourse with some of the leaders, of their willingness and ability to furnish the sum stated. Gen. Worth, probably through some powerful and rival influence, was then sent take command of the Department of Texas, where he died soon after.

The wealthy leading Cubans then withdrew their promises, and those who had more perseverance than capital did what they could to forward the cause. Money was contributed by some,

THE JEWELS OF THE CUBAN LADIES

were sold, arms were purchased, and the steamers New Orleans and Sea Gull were chartered in

New York for an expedition. While Col. White collected a number of men on Round Island, on the Coast of Mississippi, where he was blockaded by Comr. Randolph, with the sloop-of-war "Albany," United States Navy. The customary devices in such cases were resorted to in New York by our antagonists. The engines were found out of order, time was lost in repairs and gained to procure the affidavits necessary to arrest the movement, and of course [...] government.

In 1849 the first Cuban Junta was established in New York. It was composed of Gen. Narciso Lopez, president; Juan Manuel Macias, José Maria Sanchez Iznaga, Cirilo Villaverde and the undersigned. The military commission of Cuba took at once the matter in hand, and the sentence of death by the garrote was duly passed upon its members.

A season of inactivity, for utter want of means, then ensued until the early part of 1850, when at a levee of President Zachary Taylor the undersigned, who had throughout represented the Cubans in Washington, was asked by a lady to be introduced to her friend, Gen. John Henderson, ex Senator from Mississippi and a prominent lawyer of this city, a friend of Cuba, then in the room. After a short conversation he was encouraged by Gen. Henderson, if ever he thought of moving in behalf of Cuba, to come to New Orleans and see him. Some days after some young gentlemen from Kentucky, hearing in Washington of his being a representative of Cuba, called on him. They had served as officers in the Mexican war. They were Col. Theodore O'Hara, editor of the Louisville *Democrat*, author of the "Bivouac of the Dead," commander of Fort McRae, in Pensacola, and inspector general to Sidney Johnston, at Shiloh, in our civil war; Col. Pickett, afterward consul and acting minister to Mexico, and Major Hawkins. They asserted their ability and willingness to raise at their own expense and bring down to New Orleans a regiment of Kentuckians, as fine material as could be found anywhere, if the authority was given them. Upon this the writer asked Gen. Lopez to come to Washington, and they left for Kentucky. They crossed the Alleghanies by stage, arrived in Pittsburgh, and coming down the Ohio landed at Louisville, where the undersigned having been appointed chief of staff to Gen. Lopez, gave the requisite authority to O'Hara. With him went Johnson, Breckinridge, Allen and other scions of the best stock of the State.

PROCEEDING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI,

we came to New Orleans, where Gen. Lopez was introduced to Mr. Henderson, and we were by the latter made acquainted with L. J. Sigur, editor of the *Delta*, Gen. John A. Quitman, Governor of Mississippi, Judge Cotesworth Pinkney Smith, of the Supreme Court of Mississippi, Judge Boyd, of Natchez, Miss., Chief Justice Sharkey, and others. Cuban bonds were issued, signed, as well as I can remember, by Gen. Lopez, Mr. Sanchez and myself, of the "Cuban Junta." With the money collected, about \$10,000, the little steamer Creole, that had been plying between New Orleans and Mobile, was purchased, repaired, coaled, officered, manned and provisioned, arms and uniforms were procured, and the bark Georgiana was chartered as a transport.

Authority was given to Col. Bunch and Lieut. Col. Smith, son of Justice C. Pinkney Smith, of Mississippi, to raise in that State a skeleton regiment. At this juncture Col. Robert Wheat, who had served in the Mexican war, presented himself to me, begging to be allowed to go. I told him we had no transportation for him, but he removed the objection by offering to procure it if I only gave him the authority to form also a skeleton regiment of Louisianans. This being done, he obtained money from young gentlemen friends of his, to charter the brig Susan Loud, provisioned her, etc., all for the mere privilege of going.

Such were the men we took to Cuba, men of family, position and means. There were about 500 men, two hundred and odd Kentuckians, the remainder Louisianans and

Mississippians. Some of the arms were sent out in a vessel, a portion only being taken on the Creole in cases and opened at sea, and most of the men in the other. I opened the map of the Gulf of Mexico and told the captains at the intersection of this degree of longitude and at this degree of latitude.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GULF,

you wait for us. They did so, and the Creole steamed away from New Orleans with the rest of the men, without arms. At the very point marked out we found the vessels, and proceeded to the Islands of Mugerres and Contoy, on Mexican territory, on the northeast coast of Yucatan; the same islands where Cortez stopped before his descent upon Vera Cruz.

There we landed, armed and perfected our organization, and drilled. About forty-two of our men refused to go any further, and Gen. Lopez told them they might return in the vessels to New Orleans, as he wanted no unwilling spirits. They tarried there after our departure, and the fishing smacks of Pancho Martí, the fish-monger of Havana, owner of the Tacon Theater, gave information of their being there. Spanish war vessels promptly appeared and carried them off to Cuba. These were the well-remembered "Contoy Prisoners" whom the Spaniards wanted to hang for having deserted us, who were sent to Spain and whom our Minister, Mr. Barringer, of North Carolina, had so much difficulty in rescuing from a sad fate. As they came off the harbor of Havana, in charge of two Spanish men-of-war, they fell in with the United States sloop-of-war Albany, Com'r Randolph, who demanded them, and, being refused,

PREPARED FOR ACTION

against superior force, when Capt. Tatnall, coming up from Key West in the Saranac, overruled him and consented, to avoid complication, to their being carried off. The Creole in the meantime giving a wide berth to the coast of Cuba, made a circuit toward Florida, and suddenly made for Cardenas, our point of destination.

While in New Orleans a well dressed person came to me saying that he was our well-wisher, that aware of what we were doing, and that what Gen. Lopez most needed was a number of horses at the place of his landing he could and would furnish them to us, as he was a dealer in Cuba in horses and mules from Kentucky and Tennessee. I had my suspicions, and communicated them to Gen. Lopez. He told me to manage him, and I was thus compelled, to save ourselves, to use a "ruse de guerre" by putting him on the wrong scent. I told him, therefore, we were going to Santa Cruz, on the southeast coast of the island, whereas our objective was Cardenas, on the northwest of it. I attribute to this that the Spanish consul at this place sent a schooner to Havana with the information, and that every available ship of war was ordered around Cape San Antonio to cruise off the threatened point, and the approach to Cardenas was clear for us. A few years ago I saw in a Northern paper that this schooner that carried to Havana the above news in the extraordinary short run of three days, had been lost somewhere on the northeast coast of the United States.

WE WAITED TILL NIGHT

to approach near to the island and for the moon to go down to go into the harbor.

Our real objective was not Cardenas, but Matanzas; but Matanzas was fortified by sea, and we had no artillery. Our arms were old flint muskets and only fifty Mississippi rifles. There were no telegraphs, as previously stated. We went to Cardenas, which was not fortified, expecting to take it by surprise, and through Cardenas by railroad to surprise Matanzas.

Garibaldi, who was a friend of ours, and at the time of our expedition was a manufacturer of tallow candles on Staten Island, copied subsequently our plan, landed with a thousand men at

Marsala, in Sicily, made a forced march on Palermo, which led to his conquest of the kingdom of Naples. He met with no accident, and the British fleet was friendly.

Having no pilot, we were taken, unfortunately, to a wharf in Cardenas, where the water was shoal, and we grounded a few yards from it. The moon had gone down, and it was utterly dark, so that we could not see. It was then that Fayssoux, a native of South Carolina, who was mate of the Creole, jumped overboard with a plank with rope attached, climbed the wharf and thus secured communication with the vessel. The plank was tested on a gunnel and unsteady, Fayssoux, wet to the skin, sat on the wharf and steadied it.

Gen. Lopez being a heavier man than myself, I would not allow him to go over the plank first, as he wished to, but having stood on it and felt it was firm I landed on the wharf and beckoned him to come on.

He landed, and then one by one his staff and then the Kentucky and other regiments followed. The delay was so great the alarm was given, and the Spaniards had time to prepare themselves for defense. Foiled in our expectation of surprising the place, we were constrained to take it by force. Lieut. Col. Pickett, with sixty Kentuckians, was sent to the railroad depot to take possession and hold it. He had with him such railroad engineers as we carried with us for the purpose of operating the road.

A detachment was sent to the skirts of the town to cut off communication with the country, and Gen. Lopez and the rest of the expedition moved in solid column toward the barracks, which was built of stone, with the windows grated, a species of fortress, with our means of attack.

On approaching them a line of Spanish soldiers formed in front of us, and as Gen. Lopez answered "Cuba" to their challenge,

A VOLLEY WAS FIRED

into us, which wounded Cols. Wheat, O'Hara and many others. They then retreated into the building and fired upon us through the grated windows. After a time means were devised to batter down the gate. The gate soon succumbed, and our troops rushed in and the Spaniards evacuated by a rear door.

A single Spanish soldier, who was on guard over some prisoners of their own, upon the approach of our men fearlessly presented his bayonet to our whole force, and stood his ground. As he was about being dispatched Gen. Lopez roared out in a loud voice commanding that he be spared and honored as a brave man.

Having evacuated the barracks, they joined the Governor in his own building, and opened fire upon us from windows and terraces. We rushed in and battered the doors of the lower floor, and took possession. About this time it was dawning, and Gen. Lopez asked me to cross with him to the public square in front of the Governor's building.

The moment we were seen by the garrison they opened fire upon us, and I received in the left thigh two musket balls, Gen. Lopez being unhurt. I may be pardoned for saying it was the first wound a Cuban ever received in battle for his country's cause.

Upon that Gen. Lopez became incensed, and turning back ordered the building to be set on fire. The building was fired and the garrison were forced to surrender. It was commanded by Col. Ceruti. The Governor and his officers were sent on board the Creole as prisoners, and the soldiers were given by Gen. Lopez the option to join us or go back to the Spaniards. Many of them took off the Spanish uniform, put on our blouses, came over to the United States with Narciso Lopez, and returned to Cuba with him in 1851, where they perished by his side.

We had left New Orleans, as well as I can remember, on the 7th of May, 1850, and landed at Cardenas on the 19th. The town was held the whole of that day. Attacks were made by the Spaniards, of infantry and cavalry from the interior, during the day, but were repulsed. The gallant charge of Carrasco, who headed the latter upon our rear guard, was fatal to him and most of his followers. Having failed to surprise Cardenas, the plan, of course, fell through.

A council of war was held, and it was decided to leave for the eastern part of Cuba. The reembarkation was leisurely and quietly made, but the greatest of our mishaps occurred when, on leaving the harbor (a very shallow and intricate one), we ran aground, at about eight o'clock, p.m. There we lay entirely helpless, and the efforts of the captain, the gallant and able Lewis, to get her off were unavailing. As a last resort to save ourselves (for we had a right to expect at any moment the appearance of men-of-war), orders were given to cast overboard ammunition, provisions, and everything which could lighten the steamer. With this and the rise of the tide, at nearly daylight, after so many hours of anxious suspense, the Creole floated at last. We struck the channel and steamed out of the bay in an easterly direction, to deceive the Spaniards as to our intentions, which were to make for Key West, Fla., as we were incapacitated from landing again in Cuba. When it was determined to return to the United States on account of the disastrous results of our grounding on leaving the Bay of Cardenas, Gen. Lopez gave their freedom to his prisoners, Col. Ceruti, Governor of Cardenas, a captain of the Spanish army, and other officers of the captured garrison, and landed them on Cayo Piedra. Here occurred a kind interposition of Providence in our behalf. At some distance to the east of Cardenas we stopped our engine

TO GIVE BURIAL

to one of our officers who had died of his wound the previous night. While the service was being read, and we lay to, we saw a tall column of black smoke approaching from the westward. It was the fast Spanish war steamer Pizarro, coming up for us. She did not see us, as we made no smoke, and entered Cardenas. Slow as our boat was, and she the fastest of the Spanish fleet, had she perceived us there was no help for us. As soon as she disappeared in the interior of the bay we made for Key West. We arrived in the evening off the reefs of Florida, many miles from the town. The captain came to me, for Gen. Lopez gave me the command of the expedition both going and returning, although severely wounded on the return. He said that we drew but five feet of water, that he thought we could pass over the reef, and that he would much prefer lying that night inside than out of it. His request being granted we went over. But no sooner had dawn appeared than the Pizarro and the Creole saw each other at a distance of four miles, the reef between them. Then

COMMENCED A CHASE

never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The coal we had taken at Cardenas was a miserable black dust we found near the wharf. We could not make with it more than five miles an hour. I had had the precaution of shipping from this city thirty barrels of rosin, for an emergency. The ax was put to every available piece of wood in the boat, bunks, furniture, etc., and with this and the rosin and the bacon we had saved and the coal dust, we made ten knots, and our next danger anticipated was the explosion of our boiler. The Pizarro made over thirteen knots, but she drew, probably, sixteen or seventeen feet of water. She could not go over the reef, which described a circle, of which she had the arc and we the chord. Gen. Armero, the Spanish admiral in Cuba, was in command of the Pizarro, with a picked force of several hundred grenadiers. She was delayed in taking a pilot, and got aground fifteen or twenty minutes, in an attempt to cross the reef. This was another providential incident in our behalf. The Spanish

admiral is reported as attributing it all to the Key West pilot, and to have threatened him with hanging.

Finally, we reached the inner harbor, the Pizarro coming up so near behind us as to have been within cannon shot. Our boat was stopped some distance from the wharf. Lieut. Rogers, United States navy, in command of the surveying schooner Petrel, then close by, thought he saw in the manoeuvre of the admiral a purpose to run between the wharf and ourselves with no good intent. As a stiff breeze was blowing, he made all sail for the very spot, hoisted the American flag, and ran out an iron 12-pounder gun, his only armament. The admiral reflected, and seemingly made straight for us. Capt. Lewis rushed to me to tell me that the Pizarro would run us down, and that by this and that naval manoeuvre, taking advantage of the tide, and we being so light and small, he could avoid her, lay broadside to her and board her. Orders were given for our men to throw away their guns, seize their bowie knives and pistols, and be ready to grapple with her.

ON CAME THE PIZARRO,

like a huge shark, on the Creole minnow, and passed but a few yards astern of us. As I look around through the cabin window, I could distinctly see the faces of the admiral and his officers standing on the upper deck to have recognized them had I known them, and the gunners at their guns, with the old-fashioned port fires burning. She lay off in the bay, and in a twinkle our boat was at the wharf and the expedition landed.

I was taken on the shoulders of four of his servants to the house of that noble gentleman, Stephen R. Mallory, then a lawyer at Key West, at the head of his profession in admiralty law; since, United States Senator from Florida, chairman of the Senate naval committee, and afterward the secretary of the Confederate Navy. There I was nursed and cared for, though a stranger, as if I had been his own, and one of the musket balls still in my thigh extracted. The admiral demanded us from the Key West authorities. The answer was for the Key West company, of which Mr. Mallory was captain, to join our force. Possession was taken of Fort Taylor, of which the lower tier was armed and such disposition taken that the admiral was advised by his consul to go outside, which he did, and stood off the harbor. That very night the steamship Isabel, Capt. Rollins, of the Charleston and Havana Line, came in, as usual, on her way North. Gen. Lopez asked Capt. Rollins to take him and his Cuban staff. The latter answered he would, if Mr. Mallory gave him his opinion as to the rights of the Spaniard in foreign waters. Mr. Mallory promptly did so to his satisfaction, and Gen. Lopez passed by the Pizarro on the Isabel, and landed in Savannah, Ga. The Spanish consul having brought him before Judge Nichols, of the United States District Court, the latter discharged him for want of evidence, and he then came on to New Orleans and surrendered to the United States authorities.

While at Key West and under the apprehension, on the part of many citizens, that I might be delivered to the Spaniards, two merchants of Key West, Messrs. Tift³⁰⁵ and Wall,³⁰⁶ had for weeks a vessel each at my disposal, to take me free of charge to any part of the world I desired to go. Mr. Mallory had a fast rowboat always ready to take me at any time to Boca Chica, one of the Florida Keys, where no one could find me. All these offers I declined, as I had no fear whatever of being delivered. I remained at Mr. Mallory's until my wounds were healed and then

The prosperous and influential Asa F. Tift, of the mercantile house Tift and Company. In 1845 Stephen Mallory held power of attorney for Tift and was a joint owner of a plot of land with Tift and Company.

surrendered, too, and was sent by the United States in a schooner to this city, to be tried for alleged violation of the neutrality law.

On the 7th of June, 1850, Gen. Lopez arrived at 10 a.m. at the St. Charles Hotel in this city. He had notified the United States marshal from Pass Christian that he would be at his disposal. The general and Deputy Marshal Labuzan accordingly proceeded to the District Court of the United States, where the United States District Attorney, Mr. Logan Hunton, upon the affidavit of the Spanish consul, Seftor Don Juan Ignacio Laborde, opened the case. The counsel for Gen. Lopez were Hon. Seargent S. Prentiss and Hon. John Henderson, Judge McCaleb presiding. The court ordered, on account of his ill health, the preliminary investigation to be made by ex-Recorder Baldwin. Recorder Caldwell, of the Second Municipality, was surety in \$3,000 for his appearance. Gen. Lopez was then greeted by the people before the St. Charles Hotel, when he delivered the following speech in Spanish, which was translated by Mr. Sigur,

The prosperous and influential Asa F. Tift, of the mercantile house Tift and Company. In 1845 Stephen Mallory held power of attorney for Tift and was a joint owner of a plot of land with Tift and Company. 2William. H. Wall. editor of the *Delta*:

"Gentlemen—I can find no suitable expression to convey to you the gratitude of my heart for these demonstrations of your kindness and sympathy. They are particularly welcome at this moment, when my motives and conduct are traduced, and my acts subjected to criminal prosecution. Of this, however, I do not complain; he who would deserve the smiles of fortune must know how to bear her caprices. I am prepared for either.

"Gentlemen, whatever may be the shortsighted calculations of a shallow and selfish policy based upon mere expediency, and disregarding the best and holiest feelings of our nature, the hearts and arms of a generous and noble people cannot be made indifferent to the sacred cause of freedom and humanity. There is a law within us—a law which you have this day made manifest—which proclaims and enforces the duty of mutual assistance and love among all men, by whatever national designation they may be known. My offense is that I have sought the benefits of that law—of that common bond of humanity—for oppressed Cuba. I am conscious of no other. If for this I must be traduced and persecuted, well, let it be so. Resting upon the purity of my motives, I shall pursue my course, and accept the consequences, whatever they may be. If it be a crime to solicit the aid of freemen to achieve the liberation of oppressed and enslaved Cubans—men like themselves and to place the Queen of the Antilles in the path of her magnificent destiny, I am determined to be a criminal now and to the very last moment of my life—a pertinacious, unrepenting and open criminal—for I shall implore that assistance from noble and sympathizing men, wherever I shall meet them—from my judges, from President Taylor, from his Cabinet and from Congress—as I shall ever beseech it from God, with every pulsation of my heart. Gentlemen, I thank you again." (Cheers.) Messrs. Seargent S. Prentiss, John C. Larue, John Henderson and Laurent J. Sigur were counsel for the accused. The following well known persons in this community were called upon to testify: L. J. Sigur, Alexander Walker, George W. White, Lewis H. Desforges, Custom-House officer; F. Garcia, clerk at the arsenal; Jacob Soria, of the arsenal; Victor Kerr, Custom-House employe; J. B. Walton, T. B. Moran, of the arsenal; W. L. Crittenden, Mr. Maury, of the arsenal; J. Aimann; David Adams, harbor master; F. Garrique, in charge of the powder magazine; Major Thomas Patton, Robert McAlpin, etc. Messrs. Randell Hunt, Col. Field and W. E. Moise were added to the counsel for the defense. Mr. Judah P. Benjamin was associated by the government to the district attorney. Major Gally being incapacitated from appearing in court the judge, the marshal, district attorney, his assistant and

counsel for the defense, followed by a large number of people, proceeded to his residence, on St. Peter Street, to take his declaration. Gen. Rowley, adjutant general of Louisiana, was examined, and finally Gen. Donatien Augustin, commander of the Legion. Upon their testimony, reluctantly given, the grand jury, composed of W. Taft (foreman), Charles F. Caruthers, Henry Hopkins, James McLean, William Laughlin, Horace Bean, Geo. M. Pinckard, Joseph Lallande, J. M. Lapeyre, L. E. Forstall, Cornelius Fellowes, L. J. Harris, L. D. Wood, J. W. Zacharie, A. F. Dunbar, Levy H. Gale and John Andrews, found an indictment against the following: Gen. Lopez, and John Quitman, Governor of Mississippi; Justice Cotesworth Pinckney Smith, of the Supreme Court of Mississippi; Hon. John Henderson, ex-Senator in Congress from Mississippi; Laurent J. Sigur, editor of the *New Orleans Delta*; Judge Boyd, of Natchez, Mississippi; John L. O'Sullivan, former editor of the *Democratic Review*--since United States Minister to Portugal; Col. Theodore O'Hara, ex-major of the United States Army in the Mexican war and author of the "Bivouac of the Dead;" Mr. J. Pickett, ex-consul of the United States at Turk's Island; Lieut. Col. Peter S. Smith, son of Justice Smith; Major Thomas T. Hawkins, major of the expedition; Lieut. Col. W. H. Bell; Col. W. J. Bunch; J. R. Hedden; Gen. Donatien Augustin, commander-in-chief of the Louisiana Legion, to New Orleans; Col. Robert Wheat, Capt. A. J. Lewis, and lastly myself.

On the 16th of December, 1850, the trial commenced before Judge McCaleb, of the United States District Court. Mr. Miles Taylor appeared as counsel for Mr. Sigur. Of all the indicted Hon. John Henderson, ex-United States Senator from Mississippi, was first placed on trial. The jury were composed of N. H. Brighman, Ferd. Evans, H. D. McLean, C. L. Carter, J. P. Couton, H. E. Lawrence, W. B. McCutcheon, A. H. May, Moses Greenwood, August W. Walker and Mathew Martin. Four were for acquittal and eight for conviction. On the second trial, had in February, 1851, six were for acquittal and six for conviction. On the third trial, March 6, 1851, eleven jurors were for acquittal and one for conviction, upon which the proceedings were quashed. It was during the preliminary examination that the gifted orator, Hon. Seargent S. Prentiss, delivered his brilliant and his last speech. It was a feast of reason. and a flow of trenchant wit.

I shall endeavor to give in my next some idea of the continued efforts in Georgia and New Orleans in 1851, with some considerations on this significant reaching out of our people toward Cuban annexation.

The Times Democrat (New Orleans)
6 April 1884, p. 9

THE CUBAN CRUSADE.
A FULL HISTORY OF THE GEORGIAN
AND LOPEZ EXPEDITIONS

**Interesting Matters of History Which
Never Before Saw the Light--Execution of
Gen. Lopez--Some Reflections on the Cuban Question**

Such sympathy had been shown in the Southeast toward the Cuban cause that Gen. Lopez instructed me to go to Savannah, Ga., and establish myself there. I did so, and in the spring of 1851 obtained from the warm-hearted Georgians all the assistance that could be desired. Companies of volunteers were formed in different parts of the State, material of war procured

and thousands of dollars contributed, which I sent to Hon. J. L. O'Sullivan, our agent in New York, wherewith he was enabled, to a great extent, to obtain the steamer Cleopatra, which was to be our transport. The armament saved from the expedition of the previous year was brought from the Gulf to Savannah, and from Savannah was secretly sent to the Satilla River, on the coast of Georgia, below Darien, and secreted on the plantation of my friend, Mr. David Bailey. Everything being ready I telegraphed from Savannah to Gen. Lopez, who started with his staff from this city, and on the same day he, myself and the Georgia companies all met in Macon, Ga., to proceed by railroad toward the coast. I received a telegram from our Savannah friends stating that the collector and United States marshal would be at the depot in Savannah to arrest us on our arrival there. I telegraphed back, to send a carriage to Station No. 1 on the Georgia Central (ten miles from Savannah). The expedition (about 400 men) was put on the train, and when we reached Station No. 2 (twenty miles from Savannah) was landed and sent under sealed orders to the Satilla River. Gen. Lopez and staff went down to the next station, where we found the carriage, and entered Savannah by country road in the evening.³⁰⁷ Of course the collector and marshal inquired for us at the depot but could get no satisfaction from the conductor.

AT MIDNIGHT

we were driven by Mr. George McCloskey to Thunderbolt, some five miles from Savannah. There we took a rowboat and went about as many miles down Augustine River and landed on Wilmington Island, at the plantation of Mr. Elias Barstow, a Northern man, married to a Georgia lady. Mr. McCloskey rapped and Mr. Barstow came to the door, wondering what could be the matter at such an unusual hour. Mr. McCloskey stated who we were. "I am a Whig," said Mr. Barstow, "and opposed to the expedition; but as my guests you are welcome, and my house is yours." On the next day a dispatch was received from Mr. O'Sullivan, announcing that President Fillmore had seized the Cleopatra in New York, and there was an end of the expedition. It was very trying to have

TO DISBAND THE MEN,

and to lose the benefit of so much devotion and sacrifice, but there was no help for it. Gen. Lopez returned to this city and the men to their homes. Orders were given by the government for my arrest. I determined to go, for greater safety, to Sapelo Island, on the Georgia coast, the property of my friend Mr. Randolph Spaulding. When the steamer Magnolia, Capt. McNulty, passed down the river I hailed it; a boat was lowered to take me on board, but as soon as it came within hearing the boatswain roared out to me: "Go back, go back! the collector and the marshal are on board to arrest you." I went back, and was sent to the woods, where I remained all day,³⁰⁸ in a continuous rain, with a negro guide, who sat by me, and brought me my meals. Meanwhile, the United States officers, who had witnessed their discomfiture from the steamer, caused the captain to land them, and the latter steamed away and left them. They came up to the house and asked for me. Said Mrs. Barstow: "Do you see that lunch on the table? Well, that is what he has been partaking of."

To which Mr. Barstow added: "Have you, pray, a search warrant?"

"We have not," replied the officers.

"That's satisfactory," said Mr. Barstow; "make yourselves at home."

Baffled in their endeavor, and having no means to get away, they had to beg Mr. Barstow to send them back to Savannah, which he did

The evening of 25 April 1851.

This was on 1 May 1851. See: Hiram Roberts letter of 3 May 1851.

AFTER EXACTING A PROMISE

that they would not inquire for me until they got to town. On the next day Mr. Barstow took me in his boat to Screven's ferry, opposite to Savannah, on the South Carolina shore, where Mr. S. Prioleau Hamilton, son of Gen. James Hamilton, former Governor of South Carolina, took charge of me and took me down the Savannah River. As we were going down we passed the custom-house boat with the collector on board, who had gone to look for me on Dawfawsky Island, Mr. Mongin's place. Mr. Hamilton, who knew him and his craft, made me lie flat on the bottom of the boat, covered me with an overcoat, and we went unnoticed. We arrived at dusk at our landing-place, near the mouth of the river, and thence on horseback to his father's plantation, where we arrived, after a weary journey, at midnight. In a lonely pine land, in a small wooden house, one mile from the rice fields, I remained secreted for one month in charge of the overseer, an old bachelor. Desirous of inspecting my armament on the Satilla River, and the excitement having subsided, I went down to St. Mary's, Ga., on the Florida boundary, for Mr. Bailey's place was only accessible from there by land. I hired a buggy and a negro guide. It was a long journey through a wilderness of pine woods. At mid-day we were caught in a furious rain and thunder storm and drenched, and what was worse,

OUR HORSE GAVE OUT.

My guide proposed, as the only expedient, to take a by-road to the right leading to a cotton plantation where assistance might be procured. We did so, and presently arrived, at a walk, to an opening of cotton fields. We approached a fine mansion, with a wide piazza, raised from the ground in the Southern style. A tall gentleman was standing on it to receive me. I walked up the steps, introduced myself and stated my case. The gentleman looked at me for a moment. "It so happens," said he to me, that I have

AN ORDER FOR YOUR ARREST

from the President of the United States. I am the collector of St. Mary's; but," said he, with a smile, after a moment's pause, and seeing that I made no remark, "here I am simply Mr. Dilworth,³⁰⁹ the owner of this place, and I am most happy to make your acquaintance and to welcome you to my house. I sympathize deeply with your cause; had I seen you at St. Mary's I would certainly have arrested you."

A true type of the Southern gentleman. "*Noblesse oblige.*" It was a singular accident that I should have come so fortuitously upon the only man south of Savannah who had the authority to hold me. A fine dinner was prepared for me. I spent a most agreeable evening with himself and family, and next morning I started with a fresh horse and guide for my destination.

CONSTANT EXPOSURE

on the coast of Georgia and in that of South Carolina, at the time when I knew nothing of quinine as a prophylactic (so useful to us later during the Civil War), brought on a severe bilious fever. It came on me at Bluffton, S.C., at the house of Col. Gaston Allen. Dr. Pope, of that place, got me through it, but I was so weakened and prostrated that I notified Gen. Lopez of my condition. He advised me at once to go to the mountains of West Virginia, that I might recuperate in the shortest possible time and be ready for the fall. I went, accordingly, to the White Sulphur Springs.

Gen. Lopez had agreed with me that he would, *in the fall*, start with an expedition from New Orleans and land on the south-eastern coast of Cuba, and that I, my health being recruited, with the Georgia and Florida contingent of the previous spring, would land on the northeastern

John Hardee Dilworth.

coast and form a junction with him. The standard being raised, Gov. Quitman, of Mississippi, would come to our support with thousands of men from the West and Southwest. Here commenced

THE SERIES OF ERRORS,

which, link by link, led to the final disaster. It is to be believed that they were brought about, to a great extent, by the consummate artfulness of the wily Concha, Captain General of Cuba. Joaquin Agüero and the Arteagas rose *prematurely* in Puerto Principe, on the 4th of July, 1851, with about fifty men. The plea for precipitating the movement (as their friends themselves acknowledged) was that as soon as it was inaugurated in Cuba the United States Government *would not interfere* with assistance from this country. (See Havana letter to Gen. Lopez, July 17, in New Orleans *Delta* of July 23, 1851.) This rising was followed by that of Armenteros, with about the same number of men, in the Province of Trinidad. A great meeting was held in this city on July 23, in Lafayette Square, to express sympathy for the Cubans. It was addressed by its president, M. M. Cohen, W. S. Warfield, Gen. Felix Huston and others.

Says the New Orleans *Delta* in an editorial of July 25:

But one feeling, one voice, one hope prevails among all classes, that of success in the glorious struggle. Were it practicable one tithe of our fighting population would rush to the aid of the Patriots. The wealthy planters of the South are among

THE MOST EAGER FRIENDS

of Cuba. Our sugar planters, whose interests, it has been falsely alleged, would be jeopardized by the independence of Cuba, are too sensible to be deceived by such arguments, or too patriotic to be restrained by them.

On the 26th

ANOTHER ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING

was held at Bank's Arcade. President, Capt. James Stockton; vice presidents, J. L. Carman, Gardner Smith, S. W. Cutter, Patrick Irwin, James Smith, Dr. Wedderburne, J. L. Levy, N. C. Hall, Joseph W. Burke, C. D. Yancey, T. P. White; secretaries, T. W. Hall, L. L. Dillard, Durante da Ponte, Alexander Walker. Judge Walker read the Cuban "Declaration of Independence," followed by an eloquent speech. Gen. Felix Huston also spoke, after which Gen. Lopez addressed the meeting with his usual fervor. Then letters from Havana poured in to New York, Savannah and New Orleans containing the wildest accounts of victories of the Patriots, desertions en masse of Spanish troops, etc. Even the New York *Tribune*, a bitter foe to Cuba, chimed in with misleading accounts of the favorable condition of Havana itself, and falsely stating that the Spanish men-of-war were cruising east, when the truth was that there were eight west of Havana, besides merchant steamers. Concha's plan was to "precipitate" the movement in Cuba, crush it and induce Gen. Lopez to land quickly, not in the East, but in the West, near Havana, where he could throw upon him in a few hours, by land and water, the whole garrison of that capital of

SEVERAL THOUSAND MEN,

and the game was played to his hand. Gen. Lopez, deceived as to the real state of things on the island, caught fire and hurriedly left New Orleans with 500 men in the steamer Pampero, Capt. Lewis. He failed to carry out the plan agreed with me, to which I have referred, and did not even write or communicate with me, then in West Virginia, considering the condition of the island so favorable, as all the papers stated, that he would miss the opportunity of marching in triumph into Havana. Col. Pragy, distinguished in the Hungarian war, was his chief of staff; Major Rugendorf, a Hungarian, commanded the engineers. There was a company composed exclusively

of Cubans and Spaniards, including

THE SOLDIERS WHO DESERTED

to Gen. Lopez at Cardenas, all under command of Felipe Gotay, a gallant and commanding son of Porto Rico, who had joined us at Cardenas the previous year. Its lieutenant was Miguel Lopez, the sergeant of the Spanish garrison at Cardenas, who had also come with us with his men in 1850. There was a company commanded by Oberto, a Cuban and a gallant and experienced soldier, who had been an officer in the Spanish army. The rest of the command were Americans, mostly from this city and Mississippi, young men of good standing and habits. They were commanded by Col. Crittenden, a nephew of the Attorney General of the United States, a graduate of the Military Academy, and by Col. Donovan, of Georgia, with Major J. A. Kelly and Capts. Saunders, Brigham, Stewart, Ellis, Victor Kerr and others. The *Savannah Georgian* says in an article of Aug. 24, copied in the *New Orleans Delta* of Aug. 31, among other things:

We are rejoiced to learn by the arrival of the steamer Mathews, from Florida, of the safety of the Pampero and a number of the particulars of the expedition of Gen. Lopez from the time of his departure from New Orleans to his landing at Bahia Honda.

THE PAMPERO,

having left New Orleans, proceeded to Key West. Near there she remained for several days for the purpose of evading the vigilance of the Spanish ships. Having learned from the Key West wreckers that the inhabitants of the District of Venelsa [Vuelta] Abajo (nearly opposite Key West) were up in arms, Gen. Lopez determined to avail himself of this information and make his landing among them. Steering for Bahia Honda, his purpose was to land at a small port called Mariel. When about eighteen leagues from Havana the machinery of the Pampero got out of order, the consequence of which was that she floated for two hours along the current of the Gulf Stream, approaching all the while toward that city. Before the accident was repaired she was carried full in view

OF THE MORRO CASTLE,

and even in sight of the soldiers on the water battery. Getting up steam again she bore away for Bahia Honda, intercepting on the way a coasting vessel, from which Gen. Lopez obtained two pilots. * * We will only add that we have these particulars from one who was on board the vessel from the time of her departure from New Orleans.

A Havana correspondent of the *New Orleans Picayune*, under date of March 16, 1851, writes:

THE TRINIDAD AFFAIR

has been quashed and three of the insurgents, Armenteros, Hernandez and another, have been ordered to be shot. On the 11th instant the steamship Pampero appeared off this port, and was signaled from the Morro. On the same afternoon Lopez took two pilots out of the schooner Cecilia, and that night they brought the schooner to and made her fast to the first buoy in this harbor, immediately under the guns of the Morro Castle! At midnight the expeditionists landed at Morrillos, twelve miles west of Bahia Honda, and took possession of the town of Las Pozas. That night the frigate Esperanza sent a boat to Mariel with an express to Havana, stating that she had seen a suspicious steamer steering west.

The war steamer Pizarro left here at 8 o'clock on the morning of the 12th, with 800 men, having a schooner in tow containing sixty horses. The merchant steamers Almendares and Habanero were also sent down with reinforcements. Gen. Enna was in command of these troops. They landed at Bahia Honda at 10 o'clock that night. At 1 o'clock next day the Spanish troops

attacked the Patriots at San Miguel, a small town between Bahia Honda and Las Pozas. The engagement lasted about ten minutes, when the Spaniards retreated, leaving sixty-eight dead upon the field, and having 167 wounded. * * On the night of the 13th the Habanero returned, asking for more troops and artillery. At 1 o'clock the Almendares returned for more troops. All of these were sent as required.

On the 14th the Almendares again returned

WITH URGENT DEMANDS

for more artillery, as the Spanish troops refused to attack the Patriots. There are but 700 troops left in Havana, etc.

Other accounts give the loss of the Spaniards as much greater.

It appears that Gen. Lopez left Col. Crittenden with his battalion of 120 men on the coast to guard the baggage and ammunition, and proceeded inland. Crittenden was attacked, and repulsed the Spaniards, but was worsted in the next onset, when his men dispersed and he, with fifty more, took to boats to escape. He was met by the steamer Habanero, and captured and taken to Havana.

HERE IS THE LETTER

of his adjutant, R. C. Stanford:

Havana, Aug. 16.

Dear Huling--We arrived on the Island of Cuba after the most horrible passage you can conceive of, cooped on board with 400 or 500 men. We arrived on Sunday last, I believe--dates I have almost forgotten. The next morning Lopez, with Gen. Pragy and all the commanding officers, left us (I mean Crittenden and his battalion). We heard no more of him for two days, when Crittenden dispatched a note. He then requested that we should join him at a little town six or eight miles off, leaving us in the meantime to take care of all baggage, etc.

We started for him on Wednesday morning at 2 o'clock a.m., and had proceeded only three miles when we were attacked by 500 Spanish soldiers. In the first charge I received a very severe wound in the knee. We repulsed them, however. They made another charge and completely routed us. We spent two days and nights the most miserable you can imagine, in the chaparrals without anything to eat or drink. We made the best of our way to the seashore, and found some boats with which we put to sea. Spent a night upon the ocean, and next day about 12 o'clock were taken prisoners by the Habanero, were brought to Havana last night, and condemned to die this morning. We shall all be shot in an hour.

Good-bye, and God bless you. I send the Masonic medal inclosed in this to my father. Convey it to my sister, Mrs. P--n, and tell her of my fate. Once more, God bless you.

Stanford.

The New Orleans *Delta* makes editorially, the following remarks upon this letter:

The letter of Mr. Stanford, which will be found on our first page, affords the only satisfactory explanation we have yet had of the manner in which Col. Crittenden's party was captured. By comparing this account with

THE SPANISH BULLETINS

we are able to arrive at something like a conjecture of the state of the facts as they occurred after Lopez's landing. When the party was landed the general, no doubt, discovered that he had been observed by the enemy, and apprehended that he might be reached by them before he could gain the mountains. He, therefore, left to proceed into the interior, and constituted Crittenden's command as the rear guard to bring up the baggage and hurry on after him. The quick arrival of

the Spanish troops caused the communications of the two bodies of Lopez's party to be cut off, and thus Crittenden found a large Spanish force intercepting his advance. Then ensued the two engagements referred to in the Spanish bulletins, which were, no doubt, between Crittenden's party and the Spaniards to the number of 800 or 1,000. The account of the Spanish general admits that their first charge was not successful, but states that when certain reinforcements reached them they could return to the charge and destroy the enemy. This is the charge that Mr. Stanford says, routed the Patriots, who were overwhelmed by a vastly superior force. They were then dispersed in small parties, and were captured in an attempt to escape by sea.

The following are the names of

CRITTENDEN'S PARTY:

Col. W. L. Crittenden, Capt. Frederick S. Sawyer, Capt. Victor Kerr, Lieut. James Brandt, Lieut. J. O. Bryn, Lieut. Thomas C. James, Surgeon John Fisher, Capt. T. B. Veary, Corporal K. A. Tourniquet, Sergeant J. Whiterens, Sergeant A. M. Cotchett, R. C. Stanford, Private Wm. Chilling, G. A. Cook, S. O. Jones, M. H. Ball, James Bulet, Sergeant Napoleon Collins, Private Robert Caldwell, Sergeant G. M. Green, Sergeant J. M. Salomon, Privates C. C. William Smith, A. Ross, P. Barrouk, John Christides, William H. Homes, Sam Mills, L. Rulman, William Little, George W. Arnold, B. J. Wregy, Robt. Cantley, John G. Sanka, William Niceman, E. T. Collins, James Stanton, Thomas Harnott, Anselmo T. Hernandez, Patrick Dillon, Alex. McIlcer, Thomas Hersey, Samuel Reed, J. Stubbs, James Ellis, H. T. Vienne, William Hogan, M. Phillips, Charles A. Robinson, James L. Manville.

Here is the letter of Victor Kerr to his friends, written in a bold masculine hand:

August 16, 1851, 6:30 o'clock

My Dear Friends--I leave you forever, and I go to the other world. I am a prisoner in Havana, and in an hour I shall have ceased to exist. My dearest friends, think often of me. I die worthy of a Creole, worthy of a Louisianan, and of a Kerr. My dearest friends, adieu for the last time. Your devoted friend,

Victor Kerr

To N. Larose, H. Boulogny, Leon Fazende, Wm. G. Vincent, Felix Arroyo.

Crittenden and his men (fifty-one) were all shot in the back, on the slope of the Castle of Atares, at the bottom of the Bay of Havana. They were sentenced by a drumhead court-martial, on board the frigate Esperanza. Havana correspondents of American newspapers North and South report their bodies to have been mutilated and thrown pele-mele into a ditch. A youth of fifteen begged

ON HIS KNEES

for some one to be sent to him who understood English, and was refused. The consul of the United States in Havana, A. F. Owens, of Georgia, betrayed humanity and his country by *absolutely* refusing to plead for the victims or even to visit them. His name will live forever infamous. The following are the *Delta's* remarks on some of the executed:

THE PATRIOTS OF THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY.

That beautiful artillery corps, the Washington Artillery Company, Capt. Smith, contributed three heroes to the fifty who were butchered in Havana on the 16th. They were all young men of excellent character, chivalric bearing and gallant hearts.

Thomas Hearsay was one of the best artillerists in the company. Capt. C. C. Wm. Smith was a youth of seventeen, a boy in age and almost in size, but a man in heart and in deeds. He was an ardent soldier, full of military ambition and chivalry of character.

In a letter to his mother, he writes a calm account of his acts in the engagement with the Spaniards, and concludes with the remark: "For this I die a glorious death in a glorious cause." Both Hearsay and Smith were born in New Orleans. A. M. Colchett was a South Carolinian by birth. He was the standard bearer of his company, and, from his gallantry and firmness, was well selected for that duty. The company in this city have gone into mourning for these young men, in whose character all their brother soldiers felt a pride, and whose untimely and bloody end they all deplore with the most poignant grief.

A FEELING OF INDIGNATION

pervaded every part of the Union. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, although opposed to Cuba, commented upon these acts as follows:

Supposing the result of this second invasion to be as disastrous to Lopez and his companions as we apprehend, the next thing to be looked at is its effects in the United States. Nothing is better fitted to arouse the vengeance of that large class of Americans who sympathize with the movement of Lopez (we are not of the number) than the wholesale massacre perpetrated at Havana on the 16th instant. The massacre of Fanin's regiment in Texas prepared the way for the battle of San Jacinto, the capture of Santa Anna, the independence of Texas, the war between the United States and Mexico, and all the consequences which have since followed. It aroused the vengeance of men, who, combining a high sense of honor with a desperate spirit of adventure, coveted precisely the mission which fell to them, of meting out the penalty due such an atrocity. Something of this spirit, we fear, will be kindled now. But it must be discountenanced and resisted.

Gen. Lopez, after leaving Crittenden on the coast, proceeded inland with his 300 and odd men to a village called Las Pozas, where he was attacked by a Spanish column of 800 or 1,000 men, which he defeated, killing Cols. Justez, Nadal, etc., but losing most of his staff and officers. He then retreated to Cafetal de Frias (a coffee State), formerly belonging to his wife's family,

WHERE HE WAS ATTACKED

by Major Gen. Enna, second in command of the Island of Cuba, with a very large force of infantry, cavalry and artillery. The small band left him received the attack at an avenue of mango trees, and then took a position behind a stone fence. Their fire was so murderous and the loss inflicted on the enemy so great that Gen. Enna, his troops being demoralized, was compelled to head himself a charge with a few men. He fell, mortally wounded, and Gen. Lopez is said to have exclaimed: "Oh! for fifty horses, and there would not be one of them left!" Then came a fearful hurricane, which added to his difficulties. The successor of Gen. Enna adopted the policy of surrounding the patriots and starving them out. Probably 400 men, in separate columns, confronted in every direction the 100 and odd remaining. Gen. Lopez's horse was killed for food, and the General then asked his men to seek their safety and leave him to his fate. The subjoined editorial from the New Orleans *Delta* of Sept. 5, 1851, gives a graphic account of the sad, last incident of this painful episode:

AUTHENTIC INTELLIGENCE OF THE MANNER OF GEN. LOPEZ'S CAPTURE AND EXECUTION.

We have received from Mr. Degournay, a citizen of this city, of unimpeachable veracity, a true and reliable statement of all the facts connected with the defeat, capture and execution of Gen. Lopez. As the Spanish papers are filled with the most false, calumnious statements in regard to this matter, which, we have no doubt, will be in this city, we hasten to anticipate them, by presenting the facts, from a gentleman who has resided here for a number of years, who has

the confidence of all who know him, and who possessed peculiar advantages for learning the truth. Mr. Degournay was in Havana during all the events of the expedition down to the execution of Gen. Lopez. He says that the failure of the expedition was due to the unfortunate delay caused by the separation of Crittenden's command, which kept Gen. Lopez for two days at Las Pozas, and led his friends in the country to believe that he had been defeated; that subsequently Lopez had several actions, in which he was victorious, placing at least 2,000 Spaniards *hors du combat*, and suffering some loss himself. The rapid concentration of the troops in the neighborhood cut off his communications, and prevented the people from joining him.

At last, by repeated attacks and marches, their ammunition being exhausted, and reduced to the lowest stage of suffering and starvation, the men were divided, but thirty remaining with Lopez. These wandered about for some time, until at last they were begged, by the General, to abandon him, as they might have some chance of making terms with the government if they surrendered, but there was no chance if caught with him. He also added that his fate was certain--he would be garroted, it would no doubt help the cause--but he desired that they should escape. Finally he left them, accompanied by one faithful friend. Wounded in the shoulder, faint and exhausted from fatigue and loss of blood, he wandered about until at last he was pursued with bloodhounds and captured by some sixteen Catalans. He surrendered, exclaiming: "Kill me, but pardon my men!" When captured he had scarcely the strength to stand erect. He was taken to Bahia Honda and kept there until the garrison could be reinforced by drawing men from that place.

On the 31st he was taken in the Pizarro to Havana and the order of his execution issued. When he arrived there he was so weak that he could scarcely sit up. On the day of his execution a large military force was drawn up and all the cannons of the fort fully manned and directed to the place of execution. When the general was taken from the steamer and placed on shore, to the surprise of his guards, he stood up erect and marched to the place of execution with a bold and manly port. His demeanor evinced the utmost coolness, manliness and dignity.

Just before his death he made a short address, in which he stated that his intentions looked to the advancement and happiness of the people of Cuba; that the imputation of plunder and piracy was a calumny; that he had meditated no greater crime than that of seeking to secure a free institution for that people, and he was willing to meet his fate. Before, however, he had concluded he was forced into the garrotte and his last words, which were uttered in a loud tone, were: "Adios Cuba Querida"--"Adieu dear Cuba." Such is the relation to us of Mr. Degournay, whose honor and truth will not be doubted in this city, which he learned partly from actual knowledge and observation, partly from some of the prisoners and partly from the guards at the execution of the general.

The whole available naval force, including merchant steamers pressed into service, was concentrated on a slip of coast twenty odd miles long, west of Havana, so as to have utterly prevented Gen. Lopez from being reinforced or assisted from abroad. The news of his disaster promptly reached the United States. Had it been delayed, inevitable capture and execution awaited those who would have tried to join him at such a place. The feeling in the United States in behalf of Cuba had been universal, and many of our greatest statesmen joined in it. I cannot forego the reproduction, as a matter of history, of the following from the New Orleans *Delta* of Aug. 31, 1851:

CUBA AND JOHN C. CALHOUN.

The Charleston *Mercury* contains a letter from our gallant and accomplished friend, Gen.

Gonzalez, a Cuban patriot, which very effectually puts to rest the suspicion attempted to be cast on the memory of John C. Calhoun, of indifference or hostility to the independence of Cuba. We give the letter with the prefatory remarks of the *Mercury*:

We publish a letter from Gen. Gonzalez, touching a single point in our remarks of Saturday. It was no part of our object to press Mr. Calhoun's authority into the discussion, and we alluded to his opinions solely for the purpose of correcting the statement that he had been opposed to the annexation of Texas. The grounds of his opposition to the acquisition of any of the populous portion of Mexico, we took from his public speeches, and applied it to the case of Cuba, only by way of inference, because the reasons were the same. We do not know that he ever made any public declarations on this subject, and we should interpret with some grains of allowance the impressions which his private conversations may have made on men who were eager for the sanction of his approval. It does not need either argument or evidence, to those who knew the comprehensive and generous nature of his statesmanship, to prove that he took a deep interest in Cuba, and earnestly desired the freedom and independence of that beautiful land. But this does not necessarily involve annexation.

"Charleston, August 24, 1851.

"To the Editor of the Mercury:

I saw some days ago in the New York *Journal of Commerce*, a letter from its Washington Correspondent, stating that the late Hon. John C. Calhoun had expressed himself, in writing, against the admission of Cuba into the Union. Had such a statement proceeded no further than the columns of the Journal, a paper so uncompromisingly, and at times so unscrupulously, inimical to Cuban liberty, I would not have felt inclined to notice it. But I find in Saturday's Mercury a long editorial sustaining, much to my astonishment, Mr. Calhoun's alleged position in regard to Cuba. I do not intend to enter into the merits or demerits of the acquisition of that Island, or even those of her independence, as bearing upon the future development, safety, grandeur, and peace of the United States. The immense majority of the American people have already, with their usual sagacity and common sense, "made up their minds" upon this subject. I am thus far relieved. But when I see even the great name of the South Carolina Statesman thrown into our adverse scale, I feel that I have, however reluctantly, one word to say in this connection. When Gen Lopez made a visit to Washington in the spring of 1849, the Hon. J. C. Calhoun was the first gentleman in that city who called on the General. He even carried his civility to the extent of making a second call before his first had been returned. In his conversations with General Lopez, through Mr. Sanchez and myself, he expressed himself as warmly in behalf of Cuba and her annexation, as has any other man in the country, either before or since.

"A short time after a prominent Southern Senator favored me with an appointment in the recess room of the Senate, Mr. Calhoun was invited thereto, as were also four other Senators, three Democrats and one Whig. The purpose of the gentlemen, as it seemed to me, was principally to learn Mr. Calhoun's views upon a subject of such vital importance to the country. Mr. Calhoun then expressed himself as decidedly as to the justice of our cause, the assistance which would be lawfully proffered by the American people in case of insurrection, and his non-apprehension of European interference, as he had done on former occasions. The gentlemen present fully coincided with his views. Such, Messrs. Editors, were the opinions and sentiments of John C. Calhoun in the spring of 1849.

"The Wilmot proviso question then assumed increased gravity, and as the contest became fiercer, Mr. Calhoun's views underwent a visible change. He was no longer for action,

but for procrastination. He felt, no doubt, that the Cuba question would draw the minds of the people from an internal to an external contest, and that his issue, his "threshold" issue, might be postponed, if not abandoned. Then but not until then, did Mr. Calhoun express himself as quoted by the correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*. But Mr. Calhoun's hopes were not realized. The South did not unite even in the absence of the Cuba excitement. Were he now living, every consideration invites the belief, that having failed to unite the South upon the admission of California, he would strive to do so, with greater probabilities of success, upon the Cuba platform, thus obtaining for her that "equilibrium" with which alone can this Union be preserved, through the Union of the South.

"I am, gentlemen, very respectfully, Your obedient servant,

AMBROSIO JOSE GONZALEZ, of Cuba."

After the lapse of thirty-five years I will add what I then withheld, to wit: That in a personal

INTERVIEW WITH MR. CALHOUN,

after his remarking that the population of Cuba was about the same as that of Virginia and in the same proportion of whites to black and that two or more Southern States could be carved out of it, he said these very words:

"You have my best wishes, but whatever the result, *as the pear, when ripe, falls by the law of gravity into the lap of the husbandman, so will Cuba eventually drop into the lap of the Union.*"

The cause of Cuban annexation by the action of the people came to a stand-still; then commenced the action of our government (a Democratic one) bent on preserving the Union. President Franklin Pierce appointed Mr. Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, minister to Great Britain; Hon. John Y. Mason, of Virginia, minister to France, and Mr. Soulé, of Louisiana, minister to Spain. His administration had in view the purchase of Cuba from Spain.

Messrs. Buchanan, Mason and Soulé were instructed by the President to meet at Ostend, in Holland, for a conference looking to the purchase of Cuba from Spain. The failure thereof, owing to the hostility of England and France, is a matter of history.

In the meantime Garibaldi, with every assistance that the Cabinet and people of Great Britain could afford him, landed in Sicily with 1,000 men of all nations, many of them Englishmen. I know of a Cuban gentleman of wealth who went with him as a private soldier. He succeeded. Louis Napoleon helped his coadjutor, Victor Emmanuel, on the plains of Magenta and Solferino. Garibaldi and his compeers have been and are now lauded by all British statesmen. No voice was raised in Europe against his patriotic movement, but Gen. Lopez and his Cuban and American friends have been animadverted against, because *he*, Garibaldi, labored for the "unity of Italy," while the latter only strove for the unity--political and geographical--of the United States.

A tripartite agreement was afterward entered into between England, France and Spain to prevent the acquisition of Cuba by the United States, and on the heels of it England, France and Spain entered into a combination to establish an empire in Mexico. England and Spain made a timely retreat, and Maximilian and Bazaine were left to their fate. No tripartite treaty was devised in Europe against this action.

No voice, single or treble, has been raised in the Old World against the occupation by Great Britain of the Island of Cyprus, which she *innocently* took because it commands the entrance to the Suez Canal. No objection to her occupation of Egypt and to her present seizure of

ports in the Red Sea reaches our ears. France can claim Tonquin, Madagascar, the Congo region and some of the South Sea Islands; Russia may go to Merv; Austria seize Bothnia and Herzegovina; but the United States, it seems, have no rights, and no interests to make good.

Taking a survey of this Cuban question in its national and international aspects, it behooves the men in whose hands are the destinies of the United States to consider that at the time when those events occurred which I have rapidly reviewed, the Union had a population of but 30,000,000 souls, and that our next census will show one of 65,000,000 freemen; that then the Southern Pacific Railroad was not constructed; that the jetties had not placed the mouths of the mighty Mississippi where they virtually are, at present, *in the Straits of Florida*, and that the military power of the United States (only revealed to the world twenty years ago through our civil war) was not dreamed of before.

Cuba still lies at the entrance of the Gulf of Mexico; it is still the clasp that holds the southern part of North America; it still lies in the path of our coasting trade; but it is of more vital importance than it was then, when we look on the coming ship railroad across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the projected canal of Nicaragua and the already commenced canal of Panama; all of which she threatens in foreign hands, all of which she protects in our own.

AMBROSIO JOSE GONZALES,
Of South Carolina, formerly of Cuba.

EGP

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE COTTON STATES
OFFICE OF
THE NEWS AND COURIER

Columbia, S.C. April 8" 1884

My dear Trudie,

I have not written to you for a long time because I have been on the "anxious bench" for a month, not knowing what might occur to upset me and my prospects at any moment. Now I am settled again , and I write fully to Willie of what has occurred. That letter is meant for the rest of you as well as for him.

To yourself individually I wish to say that during the Spring and summer I will send you \$15 a month for teaching Willie an hour or two daily and seeing that he devotes some regular time to the improvement of his three R's. As I expect to get him into the cotton business next Fall he will need all the instruction he can get in writing and ciphering.

I will send you the first installment --for April-- next Saturday and will thereafter send the money as much in advance as I can raise it so as to help you on in your summer outfit.

Believe me Your Affectionate

Nanno

GFP

Charleston, S.C.,
May 28th 1884

The undersigned citizens of South Carolina, understanding that General A. J. Gonzales is an applicant before the Trustees of the University of Louisiana³¹⁰ for the Professorship of the Spanish language, take pleasure in stating that they have known General Gonzales for many years, and as for as they are capable of judging his qualifications for the special position,

310. The University of Louisiana later became Tulane University. Former Confederate General Randall Lee Gibson was president of the board of administration of Tulane University from 1884 until his death in 1892.

cheerfully recommend him.

His services to the State during the Confederate War are well remembered and highly appreciated by our citizens.

Wm. A. Courtney	(Mayor of Charleston)
F. W. Dawson	Editor "News & Courier"
B.[enjamin] H.[uger] Rutledge	General and distinguished lawyer
Wilmot G. DeSaussure	" "
Rudolph Siegling	" "
George L. Buist	Senator from Charleston & [...]
C. K. Huger	[...] Lawyer Insurance Company
H. H. DeLeon	Capitalist and Bank Director
Theo D. Jervey	Head of house of Wm. C. Bee & Co.

[Courtney, DeSaussure, DeLeon, and Jervey were Freemasons.]

GFP [Translated]

Havana July 5 /884

Esteemed brother Ambrosio,

I have received your letter along with the proxy you have rendered in my favor so that I may represent you in the testamentary execution of our deceased aunt Juana, who in her will makes you heir with Joseito of half of the tenement house, and the other half to Mother, Próspero and I. Having notified the sons of Joseito of the death of Juana and the instituting of the inheritance of their father, they were instructed of the manner of making their representation in the legal hearing. When the necessary data was gathered one of them (Domingo) was established here with enough delegated power from the rest to proceed with the hearing: to the effect all of us agreed to give our delegated power to Dn. Eduardo V. Rodrigues, Esq., who formed the genealogical tree and with all the legal documents in the open, noticed that Joseito had died before our aunt Juana; for which reason and complying with my duty I hereby copy entirely the letter that attorney Rodrigues sent Domingo, which is as follows:

"Mr. Domingo Gonzales: My dear Sir: I have received a legal proxy document that you, as legal representative of your brothers, have given me so that I may represent you in the testamentary execution of Juana Gonzales all as sons of Jose Idelfonso Gonzales which was instituted by one of his inheritors of the already mentioned lady. Upon examining the will of Juana and other documents and certificates that were given to me with your permission, I notice, first: that in accordance with the institution clause your father Mr. Jose Idelfonso was conjointly with his cousin Ambrosio in half of the house at No. 7 Revillagigedo. Second: That your father Jose Idelfonso died before Juana Gonzales and therefore the part of the inheritance that could have belonged to your father had he not died before, increases that of Ambrosio and nothing corresponds to you and your brothers because you do not have legal right to anything. In complying with my duty I make to you the aforesaid manifestations with greater reason, because they are just and legal. I wish to avoid you litigations and lawsuits when there is no reason to sustain them and also because on the same date that you conferred me power of attorney your uncle Ambrosio, whom I do not have the pleasure of knowing, also granted it to me and representing all of you, duty demands that I tell each one the truth.

With out further particulars to express, my gratitude for the confidence I have inspired in you I am very glad to be at your orders, very truly yours, Eduardo V. Rodrigues."

Well, if you want to make some grace to the sons of Joseito, since they have had expenses

in this matter and other errands believing that they were inheritors of Juana, tell me, and we will also contribute because they are in the worst misery and the wishes of Juana were that all her fortune be divided among her four nephews, I think that you will not be opposed to it.

Mr. de Mestre has asked me various times about this will and I think he has written to you: I have not written to you before because from one day to the next I have been waiting for the conclusion of this matter.

I continue having neuralgia which has me sick and at the same time a nervous debility that every day I have some pain.

Mother and Próspero are well and they send you many remembrances and also to your dear sons and you receive the esteem of your brother, Ignacio.

P.S. This month the will is concluded, the tenement house has been valued at 5,500 gold pieces.

EGP

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE COTTON STATES
OFFICE OF
THE NEWS AND COURIER

Columbia, S.C. Oct. 24", 1884

My dear Uncle:

Can you and Beure leave Oak Lawn at the same time? I have already invited Beure to come and spend Fair week with me, and I wish you could arrange to come also. That is the only season when Columbia is metropolitan in a measure, and attractive to visitors. There will be plenty to entertain you, although my work will be so heavy that I cannot personally play the host with credit. Gertrude will be here. Willie is already here. So the party can get along well without me.

The fare will be three cents a mile for the round trip. I can get you quarters at my boarding house, and you will be at no expense here.

I wish I could do more than offer you passage money to Columbia and return, but I am quite as heavily handicapped just now with Willie as I have heretofore been, and my margin is not large.

Please let me hear from you. With regards to Beure,

Your affectionate

N.G.G.

GFP [Translated]

New Orleans
Nov. 17, 1884

Mr. Ignacio Gonzales Gauffreau
Apartado 146, Havana, Cuba

My dear Ignacio:

In July I received a letter from you in which you told me that the execution of the will of Juana was going to be concluded and in which you told me of the situation of the sons of Joseito suggesting that I make some grace to them. I answered you immediately saying that I left up to you to make them on my behalf and as my proxy the grace that you thought would be appropriate.

Since then, I have not heard from you and I am writing you this one so that as soon as possible you may write me and inform me of the state of that matter. The election of a

Democratic President has been for me, as for the rest of the country, a very happy event. Although, to merit from this I need with great urgency, to be able to go to South Carolina and from there to Washington, funds which today I do not have. It is a real crisis for me and if I was able to travel and take the necessary steps, my future depends on it. I speak this frankly to you so that you may effect as soon as you can my assets and send it to me.

Write in the envelope to "G. W. Nott, 104, Canal St., New Orleans, Louisiana." Let me know of the health of and give my affection to Emilia and Próspero. The next time I will be lengthier.

Your affectionate brother,
Ambrosio José Gonzales

JDC

Charleston News & Courier

21 January 1885.

The Cause of Mr. Davis is the Cause of Every Ex-Confederate.

The public, we judge, care very little about the merits of any strictly personal quarrel between Gen. Sherman and Mr. Davis, but in the South, at all events, the word of the ex-Confederate President will always be taken in preference to that of Gen. Sherman, for the reason that the latter in his memoirs boasts that he made a charge which he knew to be untrue with the hope of lessening, in that way, the influence of another distinguished Confederate. As Gen. Sherman confesses that he lied about Wade Hampton, he may equally well have lied about Mr. Davis for a similar reason, and may be expected to glory in his shame in some future edition of his memorable book. Even among those who have an extravagant admiration for Gen. Sherman as a soldier, there is comparatively little confidence, we imagine, in his reasonableness and his accuracy of statement. There are a good many original Republicans, no doubt, who would be unwilling to go as far as Senator Hawley goes. This good gentleman holds, of course, that Gen. Sherman was on the right side in the war between the States, and insists, therefore, that he must be right in everything he now does, and in everything that he says.

The object of Gen. Sherman, in speaking as he did of Mr. Davis, was evidently to show that, in defiance of the right of Secession, which was expressly acknowledged in the Confederate States Constitution, Mr. Davis, as President of the Confederate States, was prepared to coerce any State which sought to withdraw from the Confederacy. There is no truth in the charge. Gen. Sherman is unable to bring to his support anything more than newspaper talk and unfriendly opinion. This will not meet the point-blank denials of Mr. Davis and Senator Lamar. The debate in the Senate, however, hinged upon the question whether Mr. Davis can rightfully be termed a traitor and a conspirator. The answer was fitly given by Senator Lamar, who said: "No man shall in my presence call Jefferson Davis a traitor without my responding with a stern and emphatic denial." It is true, likewise, that Mr. Davis has the respect and admiration of millions of people, and he enjoys this respect and admiration because he was faithful to the cause which was lost. In repudiating the name of traitor, as applied to Mr. Davis, the people of the States which seceded merely defend themselves. If Mr. Davis was a traitor, then every Confederate soldier, and every person who gave, in any way, aid and comfort to the Confederate cause was likewise a traitor. There is no shadow of distinction between the responsibility of Mr. Davis in this respect, and the responsibility of the humblest citizen of the Confederate States. No ex-Confederate, therefore, can afford to be silent when the foul name of traitor is applied to Mr. Davis. The very sincerity of their loyalty to the Union as it is forbids the ex-Confederates from admitting, even by silence,

that they were guilty of any crime in obeying their States, when those States, in the exercise of an indefeasible right, withdrew from the Union.

If this is not sufficient to satisfy Sherman, Ingalls, Hawley and the rest, they can bring Mr. Davis to trial for treason. The lapse of time will not prevent it. No Statute of Limitations applies to such a case as his. The ex-President of the Southern Confederacy has never been pardoned. Try him, then, and see whether there is any Court in the United States that will adjudge him to be a traitor! It could not be accomplished twenty years ago. The Government abandoned the prosecution because it saw that Mr. Davis must be acquitted. Public men put themselves in a pitiful position when they denounce as a traitor an American who has never been adjudged guilty of any crime by any Court, and who has always been ready to confront his accusers.

The Vice-President of the Confederacy in his later years was not spoken of as a traitor; nor is the former Post-Master General of the Confederacy so branded; nor is Longstreet, or Mosby, or Senator Brown or any other ex-Confederate in public or private life. Is it to be assumed that Mr. Davis alone was responsible for the secession of the Southern States, and for the gigantic war which was caused by the invasion of the South by the Northern armies? Or is an ex-Confederate's conduct after the war to be made the measure of his innocence or guilt in taking part in the war? Would Mr. Davis be spoken of as a traitor to-day, if he had avowed himself a Republican in politics, like Longstreet, and if he had given active support to the Republican party with Mosby, Ackerman and Mahone? We leave it to the bloody warriors of times of peace to determine whether Mr. Davis is to be deemed a traitor for what he did, or for what, in common with millions of his fellow-countrymen, he has conscientiously left undone.

The debate will cause friction and irritation. It will be said that the Democracy have been entrapped, as usual, by the Republicans, and that the Republicans desired nothing better than to egg on the Democrats, on the eve of the inauguration of a Democratic President, to proclaim themselves the champions and apologists of Mr. Jefferson Davis. We have too much faith in the magnanimity and common sense of the people of the United States to fear any ill consequences from the frank declaration of honorable feeling. It were better, so far as the Southern States are concerned, that the Democratic party should remain out of power and without office from generation to generation than that the ex-Confederates should dishonor the memories of their mothers, and the graves of their fathers, by allowing it to be said without contradiction that Lee, Jackson, Stuart, Rhodes, Cleburne, Bee, Bartow and the army of gallant soldiers who, with them, have gone over to the silent majority, were conspirators and traitors, saved from the hands of the hangman by the weak generosity of their exultant conquerors.

Envelope addressed to:

Hon: Jefferson Davis

with highest regards

A. J. Gonzalez

p.p.c.

for Charleston, S.C.

EGP

Columbia, Feb. 15" 1885

Dear Aunt Emmie

I hope that the seeds were received in good order. I had them sent the same day your letter on the subject was received. I suppose Nanno's flying visit took you very much by surprise. He tells me that all of you are looking better than he has ever seen you look for a long time. We were

very glad to hear from Brosie this morning that he had left the Western Union, and is working in a branch office of the Postal Tel Co, during regular and easy hours during the day and three nights in the week extra at the main Postal office, which gives him time for sleep, exercise, &c. This is an untold relief to me.

Tell Gertrude that as she is so hard on me for my broad cast manner of distributing my writings, she had better reply to my last, which has been due for some weeks, so that I may have legitimate correspondents.

Dawson wrote to say that he was very much pleased with my reports during the week Nanno was away. For the past week there has been nothing but rain, sleet and snow, and every thing has been as dull as possible the way of news for the paper; but the amusements of a month or two have been compressed into the space of a week. Out of respect for Liut. I went to my first masked party as German the other night, as I am partial to guilt and brass, and knowing others to be the same, represented a Captain of Artillery with sword &c, and had lots of fun and considerable attention.

Dawson tells Nanno he had better go to Washington on March 4" with the Governor's Guards of this place, so I suppose N. will do so.

I have not heard from Hattie for some time, has she written to you?

Good bye.

Much love to each and all of you from us both,

Your loving boy

Willie

EGP

OFFICE OF
The News and Courier

[The first four pages of this letter are missing]

--5--

[March 1885]

I wrote Brosie the other day but have not yet had a reply.

The *padre* is comfortably located in Washington waiting for a boost from S.C. Major Buist is engineering the boost. I understand that Capt. Dawson has promised his influence which is valuable and which he has refused to give for any candidate for office in the State. The old gentleman gave me a curious insight into his philosophy before I left him. He says that he believes in the Darwinian theory of "the survival of the fittest" and is determined to prove himself "the fittest" by "surviving." He said that he had been joked about resembling "Micawber", but that he felt encouraged by the comparison as something "turned up" for Micawber at last.

I sent Beure some sarsaparilla which I hope he will take, and if it does him good let me know so that I can send another supply.

The seeds Emmie asked for have been sent, the Department says. Bill went to a fancy dress masque german last night in an artillery captain's uniform and was so upset by the adoration of the fair sex that he couldn't eat his breakfast this morning. I hope you are not having any of this miserable weather and that you are all well. With love all around; Your attached

Nanno

EGP

Office of

My dear Aunt:

Just as I was about to answer your letter -- having collected such information as I could -- I received orders for Marion and had to leave on an hour's notice. On Thursday I returned and have been busy since attending to accumulated business.

You and Brosie don't consider, when you reflect on my infrequent correspondence, that when a man has to write for a living he doesn't write additionally for the fun of the thing. It is just about as pleasant for me to write personal letters after my newspaper scribbling as it would be for Brosie to "yarn" for hours over the wires after sending commercial messages all day. I try to pay my debts of correspondence from a sense of duty; but I hate it all the same, for writing has passed into the domain of drudgery. Now, as to your inquiries:

1. I will send the tonic for Gertrude tomorrow if I can find it in the drug stores; or if not that, then something else as good. I ought to have attended to this as the first thing.

2. The Agricultural Department is my only resource in regard to the walnut trees. Col. Butler says that they are worth from \$25 up, but the trouble, you know, is not the *value* but the *market*. No one in this State seems to be buying them. He will have inquiries made in New Orleans.

3. As to the fertilizer it is mere guesswork without an accurate knowledge of the soil or the *kinds* of vegetables to be raised. On general principles the usual domestic fertilizer and swamp muck are best. But I don't think there are any available stables at F.R. Cotton seedmeal is good -- "to a certain extent" -- with a little acid phosphate and leaf mould. The cotton seedmeal and acid phosphate can be had here, but your man had better try for something more domestic first. Before I branch off on another subject I want to say that you needn't think me idle even when I have but little in the paper. Advertising, office correspondence, shorthand and the invariable scuffling for and nervousness about news, go on all the time under the surface. It takes a deal of sifting to discover a grain of news at most times. I suppose Uncle Ralph has shown you my note to him. Chiefly to make a place for him I offered to handle the papers here for 25 per cent of the proceeds, and have been pushing to consummate the arrangement. There was only the slimmest hope of anything else for him. For instance, I used my eloquence on a man to get him a \$40 or \$50 place which was to become vacant. The man, -- and he is very friendly to me, too -- asked his age and so forth and then remained dumb. In a few days he appointed a boy of eighteen. Why? Well, age and commercial capacities did it. So I have hung on to this project until I see daylight ahead. Dawson agrees to my terms and is willing to try the experiment for a year anyhow. Getting a suitable office on the ground floor is what is now bothering us. We are negotiating for the only available one now, and expect to secure it. This and other arrangements ought to be settled within a week. I suppose the start will be made May 1st. The office will be called a "branch" one, but it will be my own enterprise -- that is, I will employ my own assistants, the paper having nothing to do with them. The work will fit Uncle Ralph better than any other I know of hereabouts. He will receive and deliver the papers to the carriers and newsboys, (three or four,) keep the accounts, enforce collections and do some canvassing. I will bestow a fatherly attention on the transactions and "boss the job" as mildly as I can; making the settlements with the paper. The Captain's work will be more sedentary than anything else. After paying the boys I expect to have on the present basis \$10 a week for Uncle Ralph. At any rate I will guarantee that. It won't do more than pay his expenses at first; but the more we push the circulation the more the

25 percent will be and the more he will get. *I don't expect a dollar from it for a long time, but I think that with proper effort all round there will be money in the treasury before the year is out.*

There is very little chance of the project's failing now, so I think Uncle Ralph may expect to come here before May. But I will write him as soon as the matter is positively arranged. I hope he has some wearable clothes. I would be glad to send him some funds but a remittance to Brosie the other day and a lack of dividends for April, with the non-payment of a debt due me has about scooped my file. And from May on I have to pay \$40 a month for that blamed stock which somehow I never can pay for.

Billy is doing remarkably well. Shows adaptability I didn't expect from him, and has latterly done some very creditable work. Beginning to be touched with acute enlargement of the bump of self-appreciation, however, like all young dudes. But entirely too big to spank.

Gen. G. hasn't got his mission yet. I haven't heard from him lately. Tell Trudie to take this letter as partly to herself, and forgive my not writing her sooner. Human nature is too frail to allow me to repeat this dose at the present time.

Please both of you write when possible. Wishing you all a pleasant Easter, and with love,
Your affectionate

Nanno

EGP

Office of
The News and Courier

Columbia, S.C., April 16", 1885

My dear Uncle:

Your note reached me this morning and I am very glad that you will come. The \$10 enclosed will pay your expenses up here and I shall be at the depot to meet you on Saturday night at 10. On Monday the office will be moved and you should be here beforehand. Do not get worried about the work. There is nothing abstruse in it, and I will take hold of it until you "catch on." For the present there will only be the delivery of papers to carriers and to those purchasers who call at the office. Beyond the daily sales on the street and in the office there will only be settlements of accounts on Saturdays. Very little bookkeeping, and that quite rudimentary. I think you will find the work easy enough.

I will have a bed prepared for you in our room and will be ready to take a nightcap with you on Saturday night.

Brosie has just written me that he thinks the advancement a good thing. I believe it will prove so.

As I before remarked: Brace up, assume your best "plantation manners" and come on to conquer!

Yours ever,
Nanno

Love to "the girls you leave behind you" -- N.

EGP

NEW YORK PETROLEUM EXCHANGE AND STOCK BOARD
18 BROADWAY

New York, April 20 1885

Dear Aunt E

Your letter received, and today's mail brought the enclosed from Mrs. L. Thanks for Aunt

Mamie's letter too. I have certainly *not* outgrown my fondness for family letters.

Don't worry about me please. I *do* feel very good for nothing sometimes, but after my Sundays freedom from work and a good walk, bath, & rub down, I feel like a colt for a few hours or so. This satisfies me that with rest & exercise some day I'll be all right again. I think Nanno's arrangement for Uncle R. a very fortunate one, and if there's anything in Beaufort, he will show it now. I have just answered Erwin's letter recd this morning asking for the *ages* of the parties whose names he gave me. To the best of my knowledge I have approximated and hope I have not been unjust to Annie, Phoebe, et al. The weather is perfect now and I enjoy my Sunday rambles thro' the park hugely. I had a ticket last week for the "Mimosa" society's performance of "The Rivals." This is the crack amateur society of NY and the Academy was packed with four thousand fashionable people. The performance was very interesting, & the costumes lovely, but only Jefferson can play "Bob Acres" and any one else must seem insipid in the part. Will Mr. Bowly beat Flatrock? I haven't seen him at all so far, & Jersey is too far for me to tramp to call upon a resident.

Much love to all, Ever affectly

Ambrose

GFP

NEW YORK PETROLEUM EXCHANGE AND STOCK BOARD
18 BROADWAY

New York, April 27th 1885

My dear Trudie:

Your letter & the charming rosebud came two days ago. Erwin wrote me that Jones was absent from home last week, but I wrote him telling where he could get the boundaries and as You have sent him the plats suppose he can get along without further hitches. Jones took a judgement for the ladies against me, and, as I understand it, the fact must be advertised for a couple of months in the Henderson³¹¹ papers before the property can be sold. I haven't heard from Beaufort yet. Is he doing anything towards Comet's training? Capers made me an offer to cut pinewood at Social Hall for the summer, which I have accepted. He expects to cut a good deal, offers 25c per cord stumpage, and will make semi-monthly payments to Beaufort at Adams Run. My dear, tis very nice of you to say that the Postal Co. "will not dream of letting me go." If you were the Company I could perhaps hope to serve you indefinitely, but as a matter of fact the two exchanges consolidate on May first, *my* exchange being absorbed by its rival. The management of the Consolidated Office will of course devolve upon the present manager of the absorbing board.

Don't write until you hear from me again. I certainly leave 18 Broadway on thursday 30th inst, "whither? who can tell." A short time ago, this would have worried me unto sleeplessness, but I daily grow more philosophical. The winter is over, the trees are budding, the sparrows chirping, and God's sunlight flooding all things urban & suburban.

I own two pairs of shoes and by starting now I can reach Flat Rock by July. The walking should be pleasant.

I could sing in a Bowery museum for \$7 a week and last, but not least, the field of Hurdygurdyism is always open to the Latin races. I'm by no means despondent, but whatever my fate Im always

Your loving old

Henderson County, North Carolina, where Flat Rock is located.

Brother

GFP

NEW YORK PETROLEUM EXCHANGE AND STOCK BOARD
18 BROADWAY

New York, April 30th 1885

Yours of 28th just received dear Aunt E. and I must send a note before quitting my quarters here. Tis the last day, & the brokers are busily smashing the windows & furniture preparatory to vacating the premises. All the managers of telegraph Cos. here are "left" and the Postal Co. has reduced all salaries from Supts to messengers. I come in for a reduction of \$15 a month which I can ill afford, Ill probably go to the Consolidated Exchange as operator. As soon as possible I want to quit this infernal business. 'Tis poor work for anyone with brains. The vista-less unending drudgery has I'm afraid already destroyed or impaired my capacity for other business. When one is prevented from thinking for a few years, he soon loses his ability to think. Do tell Bory to write to me. I must hear from him. For the present address "Postal Telegraph Co. No. 60 Broadway, NY" "Sic transit."

Love to you all

Ever Affectly
Ambrose

The filly is welcome.

EGP

POSTAL TELEGRAPH AND CABLE CO.

NY May 13 / 85

Yours of Sunday just received dear Aunt E. I have heard nothing from Erwin but will write him again. My dear Madam the cost of the papers I send is a bagatelle compared with other expenses; & the satisfaction for the amount invested is greater than money spent in any other way. Square meals are what cost money here. A simple steak twice a day, which is my daily allowance, costs without vegetables from \$1.25 to \$1.40. A room costs \$4 a week, so that drinking nothing, & walking to & from work, save in rainy weather, my living costs \$60 a month. There's not much money in it. I have a better room now than for a long time past, in a pleasant Southern family. Please address letters to No *122 East 24th St.* Excuse this note, am working all the time I scratch this.

Much love to you all Ever

Ambrose

The entry paper is very cheap 25 cts the double roll. I think not a quarter as much as the gilt paper.

WPM

1326 L St. N.W.
Washington, D.C.
May 23d 1885

Hon. Wm. Porcher Miles
33 N. Peter St. N. Orleans, La.

My dear Colonel:

I have been strongly recommended to the President by the State of South Carolina for a Mission to Spanish America, id est: by a large number of the most prominent citizens in Charleston & Columbia & "earnestly" endorsed by the whole South

Carolina Delegation in the House. My son, Narciso, who has done good service for the Party, has written to every S.C. Member in the House & Senate. Gov. Thompson wrote to Senator Hampton & Chief Justice Simpson, to Senator Butler, to the same effect and both Senators have promised me to use their influence in my behalf. I have also been recommended to the President by Justice Westbrook,³¹² of the Supreme Court of New York who knew me intimately during his term in Congress under Genl. Pierce's Administration. There is one point it is of the greatest importance for me to establish and it is the very one you were kind enough to make in your letter of last May recommending me to the Administrators of the Tulane University, to wit: "that the Delegation in Congress from South Carolina, of which you were one, and the Delegations from almost every Southern State recommended me for the same position to the President before the war."

This precedent is invaluable to me not only as determining the action of this Administration, but as a justification before a Republican Senate if the nomination be sent in.

In view of the above, you would greatly oblige me by sending me a letter to Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, Secretary of State, reciting what you wrote last year, with such remarks as you then made as to my status in South Carolina. You and I, like some healthy live-oaks, seem to be among the few who survive the many actors of that epoch & no one could express so well or so authoritatively as yourself what the South then said & did for me. Indeed, the policy of my appointment to Spanish America, as an assimilated member of the Spanish race, as a token of friendship & to draw closer commercial & political relations, is far more obvious now than it was then.

Hoping to hear from you at your earliest convenience, & with kindest regards to all,
I am,

very truly yours,

A. J. Gonzales

NA, RG 59, Letters of Application and Recommendation During the Administrations of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, 1853-1861, M967, Roll 19, Frames 467-470.

1326 L St. N.W.
Washington, D.C.
May 24th 1885

Hon. Thomas F. Bayard
Secretary of State

Dear Sir:

I respectfully request permission to withdraw from the Files of the Department the recommendation of myself to Presidents Pierce & Buchanan for a Mission to Spanish America made by a large number of the Southern States.

I have, Sir, the honor to be very respectfully your obt. servt.

A. J. Gonzales

June 1st 1885

A. J. Gonzales

withdraws his papers, filed 1853 & 1857.

Received from the Dept. all papers filed in my behalf for a Mission.

Theodric Romeyn Westbrook, born 20 November 1821 in Fishkill, N.Y. Democratic Representative from New York 1853-1855. Elected to the N.Y. Supreme Court in 1873. Died on the bench on 6 October 1885.

A. J. Gonzales

The above refers to papers filed before 1860. Applications from 1853 & 1857.

JIR

Adams Express Company

C.O.D.

Total Amount \$3.15

On: A. J. Gonzales

Warren Green Hotel

Warrenton, Va.

Washington, D.C. August 31st 1885

For G. W. Cochran & Co.

#1115 Penna. Ave.

Washington, D.C.

This envelope was sent to attorney José Ignacio Rodríguez³¹³ and contained the two articles written by A. J. Gonzales in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* in 1884.

GFP

OFFICE OF
THE HAMPTON GUARDIAN

Only Paper in Hampton County. Circulates in Colleton, Barnwell, Beaufort and Hampton.

Published Every Thursday. Subscription \$2 per annum. Advertising Rates Reasonable.

M. B. McSweeney,
Publisher and Proprietor

Hampton C. H., S.C. Octo 13" 1885

Dear Aunt E.

I have been tramping through Zululand for 12 days now, and am sorry that I cant give an Encouraging account of things in this section. The people are so tarnal poor, that, talk as I may, I can only pay expenses. Nanno and Dawson forget that the white people are very scarce in this belt and the towns or settlements where the few are to be found, have been already worked up and away from these railroad and county towns one may drive 20 miles without seeing a white face. I am following the camp meetings and circuit courts around and may do better after a while. Poor Beaura has had two severe fevers, but had broken them when I was there last. The wind had blown down and destroyed much of the corn, and the cattle were breaking in on him every night. Richard & family have left the place and he was all alone. It is a horrible life for him. I am trying to get old James & Betsey to move over to the shanty from Cheeha. Dont you think it would be a good plan? They have no children with them now, and while they could do very little, would be a protection to the place, and a respectable servant on the premises is a consideration.

Erwin's transfer has just reached me. I will sign & return it by this mail. How about Hattie? If you have the money to pay her passage, I will return it to you by the End of this month, and will pay Mrs. L. later on. I hope Trudie is Enjoying her rides in this fine weather.

I will be in Walterboro in a few days. Please write me there.

Much love to all

Ever affectly

Ambrose

EGP

Flat Rock No. Ca.

José Ignacio Rodríguez (1831-1907). Lawyer of Cuba and Washington, D.C. He apparently used the information in the articles for his book *Estudio Histórico Sobre el Origen, Desenvolvimiento y Manifestaciones Prácticas de la Idea de la Anexión de la Isla de Cuba á los Estados Unidos de América*. Havana: Imprenta La Propaganda Literaria, 1900.

November 10th 1885

I Emily Elliott being in sound mind do make this my last will and testament.

To My Sister Ann I leave during her life all of the property of which I may die possessed, but after her death it is my will that the same shall be divided between the children of my Sister Harriet R. Gonzales, who shall then be living-- their father to have no claim part or parcel in the same. I will especially my share of the Flat Rock residence to my two nieces Gertrude and Harriet Gonzales-- to be their home if they so desire and elect. The land in South Carolina, My share, I will to my nephews, afor said the Sons of my Sister Harriet Gonzales.

I name my nephew A. E. Gonzales, the Executor of this my will.

Emily Elliott

J. P. Patton

P.W. Hart

EGP

JAMES LOWNDES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
1505 Pennsylvania Ave.

Washington, D.C., Dec. 14 1885.

Dear Miss Elliott

You have no claim for your cotton which was burnt but for that which was captured by the Federal Troops, you will probably have a good claim, but legislation is now needed for it. In any event you will have to prove that the cotton was captured & sold by the U.S. & that the proceeds were paid to the U.S.

I do not think that you have any claim for the burnt cottage.

Yours very truly

James Lowndes

Miss Elliott

Osborn P.O.

So. Ca.

GCP³¹⁴

Mc Pherson House
1423 I St. Washington, D.C.
Jan. 24th 1886

Col. D. S. Lamont

Private Secretary to the President

Dear Sir:

I would thank you very much to have the kindness to place before the President the enclosed short letter of mine to the New York Sun.

As I have been recommended to him by South Carolina, my adopted State, for a Mission to Spanish America (as I was by many of the Southern States to Presidents Pierce & Buchanan) I desire 1o. to call his attention to the interest I took in national affairs as early as thirty two years ago (the passage quoted in the letter is my own) and 2d. to the fact that the "conquests" in our national development are plainly stated by me to be those of "*peace*."

I am yours very respectfully,

A. J. Gonzales

The Sun (New York)
7 January 1886

Millions for Defence, Not One Cent for Tribute.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN--Sir: Is the above cry of the Revolution to be reversed in our day, and is it not the part of wisdom, before we debate too long on the relative merit of gold and silver as a standard, to take such action for their protection as must convince "whomsoever it may concern" that they cannot possibly be ransomed out of us? We would otherwise be in the predicament of the astronomer in the fable, who, while anxiously scanning the heavens with his telescope, came to grief in a well, through ignorance of the ground he trod upon.

In 1854 an article on War Steamers in the *Washington Union*³¹⁵ contained the following passage: "We would have peace--nay, more, we want it. Through peace we conquer. We conquer with the olive held in the hands of our commerce extending east and west to fold the world. We conquer wealth and power with genius and enterprise, and our institutions conquer for us the 'God speed' of the nations and the hearts and, with the hearts, the hearths of the oppressed around us. But we shall have no peace unless we can command it."

We had at that time ten or twelve stout ships of the line and our frigates were, ship for ship, more than a match for those of foreign navies. Our coast defences were fully adequate to the protection of our interests. Now, with twice the population and perhaps five times the wealth and the resources we then possessed, we are well nigh at the mercy of "Tray," "Blanche," and "Sweetheart."

American.

GFP

Office of
The News and Courier

Columbia, S.C., Feb. 7", 1886

Gen. A. J. Gonzales
Washington, D.C.

My dear Father:

Various causes have compelled me to neglect my private correspondence for the last month and I am only now in position to answer letters which I received long ago. This is the first note I have written to any of the family since December. I was glad to be able to reply myself to your telegram of inquiry addressed to Willie. Journalism at a competitive point like this, where each man knows his rivals and where one's rivals are not particularly noted for veracity or courtesy, is rather ticklish business. Our local opponent, the *Register*, is managed by "practical printers" of such social standing that they dislike a gentleman on sight. I have had many "affairs" with them but have never had to come to blows until this time. You know the particulars by this time I suppose. I came out better than I had any reason to expect, sustaining only two slight scratches which have now disappeared. The reporter who wrote the objectionable article has a blackened eye, the proprietor who attempted to cowhide me is still confined to his room by his wounds and the proprietor's brother who tried to use a pistol and steel knuckles on me has a scalp wound and has left Columbia for the far West to avoid prosecution for carrying concealed weapons. A charge of this kind impends over me and I expect to be mulcted in the sessions court;

"Armed Neutrality--Light-Draught War-Steamers--Their Adaptability To Our National Defence,"
Washington Union, 3 December 1854, 2.

but I've had satisfaction enough to repay me. The Register lets me severely alone now, and I think the whole affair will have a good effect on contemporaries generally. The community is with me, and Capt. Dawson telegraphed his satisfaction just before sailing from New York to Europe where he proposes to stay two months.

Willie and the Captain are getting on well. Gertrude has been much in Charleston this winter and continues to be a belle. At Oak Lawn everything appears to be running smoothly. I have not heard from Brosie for a long time. He is still canvassing for the paper in the low country and while he is not earning much his health has been wonderfully restored. He weighs 170 pounds. Capt. Dawson was very much pleased with him. I had a talk with Dibble³¹⁶ about you a week or so ago and shall watch your efforts to obtain a position with interest and solicitude.

Your affectionate son,

N. G. Gonzales

Willie sends love.

EGP

Columbia, March 19," 1886

My dear Gertrude,

Your letter was promptly received. We had a short note from Brosie yesterday. He was in Barnwell Co. at the time he wrote. It seems that Brosie had some idea of coming up here, on his present trip, but something prevented.

Nanno and the rest of this office are very much exercised over the coming election Mayor, as you have probably seen from the Columbia correspondence of late. It is a blessing that something has turned up to write about in these very dull times. For a week or two we will be able to give the Bethel A.M.E. Church and our readers a rest.

If I remember correctly, when I wrote to you I stated that my engagement had not been announced but, I supposed it would be at an early day. My supposition was correct for inside of a week from the time I wrote you the "Official Announcement" was made. No, Sara does not approve of smoking I do not think, but I have never given her cause to express an opinion in the subject. I do not approve of it for myself which is, I think, decidedly more to the point. "She plays the 'piane'", but is very lazy. I will give you about three months notice-- will that be time enough?

I hope that Bory will write to me at an early day.

Good bye

Love to each of you

Your loving

Willie

EGP

THE LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE COTTON STATES

The News and Courier Bureau.

Columbia, S.C., April 12, 1886

My dear Aunt:

It pleased us all very much to have so cheerful a letter from you, and we trust that you will find Oak Lawn similarly bearable until June. That was good news about Brosie. I feel that

Samuel Dibble (1837-1913). Born in Charleston, S.C. Served in the Confederate Army. Later practiced law in Orangeburg, S.C., where he edited the *Orangeburg News*. Democratic Congressman 1881-1891. In 1886 was Chairman, Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.

his is one case as to which I can usurp the Captain's prerogative and say: "I told you so!" I was sure that the change would restore his health and give him an opportunity of winning permanent employment on the paper if there should be an opening; and of course we are delighted that he should have so well used his limited engagement. From the tone of your announcement I judge that he will accept the offer. It will be a good thing for him, I am sure, if the terms are liberal. He must remember however that his new field will be an expensive one compared with the old, and should exact a fair allowance for continuous hotel board. De Hon when here several weeks ago seemed very much dissatisfied with Siegling's parsimony and Brosie should take care that he does not take the work at rates which would be unremunerative. Did De Hon resign? Or what induced the offer. Brosie shouldn't "bank" on anything like generosity from Seigling. I presume that we shall see the new canvasser pretty often up here, and we look forward with much pleasure to the inauguration of his railroad canvass.

Willie is drilling daily with a view to winning the plume in the prize drill of his company at the end of this month, so he is not willing to leave Columbia just now. He proposes to pay you that visit early in May. I called on his fiancee several evenings ago and came away liking her much better than I had previously done in the absence of personal acquaintance. She seemed to be very sensible and well bred and was also frank, an attribute I appreciate, as Willie himself is so laboriously and unnecessarily secretive that he positively distresses me. I was sorry you took the trouble to send me the money for the oats. The cost was too small to consider.

There is one onimous indication in our circle which threatens a physical revolution in the person of one of our members. The Captain is becoming too rotund for his apparel. That is, I flatter myself, a delicate way of putting it. He weighs 164 pounds against 144 when he came here. I am somewhat afraid that if this lateral enlargement continues he may, in the distant future, become somewhat indolent.

For the last few days we have had delightful weather here. Most of the trees have put out and the streets are beginning to look like cool, green lanes. For a month to come the city will be very fresh and lovely. The woods are full of jessamines and in the city the roses are beginning to bloom. There will be a surefeit of flowers before long.

Base ball is the reigning sensation. By encouraging interest in it I hope to sell an increased number of papers during the summer; and so the Bureau is booming baseball with business intent. We are all at present leading sober and temperate lives. All have been indisposed but are now better.

It must be very pleasant for you all to be able to drive out in hitherto unexplored regions, and I hope you will be able to continue the recreation with satisfaction until you go up the country.

With love to all, and best wishes,
Ever your attached

N.

GFP

The State of South Carolina,

To all whom these presents may concern, we, Ann Elliott and Emily Elliott, in the State aforesaid, send greeting:

Whereas we, the said Ann Elliott and Emily Elliott, in and by our certain bond or obligation bearing date the same day as these presents stand firmly held and bound onto *Benjamin Sauls* in the penal sum of one thousand one hundred dollars conditioned for the

payment of the full and just sum of five hundred and fifty dollars on the 1 day of January 1887 as in and by the said bond and condition thereof, reference being thereunto had will more fully appear.

Now know all men, that we, the said Ann Elliott and Emily Elliott, in consideration of the said debt and sum of money aforesaid, and for the better securing the payment thereof to the said Benjamin Sauls according to the condition of the said bond; and also in consideration of the further sum of three dollars to us, the said Ann Elliott and Emily Elliott, in hand well and truly paid by the said Benjamin Sauls at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged, have granted, bargained, sold and released, and by these presents do grant, bargain, sell and release unto the said Benjamin Sauls all that plantation or tract of land situate in County of Colleton, State aforesaid on the Cheeha River known as "The Bluff" measuring and containing twelve hundred acres, more or less, and bounded and described as follows: North by Fee Farm; South by Cheeha River; West on lands formerly of Hutchinson and East by "Social Hall" the said tract containing the tract known as "The Bluff" and also the "Middle Place" of the estate of the late William Elliott now known altogether as "The Bluff." Together with all and singular the rights, members, hereditaments, and appurtenances, to the said premises belonging, or in any wise incident or appertaining. To have and to hold all and singular the said premises unto the said Benjamin Sauls, his heirs and assigns forever. And we do bind ourselves, our heirs, executors and administrators, to warrant and forever defend all and singular the said promises unto the said Benjamin Sauls, his heirs and assigns, from and against us heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, or anyone lawfully claiming or to claim the same or any part thereof.

Provided always nevertheless, and it is the true intent and meaning of the parties to these presents, that if we, the said Ann Elliott and Emily Elliott, do, and shall well and truly pay, or cause to be paid, onto the said Benjamin Sauls the said debt or sum of money aforesaid, with the interest thereon, if any shall be due, according to the true intent and meaning of the said bond and condition thereunder written then this deed of bargain and sale shall cease, determine and be utterly null and void; otherwise it shall remain in full force and virtue.

And it is agreed by and between the said parties, that Ann Elliott and Emily Elliott are to hold and enjoy the said premises until default of payment shall be made.

Witness our hands and seals this twenty sixth day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty six and the 110 year of the sovereignty and independence of the United States of America.

Signed, sealed and delivered
in the presence of
A. E. Gonzales
G. R. Gonzales

Ann Elliott
Emily Elliott

GFP

Executive Mansion
Washington
May 15, 1886

Dear Sir:

The President has received and read your letter of the 12th instant and has directed its reference for the information of the Secretary of State.

Very respectfully

D. S. Lamont
Private Secretary

Mr. A. J. Gonzales
McPherson House
1423 I St. N.W.
Washington, D.C.

GFP

Capt. Ralph E. Elliott

Dear Sir,

Under the power conferred upon me by the marriage settlement of myself and my late wife of which you are Trustee, I hereby request of you to sell the bond of Ambrosio Jose Gonzales for ten thousand Dollars to Ambrose E. Gonzales, N.G. Gonzales, A.B. Gonzales and Gertrude R. Gonzales four of the *cestuique trust* under this settlement. I will by further notice direct the investment of the proceeds of such sale. Washington, D.C., May 29th 1886.

Ambrosio José

Gonzales
Witnesses:
José Ignacio Rodriguez
A. R. Allen
Saml Mills
commissioning

Under and by virtue of the above request and in pursuance of the power conferred upon me by the marriage settlement of Ambrosio José Gonzales and Harriet R. Elliott, for valuable consideration, I hereby sell, assign, transfer and set over to Ambrose E. Gonzales, N.G. Gonzales, A.B. Gonzales and Gertrude R. Gonzales the above described bond for valuable consideration.

Witness my hand and seal this day of May, 1886

Ralph E. Elliott
Trustee

A. F. O'Brien
C.B. Winthrop

South Carolina
Richland County

Personally appeared A. F. O'Brien who on oath says that he was present and saw Ralph E. Elliott Trustee sign, seal and deliver the above written assignment and he with C.B. Winthrop witnesseth the execution.

A. F. O'Brien

There of sworn to before me this 22nd day of Dec. 1886

M. K. Might
Not. Pub.

Recorded in Office of R.M.C. for Colleton Co. this 4th day of May A.D. 1887. In Book #
5. pp. 332 & 333.

Rawillis

Fee \$1.00

GFP

TITLE TO REAL ESTATE--No. 136,
E. PERRY & CO., PRINTERS, 149 MEETING STREET, CHARLESTON, S.C.

The State of South Carolina,

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS, That *I, Ambrosio Jose Gonzales* in the State aforesaid, in consideration of the sum of *five hundred Dollars* to *me* in hand paid at and before the sealing of these Presents, by *Ambrose E. Gonzales of Osborn* in the State aforesaid *Farmer* (the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged), have granted bargained, sold and released, and by these Presents DO GRANT, bargain sell and release unto the said *Ambrose E. Gonzales, all that plantation or tract of land situate lying and being in the County of Colleton, State aforesaid, measuring and containing ___ acres by the same more or less and bounded North by _____ East by _____ South by _____ and West by _____ said tract being known as "Social Hall" and bring the same purchased by me of Anne H. Elliott and others, the same having formerly been of the Estate of William Elliott.* Together with all and singular the Rights, Members, Hereditaments and Appurtenances to the said Premises belonging, or in anywise incident or appertaining:

To Have and to Hold, all and singular the said Premises before mentioned unto the said *Ambrose E. Gonzales his Heirs* and assigns forever.

And *I* do hereby bind *myself my Heirs, Executors and Administrators,* to warrant and forever defend all and singular the said Premises unto the said *Ambrose E. Gonzales his Heirs* and Assigns, against *me* and *my Heirs and any one* lawfully claiming, or to claim the same, or any part thereof.

Witness my hand and seal this *twenty ninth* day of *May* in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and *eighty six* and in the *110th* year of the Sovereignty and Independence of the United States of America.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered
in the presence of
Jose Ignacio Rodriguez
A. R. Allen

Ambrosio José Gonzales

District of Columbia
City of Washington

Personally appeared before me, *José Ignacio Rodriguez,* and made oath that *he* saw the within named *Ambrosio José Gonzales* sign, seal and as *his* act and deed, deliver the within written Deed, and that *he* with *A. R. Allen,* witnessed the execution thereof.

José Ignacio Rodriguez

Sworn to before me, this *Twenty Ninth* day of *May* A.D. 1886

Saml. C. Mills
Commissioner of Deeds for
The State of South Carolina in
the District of Columbia
Renunciation of Dower.
Unmarried

TITLE TO REAL ESTATE

Ambrosio José Gonzales

To Conveyance

Ambrose E. Gonzales

Filed in office of R.M.C. this Fourth day of May A.D. 1887 and recorded Vol. 5, pages 330, 331 & 332.

Rawilles

R.M.C.

Recorded 4th day of May 1887 Book B Page 129. Fee 25c.

Auditor J. H. Smith, Colleton County

Fee \$1.50 including auditors

Filed April 22nd/87.

GFP

The State of South Carolina

Know All Men by These Presents That We Ambrose E. Gonzales, N. G. Gonzales, A. B. Gonzales, and Gertrude R. Gonzales, acknowledge to have received full payment and satisfaction of a certain bond of Ambrosio Jose Gonzales to Ralph E. Elliott in the conditioned sum of ten thousand Dollars which said bond was made a charge upon a tract of land Known as "Social Hall" situate in the County of Colleton and State aforesaid and we the said Ambrose E. Gonzales, N. G. Gonzales, A. B. Gonzales and Gertrude R. Gonzales have released and discharged by these presents do release and discharge the said tract of land Known as "Social Hall" from the charge of the said bond such charge having been created by the deed vesting the said tract in the said Ambrosio Jose Gonzales.

In Witness whereof we have here on to set our hands and affixed our seals as Assignees of such bond this day of May 1886.

Witness

Chris Logan as to signature
J. Adams Jr. of N. G. Gonzales

Ann Elliott	as to signatures	A. E. Gonzales
Emily Elliott	of A. E. Gonzales	N. G. Gonzales
	A. B. Gonzales	A. B. Gonzales
	G. R. E. Gonzales	Gertrude R. E. Gonzales
		Assignees

State of South Carolina,
Richland County.

Personally appeared before me *J. H. Adams Jr.* and made oath that he saw *N. G. Gonzales* sign, seal and deliver the within Instrument for the uses and purposes therein mentioned, and that he with *Chris Logan* witnessed the execution thereof.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of Dec. 1886

J. Adams Jr.
Not. Pub.

State of South Carolina
County of Colleton

Personally appeared before me Miss Emily Elliott and made oath that she saw A. E. Gonzales, A. B. Gonzales & G. R. E. Gonzales sign seal and deliver the within instrument and that she Miss Ann Elliott witnessed the execution thereof.

Emily Elliott

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 31st day of March AD 1887.

Frank Y. Legare Jr.
Notary Public

Ambrose E. Gonzales
et. al

To

Ambrose J. Gonzales
Discharge and Release

Recorded in Office of R.M.C.C.C. this 5th fifth day of May A.D. 1887. In Book # 5. pp. 333 and 334.

R. A. Willis

R.M.C.

C.C.

Fee 1.25

GFP [Translated]

Mc Pherson House
Washington, D.C.
19 June 1886

Mr. Dn. Ignacio Gonzales
Mac³¹⁷ Paradero de Villanueva
Havana, Cuba

My dear brother:

by way of Mr. Springer, Vice-Consul General I have written to you today so that you may convert the inheritance of my aunt Juana in a *bill of exchange on my behalf*, drawn by the firm of *J. M. Borges and Co.* to its correspondents in New York. The 1st of the 3 drafts given by the firm give to Mr. Springer. The 2d. send it to me by mail in an envelope to Rev. Dn. José Ignacio Rodriguez, Ebbitt House, Washington, D.C.

This one will serve you as a second *letter of proxy* from me, in case the one I am sending you by way of the Consulate gets mislaid. I have been gravely ill and a long convalescence awaits me for which I have had to borrow money that will only last me for a few weeks. Therefore please hurry in sending what corresponds to me.

With a thousand greetings to Emilia and Próspero always

your affectionate
Ambrosio José

Gonzales

JIR [Translation]

Hugeia Hotel
100 yards from Ft. Monroe

Mac. can be the abbreviation for either machinist, engineer, or locomotive driver, at the Villanueva wayside station.

Old Point Comfort, Virginia

Fort Monroe, Va. June 26, 1886

Mr. José Ignacio Rodríguez

My dear friend:

Here I have been since yesterday morning. An American gentleman provided my coming here to recuperate my health and to wait, with the faith that I have in the English saying: "The darkest hour is before the daylight."

With friendly expressions to your wife I remain

your affectionately

A. J. Gonzales

JIR [Translation]

Hugeia Hotel
100 yards from Ft. Monroe
Old Point Comfort, Virginia

Fort Monroe, Va. 15 July 1886

Mr. J. I. Rodriguez

Ebbitt House, Washington, D.C.

My dear friend:

Because I had told you that I counted with you, Pedro³¹⁸ and Menocal³¹⁹ for my trip to this place, I believed I should explain to you my quick departure in spite of mishaps. I have not received anything yet from my son. I am therefore greatly anguished due to my precarious situation here. I can only believe that because he is a travelling agent ("canvasser") of the "News & Courier" of Charleston and travels throughout the State of South Carolina, he has become ill somewhere in the interior. Even so, he should have written me.

So that you will see if I was right to *confidingly count* with receiving remittance from him, here are the amounts that he has sent me this year; he still has mine, one thousand ~~five-hundred~~ and twenty five dollars, other than what he has held for me for more than four years, without interest:

January 30	\$45
Feb. 6	\$32
March 22	\$35
April 27	\$88
May 29	\$50
June 18	<u>\$25</u>
	\$275

These sums have been given to me by Mr. J. S. Dodge,
of Adams Express, Washington, D.C.

Also, he tells me in a letter dated 20th June, that he was negotiating the sale of the farm to send me the total of what he owes me and that while this takes effect he will send me all of his salary, \$50 monthly, on account.

Having justified my assertions I have only to beg you that in case you leave Washington

Pedro Guiteras.

Aniceto García Menocal (1836-1908). Born in Matanzas, Cuba, son of planter Gabriel Menocal. Educated in Havana and at the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y., receiving a civil engineer degree in 1862. From 1863 to 1870 he was sub-chief engineer on the Havana water works. For the next two years he was engineer in the department of public works, New York City. In 1872 he became a civil engineer in the U.S. Navy Department. He was a U.S. delegate to the 1879 International Congress for the Study of an Interoceanic Canal. In 1887 he became chief engineer of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company. In 1866 he married Elvira Martin and had three sons.

leave instructions with your brother-in-law so that he will *inform* me of the receipt of a letter from Havana for me.

Wishing you and your Mrs. complete health and prosperity in everything, I am

Your affectionate friend

Ambrosio Jose Gonzales

GFP [Translated]

Washington, D.C.

28 July 1886

Mr. Ignacio Gonzales Gauffreau

Havana, Cuba

My dear brother:

Last June 19th I sent you the "*mandatory letter*" that you wrote was all you needed to send me by way of Mr. Springer, Vice Consul General of the United States in Havana, the inheritance of my aunt Juana, which as my proxy you said you had in your possession. More than a month has passed and you still have not communicated with me, even though I had written you about my lack of money, especially after a big illness.

Therefore, I repeat my previous "*mandatory letter*" for you to give Mr. J. A. Springer, Vice Consul General of the United States in Havana, a bill of exchange for New York, that would represent my inheritance as soon as it is possible for you, which you owe me not only as a brother but as my general proxy in whom I have deposited my confidence.

Your affectionate brother,

Ambrosio José Gonzales

GFP [Translated]

North York, Loudoun Co., Va.

August 8 of 1886

Gen. A. J. Gonzales.

Washington D.C.

My dear General,

With great pleasure I received your very appreciated letter of [...] this month, and Elvira and I were very happy, and we send you the most cordial best wishes, for the complete recovery of your health. We are also enjoying of that same benefit, and very specially Elvira, whose aches have disappeared completely. She is stout, with very good color and strong, to the extreme of walking at least three miles, up and down hill, daily. The kids are very pleased and amused at their [...]. The farm is very big, the country very beautiful, and with many comforts, regular and abundant food, and opportunity to hunt, fish, swim and ride horses, the season has been for them the realization of all their wishes. I am [...] and enjoy seeing all of them happy.

My vacation should not end until the end of this month, but the Department needs me to attend an urgent and important job in New York and on Saturday 14 I will have to go to Washington. I will spend Sunday there and part of Monday, and that afternoon I will leave for New York. I will be very glad to see you on Sunday, since on Monday I will be very busy. If I can I will stop by your house before twelve or if you can please write me at home and tell me where I can see you maybe I would avoid a disappointment. I would ask you to come eat with me but my house, as you know, is closed and I have to *rough it*.

The letter you are referring to never reached my hand, which does not surprise me, because ever since we arrived here we have lost much of our correspondence particularly during

the first days.

I am looking forward to having the pleasure of seeing you soon and with many regards from Elvira your affectionate friend bids farewell,

A. G. Menocal

GFP [Translated]

Havana, August 20/86

Esteemed Ambrosio,

I enclose the first bill of exchange valued at \$1,190.50 which discounting the draft charge you will receive there \$1,074.94 which belongs to you from the inheritance of our aunt Juana. On the next steamer I will send you a detailed account, with out sending you a copy of the adjudication and the deeds because it costs \$100 at least to get it, but if some day you come here you will see it.

I am not more extensive because I have been suffering a dyspeptic cough, which does not leave me a moment of rest. In the next one I will be more extensive and I will give you a detailed account.

Remembrances from mother and Prospero and receive the affection of your brother who does not forget you,

Ignacio

Gonzales

GFP

N. Orleans 27 Aug. 86

Gen. A. J. Gonzales

Washington D.C.

Dear Sir:

Your esteemed favor of 24 inst enclosing your photo came duly to hand.

I thank you very much for it, and when Mr. Morgan has made use of it in the mammoth picture of "Sumter," it shall be safely returned to you.

I am General Very Respectfully

W. Miller Owen

Return address:

Matt Morgan's Studio

Cincinnati

Southern Office

No. 36 Carondelet St.

New Orleans

Addressed to:

Gen. A. J. Gonzales

Mc Pherson House

1423 I St. N.W.

Washington D.C.

GFP [Translated]

McPherson House

Washington, D.C.

10 September 1886

Mr. Ignacio Gonzalez Goffreau

Calle de la Gloria 24

Jesus María,

Havana, Cuba

Esteemed Ignacio:

I have received and cashed the bill of exchange you sent me by way of Misters Hidalgo

and Co. of that city for Misters Taylor and Co. of New York and in my favor, for the value of \$1,074.94 which represents my part of the inheritance of our aunt Juana Gonzales, and I thank you for your diligence in this matter. This has "hit the bull's eye" for me. The little of what I have left of what my aunt Lola left me, after my trip to Europe to recover my health, of close to two thousand dollars I have given my children and what has cost me to live since then looking for employment, is in the hands of my eldest son, without interest the last four and a half years and he, due to the mishaps he has had, does not send me but very little every month and without a fixed date for it, and that is how the grave illness I had three months ago left me in debt with this house where I live and with the doctor. With the money from the inheritance I have been able to, thank God, pay and I have enough left with which to be independent of my son for more than a year. I have been waiting for employment from the present American Government. If I obtain it it will assure in large part my future. If not, I will have to again look for some profession with which to live.

I am sorry about what you say of your dyspepsia. If toward the beginning or the middle of June you would have brought me my money to New York I would have gone to meet you there and we could have gone together to Saratoga which is what you need to get better, and the ocean round trip would have finished reestablishing your health. With 250 dollars you would have more than covered all of your expenses. Let me know for next summer.

I am addressing this one to 24 Calle de la Gloria because you have not told me you have moved and I suppose you are there. Affectionate expressions to Emilia and Prospero and also equally for you from your brother,

Ambrosio José

Gonzales

GFP

Office of
The News and Courier
No. 19 Broad Street

Charleston, S.C., Octo 1st 1886

My dear Father:

Your of Sept 18th received in Greenville two days ago, and your two letters of 24th and 28th just received upon my arrival here. In answer to your proposal to donate \$150 to your three younger children, I would suggest that unless you have a good position assured, and something to go upon, that it would be unwise to do so, as they are not in need, and you may be some time. I will, however, submit your proposal to them and let them decide. I hope from your not being in immediate need that you have secured a good place of some kind, and will be glad to hear if 'tis true.

By the way, have you not made a mistake of \$100 in my acct? I have not the express receipts with me, but am under the impression that of the \$1,300 I owed you in Jany. last, that I had remitted you \$575.00 up to date, leaving a balance due you of \$725.00. You will remember that, early in July, I think, you wrote Nanno that I then owed you \$925.00 and I have sent you \$200 since then. Please look over and see if I am not correct.

Your affect.

Son

Ambrosio

EGP

Savannah Jan 19th 1887

My dear Cousin,

Thank you so much for your kind & most welcome letter. Since I wrote Fred has been very sick again with malarial fever. He left me last week with the Low girls for a trip in Florida & to go over to Cuba afterwards. The Dr. said he must go away & I am glad he has gone & hope the change will do him good. We are all as usual here, Mother well & the Ralph E's & Hugers still in the country. Carrie minds the cold very much & keeps in a room heated by a stove. Arthur has gone to Burmingham Ala. he had an offer on some R.R. & has decided to try it. We were quite astonished to hear of Willies engagement & speedy marriage. You did not mention the name of the young lady, but as she can give him a very comfortable home I think it is the very best thing in the world for him & wish Fred would do likewise. Willie is in luck too to have the girl handsome as well & rich do tell us who she is? & where does she live?

Bessie Stiles one of Bob Stiles daughters was married last week in Brunswick to Alfred Mills of this city -- We do not know the family well but he is a young man of good character & habits & has over one hundred thousand dollars in his own right & expectations from a very rich childless aunt -- Carries Phoebe goes out a great deal she is a beautiful dancer & quite smart & receives plenty of attention altho she is engaged to be married her soldier lover is at present being frozen up in the far west " We had a sad death near us last month Mrs Ellen Cosens Dr Arnolds only child & such a good woman & life long friend of this family.

Mother seems to mind the cold very much but I try to keep her warm with big fires & hot water bags at night. Last night was bitter cold here & the water pipes were all frozen in the house -- It seems strange to have such a small family but I enjoy the rest & take a long walk every day to help my dyspepsia -- Hope you are all well & your children getting along well, after all your trials & struggles their love is your reward & comfort. Mother & Carrie desire me to send their love to you all & with a heartfelt dear Cousin believe me always

your devoted

Leila Habersham

GFP

State of South Carolina,

WHEREAS, in and by a certain Deed of Conveyance executed by Anne H. Elliott and others to Ambrosio José Gonzales in the sum of FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, was made a charge upon a Plantation, or tract of Land, situate in the County of Colleton, State aforesaid, known as "Social Hall," such Bond having been executed to William C. Bee and to Francis W. Johnstone, as Trustees under the marriage settlement of Andrew Johnstone and Mary Johnstone; and

WHEREAS, both of the above named Trustees have departed this life, and no others have been appointed in their stead, and the said Andrew Johnstone one of the life tenants under such settlement has also departed this life leaving the said Mary Johnstone him surviving, and the undersigned W. Elliott Johnstone, Emma E. Johnstone, Fanny E. Dent, Mary E. Thompson, and Edith E. Coleman as contingent remaindermen; all of whom are of full age, and

WHEREAS, the Bond aforesaid has been discharged in full, but there are no Trustees to release the aforesaid Plantation from the charge of the same, and it is now desired that the cloud upon the Title of such Plantation be removed;

NOW THEREFORE, KNOW ALL MEN that we, Mary Johnstone surviving life Tenant and W. Elliott Johnstone, Mary E. Thompson, Emma E. Johnstone, Fannie E. Dent, and Edith E.

Coleman, contingent remaindermen under the marriage settlement of Andrew Johnstone and Mary Johnstone; hereby acknowledge and declare that we have received full payment and satisfaction of a certain Bond of Ambrosio Jose Gonzales to the Trustees under the marriage settlement aforesaid for Five Thousand Dollars, and we hereby discharge and release the Plantation known as "Social Hall" from the charge for such Bond created by the Deed of Conveyance to the said Ambrosio Jose Gonzales of such Plantation.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF we have hereunto set our hands, and affixed our seals this the ___ day of ___ 188_

Signed, sealed and delivered

in presence of

Evelyn B. McCandlish

Henry B. Keyser

Govnr. M. Wilkins

E. E. Stone

John G. Rojas

Edward L. Thompson

Evelyn B. McCandlish

Henry B. Keyser

William Dent

Jas. B. Benson

B. F. Hean

William Morgan

Mary B. Johnstone

W. Elliott Johnstone

Mary E. Thompson

Emma E. Johnstone

Fanny E. Dent

Edith E. Coleman

Personally appeared before me, as Commissioner of Deeds for the State of South Carolina, in and for the District of Columbia, Jas. B. Benson who being duly sworn, testifies that he saw Fanny E. Dent sign the above Instrument. Jas. B. Benson

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 20th day of January, A.D. 1887. John E. Beall

A Commissioner of deeds for South Carolina, in and for the District of Columbia.

State of Maryland

City of Baltimore

Personally appeared before me, a Commissioner of Deeds for the State of South Carolina, Edward L. Thompson who being duly sworn, testifies that he saw Mary E. Thompson sign the above instrument. Edward L. Thompson

Sworn to and Subscribed

before me at Baltimore this

Eight day of February

A.D. 1887

As witness my hand and official seal

Murray Hanson

A Commissioner of Deeds for the State of South Carolina Residing in Baltimore City, Maryland.

Personally appeared before me, a Commissioner of Deeds for the State of South Carolina, in & for the State of Pennsylvania B. F. Hearn, who being duly sworn, testifies that he saw Edith E. Coleman sign the above instrument. B. F. Hearn

Sworn and subscribed

before me at Cornwall this

Twenty first of February A.D. 1887

As witness my hand and official seal

Louis Rem...

A Commissioner of Deeds for the State of South Carolina residing in Lebanon Pa.

State of Maryland

City of Baltimore

Personally appeared before me, a Commissioner of Deeds for the State of South Carolina, Henry B. Keyser who being duly sworn, testifies that he saw Mary B. Johnston & Emma E.

Johnston sign the above instrument.

Sworn to and subscribed before me

Henry B. Keyser

at Baltimore this third day of March

A.D. 1887

As witness my hand and official seal

Murray Hanson

A Commissioner for South Carolina in Baltimore City, Maryland

State of South Carolina

County of Greenville

Personally appeared before me G. M. Wilkins and made oath that he saw the within named W. Elliott Johnstone sign, seal and as his act and deed, deliver the within written Deed, and that he with E. J. Stone witnessed the Execution thereof.

Sworn to before me

Govnr. M. Williams

this 7th day of March, A.D. 1887.

Edward Croft

T. M. C.

S.C. C. C.

Recorded in Office of R. M. C. Colleton Co. May 6th A.D. 1887. In Book 5, pp. 334, 335, 336, 337 and 338.

Rawillis

R.M.C.

Fee \$2.50

GFP

McPherson House

1423 I St. N.W.

Washington, D.C.

February 7th 1887

W. E. Gonzales Esq.

My dear Son,

I have just received, addressed in Nanno's handwriting, copies of the "Columbia Record" & "Augusta Chronicle" containing an account of your marriage to Miss Shiver, of that city. I avail myself of the only opportunity thus afforded me, to congratulate you upon your choice. I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Shiver at Warrenton, Va., summer before last while a looker-on, for a few minutes, at one of the Germans. I noticed her great personal charm, and was impressed with her expression of candor and amiability. I send to both of you my most cordial wishes for the fruition of all the happiness possible in this world and to which you are both so fully entitled.

Your loving father,
Ambrosio José Gonzales

JIR [Translation]

The Ebbitt

C. C. Willard, Prop.
Washington, D.C. 21 April 1887
7:30 A.M.

Mr. Jose I. Rodríguez
Present

My dear friend:

Late yesterday Marcos Pino died and Delgado,³²⁰ who asks me to communicate it to you, leaves this morning for New York.

Your affectionate friend
Ambrosio José Gonzales

GFP

The Largest Circulation in the Cotton States
The News and Courier Bureau

Columbia, S.C., May 1st 1887

Gen. Gonzales
McPherson House
1423 I St., N.W.
Washington, D.C.

Thanks my dear father for your kind note, which I have not answered, just because I've been too weak and spiritless to do anything but drudgery. My typhoid fever laid me up for seven weeks, and tho' I've been up and trying to work for a month past, I'm very worthless still, the after effects being worse than the fever. My old excuse is the only one I have to offer for nonremittances -- that I haven't been able to collect the money -- A man has been putting me off from month to month, promising to pay something on Social Hall, but he hasn't come to the scratch yet. I will have some money to send you soon however.

I heard from one of the Thompson's some time ago that you had a position in Washington, but altho' I have asked you twice, you have told me nothing.

I hope you are doing well materially, I hear very frequently from people who have seen you, of your excellent health.

Yours affectionately
Ambrosio

Address Charleston

Mrs. Wm. H. Boyd, *Boyd's Directory of the District of Columbia, 1888* (Washington, D.C.: Wm. Ballantyne & Son, 1887), 427.

In 1887 Ambrosio Gonzales was residing in the Hotel Windsor, N.Y. Ave. and 15th Street, Washington, D.C.

JDP

ORKNEY SPRINGS,
SHENANDOAH CO.

July 19th 1887

José G. Delgado.

My dear Mr. Davis

After many days, I feel a strong temptation that I do not resist to write you again. I have often felt a desire to do so but decided to wait until I could write you something of moment to myself and of pleasure to you. Now, I am with hosts of your friends where I hear your name spoken with an Enthusiasm that is proof you are Enshrined in the hearts of your people. There are several reasons why special interest has aroused a wave of Enthusiasm and renewed devotion to The Only President of the Confederacy: "The Battle of Flags" is an Episode to awaken memories. Then the interview, whether real or imaginary, when your life was in constant danger from the hand of an Assassin has invited outcries-- and denial, but denial will not change the fact. I believed it then, I believe it now, nor did I hesitate to express my opinion in my Memories of the War nor was it denied until they your Enemies realise you are still an idol of your people, and the old Enmity is unpopular, therefore repudiated. Gov Curtius Story is too flimsy to have weight, I presume you have seen it. The overt act that could be most Easily maintained is on my opinion the Dalghren raid "On to Richmond" "to kill and destroy."

Genl. A. J. Gonzales-- the Cuban Patriot but better known as Chief of Artillery on Genl. Beauregards Staff is here. He met you and Mrs Davis in Washington when you were Secretary of War and his admiration for you is honest hearted and Enthusiastic as then. He desires to send through me his most cordial regards to both you and Mrs. Davis with best wishes for your health and happiness. He sang for me last Evening the Grand Old Marsallaise that I had not heard before since the night ~~before~~ I left the Confederacy forever. He sang as only a patriot can sing those words. Men and Women listened with Varied Emotions. When he ceased there was one who could not speak. The Genl said with tears "I am glad you asked me to sing." Tell President Davis God has spared his intellect to write of patriotism, and my Voice to sing, and even though we have lost our Cause we can reach mens hearts. He sings delightfully. The Old Patriot (he married Senator Elliotts daughter of South Carolina) has lost his family and wealth, but he is rich in memorys and friends. He expects an appointment from Cleveland, but I presume he will be disappointed. President Cleveland seems the Great Disappointment.

Now of my own officious. On May 30th 1887 the Court of Claims rendered a decision in my favor. The Case was sent by Congress to the Court "for facts and findings with an opinion" The award to be made by Congress. When it is actually paid I will give due credit to the U.S. Government for righting a wrong. I am pleased over the result. It is a victory to me beyond price, God has been good to spare my life & reach vindication. I know you will be glad to hear this from me. My son and wife are as happy as Paul and Virginia. He has a rich wife, her Estate is valued over half a million and increasing daily-- for 100 acres are in the fashionable N.W. of Washington. The Presidents villa joins her Estate. Her father has a life interest-- but she is an only child and their interests one. So you see my cares like my sorrows lie back of me, and my Hopes lead me on.

My son's new Opera was produced in New York April 1" and passed New York Critics and was accepted as a success. He was paid \$6000 for the Music and receives royaltys on the production whenever played. It is called "The Gentlemanly Savage," an American subject that was well received.

My health is good I find the Springs delightful and the guests agreeable. The hotel propritor has a son named for you and is as loyal now as a quarter of a century ago when he and his *twelve* brothers were Confederates. He asked me if I had your photograph I am sorry to say I have not, only one taken before you were President, I hope for one some day.

I hope you are in usual health and Enjoying the pleasures of life to the fullest extent. It will give me great pleasure to hear this from your own pen. With renewed assurances of highest regards I am

Your sincere friend
Flora Adams Darling

To Hon Jefferson Davis
Bevoir
Mississippi

I am here for the season, where they accomodate 800 guests and expect to be filled Augst. 1"

EGP

Columbia Club
Nov. 2, 1888

My dear Aunt:

I have intended every day since my return to write you, but have been so demoralized that I could not muster spirit or resolution to do it. As you know, I was feeling greatly improved when I left F. R., but almost as soon as I got here I collapsed. Heat, food, work, worry -- I can't tell what it all was that affected me, but I got so horribly nervous that I was almost wild for several days. Now I am living like a spartan, dieting myself strictly and not even daring to take a glass of sherry or beer. The Doctor has me in hand once more and I hope he'll be thorough this time, for I have been suffering greatly. He says that if he had me at F. R. he could cure me quickly enough, but that here I worry my nervous system all the time. Excuse me for writing so much about myself, but I feel that I ought to have been well after that glorious weather and tent life, and am bound to apologise for present conditions.

Comet arrived all right just before I did. He eats well and is improving. I ride him every morning before breakfast, but that is all the exercise he gets, since I have no buggy, and it isn't enough to keep him from foolishness.

I haven't had spirit enough to attempt anything but routine work since I came, but I will see what I can do about the clothes.

Glad you got the jug. Sent it to my address so as not to scandalize. The lemons I postponed getting until today. They ought to arrive with this letter.

I enclose for Gertrude's disposition a check for \$7.50 which I believe will cover expenses I left behind me. If it won't, let me know, please. Do preserve Willie's rifle, left by Aleck in the tent, and bring it down with you. If you don't object I will be glad if you will keep Roy with you until you come down, so as to give him full opportunity to recover. Fair week I can hardly spare time to get one meal a day myself. Of course I will defray any expense attending his keep. The Captain is steadily improving. He hardly drinks at all. We are an astonishingly abstemious pair " when we can't help it! Willie is in full swing as P.S., but is not familiar enough with his routine yet to be as sweet and serene as he might be. I hope I'll be able a little later to write something better than this nervous scrawl. Meanwhile, with love all round, believe me, affectionately yours,

N.

Ambrose will be here in a day or two he says.

N.

EGP

OFFICE OF
The News and Courier,

COLUMBIA BUREAU,
NO. 101 MAIN STREET,

Columbia, S.C., Nov. 10", 1888.

My dear Aunt:

I have had no heart to answer before your kind note. The election, of course, upset us all, and the whole community is in gloom.

Personally, I have had much greater cause for suffering, for my engagement has been broken off, and there is no possibility of its ever being renewed. It is not in my power to tell you or any of the family why this has come to pass; but lest you judge her harshly, I feel impelled to declare that the fault is not with her, as, thank God, it is not with me. Neither is there misunderstanding, or anger, or pique, or any ordinary cause of division. We are simply unfortunate; and that is all I can say.

I am trying to bear up as well as I can, but there seems to be nothing in the future for me. Brosie will be engaged as my assistant Fair week. He has spent several days here and is off for a day or two. Pardon me for not attending sooner to your commission about the tea, but I sent it by express today.

The buggy seems to have been shipped on the 2d, according to Hart's bill of lading, but it has not yet arrived, and we will find it hard to get along without it next week.

The Captain and Willie are both well, and I saw Cecil this afternoon for the first time since my return.

My health is beginning to improve, but I have to be very careful with myself.

The weather has been so disagreeably warm that today's cold wave is welcome. I trust it will not be too severe for you in the mountains.

Please don't forget Willie's rifle when you come down.

Write me and tell me how you are all getting on.

With much love to the household,

Your affectionate nephew,

N.

EGP

GEORGE M. TRENHOLM

R. GOODWYN RHETT

LAW OFFICES
OF
TRENHOLM & RHETT,
35 BROAD STREET

CHARLESTON, S.C. Feb. 20th-89.

The Misses Elliott,

Osborn, Colleton Co. S.C.

Dear Ladies:

We have at length ascertained from Washington that Mr. Benjamin Mantoue got a judgement in the Court of Claims in that City for \$9,496.46, and that this amount was paid to him in 1872 by the United States Government through its Treasury Department. We shall not [*sic*] write to Mr. Mantoue and hear what he has to say on the subject.

Very Respectfully Yours,
Trenholm & Rhett

EGP

GEORGE M. TRENHOLM

R. GOODWYN RHETT

LAW OFFICES
OF
TRENHOLM & RHETT,
35 BROAD STREET

CHARLESTON, S.C. Feb. 27th-89.

Miss Emily Elliott,
Osborn, S.C.

Dear Madam:

We have had a conference with Mr. Mantoue concerning your claim, and he admits that he received money from the Government for cotton destroyed during the war, but says he has paid you in full for yours, and that you have made an affidavit which was filed in his claim in Washington to the effect that you had sold him your cotton and had been paid for it. He says that all he owed you for certain expenses has been paid to your brother, a Mr. William Elliott.

Please write us more fully about the matter.

We wish to know whether you sold this cotton to Mr. Mantoue as he says, and were paid anything at all for it. Whether you made an affidavit for him and if so to what effect. Whether Mr. Elliott ever received any money from him, etc.

Please let us hear from you as soon as possible.

Very Respectfully Yours,
Trenholm & Rhett

EGP

GEORGE M. TRENHOLM

R. GOODWYN RHETT

LAW OFFICES
OF
TRENHOLM & RHETT,
35 BROAD STREET

CHARLESTON, S.C. April 5th/89

Miss Emily Elliott,
Osborn, S.C.

Dear Madam,

Will you please send us as soon as possibly all communications from Mr. Mantoue. He and his attorneys still maintain that ~~they~~ he does not owe you a cent and we could change their time considerably if we had before us a written admission of the debt.

Very Respect. Yours
Trenholm & Rhett

GFP

[June 1889]

Memorandum

A. J. Gonzales, born in Cuba; educated in New York from the age of nine, a graduate in law of the University of Havana, has been a professor of English, French, Spanish and Italian in Cuba and in New York. Was made a citizen of the United States in the District of Columbia, March 1849. Married in 1856 Miss Harriett Rutledge Elliott, of South Carolina. Was sent August, 1848, by the Cuban Liberal Party on a secret mission to Genl. Worth, looking to the liberation of Cuba. Was a member of the first "Cuban Junta" in New York, in 1849. Was on that

account sentenced to death by the Spanish Government. Went to Cardenas, Cuba, May 19th 1850 with General Narciso Lopez, as Chief of Staff and second in command. Was the *first* Cuban to shed his blood on the battle field for Cuban liberty. Was recommended from 1854 to 1857 to Presidents Pierce and Buchanan by nine of the Southern States (12 Senators) for a mission to Spanish America, (as may be seen in his papers on file in the State Department) on the ground of the continental policy now being adopted by this nation. Has been equally recommended by the whole S.C. Delegation & leading citizens of Charleston & Columbia to President Cleveland. Was requested by Hon. James L. Orr, then Speaker of the House of Representatives to write a series of articles on Cuban Annexation for the Detroit (Mich.) Free Press, to help the action of the Government in that regard. They were written and circulated all over the United States.³²¹ He translated for the use of Congress, at the request of Mr. Boyd, Speaker of the House, of Kentucky, a work by officers of Napoleon the third on the Canal of Panama, and a pamphlet, in Spanish, by General Orbegoso,³²² on the Canal of Tehuantepec.

During the Civil War, as an adopted South Carolinian, he was Inspector General of S.C. under Governor Pickens in 1861; was then made by the Confederate Government Chief of Artillery of the Dept. of South Carolina, Georgia and Florida serving in that capacity under Beauregard, Pemberton, Jones and Hardee until the evacuation of Charleston. He then became acting Chief of Artillery under Joseph E. Johnston in North Carolina, reorganized his Artillery at Hillsboro, N.C. and surrendered to Sherman at Greensboro, N.C. April 1865. He wrote at the request of the New Orleans "Times Democrat" two historical articles on the Cuban expeditions of 1850 and 1851 ending with an appeal for the acquisition of Cuba.

Since 1851 he has acted *strictly* as an American citizen and has considered the destinies of Cuba only to be affected by the action of this Government. When the "Virginius" incident he wrote from N. York to President Grant offering his services and referring to Hon. Caleb Cushing, in whose office he had worked when Attorney General. Since the fall of 1887 he has been associated with Minister Lainfiesta, of Guatemala, Salvador and Honduras, not only as Secretary, but to use the Minister's expression, "co-operator" in the affairs of Guatemala. Minister Lainfiesta is now absent, but before leaving he told the writer that in case he was delayed in length of time he would see that his Government appointed the undersigned Chargé d' Affairs at inst.

Respectfully,
A. J. G.

GFP

Flat Rock, N.C. June 12/89

I owe you an apology my dear Father for not answering your last two notes which reached me on the same day. Thank you for them. I have been so tangled up and worried for three weeks past that I've not been able to think of the Florida trip and have had to give up my own work temporarily. Nanno has had a typhoid fever for two weeks, one of those low sneaking fevers that are hard to get rid of, although they do not occasion much pain. He is better now and we hope will be out in 10 days or so. Then poor aunt Emmie has been very ill for a month.³²³ I brought

The ten articles in the *Detroit Free Press* appeared on 25 and 30 November 1858, 1, 7, 9, 18, 21, 25, and 31 December 1858, and 4 January 1859.

Mexican General Juan de Orbegoso (1781-1846). Commissioned in 1825 to make an inspection for a Tehuantepec Isthmus Canal.

. Emma Elliott died six months later, on 5 January 1890 in Columbia of cancer at the age of 61. She was

her up here early in May but she is unable to sit up in bed even. Dr. King visits her daily and we have hopes of her recovery but she is so almost broken down from hard work that there is no telling how it will terminate. The whole household is in a very distressed and chaotic condition of course.

I will leave here for Greenville in a day or two and will write you and send you the remaining \$25 as soon as I get out to collect it. I am distressed that your friend Mr. Lainfiesta will not return and sincerely trust that his successor will find you as necessary to him as Mr. L. did.

I am going to get St. James Island well advertised this summer even if I can't go there immediately.

Excuse haste please and believe me your affectionate Son,

Ambrosio

GFP [Translation]

Guatemala, July 3 of 1889

Mr. Gen. Don Ambrosio J. Gonzalez
Washington D.C.

Esteemed Sir and friend of mine,

As if the death of Margarita would have put the action of my life to an end; that is how I have remained stunned and deprived of spirit to return to the attentions and the movement that are indispensable in so much that we navigate in this immense sea of sorrow and tears.

Do not be surprised that since my last with the fatal news, I have not written to you again; I have for you and Mister Guiteras³²⁴ and the appreciable Coffin family and of Mr. Stealey³²⁵ and of all the good friends of the Ebbitt,³²⁶ the best and most grateful remembrances. I have only lacked making them present with my letters, frequently.

The arduous family circumstances obliged me to quit the Legations in Washington: it was impossible for me to leave this house, due to mourning and sicknesses.

Dr. Fernando Cruz left to replace me and although he is not a man of my ideas in regard to sympathies for the North American influence in Central America; he is a man of assured talent and capacity, who speaks English and other tongues well and most of all, "A man who has known to live and live well under all the political circumstances in Guatemala," which undoubtedly proves great talent. Being Dr. Cruz President of the Cabinet of Gen. Barillas in September 1886, I received my 2d order of banishment. We were both Ministers of Gen. Barrios.

I am thinking of a trip to N. York, to find a machinery that I need; and I will stop by Washington to give you a hearty handshake and a personal greeting to all the friends.

Your appreciable of 15 May, with your regretful expressions of grief reached me and I am very grateful.

Please be kind enough to make present my affectionate remembrances to the very estimable Coffin family and to Hebe, the gracious and pleasant Hebe. I wish all the best health and all well-being and happiness.

buried in Magnolia cemetery in Charleston next to her parents and sister Caroline.

Pedro José Guiteras.

Orlando O. Stealey, correspondent for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, 1343 F St. N.W. Residence: 2134 L St. N.W.

. Ebbitt House, F and 14 St. N.W., Washington, D.C. Also the residence of José Ignacio Rodríguez and Francisco Lainfiesta.

By way of this letter I give you the necessary authorization so that you can collect and receive from Mister Knight the remainder that he might have from the objects I authorized him to sell that belonged to the Guatemala Legation. Do not send me the remainder, but keep it, because I always thought of giving it to you as a salary raise.

A special and affectionate greeting I recommend to Mr. Guiteras, Mr. Waterson, Mr. Stocham and Mr. Ross.

Conserve yourself well and perfectly well of your head cold and believe me your always
affectionate friend and
servant,

Francisco Lainfiesta

P.S. I have talked at length of your sons to Domingo Lorini, my old friend; and he was very happy that I had seen and spoken with them.

Dr. Bryant cured me in the most complete manner: I have not been affected again in the throat or nose. Every day I am more grateful to him, the same as you who introduced me to him.
Farewell

EGP

GEORGE M. TRENHOLM

R. GOODWYN RHETT

LAW OFFICES
OF
TRENHOLM & RHETT,
35 BROAD STREET

CHARLESTON, S.C. July 10th 1889

Miss Emily Elliott,
Flat Rock, N.C.

Dear Madam

We find it is useless to try to get anything out of Mr. Mantoue by persuasion.

Please let us know the number of bales sold, the price of the same, to whom it belonged, when sold, and so forth. Could you testify as to the sale and the agreement and if not who could do so?

In the mean time we shall endeavor to ascertain the status of Mr. Mantoue's property, and whether we could get anything if we got a judgement against him.

Very Respectfully Yours

Trenholm & Rhett

GFP [Translation]

New York August 20 of 1889

Mr. D. Ambrosio J. González
Washington D.C.

Appreciated Friend and Compatriot:

I have the pleasure of answering your letter of the 18 of this month that I have read with proper attention and I agree with all the observations that you make, thinking that for now we should suspend action in the matter we propose to carry out and wait for the real opportunity to present it; which will infallibly arrive. By then we will give it the necessary impulse with more probabilities of good success.

For the next month of November a financial conflict is being prepared in Havana, created by the Spanish grocers (who now call themselves *retailers*) who have formed a league and

declared in the press that after the 1st. of November they will no longer receive in their transactions the Note of the Bank of Spain, the only monetary sign that circulates in Havana, and if the Spanish Government does not impede it with some *ukase*, the conflict will be terrible for the people, for the Bank and for the Government; but very beneficial for our cause.

Let us wait, without dropping our guard.

I am very grateful for your invitation which I will accept with the greatest pleasure when I have to travel there. In this city you have your home at 320 W. 44 Street; remaining always at your orders your affectionate friend and compatriot

J.[uan] B.[ellido] de

Luna

GFP

Office of
The News and Courier,
Columbia Bureau,
No. 101 Main Street

Columbia, S.C., Aug. 24", 1889

[To Ralph E. Elliott]

Dear Captain:

I was glad this evening to receive your good accounts of the sick, and hope, from the mildness of Brosie's fever, that he will soon be able to dispense with your constant attendance, which I know must be exceedingly trying. I have some news to communicate which I hope will cheer him up:

Today I received the following dispatch:

Batesberg, Aug. 24.

By direction of Col. Butler offer clerkship in Department to A.E.G. Request him to notify you at once if accepted. Confidential.

L. A. Ransom

I am very glad that this is settled at last and that we are to have Brosie here. The colony is growing. Of course Col. Butler will wait on him until he is able to begin work. According to the dispatch it is his acceptance and not his attendance which is desired at once. I advise Brosie to send me word that he will take the place as soon as he is sufficiently recovered, and I will see Col. Butler and explain how things are. As soon as I notify him that Col. Butler says it is all right and that he will wait on him, he ought to let The News and Courier know, so that they can arrange for his successor. When recuperating he will be much better able to do sedentary clerical work here than to run around the State under whip and spur.

Get a decisive answer from him for me.

You will be glad to hear that the Annual Review promises well. We have so far about 8 out of the 10 columns of advertising required, and in addition Kit Fitzsimons will take a full-page ad for his oil mill and Dunn will take three columns if we can put in a cut of his cotton compress. I think we will be able to get three solid pages of Columbia ads. I have engaged W. E. to assist me, and give him, besides the [...] agreed on, half of my commissions on matter he secures; so that he will be well paid for his share. We will make the heathen rage.

Don't bother about finances. I will attend to all your affairs, and no sacrifice of stock is required. Stay as long as you can, or are able. If the work becomes too pressing I will put Kohn in for a week.

With much love to the circle,

Affectionately

N.G.G.

On 3 September 1889, Ambrosio José Gonzales received copyright 25863 from the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., for the publication of his book *Heaven Revealed: A Series of Authentic Spirit-Messages, from a Wife to her Husband, Proving the Sublime Nature of True Spiritualism*. Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1889, by A. J. Gonzales, In the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington. Press of McQueen & Wallace, Printers, 1108-1116 E Street, N.W., Washington, D.C.

PREFACE

The recipient of these spirit messages has been prevailed upon to print them, by the representations of many friends that it is his duty to his fellow-beings that he should do so. It is not without reluctance that he has consented to make public so intimate a subject. He is reconciled to this step, however, by the reflection that if the writings of Abelard, Petrarch, and Jean Jacques Rousseau have found favor with the world, these purer messages from the higher life should be more welcome, for they bring with them a loftier teaching for humanity.

INTRODUCTION

In order to establish fully the genuineness and authenticity of the following messages (without which they would be of no value), their recipient must relate under what conditions they were obtained, and point out some tests corroborating their truth.

First. As to the "slate" messages; these were obtained in broad daylight, at the sitting-room of Mr. P.L.O.A. Keeler, in Washington, D.C., he being the medium. The writer would take from a pile of common school-slates on the table, or on the floor, two brand new ones (sometimes from a bundle of them on the medium returning from buying them at the store). He would then remove, with a small duster, the dross and the gray dust they were covered with; then, with a sponge well saturated with water, would wash them thoroughly and repeatedly on both sides, and then dry them and tie them tightly together with his pocket handkerchief, making a knot. A small bit of soft slate-pencil, the size of a large pin's head, which he had held in his hands some seconds, had been placed between them before they were tied up, the medium sitting all this time on the other side of the table and removed from it. The names of the spirits addressed, and the questions addressed to them, were written by him on slips of paper, which he folded and refolded into pellets, and placed them upon the table. The medium would then, for the first time, take hold of one of the sides of the slates and he of the other; and in a short time the messages would be written; he not only hearing the writing, but feeling the pressure of some force between the slates. The hand-writing is his wife's, whether on the slates, or in pencil on paper, and is identically the same from the first message, at the end of December, 1887, to those at the end of April, 1889. It is very much the same as hers in mortal life, only smaller, to crowd as many words as possible into a small space. The present writer has compared the capital letters of her name and his in these messages with those in the dedication of a Bible and prayer-book, given him by her before their marriage, and they are identical.

During the last few months of Mr. Keeler's stay in Washington, the writer has obtained the messages from his wife, without Mr. Keeler ever touching the slates, and while the latter were held *under his buttoned-up coat*. In many of these slates appear hearts and arrows, stars, scrolls with mottoes, a cut-glass bottle, as an illusion of the balm of Gilead, and other emblems;

three little hearts, in imitation of little shirt-buttons, this writer was wearing at the time, and which had been hers in this life; a drawing of pansies, in return for pansies he had brought for her, and which were lying on the table while she was writing; and, on the anniversary of their wedding-day, last April, as he had brought some red roses for her, and had laid them on the table, he found, when the slates were opened, not only a message from her, but a *painting* of the roses and their foliage on the slates, in red and green, and yet there was nothing between the slates but the customary bit of gray slate-pencil. Often the slates contain answers to questions inside the folded slips of paper placed upon the table, and of which the medium knew nothing, either then or afterward. Thus, it is made conclusive that the messages could not, by any possibility, have been prepared beforehand.

But, by far the greatest proof of their authenticity lies in their character and inherent quality. The medium would be far from claiming sufficient ability to write them, or have such knowledge of the celestial life; and if he or any of his had the literary capacity, both in prose and verse, and astonishing knowledge of English literature that they reveal, they would, most certainly, lack that lofty inspiration and soul exaltation in regard to the recipient; that deep knowledge of his past life and present inner consciousness and aspirations, and the workings of spiritualism on him which run through them from beginning to end.

Allowing, for the sake of the argument, that the medium, or any one he has ever known, had all the above prerequisites for their composition (which he or they had not); supposing that he had the dishonesty (which he has not) to palm them off on the recipient as genuine spiritual messages; and granting that he possessed (which is an utter impossibility) the craftiness, legerdemain, trickery, and supernatural powers necessary to deceive the writer in a question of *facts*, for a year and a half, and in hundreds of instances, in spite of all the tests applied by him (some of which are pointed out in the course of these writings), still, if such could possibly be the case, the medium would not have singled him out, a total stranger to him, among thousands that he has dealt with, for the reception of such messages. He could and would have favored others with them, for his own pecuniary advantage. As a matter of fact, the medium himself was moved by their merit and sometimes requested to have them read to himself and wife.

As to the messages on paper, they were obtained either over or *through* the curtain, at evening "seances." The handwriting is identical with that on the slates, and their nature, in every respect, as the reader will see, the same. This proves their genuineness.

A most conclusive proof that they were not prepared was given one evening, last April, when every message (about thirty) was written on a pad by a materialized hand through the curtain, and before the eyes of the sitters, and every one was in the same handwriting as all such messages received, either before or afterward.

HEAVEN REVEALED.

FIRST MESSAGE.

End of December 1887. Between the Slates. Stormy Weather.

Darling:

I will tell you all some time. No power now. I live! I live! Your own * * *

January, 1888. Rainy. (Slates).

My Own Darling Husband:

What has God wrought, may we say in all earnestness. I am with you each day. You ask me to tell you all I wanted to do. This I can not do in this heavy atmosphere. If you will come

here some nice, clear day, I will tell you, in a whole slate full, what will interest you of the life I am in, and to which you must come. I am not gone from you; I am with you every day. Come when clear weather

Your loving wife, * * *

January 20, 1888. (Slates). Fair Weather.

Dear * * * :

The gates of heaven have, at last, been swung aside, and through the portals is gleaming the light of truth. The gates are more than ajar. Dearest one, does it seem possible that after the struggle of death, the grave, the all that seemed dreadful, I can come again face to face with you; that I can stride the borders of this world of life, an active and conscious being, to tell you of my unceasing existence and my unperishing devotion to you? I know this seems as great a mystery to you, but *it is not* mysterious. We operate through the same divine laws as of old. In Belshazzar's time, in the midst of the great feast, a spirit-hand wrote over against the ceiling. To-day a hand writes between the slates. An angel of the Lord loosened the chains that bound Peter and John, and to-day the same law is in existence to permit its repetition on modern men. An angel moved aside the stone from the sepulcher, nearly two thousand years ago, and the same law which permitted that manifestation is in existence still, and always will be. In the spirit-world we eat; but, while you consume the gross material, we partake of its spiritual essence. The trees and the shrubs of material places have, with us, their counterpart. We can here bask in the sunshine and traverse valleys and mountain peaks, and behold the verdure and the foliage, and sense the warm zephyrs of sunny climes and the cutting blizzards of the northern temperature. But remember, these are the spiritual essences of all that you can see and touch and taste and feel. This is what makes our life here seem so real or like our former condition. Dear husband: do not mourn me as lost to you. I am not. Oh, indeed, I am not! I live, I breath, I see, I hear, I know of you, and when the saddest moments of your life reigned supreme, I was near, though powerless then to cheer you; but a heart spiritualized and purified wept with the sobbings of thy soul, and two beings became blended into one of common sympathy. Oh, if had not been for this great and sudden revelation, what should I have done, for my soul was beseeching some way to announce to you that I *lived* and *saw* you and loved you, and that again we should meet, and where separation would come no more. Oh, dearest one, I bless you for receiving this revelation of divine truth! It comes from Heaven and from God. I want you to know that never again shall you be alone, for with you my place shall be.

I am your own loving and devoted wife,

Your *"little dirl," * * *

* "Little dirl," for little girl, was an expression of endearment from her to her husband. She was but sixteen when she was married.

February 13. (Light Seance, in lead-pencil, on Paper).

Darling * * * :

I await you coming. Ever am I with thee to cheer and guide. Father sends love. * * *

February 14. (Slates).

Darling * * * :

Again I come to you, my most loved one, from the summer-land of effulgent glory, to

speak the constancy of my intense affection and zealous devotion. A loving heart reaches over across the great chasm of the grave, from the transcended life to the primary condition of being, and there meets a responsive throb from the noble breast of the one I love so well. Ah! sweet love, verily do I weep when you weep, and smile when the sense of joy trace their gladsome lines upon thy dear countenance. Ever am I with thee to share thy weal and thy woe. At the noon-day hour, I see you, hear you, feel you, and in the quietude of the midnight season a vigil do I keep. In the dusky shadows of the approaching eve I come to thy heart's mute call and when the grey streaks of early morn shoot upward from the eastern sky, I come to chase away thy dreams so sweet and wake thee from thy slumber with the fondest touch of angel fingers. Do you thus think of me, your loved and loving "dirl?" Do you recall the happy past and think how the happiness of an hour fled with the transition of her whose first thoughts were of thee and thy joys? If you do, remember, those happy days shall come again. Do not forget me, but let me ever rest in your fondest memory.

"When the musing of the hour of twilight
Comes with all her shadowy train,
And up in the azure heavens,
Shined the jeweled stars again.
When the gentle breath of evening
Steals upon the ambient air,
Wooing all the bright-hued flowers,
Am I quite forgotten there?

When you stand beside the waters,
Where the heaving surges roll,
In their wild, tumultuous dashings
Like the passions of the soul;
As you listen to the voices
Of the foaming, restless, sea,
When a star shines on each billow,
Do you ever think of me?

When the golden beams of morning
Bathe the earth in dewy light,
And a halo of bright glory
Dissipates the gloom of night;
While the spirit-voice is swelling,
Out upon the voice-less air,
Do you ever, though I'm risen,
Give a thought unto me there?

And when the solemn midnight flingeth
Her dark mantle o'er the earth,
And a thousand busy fancies
Are wakened into birth;
Do you ever give a thought

Unto one who thinks of thee?
May I dream that though a spirit,
You will ever think of me?

Darling:

These beautiful words, so expressive of my sentiments, I write for you to keep. When the sadder moments of your days come crowding in upon you, read this, and let it cheer you in your loneliness. "There is no death; what seems so is transition." We are not separated; we are together. Thy vision is clouded, and that makes clouds between us. But through the tomb closed over all that you saw of me; though hushed in death is the voice you once heard, bear in mind, dear husband, that again can you have "a touch of the vanished hand and a sound of the voice that is still." I am not gone; I am waiting. Be happy in this precious knowledge.

"Crowned with rose-blooms, on thymy banks reposing,
Your loved one waits for you: Oh, one fond embrace,
One loving smile from eyes their love disclosing,
Shall compensate you for this mortal race,
An every sorrow from thy heart erase."
Your own devoted, * * *

* I see all the little trinkets. You have so lovingly kept them.

* The allusion to the "little trinkets," mentioned in the postscript, comes from my having placed upon the table, while she was writing, some little mementos of hers. She writes, *between the slates*, that she sees them all.

February 17. (Light Seance).

Darling * * * :

Fondly do I linger near thee, for where thou art there is my peace and my glory. He who walks under the protection of heaven has little to fear. A halo of bright glory stands out in bold relief about thee. I am ever near thy call, and when you and I meet in sweet converse, every day is
*St. Valentine's day.

Thy loving spirit-bride, * * *

The above message furnishes two striking tests of the reliability of these communications: 1. The allusion to St. Valentine's day is made to call her husband's attention to the fact that her forgoing letter of the 14th was intended as his valentine, which he had not noticed at the time. 2. The signature "spirit-bride," is thus explained: On the 15th of February, while alone in his room, with closed doors, the writer placed on his fingers her engagement and wedding rings (which he had had enlarged for that purpose). and said, in a low voice, "with these rings I wed thee again, not as a golden or diamond wedding, but as the wedding of the spirit, with the spirit for ever and ever and ever." He did not mention this to anyone: yet, on the 17th, the first opportunity she had, she signs herself "thy spirit-bride," thus letting him know that she was with him and heard him on the 15th.

April 3. (Slates).

One face alone I long to see,
One voice I fain would hear,
E'en heaven's scenes most dull would be,
Unless one form were near,
The rose, when severed from the stem,
Can only droop and die;
Ah, love, beware, lest thou condemn,
Nor one sweet smile deny.

One face 'mid thousands deemed as fair,

Alone hath charms for me;
One heart that joy or pain will share
That ever true will be.
The harvest moon that beams so bright,
Must cast her shadows, too;
Alas! how oft' thine eye's soft light,
Hath caused one light to rue.

One face, tho' fresh or seamed with care,
To me shall be the same;
Tho' hope should perish from despair,
For me there's but one name.
Tho' fields in fragrant beauty bloom,
Tho' waves the golden grain,
Tho' winter fills the scene with gloom,
Still faithful I remain.

Darling * * * :

Though the universe should pass again into chaos, and all that is should cease, and my soul and thine should pass into annihilation, I am sure that the eternal love that has swelled my heart would still be in existence, roaming round 'mid the shapeless mass of all that was; and should it on its blind travels, meet, in the coming ages, with the eternal devotion of your own soul, there would be a union that, in the ultimate, would evolve a new system of being, and worlds and souls would be builded anew. Love can not die. Its scintillations would illumine the darkest conditions, and all must come again into glory. Oh darling husband, I am with you every day. Time nor place can never separate me from you. How happy my continued life must make you. I kiss you, I embrace you, my only one.

Your little pet, * * *

December 17. (Light Seance.) After the medium's return to Washington.

My Best Beloved:

Again I come to thee, fairest among ten thousand. I have not been absent from thee all this time. I am glad to know that the knowledge of my continued life has added so much happiness to thy life. I will write to you on the slates. Come often and let me clasp thy dear hand.

* * *

December 21. (Slates).

Darling One:

Ah, once again I greet the idol of my affection. A few months have come and gone since I penned, in this wondrous way, a few lines to you, my patient, trusting, faithful lover-husband. It did seem, for a time, as if the curtain had been rung down, shutting out the scene I loved so well to gaze upon, and had it not been for the good mediums I have been able to use in other ways to get a peep into the surroundings of my best beloved, all indeed would have been dark to me, as well as to you.* Keep on, dear husband, in your noble endeavor to open a new way for our

coming. You have laid out the cross-road; now open it up with your untiring zeal, and when I wish to come near unto thy soul I shall not have to traverse the roundaboutway. I will spring across the short cut into thy loving presence. I am near thee much, and have been all along, and ever shall be.

Thy loving "spirit-bride," * * *

*Alludes to his sitting for slate-writing *at home*.

December 21. (Light Seance).

Darling of My Soul:

The curtain goes up and I see thy sweet, anxious look. How could I disappoint thee, darling? I will drop a note, of one word in length, to let you know that all the charms of the celestial world can not hold me from thy loving presence. Oh, best beloved, afar I wait thy bidding

Your sweet angel, * * *

December 24. (Seance).

My Dear One With a Soul So Fair:

Heaven's gates have lately stood well ajar for me and thee. Over the portals of the summer-land have I passed many times to meet thee, darling of my heart, and o'er them shall I go and come till thou art nestled within the "pearly gates" forever with me.

Thy darling "dirl," * * *

December 24. (Slates).

Darling Lover:

For those so pure, so good, so true, may the bells of heaven chime out a joyous, merry, merry Christmas, and let these bells that ring in thy soul and mine be not alone our happy Christmas chimes, but also our joyous marriage-feast serenade; for dear faithful one, you and I are wed again; and, when the souls are joined, no power can cut them asunder. Not again shall we be torn from each other. My faithfulness to you and thine to me shall not perish, even while the oceans sink and the rivers run dry, the atmosphere evaporates, and all that is now of physical is no more. Even "when the sun has gone down o'er the lofty Ben Lomond" forever, "and left me to muse," not "on sweet Jessie, the flower o'Dumblane," but upon thy fair countenance, the will the spirit-beats of two immortal souls throb as one.

For time can not sever
The charm that unites us in memory's chain;
Even though the sweet voice
May be silenced forever,
In spirit, it accents are 'wakened again.

What a heaven has been created just for you and me. Where we come in sacred rapport, there can not be evil. Sweet darling, lonely wanderer, let me guide thy storm-tossed craft into the haven of my loving, tranquil heart. In it thou shalt find an abundance of rest and joy. Let the shaft of death which, as it felled me, pierced thy loving heart also, be the poniard that shows thee the way to greater feasts of joy than all the happy Christmas times can ever bring thee. Again, a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Your loving bride, * * *

January 23, 1889. (Seance).

Darling Lover:

Thou who art held in mortal environments, I seek thee out where e'er thou art. Thou art so true to me who loves thee, oh, so well!

There is a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills and love on till they die.
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss,
And, oh, if there be an Elysium at all,
It is this--it is this!

Ah, dearest friend and lover true, a foe to thee must be unknown, for how could ill be felt toward one so dear, so good, so true to me.

Your loving bride, * * *

January 23, (Slates).

Darling Idol of My Soul:

On the balmy zephyrs that listlessly descend from the evergreen shore am I wafted to thy holy presence? In any season and in any clime can I come and be wrapt in your soul's love. But methinks that where the winter's dreary wastes are thou must feel, if ever, the saddest, and so I love then to come and cheer you. It is at the time, as your immortal poet once wrote, when:

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead,
They rustle to the eddying gust and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren have flown, and from the shrubs the jay,
And from the wood-tops calls the crow through the gloomy day."

It is not, darling, when the sun-warmed winds of the balmy South blend with the warmth of a loving soul and cheer of themselves the heart of sadness that I most love to reach out in sympathy to you. Not when the shady nooks are sought and the brooklet's cooling flow glistens and ripples in the summer son. Not when the roses bloom and the summer's twilight haze pales the fields of green, oh, no, not then that heart like thine needs the coming of a spirit from glory; but it is when scattered roofs are fringed with sleet and snow, when the leafless tress are tipped with the clouds of white, when the storm-clouds burst and the tempest beats, when:

"From snow-topped hills the whirlwinds keenly blow,
Howl through the woods and pierce the vales below;
Through the air a flaky torrent flies,
Mocks the slow sight and hides the gloomy skies"

Oh, * * * , dearest, and in heart and soul, fairest among ten thousand and the one, *to me*, altogether lovely, thou shalt have in me a guiding star, and when all round you seems dark

and drear, look up to the effulgence of my spheres, not with your mortal eyes, but with the vision of the soul, and through the gloom of mortality thou shalt see the light and glory of my heavenly home. Love is the origin of all things, and by its wondrous power you and I shall have eternal and harmonious existence.

Your loving bride, * * *

January 31. (Slates).

Darling * * * :

Guiding beacon of my everlasting life, thou who welcomes me to a mortal world, made a heaven to me by your being in it, I greet you again from the depths of my soul. Sometimes methinks you may feel that God was not good to cut me off from your midst just as I was budding into young womanhood; but do not let such meditations come upon thee. It was well that I "ascended the Throne" as I did, for, where once I was a subject of material, worldly things, I am now a monarch, for I survey the whole world. I gaze out as a ruler over the vast dominion of mortality. Ah, husband, dear, always was I queen, for I had wrapt in me the affections of the dearest, loveliest, kindest heart that ever throbbed in human breast. I was Queen of Hearts, and who could wish for more glorious power than to sway the emotions of one so true, so noble as you? Oh, no, dear husband, I was not spared to be in mortal form with you, but in spirit I have ever shared with you your hopes and disappointments, your joys and blights. No, I did not go to that "promised land" too soon. I had to, for mighty Nature, who governs even the whole concourse of worlds, decreed that my going should save you. I died that you might have, not eternal life, but immediate progression to my heights when you come. I have brought you into an understanding of the life after dissolution of the mortal body, and will show you how to walk--not the gold-paved streets of the New Jerusalem, but the broad expanses of universal love, harmony, and kindness.

There are storms in summer weather,
Lest the noontide shine to bright;
*There are branches in their greenness,
Broken off to give us light.*

Loving * * * :

I behold the golden glory of a satisfied soul beaming o'er you. I see the beautiful light of a happy life casting its rays upon the whitening locks of one whose sadness has been transformed to happiness by the ministrations of those who have risen from the "city of the dead;" and I am therewith content. I love you as no mortally environed being can. Forever shall my devotion sustain you, my love be with you, and guide you to the haven of everlasting light and glory. I thank you for coming here so often. It makes me *so* happy.

Lovingly, your own, * * *

(Seance).

Darling One:

Be not annoyed by those who make light of so divine a revelation as this. Remember that sometime those who come to scoff remain to pray. * Darling, come to the curtain and let me clasp thy dear hand again. Let it be a clasp of hands across the border. We can, oh, one can, in this way span the chasm of the grave.

Your own, * * *

*Refers to her having clasped hands with the writer through the curtain. Hers, of course, *materialized*.

(Seance).

Dearest * * * :

Do you remember the old verse:

"This kiss is burning on my lips,
The last, my love, you gave me,
And, dying thus, the doctors say,
Another kiss might save me."

Well, darling, we will kiss,+ in spirit, if we do not in body, and our souls' love shall be cemented within each other with one vast, extensive, universal kiss.

Thy loving, * * *

+ Refers to her not having had the power to kiss the previous night at materialization seance.

(Seance).

Sweet Angel of My Heaven:

When the green fades away, when the billows cease to roll, when all that is is not again, then you may wonder are you still remembered, and let thy echoing voice exclaim: Yes, yes! Thou art my faithful lover, and I am thine till time shall cease.

* * *

(Seance).

Darling * * * :

"Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow.
We will stand by each other, however it blow,
Oppression and sickness and sorrow and pain,
Shall be to our love as links to the chain."

Yes, my beloved husband, our love shall bear the storms as does the sea-washed beach; but, unlike its changing sands, it shall endure forever. Let the tempest rage around us, let the lashing waves of life's turmoil beat and splash about the boat of our true love, yet shall it not be moved from its moorings. Anticipation is our anchor, love is our boat, and happiness and heaven her destination and the haven she seeks

Thy loving bride, * * *

February 4. (Slates).

Darling Idol of my Affections:

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling
With raptures which earth's children may not know,
Where sweet repose, the storm-tossed heart is stilling,
And harmonies celestial ever flow.

Oh, Darling * * * :

Heaven is kind in its way, but why, oh, why could she not have given me my heavenly joys at the place to which she called me? Home is where the heart is; where the heart is, is heaven. My heaven is where *you* are. Hence, I have to return to what some call a waiting-place of woe, and find *there* the heaven of my choice. Oh, * * *, darling: little did you think that in your grief should be held the heaven of my future. I sometimes wonder back in memory to the

days of my life on earth, and I do not see why they were not more valued. I might have been very happy if I had known enough. Now, I can see that there was joy there, but not properly known at the time. Oh, memory! memory! what melancholy aspect you wear!

"Sweet memory, wafted by the gentle gale
Oft' up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far lovelier flowers."

"Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain
Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain;
Awake but one, and lo! what myriads rise!
Each stamps its image as the other flies."

Yes, darling, you have long held heaven and its keys within thy hand, yet, I venture to suggest that you did not know it till I came with my pure, true love and unlocked the secret. The Great Teacher has said: "Heaven is within," but sometimes we can not find till Cupid's darts pierce the environs of the heart, and let the light of love and devotion pour in. Sweet husband: do my ministrations bring a little sunshine to the natural life of clouds? Do my loving words drive away the gloom of mortal struggles? Do the beats of my true heart echo the throbs of thine own? If so, I shall feel that I did not live in vain. Dearest, loveliest, truest of all I know, let me garland thy heart with the crowns of my eternal devotion. Let us live as one, be as one, *we are one!* A mental wish, a single thought, speeds me to thy affectionate presence.

Loving, as ever, * * *

February 4. (Seance).

Darling Lover:

Heaven may seem to make us pure and holy, but angels sometimes emanate from other sources. Heaven does not make men and women pure, but they make heaven what it is. Remember the old legend founded on the facts of nature. Satan was not good when he rebelled; yet, he was in heaven. Heaven did not make him good, but he made heaven as hot for many as he will make hell for many more. We carry heaven around in our hearts, and we make it grand and good, or we make it otherwise--not heaven us. Thou, dear * * * , will make, *do* make my heaven for me, and I yours for you.

Loving pet, * * *

February 4. (Seance).

Though "friends" may chide us,
And others deride us,
And worlds divide us,
I will be true.

Oh, Lover of my Soul:

You must feel that you have been sanctified by my never-ending love. You shall know more of real happiness the balance of your mortal days than all the time till now; and, darling, when you get here, over here, then--oh, hush!

Your little pet, * * *

February 14. (Slates).

DARLING ONE:

This is your loving Valentine. Last year, this day, I gave you one. As free as a bird, but fleeter am I when the call of thy soul bids me come to thee. Gabriel's last trump may sound its last, long peal o'er the silent sepulchers of the wakeless dead, but no activity shall emanate therefrom; for the bodies that shall know no awakening will, long since, have bidden adieu to the living, deathless soul that could not linger for the promise of bugle blast. "I go to prepare a place for you," said the Great Teacher of morality to those about him. We go to prepare a place for you, says every transcended soul to the loved ones left in the mortal form. We go in advance of those we love and strew the pathway with the rose-blooms of heaven's light and love. It is to those we have left, our thoughts continually return.

"Where e'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untrammelled fondly turns to thee;
Still to my lover turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

Oh, sweetest, fondest lover dear, how could I lie in the tomb so long and you be sad and grieving for me? A single mute appeal from so true a heart as thine in such melancholy circumstance as that, must move even God to pity, for such a separation would be more than death.

"Ye flowers that droop forsaken by the spring,
Ye birds, that left by summer cease to sing,
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, *is not absence death to those who love?*"

Dear * * * :

I am complimented so beautifully by your tender memories. You are not ever forgetful of this sacred day, are you? May its memory ever bring happiness to you and cheer your sometime-sad soul in the moments of your unhappy meditations. I am your angel bride; forever are we to be together. I am so glad you hold my letters so choice, and I am so glad you come so often; it does make me *so* happy and you, too, I know.

Forever thine, * * *

February 15. (Seance).

Darling, Lover Husband:

When the nights seem dark and lonely,
And the days seem long and drear,
Bear in mind, my darling husband,
That your * * * then is near.

Ah, sweetest one, as the shining sunbeams of the early morn sweep away the dew-drops from the clover and the rosebud, so do I descend in the early dawn to kiss with the love of my soul the slumber from thy drooping eyelids. Oh, my own * * * , what can I do, how can I do to let you know the intensity--the steadfastness of my deep devotion? Does my soul speak to thine without words?

I am, as ever, the darling pet of the household of thy being, * * *

February 20. (Slates).

Darling * * * :

Again the gates of heaven have been swung apart and the tread of angels' feet is heard within thy heart. Angels rappings are sounding upon thy inner self, angel fingers are touching the harp-strings of thy tender soul. Oh, fond lover, could you see the leaping for joy of my entranced soul when you come hither to meet me in sweet accord, you would never regret coming to me and opening this brilliant highway of communion and love. I stand in affection upon the pinnacle of your being, and survey the swelling emotions of thy magnificent soul. Oh, that those whose eyes ravished upon the Cyprian beauties, could behold the purity and sublimity of this celestial sphere, never more would the beauties of earth transcend in the mind the loveliness of immortality.

Darling one, I am *right with* you. I am just as close to you as if in mortal body and clasped in your loving embrace. Whenever you think of me, do try to do so with assured feeling that I am right with you. Not absorbed in the wonders of the celestial land, and forgetful or neglectful of thee, who made my life on earth one of joy, and who is ever increasing my multiple joys by every visit you make upon and to me. Come to-night, please, and make me still happier.

Your loving, * * *

February 20. (Seance).

Darling * * * :

"Oh, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty and nature law;
All then is full possessing and possessed,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
E'en thought meets though ere from the lips it part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart."

Darling one: There is so much loftiness in the love I bear for you in my transcended realm of being, that beautiful poetry seems to express my higher sentiments. Oh, how closely we are linked in our affections!

Your own loving, * * *

February 26. (Slates).

Darling One, My Noble Lord:

How good, how generous, how noble the impulses of thy soul for so frequently to provide a way for me to come with my impassioned devotion. You were once so lonely without my ministrations. Well, now, should I be cut off from this delightful communication *while there is a road here over which I may come to meet you*, I could not but feel sadder than once you did. To know of the existence of us both, and to be kept apart, would be too cruel. To feel that a loved one is lost in death is not so bad as to know that the dear one is separated from you by subjection, yet longing, longing, longing, constantly longing, to be together. As I know, you are so good, you have such a big, grand heart to open the way for me to commune with you so often. Oh, yes, these meetings to me are like flashes of heaven's brightest glories upon me. Indeed, as Rowe says:

"The joys of meeting pay the pangs of absence,
Else, who could bear it."

Dearest, have I told you that I adore you enough times? Ah, methinks I hear thee answer: "No;" for 'tis sweet to be told we are beloved, and I love to tell you of it, too. I do not know how

to tell you what I feel; there are no words to convey the emotions of a loving, trusting heart. A universal language of mind alone is able that to do.

"There is no one besides thee,
There is no one above thee;
Thou standest alone, as the nightingale sings,
And my words that would praise thee,
Are impotent things;
For none can express thee,
Though all should approve thee,
I love thee so, dear,
That I only can love thee."

I wear, * * * darling, the lily in its white purity as the emblem of my pure devotion to thee, and the rose-bloom, in its beauty and loveliness, as the blush that leaps to my cheek when my mind goes out to the darling of my soul. As the early sunbeams pour down and dry up the morning dewdrops that linger to kiss the clover sweet, so let the warmth of our affectionate hearts forever absorb the kisses that rest so deliciously upon our meeting lips. Ah, dearest pet, the half is not told of our devotion, and never will be. I want to try and write soon for you at home. Each sitting here, now, helps vastly.

Your loving, faithful, * * *

March 1. (Slates).

* * * Darling:

Again has the sun of my happiness peeped up from the eastern horizon of my night of loneliness. Again has the cloud of separation been rent and the sunbeams of reunion poured through. Again the highway between earth and heaven is cleared, the stiles are withdrawn, the gates are opened, and I transverse the realms of two spheres to again commune with you, the one constant, unchanging idol of my innermost being. Oh, dearest, such a passion as mine is born only of God and heaven and angelic surroundings. Not the passion of anger, but the passion of peace. Not the passion of hatred, but the passion of love. Rowe has truly said:

"Rage is the shortest passion of our soul:
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste and falls again as soon."

And Pope, dear, old, immortal Pope, in "Moral Essays," answers, as it were, the searcher who finds only the above, and says:

"Search the ruling passion; there alone
The wild are constant and the cunning know,
The fool consistent and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here."

These emotions of my soul have been surely touched by the sainted hand of heaven. Cherish well my devotion to you. The music of the spheres has not more harmony. The lilies in the brooklet and the roses in the valleys have no greater conception of purity that is in my undefiled love for you. It is born of heaven and will endure. My loved one, we are now a unit in our sentiments and our sympathies.

Your loving "dirl," * * *

March 6. (Seance).

Darling * * *

So, our lives that have run, so far, in separate channels, coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder, parted by death's barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer, pushed together, at last, and the one was lost in the other.

So, darling, our lives seem to have been, but now we are near together and are one. Do, darling, let me come and repose in the bosom of thy love. I am yours, take me! You are mine, oh, love, we are each other's.

March 8. (Seance).

* * * Dearest * * *

When bitter memories and agonizing reflections press fast upon thee and bring the tear-drops to thine eyes, remember well, my loved one, that to go into the crucible means to come out purified. Dearest, thy way has been hard, but think not that I could sit at the right hand of God and smile in unconcern at thy woes and sufferings. Nay, my poor husband, our souls are linked into one heavenly tie, and it is my part and I would not have it otherwise, to smile when you smile and to weep when thou art sad. Cowper spoke to just such as you when he wrote:

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveler ever reached that blest abode
Who found not thorns and briars on his road."

* * *

March 8. (Seance).

Darling * * * :

So kind, so tender in all your sympathies, so true in all your sentiments, so sensitive, oh, darling, so sensitive are you, that I feel as if I want to be right with you all the time. Oh, dearest, I think that I could be supremely happy if I could only take upon myself the burden of all your years of sorrow. If I could make you perfectly happy, I would be content to remain in sadness. Never mind, dear love, let the past go. A fortunate event has reunited us; so, let us journey along happily. Why, only think, at longest we shall soon be together, and then--oh, let me think! Your sensitiveness recalls Shelley's words to me:

"A sensitive plant in garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light
And it closed them beneath the kisses of the night."

* * *

March 1. (Seance).

Darling * * * :

I would not let you come and not get a message from me. I know you love to get even a word. I can not do much more, and that is enough to show you how fondly I hover near you, my faithful, blessed one. Oh, it makes me so rejoiced to come and be with you in these delightful ways and write to you.

Kind messages that pass from spirit to mortal land,
Kind letters that betray the heart's deep history
In which I feel the pressure of thy hand,
One touch of fire--and all the rest a mystery
Lovingly, as ever, * * *

March 7. (Slates).

* * * Darling:

"Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
In life's happy morning has hid from thine eyes,
E're sin threw a blight o'er the spirits young bloom.
Or earth had profaned what was born for the skies.
Death chilled the fair fountain ere sorrow had stained it,
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its course,
And sleeps till the sunshine of heaven has unchained it
To water that Eden where first was its source."

Dearest one: Since I ascended and came again to thee, the glory of the celestial world hath dawned into thy soul and its sobs, and dissipated the teardrops from thine eyes. As the busy bee sips the nectar from the flower of the field, so does my sympathetic nature receive the longings of thy heart to store them up for future realization. Oh, darling, next time you come to meet me in this way bring me a little flowerette and place it upon this shrine for me. A little simple leaf or bud is all I crave to make the way seem purer 'twixt you and me.

"In every flower that blooms around
Some pleasing emblem we may trace;
Young love is in the *myrtle* found,
And memory in the *pansy's* grace;
Peace in the *olive-branch* we see,
Hope in the half shut *iris* glows,
In the bright laurel, victory!
And lovely woman in the *rose*."

Ah, dearest, believe me; could I bring to you a lovely flower emblematic of your worth?

"Earth holds no other like thee,
Or, if it doth, in vain for me."

"What is life when love is flown?
We breathe, indeed, we grieve and sigh,
And seem to live and yet we die,
There is no life alone."

March 11. (Seance).

My Darling Romeo:

Blessed one, thy loving Juliet now stands upon the balcony of heaven and listens to the music of thy voice and wafts good-bye kisses to thee. Ah, fair angel world, ah, strange fate, how

blessed are thy ministrations, how cruel, sometimes, thy incomprehensible decrees! Let me tell you, my noble husband, thy heart has felt greater pangs and thy soul been wrapt in greater gloom in the past than they ever will be in the future. Thou has paid the ransom of sorrow and the noon-day sun of thy hopes and joys is rising fast to the meridian. Oh, angel love, let me lose myself in thee.

Thy loving * * *, or your loving Juliet.

March 12. (Seance).

Dearest * * * :

"I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need by sun and candle-light;
I love thee freely, as men stand for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise,
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs and with my childhood's faith;
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints; I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears of all my life, and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after so-called death."

Ah, fairest among ten thousand. What more can I do? Love is not expressed in words. It is an emotion of the soul.

Thy loving bride. * * *

March 13. (Slates).

Darling Faithful Husband:

Upon the altar of thy nobleness
I sacrifice my tears, my sighs, my heart;
Write till the point is dull, and with my tears of joy
Moisten all, and frame some feeling line
That may reveal my integrity.

Dearest pet: the tears that have fallen from thine eyes in days gone by, have watered the germs of newer joys and now they have sprung up in beauty and fullness, and thy life is made one of peace and comfort. As the silver dew lies upon the gentle bud and the sunbeams dry it up, and the petals open to receive the warmth and light, so has the dew of a wounded heart rested upon a pent-up soul and the warmth and light of love and progression opened its susceptibilities and made it full and noble. Oh, sweet one, earth to thee is no longer a waiting-place of woe. I have come to dwell with thee, and I know that I have brought with me some of the effulgence of the heavenly land.

"Love ever looks for love again,
If ever single it is twain,
And till it finds its counterpart
It bears about an aching heart."

Didn't we have a lovely time last night; only I wanted you under the curtain. Why, I felt as if we had gotten home again and were living at housekeeping. I thank you for your kind

remembrance to-day. You shall be rewarded for coming so often. * * *

March 15.

Darling * * * :

* How wonderful it did seem to me last night to be wrapt in your loving embrace. Oh, my own dear one, you have no idea how I longed to be in your arms like that, and how much joy it gave me even for those few hurried moments. It did seem like the old, old time of our honeymoon, didn't it? You were so kind to come and receive me as you did. I bless you, my darling, * * *

*Evening following that of a materialization seance.

March 16. (Seance at a private residence).

Darling * * * :

How lovely it is, my precious one, to know I can come in any home, in any city, in any clime, and linger at thy side, my dear one. Not place, only *condition*, can separate you and me. I can come anywhere, for I am as free as a bird, but fleeter. Thou art the rising sun of my existence. Ah, yes, and more; thou art the full risen orb of my being. Oh, how happy I have been made! I did not know what heaven was here. I had to return to earth to find a heaven to carry above with me. How strange!

* * *

March 18. (Seance).

Darling * * * :

* Some day I shall have to stop writing this way, but I trust to be able to write by that time in another way. Whatever may betide, darling, we are one and inseparable forever. Won't it be a glad meeting when we are all over here--you, father, and all.

* * *

*Alludes to her writing to her husband in his room through his own powers of mediumship.

March 22. (Slates).

Darling * * * :

"Beside the Arno's dreamy flow
I dreamt, love, we were seated,
And there, in moments fast to go,
Our fond words were repeated."

I have just awakened from a reverie, darling, and in it all the scenes of the past have been recalled, and many imaginary ones, too. I thought we were together, just as we used to be, and traveling all through distant climes, and I thought we had got all nicely seated by the dreamy old Arno, when I aroused and found myself right here. I have been traversing the distances immeasurable of space, and the ripple of the waves and the roll of the waters were the whizzing of the air and the music of the spheres. Sweet husband, it is a joy to write, isn't it? How comforting it is to friends separated in the flesh to hold communion. If so, then, think how grand it is to hold communication between the living and the so-called dead. You have made me *so* happy. I love to tell the story--the dear, the good old story--not of Jesus and his love, but of you, my only love. The soul's sobs are now forever hushed; the tears are brushed away by the kindly finger of heaven; peace has come into the tranquil soul; hope has assumed the place of despair;

the disappointed heart has been made tranquil in the arms of reunion and fulfillment. Oh, sweet pet, spiritualism has not only made your life a blessing in its latter days, but has healed and soothed the wound that was in my being. Who shall we bless for it? God? No, for He asks it not. Angels? No, for they are not in need of blessings. Let us bless *each other*, live for each other; oh, darling, darling, words will not express my loving sentiments. The sun now shines brighter to me. In the rain-drops I see sparkling joys; in the fog I see clearing mists of uncertainty; in the snowflakes I see the purity of a love that has been touched by the high hand of heaven. Let me bless you for again letting me write in this beautiful way. I will be with you this evening again.

Lovingly, your dear, * * *

March 22. (Seance).

* * *

Dearest:

Indeed, it is like coming to the fount to drink of the waters of love to come into each other's presence as we do here; as you wrote.* Darling: You as very kind and mindful of my wishes--so good to lay at the altar of thy devotion those sweet flowers. To-day I longed to make a wreath of that branch, and with it crown you lord of all. Dear * * * , I do so truly, so deeply love you. We are working.

Your loving, * * *

* Her husband had expressed that sentiment, in a folded slip of paper, which he had placed upon the table with some flowers at the morning slate-sitting. The medium knew nothing of the contents of the paper; yet she recalls it here.

April 1. (Seance).

Dear * * * :

"Welcome, all hail to thee! welcome, young spring!
The sun-ray is bright on the butterfly's wing;
Beauty shines forth on the blossom-robed trees,
Perfume floats by on the soft southern breeze."

Darling: I love the gentle spring, for it was that gentle season that gave thee to me. Oh, sublime recollection! What a multitude of bright joys thou leadest me! Darling husband: forget not this bright and happy month.. Let its sunny showers be the dew-drops that shall moisten and nurture the germs of our heavenly love.

Devotedly, * * *

April 1. (Seance)

* * * Loved One:

Young, in his "Night thoughts," says:

"The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous efforts and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death;
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace."

You will find these words so appropriate. Stick firm to your work, my lord.

Your Queen of the Realm, * * *

April 1. (Seance)

Darling:

When the efforts of thy soul seem weal, when the ambitions nearest to thy heart seem stultified for lack of achievement, when disappointment *seems* thy portion, remember these prophetic lines of one more able to depict the "will" and the "way" of life than I:

"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt.

Nothing's so hard but search will find it out."

You shall see the end, but it is the struggle that oft times makes the victory so sweet.

Lovingly, * * *

April 5. (Seance)

"When the musing hour of twilight

Comes with all her shadowy train,

And up in the azure heavens

Shine the jewelled stars again."*

Then is the time, darling, I love to come and linger at thy side. That is the quiet, peaceful moment of a busy, pure-minded soul.

"Then the hurly-burly's done,

Then the battle's lost and won,

Then our two souls seem as one."

* * *

* Note that these verses were in her "valentine," *between the slates*, fourteen months before.

THE GREAT TEST.

At Mr. Keeler's light seance only Dr. Hansmann, General Lippitt, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Whitehand, and the writer appeared. Mrs. Keeler and her child were present. As there could be no regular seance, Dr. Hansmann suggested that we try the experiment of a light seance *without Mr. Keeler*. Accordingly, Mr. Whitehand, General Lippitt, and Dr. Hansmann formed the battery. "George Christy" (the control) came and touched Dr. Hansmann and rapped softly. But as this was not quite satisfactory, Mr. Keeler suggested that, perhaps, the battery was too positive, and that a lady sit. Mrs. Keeler then took Gen. Lippitt's place and the manifestations, with rolling of the tambourine, shaking of the bells, and specially the guitar, were almost as loud and complete as when Mr. Keeler sits himself in the battery. Two messages came to Dr. Hansmann, and one to the present writer; thus proving conclusively, that these manifestations are *genuine*, and not a contrivance of Mr. Keeler's. The message sent by the writer's wife at this test seance (always in her same handwriting) is as follows:

Darling:

Afar I wait thy bidding, and but an instant of time brings me to thy gentle presence. I extend again a greeting from my transcended sphere of activity, and come to garland thy brow with a wreath of unchanged love. Forever I am to be with you. I shall try soon to write for you in your room. Will give you a special direction how to sit. Kiss, kiss, kiss--thousands of them.

* * *

April. (Seance)

Alone by the ocean at even to wander
When soft on the waters the moon-beams are cast,
To hear some sweet voice in the billows' deep thunder,
And dream of the fast fading scenes of the past.

To live o'er again the days that are numbered,
With all the bright visions too quickly dispelled,
To call back sweet dreams from the grave where they've
slumbered,

And fancy the pleasures that Fate has with held.

One thus is not lonely, for time can not sever
The charm that unites us in memory's chain,
Though death, the sweet voice, may have silenced forever,
In spirit, its accents will 'waken again.

The friends and the loves that by distance are hidden,
The days that were lit with the fullness of bliss,
Will return by the fond voice of memory bidden,
And cheer the sad soul in a moment like this.

Darling:

It may seem sad*--This separation of us three--but there is a bright sun rising over the hill yonder, and when its bright beams o'erspread you, you will bask as never before in the luminous ray and be overjoyed. Mr. Lincoln is such a dear, good friend. He will see us through.

Your loving, * * *

*Alludes to the proximate departure of the medium.

April 15. (Seance)

Darling Husband:

Like waves of light seems your coming to me. How very bright the way now seems! I shall be able to write you, or Mr. Lincoln will, something more definite by Wednesday night. All are well here. Love and bright hopes.+ * * *

+ This message, like nearly everyone that night (about thirty) was written before the eyes of the whole circle by a *materialized* hand, *through* the curtain, in the same handwriting as usual, thus furnishing conclusive proof that they are not prepared before hand.

Easter Monday. (Seance).

Dear Husband:

It is a pleasure to meet you here this Easter Monday evening, but the Easter of thy life is meaningless to our's. How good it is to meet even in this way, yet think of the meeting over the "river." Be so perfect in the development of life, my dear one, as to transcend, when you come, the grosser conditions of the lower spiritual spheres and come at once to glory with me. How dearly I love you can be only known when you place beside the love thou bearest for me. * *

*

April. (Seance)

Darling * * * :

The dawn is nigh. The first gray streaks of early dawn *have* shot upward from the eastern sky of thy career, and now the sun of satisfaction is about to loom up from the bright-hued horizon. Love to you, darling. Take care of your health.

Devotedly, * * *

April. (Seance)

Darling One:

Each recurring meeting seems to strengthen the bonds of love between us. We have both been made happy by our discovery that we could communicate, and now as we come together in sweet converse, we are adding new joys to the old. Oh, fond lover, what a happy life you could have made mine on earth. What a heaven of heavens you have made for me up here.

Your devoted, * * *

Don't forget the 17th.

April 17. *Wedding-day Anniversary. (Slates)*

Darling, Poor Melancholy Husband:

Let the sunshine of my love flow in and illumine the dark recesses of thy soul. * We will combine to contribute to you, as a wedding gift, success in your livelihood efforts. You shall prosper

and be well. Mr. Lincoln thinks you will be * * * by the last of next week.

Your loving, * * *

*Answer to a wish expressed in a folded slip of paper lying on the table, the contents of which were unknown to the medium. At this sitting, the present writer had bought for his wife some red roses, with their leaves and stems, and had laid them upon the table. When the slates were opened, in addition to the above message from her, two roses with their leaves and stems in their natural color appeared *painted* between the slates. There was nothing between the latter but the customary bit of grey slate-pencil.

Same sitting as above. (Slates).

The memories of this anniversary day--the day of the creation of our earthly paradise--cluster now about be like the sparkling gems in the galaxy of space around me and in my mingled joyous and melancholy meditations, those beautiful words of the immortal Bohn come to my mind, and they seem so appropriate on an occasion like this, that I must quote them for you, and you may preserve them as a little token from Bohn to us:

"Oh, the music and beauty of life lose their worth

Where one heart only joys in their smile;

But that *union* of hearts gives that pleasure its birth

Which beams on the darkest and coldest of earth

Like the sun in his own chosen isle.

It to the fireside of winter its light,

The glow and the glitter of spring.

Oh, sweet are the hours when two fond hearts *unite*

As softly they glide in their innocent flight

Away on a motionless wing."

How beautiful the sentiment is, dearest * * * As you recall the even when our to fond hearts were united, let it be with pleasure, and let the pain which my transition caused you, forever find perfect relief in the knowledge of the fact that again we are together. Only think, a few more years at most, will bring you into the land of glory with me. Hasten not the day, however, for the longer you live in the body the more you will develop and be better prepared to ascend at once, when you do come, to infinite heights which I have attained. Received my unquenched, unending devotion and my grateful thanks to you for those lovely flowers. They seem born of heaven, really.

Your true wife, * * *

Same sitting as above. (Slates).

Darling Husband: Whittier says:

"The night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring,
And ever upon old decay
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the clouds the starlight lurks,
Through the showers the sunbeams fall,
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his *hope* for all."

And so, darling, I want you to keep your fondest hopes in the face of checks and misunderstandings. We are all with you. One with God is a majority. God is right. Right is on our side; so, fear not. * * * To be in communication with you is a heaven indeed. I often think how much the other ladies in the world lost by not having you for their husband and lover, and *how, how, how, very* much I gained. Heaven bless you, you loveliest of all men.

Your admiring "little dirl," * * *

Latter part of April, before the medium's departure. (Slates).

Darling * * * :

As time speeds on I am fondly looking forward to the near approach of the moment, when, in sweet accord, we can sit together in your room and commune there. * * * Let us cultivate that heaven of sentiment we hear of. We will say of them, as did the High Master of others:

"Forgive them * * *
They know not what they do."

As we *are*, so do we find places in heaven.

"For as one star another far exceeds,
So souls in heaven are placed by their deeds."

Dearest pet: disappointments, vexations, joys, blights. hopes, fears, sorrows, tears are all but a component part of this waiting-place of woe.

"The heart is like the sky, a part of heaven,
But changes night and day, too, like the sky;

Now o'er it clouds and thunder must be driven,
And darkness and destruction as, on high.
But when it hath been scorched and pierced and riven
Its storms expire in the water-drops; the eye
Pours forth, at last, the heart's blood, turned to tears."

Darling: Have not we both been wonderfully comforted by this lovely intercommunication? Do you not feel that you have been lifted from a base condition of darkness into the light of the higher life of glory?

Devotedly, * * *

June 15. Message by "Occult Telegraphy" in the "Celestial City" (a New York spiritual paper) of June 15, 1889.

Darling Gonzie:

"As down in the sunless retreats of the ocean
Sweet flowers are springing no mortal can see,
So deep in my soul the still prayer of devotion,
Unheard by the world, rises silent to thee."

Dearest one: apart, yet not separated; unseen, yet not invisible; unfelt, yet not absent; unheard, yet not silent. Let not temporary disappointment mar thy hopes of joy born of the knowledge of my life eternal. Thy wish, thy will, are mine. The golden gate-way between the celestial world of my joys and joys and the terrestrial world of thy hopes seems close to thee, I know, but the hand of love that once before swung it aside can lift again the latch, that through it may ascend and descend the outpourings of two fond souls. My promise was from heaven: "Perseverance conquers every impediment." It shall be fulfilled.

Your loving bride,

Harriett R. E. G.

GFP [Translation]
Secretariat of
Foreign Relations
of the Republic of
Guatemala
1889.

National Palace

Guatemala, 21 September

Mister Don Ambrosio José González
Washington