

[For The Standard.]

### The Soldier's Section, Hollywood.

[Where a granite monument marks the burial-place of ten thousand Southern soldiers, gathered from the hospitals and battle-fields within and around the city.]

Beyond the city's busy hum,  
Above the shining river,  
Where brightly o'er the grassy hill,  
The golden sunbeams quiver.

And towering high, a granite shaft  
Its sentry watch is keeping;  
With arms at rest and banners furled  
A warrior host lies sleeping.

'Tis barely now a score of years  
Since war's wild tocsin sounded,  
When in response to duty's voice  
Ten thousand brave hearts bounded.

And from ten thousand happy homes,  
Rending the ties most tender,  
This host sprang at their country's call,  
And rallied to defend her.

How well and gallantly they fought  
For us to tell were idle;  
We saw them to the combat rush  
As men go to a bridal;

We heard the wild, exultant shout  
With which they sprang to battle,  
Ring high above the cannon's roar,  
The musket's deadly rattle;

We saw the wasted, gory fields  
From which the foe was driven;  
Our voices swelled the victor's shout  
That rent the vault of heaven;

We saw them on the weary march,  
With bruised feet and bleeding;  
We saw them starved and shivering,  
Their own distress scarce heeding.

These never knew a conqueror  
Of mortal fame or power,  
Only to death, the invincible,  
Their lances did they lower.

Some, 'mid the battle's fearful din,  
Fell with one pang of anguish;  
And some through weary months of pain  
Were doomed to pine and languish.

But all were spared the keener pang  
With which our hearts were riven,  
When to the victor's bloody hand  
Our conquered flag was given.

Ten thousand graves! ten thousand sons!  
Ten thousand mothers weeping!  
Ten thousand aching, mourning hearts  
Their sacred memories keeping.

Oh! doubly hallowed is this spot,  
Sacred to love and glory,  
Where sleep the brave whose fame shall live  
Ever in song and story.

And when the joyous springtime comes,  
And roses sweet are blowing,  
May thousands through this sunny hill,  
These grassy couches strowing.

From year to year, with votive flowers,  
A tribute meet and tender,  
Such as the fair unto the brave,  
With grateful pride should render.

M. J. HAW.

### CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Capt. J. H. Thompson Sits Down Upon the Mendacious Isgrigg.

Capt. John H. Thompson, late Captain of Company B, Fourth Indiana Cavalry, writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, of the story of one Isgrigg, as follows:

"Unavoidable circumstances have prevented me from contradicting, at an earlier date, the statements credited to Lieut. Harry Isgrigg, formerly of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry, which appeared in the *Commercial Gazette* in September last, concerning the capture of Jefferson Davis, and I respectfully request that you will allow me space to correct some of those statements, as they should not be permitted to go uncontradicted.

"In the first place, Isgrigg was not Provost Marshal at Macon at the time Davis was captured, nor at any other time or place during the war. No superior officer, who knew Isgrigg, would have placed him in any such position of responsibility, as he was not only unreliable and untrustworthy, but on one occasion was reduced to the ranks and disgraced before his regiment for gross cowardice.

"The statement that Davis was brought into Macon by Isgrigg in a farm wagon is a falsehood made out of whole cloth, purely and simply. I have never seen it equaled for unblushing falsity. As is well known to the country, Jefferson Davis was captured by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry—or rather a detachment of that regiment—under the command of Lieut. Pritchard, and Isgrigg had no more to do with his capture than 'the man in the moon,' and Isgrigg knows it. My recollection is, that when Davis was brought into Macon, and was taken to headquarters, at the International Hotel, Isgrigg was not even present, but was in camp, outside the city limits.

"The most unblushing falsehood of all is the statement that 'when we stopped at the International Hotel and were about to get out of the wagon, Captain Thompson (meaning the writer of this article), of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry, drew his revolver to fire at Davis.' A more unjustifiable falsehood was never uttered in the same number of words. It is true I was present as Mr. Davis ascended the steps, standing perhaps within five or six feet of him, but the idea of trying or attempting to shoot him never entered my head, nor do I believe it was thought of by any soldier present. As Davis, his wife, and private secretary ascended the steps through the open ranks of the soldiers present, the soldiers faced inward and presented arms, to which Mr. Davis lifted his hat in recognition of the compliment. As he entered the hotel, he turned partially around, and again elevated his hat, and then passed out of sight, and I saw him no more.

"This is quite enough to refute the willful falsehood that 'Davis, seeing Thompson's purpose, cried out, 'For God's sake, Lieutenant, save my life.' Not a word was uttered to, nor by, Mr. Davis as he entered the hotel, nor was there any mark of disrespect exhibited by any one toward him, but the demeanor of the soldiers present was that of men who felt they were conquerors and Mr. Davis a conquered adversary. I rebel with indignation at the imputation that any soldier of the Fourth Indiana Cavalry (excepting, possibly, Lieutenant Isgrigg) would have been guilty of such base cowardice as that sought to be fastened on me by the false utterances of Harry Isgrigg.

### JEFF DAVIS' CAPTURE.

The Real Facts Concerning the Event Related by an Ex-Officer of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry.

To the Editor of the Chicago Tribune:

CHICAGO, May 28.—In Saturday's issue of the Times appears an account of an interview with Gen. Crafts J. Wright, of the Marine Hospital. Gen. Wright's friendship for Jeff Davis ought not to induce him to pervert the truth; for his statements as to the capture of Jeff Davis are false from beginning to end; or else he speaks from entire ignorance on the subject, or to create a sympathy for a man who deserves nothing but contempt from every soldier and Union-loving citizen of the United States.

First, the party were not traveling as he states; they were traveling together, and had not only ambulances for the ladies of the party, but also wagons, which contained supplies, with liquors and a large quantity of specie—British gold—which Davis had taken from the banks at Richmond. All the men of the command had gold, and one in particular, James Lynch, of Company C, Fourth Michigan Cavalry, secured \$60,000, which he buried, and afterwards recovered when discharged. James Lynch also captured J. Davis' horse, which was standing ready saddled and loaded down with satchels containing gold. This horse Lynch shot at Macon, Ga., with his own hand rather than turn over to Col. Pritchard, who wanted the horse to take North.

No men of the First Wisconsin were in the camp at all. The camp was surrounded by the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, and when this was done Capt. Hudson charged in on to the immediate camp with his company. The firing by this party started the Rebels, who were about to commence their morning march. Hearing this firing, Jeff, with his wife and Mrs. Johnson, started for the woods, and had not gone ten rods in the dust of morning before they ran plump against Corporal Munger, of F Company, who ordered them to halt. Mrs. Davis was spokesman. She said, "Won't you let us pass to the spring to get some water?" Munger, who was one of the videttes, and had orders to let no one pass, seeing a cavalryman's boots beneath the waterproof covering the figure of the Rebel President, said: "You are the party we are looking for," and ordered them about, and marched them into the presence of Capt. Hudson and Col. Pritchard. Jeff Davis wore a waterproof, a bonnet, with a shawl tied about his neck, and was supported on one side by his wife and on the other by Mrs. Johnson.

These are the facts. The garments are now at the War Department, at Washington. The men are still alive, and Corporal Munger resides in Michigan. Mrs. Davis was very indignant, and rated Col. Pritchard severely for calling her husband "Mr." Davis. She said she wanted him addressed as the President. Col. Pritchard replied that he could know him only as Mr. D. At this time firing was heard out on our front, or where the advance guard were posted, nearly a mile beyond the camp, which was soon discovered to be a detachment of the First Wisconsin Cavalry. They were upon the chase like ourselves, and were disguised in Rebel uniforms, and upon coming upon our men in Federal uniform, a mistake occurred on both sides. Our men supposing them Rebels, and they supposing our men Rebels, dressed in Federal uniform for disguise, a skirmish commenced in which two or three men on both sides were killed and several wounded, including Lieut. Bontelle, who had command of our advance guard, before the mistake was discovered through the fact that both parties were armed with the Spencer seven-shooting carbines, which we knew were not used by the Rebels. This affray took place after Jeff Davis and party were captured and in possession of Capt. Hudson's battalion; and the statement that a Wisconsin cavalryman captured Jeff Davis' horse is another falsehood.

Although the First Wisconsin Cavalry were miles away at the time of the capture they were allowed to come in for a share of the reward of \$100,000, as were also an Ohio Regiment who were not within twenty miles of the capture.

Jeff Davis' party, including Gens. Reagan, Johnson and others, were taken to Macon by easy stages, and from thence to Fortress Monroe, being treated from the moment of their capture with all possible kindness. Mrs. Davis, during the march to Macon, rode in an ambulance with her husband and family, was in tears much of the time, and constantly asking if we thought her husband would be hanged. Jeff took matters coolly and smoked his meerschaum, and conversed pleasantly with the officers during the journey. He dressed in gray, with a white felt hat, and wore high top boots.

As I said before, his saddle horse was shot by James Lynch at Macon, and Mrs. Davis' carriage team, presented to her by the citizens of Richmond, were appraised and bought by Capt. Hathaway of our regiment, who disposed of them at Nashville after the war.

These are the facts, and if Gen. Wright imagines he can wipe out historical events to benefit his friend and West Point chum, he makes a great mistake.

Hoping you will give this space for the benefit of truth and justice, yours respectfully,  
AN EX-OFFICER  
Of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry.