

An Ex-Confederate's Tribute To Lincoln.

The Great Emancipator Was Happy to Be Able to Serve an Enemy.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

Sir: In the memorable winter of 1864, during the Civil War, one of the most eventful periods in our National history, occurred an incident of more than ordinary interest to every admirer of the martyred and immortal Lincoln. After receiving an honorable discharge from the Confederate army, the writer, who had been an occasional contributor to the Southern press, was authorized by an officer of the most prominent blockade company in South Carolina to visit Nassau in behalf of the stockholders, who had large and valuable interests in that island. Immense cargoes of goods shipped from England to this point remained there awaiting a favorable opportunity to run the blockade at Charleston. To facilitate this without further unnecessary delay I left the latter city for Richmond with letters of introduction to the Honorable Judah P. Benjamin, the Secretary of State for the Southern Confederacy. After presenting my credentials and receiving a passport to leave the South, I started immediately for Wilmington, N. C., there to embark on a blockade vessel for Nassau. On arrival, to my great amazement and discomfort, I was officially informed by General Whiting, in command of the department, that a conscription order had been issued by the Secretary of War since my departure from Richmond calling on all able-bodied men for active service and a revocation of previous passports to leave the Confederacy. Determined not to be baffled by this unforeseen and unexpected contingency, I returned to Richmond preparatory to running the gantlet through the Confederate and Federal lines. With this in view, I accidentally made the acquaintance of a gentleman whose past experience as an indefatigable blockade runner had been extraordinarily successful. In fact, I was only a novice, while this, his third trip through the lines from Richmond to Washington, had made him strictly a professional. Fortified with two passports, one from the Secretary of State and another from the city authorities, accompanied by my companion, I left Richmond, defiant, but doubtful as to the final result.

Like any young man whose first adventure had made him somewhat egotistical, I felt like proclaiming "Here the conquering hero comes," but, remembering that