

pillars whereon perched the eagle with outstretched wings to guard the gate.

The American eagle, that grand bird, is our national coat of arms, and the Stars and Stripes our national emblem.

Our little chapel-like schoolhouse here was built by Brigham Young, the leader of the first Anglo-Saxon colony, which arrived here and commenced their settlement July 23, 1847. He was the first governor of the Territory of Utah, and caused the first United States flag, these grand old Stars and Stripes, to be hung to the breeze from the summit of the little dome-shaped mountain top in this our Eighteenth school district, known by you all as Ensign peak so named from the fact of its summit being the spot where these glorious Stars and Stripes first waved as a peaceful signal of an American settlement.

May you, dear children, accept this lovely flag with thankful hearts and as you grow up to manhood and womanhood be ever ready as best you can to defend its honor, to preserve its unity, and to extend its ever rightful power.

NINETEENTH SCHOOL.

Principal McCoy made the presentation and Edward Pike the acceptance speech in this school.

TWENTIETH SCHOOL.

P. L. Williams presented the flag in the Twentieth school.

TWENTY-FIRST SCHOOL.

The exercises attendant upon the presentation and reception of the flag in the Twenty-first ward were of a most interesting character.

MISSIONARY LABORS.

On January 5th, last, Elders Willford W. Richards and Geo. A. Smith arrived in Virginia direct from Farmington, Davis county, Utah. At Batesville they joined President R. C. Harvey and the writer. After a day's rest from the fatigue of travel all of us left the home of our genial friend, J. W. Key, and started out in search of the honest in heart and to open up new fields, if possible. There was ten inches of snow on the ground the morning we left Batesville, which made our walk of ten miles to the Virginia Midland railroad a very fatiguing task. Arriving at North Garden we boarded the train and were soon in the county seat of Albemarle.

After paying our respects to the University of Virginia and the tomb and home of the author of the Declaration of Independence—Thomas Jefferson—we separated, President Harvey and Elder Smith going into Fluvanna county, and Elder Richards and myself towards Louisa county.

We arrived at a little hamlet called Milton, on the Rivanna river, and called upon a wealthy mill owner, Mr. J. W. Chewning, who kindly took us in and entertained us. While at this gentleman's residence we had the pleasure of meeting the Hon. C. T. Smith, of Roncener, West Virginia, and several other influential citizens of Albemarle county. They were keeping informed regarding the political changes going on in Utah and gave our people credit for being sincere in both religious and political matters. Much of the old time prejudice is wearing away amongst those who read and think for themselves, and it is quite a pleasure to meet and converse with this class of people.

Not being able to hold a meeting in Milton on account of the stormy weather, we pushed on into Louisa County, arriving in a neighborhood called "Zion." We found this to be a very inhospitable locality, for although it was a stormy, disagreeable day we were refused shelter as soon as our identity became known.

It appears that a couple of our Elders had been in the place last October and held some meetings. Through prejudice and ignorance the people were very hostile to them, a mob coming to disturb a meeting which they held. The Elders, finding this mobocratic spirit prevailing, left the locality, and we inadvertently got in the same neighborhood, with the result that we were turned away nine times in a distance of ten miles. Finally we found a good Samaritan who sheltered us from the inclement weather that night.

We traveled through Louisa county without holding any meetings, but found many kind friends who listened to our message. Calling upon a gentleman one afternoon for entertainment, we found he was a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and had served in the Confederate service during the four years of the war and was with Lee at the surrender at Appomattox. Captain Overton treated us well, and his estimable wife informed us that she had a brother in Salt Lake, a civil engineer on the R. G. W. railroad, in 1881, and great was the praise bestowed upon our beautiful mountain home. I was delighted to find on the centre table one of Savage's Art souvenirs of Utah, which the lady prized very much.

At Travlers station, on the C. & O. railroad, we came to historic ground—the battle field where General Wade Hampton, with the Southern cavalry, repulsed General Philip Sheridan in 1864 and forced the latter to turn back into Spotsylvania country.

Arriving at the court house of Louisa, the county seat, we found it a sleepy little town of 500 inhabitants, with a good proportion of the colored race in the population. Tobacco is the principal crop in Louisa county, although, as is the rule in the South, corn is also raised. We then proceeded to Spotsylvania and arrived in that celebrated spot in the history of the civil war viz: "The Wilderness." Making inquiries about where we could get a church to hold a meeting, we were directed over to the "Wilderness church," located right in the centre of the battle field. We called upon the presiding deacon and requested permission to use the building. He said he could not grant it to us without a vote from the whole church and that they wouldn't meet for a month, so we failed to secure this historic building. We met a kind friend in the postmistress at Brockville, Mrs. Ann Parker, who kindly gave us permission to use the office to hold a meeting in. We did so, and had a large turnout, many seeming interested in our doctrine, and at the close of the service we received many invitations to call upon the people at their homes. We also had another house offered us to hold meetings in, and thus the Lord provides for His servants who are seeking to do His will.

While in Spotsylvania county we visited many sections of interest in

connection with the late war. Going to Fredricksburg, on the Rapahannock River, we found an old and quaint town of 5000 inhabitants. Here the battle of Fredricksburg was fought on December 13th, 1862, and here rest many thousand Confederate and Union dead, in the two cemeteries of the town.

The confederate cemetery is surrounded by a brick wall with large iron gates, erected in 1870. In the centre of the cemetery is a neat monument built of granite and polished marble and surmounted by a statue of a soldier in confederate uniform resting on his rifle. It is erected "To the Confederate dead," who sleep under its shadow. On the four sides of the monument are shields containing the names of the various States in the southern confederacy.

The national cemetery is a beautiful spot, being a terraced hill, covered with superb evergreens. Here lie buried 15,243 men slain in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Wilderness and Spotsylvania. There are 2,473 known and 12,770 unknown. The known dead have a headstone containing the soldiers' names; the unknown a square block of stone showing the number. The grounds are tastefully kept. The general government takes great interest in its dead. The Stars and Stripes float gracefully over the home of the dead, surrounded by large cannons, very suggestive of the terrors of war. We visited the Chancellorsville battle field and there noted the old breastworks of both armies which are still visible amongst the pines. It is the old Chancellor house which was shelled by the Confederates and set on fire May 2, 1863, forcing the family to take refuge in the Union lines. This was where General Stonewall Thomas J. Jackson fell mortally wounded on May 2, 1863, shot by his own men in mistake for the enemy. At this spot is erected a granite shaft in memory of "Stonewall," surmounted by a circular iron fence eight feet high. About a hundred yards to the left of the monument is the large white oak tree where the men lifted the wounded General off his horse and carried him away on a stretcher. Many of the old trees show the marks where shot and shell struck them during the strife, and amongst the pines are seen the old graves where the dead soldiers were temporarily buried after the battle until they were exhumed and transferred to the national cemeteries.

Near Spotsylvania, C. H., is a spot designated the "bloody angle," where the battle of the Wilderness raged hot and furious. In a forty acre field here 4,800 men lay slain, piled up. Close by is the place where Gen. Sedgwick, of the Union army, lost his life. The location is designated by a beautiful monument.

These historic spots are of great interest to the student of history and are visited annually by many tourists and old soldiers of the war.

We met many friends in this memorable neighborhood and hope some will investigate the Gospel of Christ as restored to the earth in these days and preached by the Elders of Israel to the nations of the world.

E. J. EARDLEY.

BATESVILLE, Va., Feb. 15, 1892.