

## ESCAPE OF J. C. BRECKINRIDGE

The Death in South Africa of J. Taylor Wood Recalls an Interesting Civil War Incident.

The death in South Africa of the young American officer, J. Taylor Wood, son of Captain J. Taylor Wood, commander of the Confederate gunboat Tallahassee, and grandson of General Zachary Taylor, recalls an incident of the civil war related to a representative of the Globe-Democrat by a citizen of St. Louis, who, at that time, resided in the City of Cardenas, Island of Cuba, and figured prominently in the occurrences narrated. The story is given in the exact language of the informant:

"Cardenas, you know, was the place where the Lopez filibustering expedition landed, and the scene of a fierce fight between the handful of men and the Spanish soldiery about ten years before our civil war. Ever after the Spaniards maintained a vigilant look-out for filibusters, and many false alarms and rumors of their approach were prevalent during my residence in the town.

"One morning in May, 1855, the town was thrown into a spasm of trepidation and excitement by the arrival at the government wharf of a fishing smack bringing the news from Cayo Diana, the outer entrance of the harbor, that a number of boats with armed Americans aboard were seen coming up the bay toward the city. The church bells were set to ringing, the shrill blasts of bugles were sounded, the Spanish soldiers of the garrison were hurried down to the water front, the business men made hasty preparations to collect the valuables, and, with their families, were ready to fly from the place on the first appearance of the dreaded filibusters. I was one of the few Americans living in the town, and, through curiosity to see what sort of monsters these invaders were that could cause such panic and throw a town of 25,000 people into such paroxysms of fear, I went down to the wharf, and there learned that a boat was being towed in by the captain of the port's launch, and that the occupants were Jefferson Davis, accompanied by a few soldiers as his bodyguard. This was the story told me by a Spanish marine official, who requested me to aid him in the reception of the President of the Confederate States, as he was unfamiliar with English. My intention and purpose was to stay around anyhow, to see and do what I could to aid the distinguished Confederate chieftain—now an exile in a foreign land, but having, for the occasion, been invested by the Spanish officer with a quasi-official character. I felt that I would not be regarded as an intruder in coming prominently to the front on such an occasion. While I had never seen Jefferson Davis, his pictures were too well known for me to mistake him for any one else. On the approach of the supposed filibuster boat I saw at first glance that Mr. Davis was not one of the party. I did, however, at once recognize the manly form of Maj. Gen. John C. Breckinridge, the late anti-bellum Vice President of the United States, the great Kentuckian, and the last secretary of war of the Confederacy. As he stepped on the wharf from the little boat on which he and his four companions had made a perilous voyage from the mouth of the St. John's river, in Florida, his

tall, erect figure, wrapped in a well-worn and faded military cloak, towered above all others on that memorable morning. The last time I had seen him was on the occasion of his retirement from the presidency of the Senate, when he was addressing, in justification of his action, an immense assembly from the balcony of the East House, in the city of Baltimore, four years previously. His companions in exile were Capt. J. Taylor Wood, father of the young officer recently killed in the South African war; Col. Wilson, of the Florida cavalry; Sergt. O'Toole and a negro boy, Tom, the faithful body servant of Gen. Breckinridge, who insisted on accompanying his master on the perilous journey in search of hospitable shores. Promptly making myself known as a fellow-countryman, I proffered my services, which were thankfully accepted by the party, and at once put to practical use. I explained to the Spanish officials the cause of their bearing arms, the high character and position of Gen. Breckinridge, and that, compelled by the necessities of war, they were peaceable refugees in search of a temporary asylum. On my telling Gen. Breckinridge what I had said to the Spaniards who did not seem to credit my statements, and appeared averse to permit the landing of armed men on the soil of her majesty, Queen Isabella, Gen. Breckinridge promptly unbuckled his sword and offered it, with a few appropriate words, to the Spanish official. The other members of the party followed his example, tendering their arms and pistols. This apparently disarmed suspicion, and I shall never forget the chivalrous speech, of which I was the interpreter, that the Spaniards made as he gallantly returned the sword and side arms: "You have fought the most heroic battles of the ages in defense of your country and its institutions. You have won the admiration of my countrymen, and of all brave men throughout the world, and, recognizing your nobility and the sad causes that have brought you to these shores, we return to you our arms and tender you our hospitality."

"After lodging the party in the best hotel in the town—El Hotel Cristobol Colon—where they were given every attention, I hastened to inform Col. San Martin, president of the Cardenas division of the railway to Havana, requesting his official assistance in the transportation of the party to Havana. Col. San Martin was editor of a Spanish paper in New York during Gen. Breckinridge's term as Vice President of the United States, and, it appears, had, at that time, made his personal acquaintance. This was a most fortunate circumstance, for it not only absolutely verified my statements, but gave the party a reception hardly to be expected under less favorable conditions. Sr. San Martin returned with me to the hotel, cordially greeted Gen. Breckinridge, and offered the use of his private car whenever they desired to proceed to Havana. The few Americans in the town and vicinity, irrespective of their sympathies with one or the other side in the Civil War, called to pay their respects to their fellow-countrymen, and for the first time—in a foreign land—since the fall of Richmond, just one month before, the band we Americans procured to serenade the party played "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle." "The Bonnie Blue

Flag" and the "Star-Spangled Banner" in the order named. In the meantime the news had spread over the island that Jefferson Davis (whom every one knew something about) had landed in Cardenas and was on the way to Havana, great crowds of people had gathered to see the ex-President of the Southern Confederacy. On the opposite side, where the ferryboat bearing the party was to land, there must have been at least 10,000 curious spectators, shouting their bienvenidas to the tall and stately soldier standing in the bow of the boat whom they mistook for Mr. Davis.

"It was with great difficulty that, with the aid of a few gens d'armes and some vigorous appeals to the mob in the best Spanish at my command in those days, we finally succeeded in opening our way through the mob to a place where we procured a couple of volantes and drove to the Hotel Brewer, then known as Confederate headquarters, on the Calle Teniente Rey. Arriving here, Gen. Breckinridge and his companions met a number of old friends, among whom were the officers of the Confederate ram Stonewall, at that time blockaded in the harbor of Havana by federal cruisers. We also met, at this hotel, Gen. Jubal Early and some members of his staff, who had arrived a short time before. Gen. Breck-

inridge commissioned me to take charge of letters to be sent to his family, then at Lexington, Ky. These letters I sent to my relatives at Richmond, after postal communication was opened and their receipt was subsequently acknowledged by Mrs. Breckinridge. After a brief stay at Havana, the party left on a British steamer for Halifax, Nova Scotia, from which place Gen. Breckinridge wrote me a lengthy and very kind letter of grateful acknowledgment for the voluntary services it was my good fortune to be able to render him.

"Judging from the press reports recently published, Capt. Taylor Wood must have continued to reside in Canada, where his son, just killed in the Boer war, was educated, and entering the British service was the first Canadian of distinguished American ancestry to succumb in the South African war."

### A MORNING CALL ON KRUEGER.

"The Transvaal sun was already high in the heavens when at 6 o'clock on an August morning I called upon President Krueger," writes Allen Sangster in Ainslie's for December. "I found him sitting on his front porch with his feet propped up against one of the

Barnato lions. Nearby sat Mrs. Krueger placidly knitting a pair of gray woolen socks for her husband, and occasionally glancing at the quaint gables of wit which he flung out for the benefit of some country burghers who were occupying the steps.

"As we approached the gate, 'Oom' Paul got up and, knocking the ashes from his pipe on a lion, said something which made his hearers explode with laughter and indicated to our party, with a wave of the hand, that he would receive us within.

"While the others were paying their respects to Mrs. Krueger, I had time to look over the 'White House,' as it might be called, though in color alone is the home of the Transvaal President similar to that furnished the head of our nation. It is a little, one-story stone affair, covered with white plaster, more humble in appearance than the home of the ordinary American farmer. A veranda about six feet wide runs along in front, and morning-glory vines creep up the posts. The only suggestion of decoration is furnished by two huge marble lions, which incline on either side of the steps. So massive are they that the house appears, in comparison, even smaller than it is. Barney Barnato gave these to Mr. Krueger to remind him of the 'Great Trek' from Cape Colony, in 1835, when

the Boer pioneers killed 6,000 lions, of which number 550 are credited to Krueger.

"Oom Paul, like all his countrymen, has been practically nourished on black coffee. To it he ascribes his remarkable health, for he has never been sick a day in his life. He drinks it poisonously strong, and so hot, that as the Boers say, 'if spat on a dog it will take off his hair.'

"He shook hands with me on being introduced, and immediately began to speak to my sponsors with such a rapid flow of language that I can only describe it as a splutter. He used the Taal dialect, a deteriorated form of Holland Dutch, spoken by the Boers, who also employ many Kafir words in their conversation. Oom Paul soon had the party laughing heartily over some recent experience. One of the gentlemen took occasion to lean over and prompt me in a stage whisper with: 'His honor is in a good humor this morning. Ask him anything.'"

### IS THE SALOON A NECESSITY?

A saloon in any town is a necessity, or is it not? If a necessity it must exist to supply some actual, universal want. No town could long exist without flour, or coal, or water; hence, grocery stores and coal yards and hydrants are necessities. But is the saloon a necessity? Certainly not, for towns exist and communities thrive and individuals live to good old age without feeling in any way the need of a saloon or that which a saloon represents; hence it is not a necessity.

A saloon in any town is a benefit to the citizens of that town, or is it not? If a benefit, people are made better and happier, more intelligent and capable, because of its existence.

The school house is a benefit to a community because the education of children is one of the most vital points in our spiritual life. A church is a benefit, because it inculcates true morality and lifts one to the higher spiritual plane. A happy home is a benefit, because it must lay its moulding hand upon the after-lives of those who come from its glad doors. A store is a benefit, because it supplies its needs. A factory is a benefit, because it gives employment to hundreds. A picture gallery and a library are benefits, because they minister to one's aesthetic and intellectual nature—but is a saloon thus a benefit? It tends to the ignorance rather than enlightenment of its votaries—to the destruction of the moral and spiritual life, and the overthrow of happy homes; it gives employment to the few who are directly interested in it, but it takes both employment and the ability to be employed from the many; it means an increase of taxes and a diminution of labor products, therefore a saloon cannot be a benefit.

### THE SALOON A MENACE.

A saloon is a menace to a community, or is it not? If a menace, it means that its very existence threatens that community in its manifold interest. Vesuvius is a constant menace to Naples, the existence of a dynamite bomb in the midst of any assembly is a menace to the best of all who are there. Is the saloon such a menace? It threatens each home, for who knows from whose doors, its next victim may be taken? It threatens each life, for who knows that he will not himself yield to its temptations? It threatens each industry, because the saloon fills well filled means the till of the merchant and manufacturer well nigh empty. It threatens the pocket-book, in that it increases taxes. It threatens life and liberty, in that it continually turns loose upon the community the men who commit burglaries, robberies and murders. It threatens the existence of our institutions, for the saloon is the school of anarchists. It breaks hearts, wrecks homes, destroys manhood, renders our communities unsafe. Why, then, should it exist? Can you tell why?—Katharine Lente Stevenson.

### INTEREST RE-KINDLED IN THE DEWEY ARCH.



For many weeks to come the controversy now raging over the name of the Dewey Arch will occupy the public mind. The committee in charge, immediately upon hearing of the transfer by Admiral Dewey to his wife of the house at Washington which was presented to the admiral by public subscriptions, thinking it would hinder the subscriptions for a permanent arch, came out with the statement that it would be known as the "Navy Arch." Letters of protest are now pouring in on the committee and the newspapers saying that the arch was built in honor of Dewey and should always be known as the Dewey Arch. It is not a question that can be settled in a day and it will be some weeks before the storm subsides. This newspaper is able to present a new and fine photograph of the arch exactly as it appears at the present time. The arch is to be perpetuated in bronze and marble.



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