Confederacy resulted in the erection of the beautiful monument which stands at the entrance of the grounds of the State capitol. The monument in all its proportions and alignment is one of the most graceful, most beautiful, most poetic in all the world, though it is not imposing or grand. Thereby in its simplicity and its beauty, it typifies the old South and the lost nation most exquisitely.

Requests have been received by The State for the publication of the inscription upon the Confederate monument of the State capitol grounds, erected by the women of the State. This inscription was written by William and the Heretism of Death, and who, in the Dark Hours of Imprisonment, in the Hopelessness of the Hospital, in the Short, Sharp Agony in the Field, South Side.

Let the Stranger, Who May in Future Times Recognize that these were Men Whom Power Could Not Corrupt, Whom Death Could Not Terrify, Whom Defeat Could Not Dishonor, and Let their Virtue Plead that at Home they would not be Forgotten.

In June, 1877, he was appointed counsel for the United States to the fishery commission at Halifax, N.S. He was one of the plenipotentiaries to China to revise the treaties in April, 1889, and was appointed by Wm. Evarts, secretary of state, to continue and conclude the negotiations with the Colombian minister and the protocol in reference to the rights of the United States on the Isthmus of Panama. He was appointed special envoy to the belligerents in South America in 1882, Peru, Chile and Bolivia, and plenipotentiary with Gen. Grant to negotiate a commercial treaty with Mexico in 1883. He then took up the practice of law in Washington and was agent for the State of South Carolina in the settlement of the direct tax questions.

He was the author of many addresses and publications, notably his eulogies on Gen. Stephen Elliott and Gen. Johnson J. Pettigrew; "Diplomacy of the Revolution" and "Diplomatic History of the Administrations of Washington and Adams."

Among Mr. Trescott's greatest admirers is Mr. Leroy F. Youmans, long and intimate friend.

In the first two or three years following the surrender of Gen. Lee, the people of the South were face to face with extreme poverty. Even then the women of Columbia purposed to start the movement for the erection of this monument. But it was not until Nov. 4, 1869, that the formal beginning was made in the chapel of Washington Street church. An address was delivered by Gen. Wade Hampton and a prayer offered by Rev. Wm. Martin. The contract was let to Muldoon-Walton Company, who, on account of loyalty to the Confederate cause and patient with them in its efforts to raise it, was this same year that the collection lost by death one of the earnest members, Mrs. W. F. Lynch, and removed last year by Mrs. J. L. Reynolds, leaving Columbia, hope to raise funds. Full cooperation is asked of all who wish to make a donation.

In September, 1874, the cornerstone was laid and the statue of Mrs. J. L. Reynolds was unveiled, but the monument was never finished. It was removed in 1880.
OF THE HAMPTONS.

Hampton's Cabinet.

Hampton and Forrest appear on the title page. Among the South Carolinians whose careers are vilified are Generals Hampton, Chestnut, Bonham, Kershaw and Preston; Colonels W. D. Simpson, Simon; Governors Manning and Perry; Judges Carroll, Aldrich, and Inglis; Congressmen R. B. Rhett and Armstead Burt, and Messrs. J. B. Campbell and E. H. Pettis.

The sketch of Gen. Hampton is a curiosity in the literature of mendacity, and reads as follows:

"Wade Hampton of South Carolina, caused 70 of our Union prisoners to be shot to death in violation of all laws of war and under circumstances of atrocity almost without parallel in the history of civilized or savage nations. He was thoroughly 'chivalric' in the Southern sense of that word, but his habits of cruelty, thinking no more of 'slaying a negro' than of partaking of the hospitality of the Convention, having fought for four years against the government of the immortal Washington, he says he 'determined never to surrender, and he never did.' Being a member of the committee on resolutions in the rebel convention, according to his own account, it was upon his motion that the committee introduced into the platform the atrocious and revolutionary declaration that he represented to Congress acts of congress were 'UNCONSTITUTIONAL, REVOLUTIONARY, ARREST, NULL AND VOID.'"

BRIG. GEN. ELLISON CAPERS.

The Bishop of the Diocese of South Carolina Who Will Be Present Today.

Maxcy Gregg: "If I am to die, I give my life cheerfully for the independence of South Carolina."

The parade were 49 survivors of the Mexican War, commanded by Capt. W. B. Stanley, and the regiment of Col. William Wallace. There were dozens of battle flags of glorious history, and each was cheered by the vast multitude. The newspapers of that day stated that there were 15,000 people massed around capitol square when Gen. Preston spoke.

The master of ceremonies was Gov. W. D. Simpson. Gen. Hampton and Butler were detailed at Washington at the last moment and wired regrets. Gen. M. L. Bonham, an ex-governor, was "unavailable." The four young ladies who pulled the cord which lowered the draperies around the monument were Misses Cheves McCorde, Roberta Bleck, May Duranz and Beverly Means, each of whom had been orphaned by war. Their escort consisted of four veterans, each of whom lost an arm. Col. J. C. Haskell, Maj. S. L. Leaphart, State Treasurer, James Fraser and S. W. Rowan. The monument had been completed three days before. Memorial bells were rung and the funeral bells were called"
Hampton, Beautiful
THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS
RECOLLECTIONS OF GEN. WADE HAMPTON

Written for "The State" by Mr. Wade Hampton Manning, Orderly and Private Secretary

[With the earnest hope that I may do my best to give the benefit of a younger generation which may prove of interest to those attending the unveiling and to others, who by reason of the stern duties of life devolving upon them, are prevented from sharing in the ceremony, in full humility this article is most respectfully written for publication.—Wade Hampton Manning.]

The question was asked me a few days since, "How long have you known Gen. Hampton?" How far back into the past does memory travel? It is an open question, but in this very information. Knowledge of the country through which he passed or was passing, resulted in the achievement of so many successful engagements. Woolcraft became second nature with him.

Hampton, The Farmer.

The years anterior to the war were happy ones, and the love of the open air and the pleasure of riding, hunting, and fishing the old plantation resided proudly suited Wade Hampton. Here with books, red and gun he could while the hours away, and, surrounded by family and friends, minority were lost in oblivion. Though master of many slaves his kindness to them found an echo in their hearts and they were faithful and true to the very last. Freedom came to them later, but real happiness vanished with the dawn of liberty. And in the majority of cases, this applies to the negroes of the "Old South." The master of the old manse was the tried and trusted friend of the servants on the place, and to him, like little children, they looked for aid and comfort.

"Taught by that Power that pities me, I learn to pity them." Many of us can recall the general's last prayer:

"All my people, black and white, God bless them all."

On his Mississippi plantation, when the legislature of South Carolina was not in session, he spent his winters, remaining there until it was no longer safe for one not acclimated to the region. His summers were spent in Cashier Valley, N. C., here the Hampton, Preston and Col. A. R. Taylor's family gathered. They were the pioneers to the region—far from the madding crowd; an earthly paradise, "where peace and plenty dwell," and where "Equity McKinney's Lottie of the peals," rubbed the mountainers with a rod of iron when the last in him aroused, married and buried them when occasion demanded.

Hampton, The Hunter.

He was a great hunter and knew the wild life and the feeding places of buck and doe. Old Grimes, costumed as were his forebears, in a black hair, leggings of the same material, a coonskin cap surmounting his head, and a tattered coat of buffalo skin with one leather case, his horn of exquisite tone, powder horn, and a pouch of dressed fawn skin containing lead, flint and steel with a supply of bright bullets ready to be loaded into a short, black hair, from Old Hickory to the legislature of South Carolina the British had received their last defeat.

"It was a joy that the stock of late Wade Hampton descended. In 1811, in the battle of Monmouth, a youth of twenty had been captured by the British, who from earliest boyhood had been taught to love the Union, saw that war was inevitable, and that when it came it would be one of injustice to the South, he put sentiment aside, threw in his sword in the scales to balance right and tendered his life to protect his native state.

The Corps Delite.

He raised by his individual influence that corps de elite, the "Hampton Legion." From over the State companies rallied around that flag, a flag made from a beautiful silk manufactured in France and its color of a peculiar shade and on account of this named the battle of "Magenta." The dress was presented by Miss Mary Cantey Preston, the first wife of Dr. John Thomson Darby, who with Dr. Benjamin Walter Taylor became surgeon and assistant surgeon of that heroic unit. The colors were embroiled by the Sisters of Mercy in Rich- mond, Va., and presented to the leg men by sisters of Mercy.

"The flower of the State."

The components of that legion represented the very flower of the State—college and school boys, young farmers, clerks in all departments of business, planters' sons, lawyers and sturdy machinists. No nation on the face of the earth could furnish better material and they were volunteers, not conscripts. Virginia battlefields attest the valor of this command, and her roll now retains the names of those who died in a holy and just cause and Carolinians can point in many cases to their resting places and truthfully exclaim:

"These young lives in obedience to the call of South Carolina, their native State, enlisted as volunteers in the Confederate States army in defense of their home and fell in battle, condoning for a principle taught them by their fathers, transmitted from preceding generations, accepted, considered and prayed for by that most excellent author."

"Rest, soul in glory, in holy peace."

About the sacred tomb of the gallant, O softening shadows of the gloaming, we pause. For he who lies beneath loved with proud devotion by his country—well—next to his God. His be the patriot's portion."

Here, too, the gallant was wounded, but was spared to loyal service to the State--bloody and bold contest. What South Carolina demands in the line of duty cheerfully rendered at Gettysburg.

At Gettysburg Gen. H. B. again wounded. Says the gage in his work, "Hampton in the line of duty." Five out of six of his revolver snapped, the gage being exposed to much or during the night before he succeeded in getting a cut on the side of his head, but the one disability. Afterwards, seeing a man under guard, but under his own self-interested somewhat with Virginia, evening that enabled the same without injury, but he was attended to.

The scene changes now to South Carolina. Old brigade heads covered by glory and the tombs, when the First and Second Carolina cavalry were to fight a battle. Soon after this a summons to recruit if possible after campaigns in the Army Virginia, many of those away were never destined to see, and those who did come back were returned as Veterans, the true sense of the word, fearful and abused at the death of Maj. Gen. J. F. and May the 11th, at Yel