To His Excellency, Fort Donelson,
February 16, 1862.

Sir:

In consideration of all the circumstances governing the present situation of affairs at this post, I propose to the Commanding Officer of the Federal forces the appointment of a commission to agree upon terms of capitulation of the forces under my command, and in that view suggest an armistice until 12 o'clock today.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

To:

Ulysses S. Grant, Brig. Gen., Chief of Staff,
Brig. Gen., U.S. Army,

Fort Donelson.
19th Dec. Army in the field
Camp near Roanoke, Feb. 16th 1862

Gen. J. H. Buell,
Conf. Army,
Sir,

Yours of this date informing
Armistice, and appointment of Commissioners
to settle terms of capitulation is just being
No terms except unconditional and immediate
Surrender can be accepted.
I propose to move immediately upon
your works.

I am sir, very respectfully
your obedient
M. S. Grant
Brig. Gen.
Head Quarters, Dover, N.H.
Feb. 16, 1862.


Sir,

The occasion distribution of the forces under my command, incident to an unexpected change of Commanders, and the overwhelming force under your command, compel me, notwithstanding the brilliant success of the Confederate arms yesterday, to accept the generous and benificent terms which you propose.

I am, sir,

Your very ob. serv.

U.S. Grant.

Brig. Gen. Chas.
Knoxville, June 23rd 1863.

Genl. J. Cooper.

The following is an extract from a letter written by a lady from Lexington, Ky., dated June 9th, 1863, addressed to a surgeon of Byrd’s Tenn. Regt., and dropped by that officer while dressing the wound of a Federal soldier after the affair here: “Lexington has been in a state of confusion for several days past. Great numbers of troops are passing to and fro constantly. Genl. Barnard has received orders to move on to Washington with his corps immediately, as that city is threatened by the Rebels. Gen. 13th’s Campaign in Ky. was quite a short one. A large number of ambulances belonging to his command passed here yesterday evening, on their return to Cincinnati.” This letter is undoubtedly genuine.

(Signed) S.B. Buckner,
Maj. Genl.

Respectfully submitted to
His Excellency the President.

A. M. Withers,
Asst. Adjt. Genl.

June 23rd 1863
Alexandria, Va.,
Nov. 18, 1864.

I had hoped, my dear cousin, until I received your letter this morning, that you and at least one of the rest of my kin were on the way to Alexandria, with Major Parks. How dearly I know how gladly we would have welcomed you. As it is, we are correspondingly disappointed. I will look, however, for the accomplishment of your promise at an distant day.

I have just heard this morning that Oakland Mary was at Jackson, Miss., on the 25th of last month. I had already received a letter from Virginia addressed to her, with a note
on the envelope which convinced me that the little lady was in alarming proximity, and that my days of liberty were fast approaching an end. Knowing that, without assistance, I would be compelled to return at once to the state of abjuration to purgation to purify for a cleansed—and learning that all the staff had combined to give their aid to the little wife in deeming as one of the little freedom I have enjoyed since I crossed the river, I sat down the other evening, and made the following pathetic appeal for assistance to my lady-friends. If they will only be true to me, I may reasonably expect to show, now and then, a disposition slightly refractory. Of Madame Mary should since too tyrannical a spirit. May I count on you as one of the “coalition,” or holy alliance gotten up for my protection? And
will you not exert your influence amongst any fair friends, to induce them to aid and abet one in any vain efforts to resist Madam Mary's supreme sway?

But here are the articles of agreement to be entered into by the Confederates in this area.

Holy Alliance!
A solemn league and compact made by patriotic confederates, with duty paid!

The undersigned, whose names appended,
Proclaim the dangers apprehended,
Amongst each other have agreed,
By solemn compact to proceed,
And stipulate a strict compliance
With all the terms of this alliance,
And pledge their aid, in time of danger,
In cheer the Kentuck, Kentucky Stranger,
Whose chicken-heart, with fear instead,
So clearly shows that he's submerged!

Then, me, the Fair Ones who have signed,
And, in compassion, thus have joined.
ill seek some courage to impart
To cheer his sad and drooping heart!

He came amongst us, lone, rejected;
His misery in his looks reflected!
His visage wan and downcast eyes,
His stooping form and Piston pipes
Revealed, as near as penmanship can,
The picture of a married man!
His trembling heart, oppressed with fear,
Our pity around his soul to cheer!
We sought this object of attain
By gentle friendship's soothing stream;
We took the stranger by the hand,
And all his griefs are kindly scanned!

In woman's eye resides a spell,
Which every stubborn grief can quell;
Her gentle friendship soothes the heart
When joined by sorrow's Sweetest dart!

The stranger wiped his streaming eyes,
His heart was cheered; he smiled his sighs,
His solemn look, to sad meanwhile,
Relaxed into a sweetly smile,
And many thought his sorrows ended,
And that his eyes to happifier tended!

But this reported error, are clear
The subject of our friendly care
Is once again oppressed with fear!
For she, who knew in earlier days,  
How woman's rule began,  
She learned, one day, a thousand ways  
To intimidate a man!

And now, it's paid, she comes again,  
With aid of all the staff,  
Knowing that she still will reign,  
And prove the better half!

As he, against such tyranny,  
Declared cannot stand,  
One will yield the breach our sympathy,  
And lend a helping hand!

Imposing, then, one pole condition,  
One we intend on this condition,  
That, though the stranger be enticed,  
One'll claim his endless gratitude,  
When in the coming wars and peace,  
Our smiles shall be his shelteringegis!

For every grief a smile assuages,  
The stranger, in return, engages...
to proffer—though his heart be crude,
A votive-offering of perfume!
And, as the fragrant clouds shall rise,
He'll think that bright, angelic eyes,
By pity moved, their ways shall not,
To shine o'erject on his breast!
And, for the smiles that schöne his soul,
Incense conveyed, their beams shall roll,
While he, obedient to their will,
Will sign himself

Their subject still!

What woman's heart is so politic
as to resist any appeals for assistance
Certainly not any fair brunette,—or
Those of any other that she can
influence! Think of your images
being insinuated in any memory
in a perfumery cloud of tobacco-smoke exhaled as a perpetual burnt
offering in gratitude for the bright
feels that exhibit the sympathy of their owners in any struggle for freedom! Don't imagine a feeling of suffocation at the thought, for it shall only be the clearest perquisite.

Give my love to my coming brother and his boys, and still cherish in your own heart the memory of your most affectionate brother, and

"Abraha Fitts"

To

Linnie Lee

[Signature]
Alexandria, La.

Nov. 18, 1864.

I had hoped, my dear Cousin, until I received your letter this morning, that you and at least one of the rest of my sunshine Cousins were on the way to Alexandria, with Major Hays. You scarcely know how gladly we would have welcomed you. As it is, we are correspondingly disappointed. I will look, however, for the accomplishment of your promise at no distant day.

I have just heard this morning that Madam Mary was at Jackson, Miss., on the 25th of last month. I had already received a letter from Virginia addressed to her, with a note on the envelope which convinced me that the little lady was in alarming proximity, and that my days of liberty were fast approaching an end. Knowing that, without assistance, I would be compelled to return at once to the state of subjugation so proper for a married man, and learning that all the staff had conspired to give their aid to the little wife in depriving me of the little freedom I have enjoyed since I crossed the river, I sat down the other evening, and made the following pathetic appeal for assistance to my lady-friends. If they will only be true to me, I may reasonably expect to show, now and then, a slightly refractory disposition, if Madam Mary should evince too tyrannical a spirit. May I count on you as one of the "Coalition", or Holy Alliance gotten up for my protection? and will you not exert your influence amongst my fair friends, to induce them to aid and abet me in my vain efforts to resist Madam Mary's supreme sway?
That, though the stranger be subdued,
We'll claim his endless gratitude,
When, in the coming wars and seiges,
Our smiles shall be his sheltering Aegis!

For every grief a smile assuages,
The stranger, in return, engages,
So proffer, though his heart be weak,
A votive offering of perique!
And, as the fragrant clouds shall rise,
He'll think that bright, angelic eyes,
By pity moved, their rays shall dart,
To shine refulgent on his heart!
And, for the smiles that cheer his soul,
Sweet incense round their shrines shall roll;
While he, obedient to their will,
Will sign himself

Their Subject Still!

What woman's heart is so pitiless as to resist my appeals for assistance? Certainly not my fair Cousin's; or those of any others that she can influence! Think of your images living embalmed in my memory in a perennial cloud of tobacco smoke exhaled as a perpetual burnt offering in gratitude for the bright smiles that exhibit the sympathy of their owners in my struggle for freedom! Don't imagine a feeling of suffocation at the thought, for it shall only be the choicest perique!

Give my love to my Cousins, your mother and the boy; and still cherish in your own heart the memory of your most affectionate Cousin, and

"Subject Still",

To Cousin Sue,

Simon.

(A.L.S. Gvo, 7 pages).
But here are the articles of agreement to be entered into by the Confederates in this new Holy Alliance:

A solemn leap and compact made
By smiles conferred, with duty paid!

The undersigned, whose names appended,
Proclaim the dangers apprehended,
Amongst each other have agreed,
By solemn compact to proceed,
And stipulate a strict compliance
With all the terms of this alliance,
And pledge their aid, in time of danger,
To cheer the meek, Kentucky stranger,
Whose chicken-heart, with fears imbued,
Too clearly shows that he's subdued!

Then, We, the Fair Ones who have signed,
And, in compassion, thus have joined
Will seek some courage to impart
To cheer his sad and drooping heart!

He came amongst us, lone, dejected;
His misery in his looks reflected!
His visage wan and downcast eyes,
His stooping form and pitious sighs
Revealed, as near as semblance can,
The picture of a married man!
His trembling heart, oppressed with fear,
Our pity moved his soul to cheer!
We sought this object to attain,
By gentle friendship's soothing strain;
We took the stranger by the hand,
And all his griefs we kindly scanned!
In woman's eye resides a spell,
Which every stubborn grief can quell;
Her gentle friendship soothes the heart,
When pierced by sorrow's keenest dart!

The stranger wiped his streaming eyes;
His heart was cheered; he ceased his sighs;
His solemn look, so sad erewhile,
Relaxed into a sickly smile,
And many thought his sorrow ended,
And that his sighs to laughter tended!

But 'tis reported now, we hear,
The subject of our friendly care,
Is once again oppressed with fear!
For she, who knew in earlier days,
How woman's rule began,
Has learned, ere this, a thousand ways,
To subjugate a man!
And now, 'tis said, she comes again,
With aid of all the staff,
Avowing that she still will reign,
And prove the better-half!
As he, against such tyranny,
Unaided cannot stand,
We'll yield the wretch our sympathy,
And lend a helping hand!

Imposing, then, one sole condition,
We're entered on this coalition,
Kew, S.E. (Rio. P.O.) 27th. K.
Feb. 28th. 1866.

Mr. J. A. Grant,
Westchester, Pa.

Dear Sir,

I am very much honored that you should have the kindness to write to me. I take pleasure in returning your autograph.

Yours truly,

J. D. Beulher.
R.B. No. 1, Hamilton, Esq.
Sept. 8th, 1912.

My dear Col. Osbourne,

It is with regret that Mrs. Blackburn and I will be unable to accept your kind invitation to attend the meeting of The Scottish Brigade on the 11th inst. I have become such a dilapidated invalid, that this hot weather has told upon heavily on me.

I regret the more my inability to attend, because I have now become so keen an elementary with me that I can scarcely hope to attend the sessions of the future.

Yours truly,

J.R. Blackburn

P.S. I enclose a check for my contribution to help the boys in the Fair Grounds. Please forward it to Mr. Herndon, Treasurer.

J.R. Black.
GEN. S. B. BUCKNER 
DIES IN KENTUCKY

Was Hero of Two Wars and Prominent Figure in Politics

Lexington, Ky., Jan. 8—Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, formerly Governor of Kentucky, and candidate for Vice President on the gold Democratic national ticket in 1896, died at his home in Hart county to-day.

Gen. Buckner had a long and distinguished career as a soldier, having served in the Mexican and civil wars, in both of which he was promoted for bravery and soldierly qualities. He was born on

Gen. S. B. Buckner,
Famous Kentuckian who died Thursday.

farm in Hart county, Kentucky, April 1823, and graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1844.

During the Mexican war he was brevetted for bravery at the battles of Contreras, Churubusco and Molino del Rey. He remained with the army in various positions until 1855, when he resigned. When the civil war broke out he joined the Confederate army with the rank of brigadier general. He successively was made major general and lieutenant general.

He was Governor of Kentucky from 1887 to 1881 and served as a member of the Kentucky constitutional convention in 1891. After being a candidate for Vice President on the gold Democratic ticket in 1896, he retired to his farm in Hart county, but continued to take a lively interest in public affairs until the time of his death.
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