

Goldsboro Weekly Argus

This ARGUS is the people's right,
Both as a vigil keep

No soothing strains of Mala's sons
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep.

VO XV

GOLDSBORO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905

NO 73

THE PEERLESS LEE.

HIS NATAL DAY IS DULY
HONORED IN GOLDS-
BORO.

Daughters of The Confederacy,
True to Their Patriotic
Mission, Hold Inter-
esting and Impress-
ive Exercises In
Odd Fellows
Hall.

Crosses of Honor Conferred.

(From Daily Argus, Friday.)

Under the auspices of Thos. Ruffin Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy, the birthday of the peerless and immortal Gen'l R. E. Lee, was appropriately observed in this city yesterday afternoon.

The services were held in Odd Fellows Hall, which was crowded with our citizens, of all ages, to pay their tribute of honor to the memory of the world's greatest soldier and the South's most beloved hero.

The programme as published in the ARGUS was carried out, Mr. Henry Lee, acting for the Daughters, and as a Confederate Veteran, had charge of the services, and, as always, was graceful and eloquent in what he did and said.

The opening prayer by Rev. W. L. Cunningham, pastor of St. Paul M. E. church, was fervent and appropriate, and attuned all hearts to the spirit of the occasion and to a realization of the courage of duty for the right—that quality of soul that made the Confederate soldier, whether a general in the lead or a private in the ranks, matchless and immortal. His prayer was as follows:

Our Heavenly Father, we thank Thee for this day, and for the occasion which brings us together in this service. We thank Thee for the day as a memorial of a great life. We thank Thee that Thou didst give unto us such a man as Robert E. Lee. We rejoice in the strength of his character; in the purity of his life; in the high aspirations and the noble aims which possessed him. We are glad to do honor to his memory as a brave and gallant soldier; as a true citizen, and as a Christian man. We are glad that we have this opportunity to-day of remembering him; of calling afresh to our minds his life and character, as an inspiration for better thoughts and nobler living on our part. We thank Thee for the men who followed him, and followed other men like him in the great war; for their brave deeds; for their heroic spirit; for the patriotism that possessed them and sent them forward to do what they believed was for the glory of God and for the good of their fellows. We thank Thee that they were willing to venture thus their lives—their all—for God and their country. We are glad that there are some of those men with us here to-day. We are glad to see them in our midst; to meet them on our streets; to meet them in their homes; to learn of them of the things for which they wrought; sufferings to which they were subjected; sorrows which they were called upon to endure. And we rejoice in the brave spirit which they have manifested in the days since. We thank Thee to-day, Oh Lord, our God, that the wives and daughters of these men are trying to keep afresh the memories of their work; to keep before us their lives; their deeds; their spirit, as future inspiration and instruction unto us. And we pray Thee to bless these who are here to-day and may this occasion be unto us one of inspiration and help; and up in these men who have fought for our land and are here with us to-day may the very richest blessings of our God and Father rest. Be Thou with us in all these services. Be with him who shall speak to us this afternoon. Be in every hymn and every word that shall be spoken, that it shall be unto the glory of God and for our good. Amen.

This beautiful prayer was follow-

ed by the singing of that stirring old Confederate Camp song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," after which Mr. Henry Lee spoke as follows, in introducing the speaker of the occasion:

Judge Walter Clarke, in his dedication of the History of North Carolina soldiers, says: "These volumes are inscribed to the heroic women of North Carolina, who inspired our soldiers by their faith in God; by their magic influence and immeasurable good works; and to their Daughters, whose unbroken fidelity has preserved the fame of our glorious State—inscribed to them, too." And it is some of these same fair daughters, always faithful, who have met here this afternoon to commemorate the natal day of that soldier and commander, who in every walk of life proved to be the grandest character this country has ever known. As husband and father, he was kind and affectionate; as soldier and leader, fearless and wise; as teacher, just and merciful; as citizen, with Christian faith so sublime that all the ends he aimed at were his country's, God's and Truth's.

These noble daughters have also selected a speaker, and have asked me to introduce him, but that is needless, for you all know him well. But I want to tell you how ready he has ever been to answer every request, even without me, to say a word of praise for our Confederate soldier, living and dead, in their behalf. I thank you, Mr. Robinson, for it. So, your part in this detention, you will now perform in his own delightful way, in his own beautiful language and eloquence, tell of the deeds and heroisms of our Southland's idol, Robert E. Lee, I present Col. W. L. Robinson.

Col. Robinson spoke as follows: Miss Collier, President, and members of Thos. Ruffin Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy:

Confederate Veterans: Ladies and gentlemen—and children, too, for it is here the children shall best learn, through these memorials, the meaning and the purpose of the South's reverence for its Confederate memories:

No honor could come to me that I feel I would appreciate so highly as the privilege of standing in such a presence as this, at the invitation of Southern womanhood, to give expression to my sentiments upon the Lost Cause and the men who made it immortal—and not the men alone—all honor to you, Confederate Veterans! you battle-scarred heroes who so fearlessly followed a banner that was conquered only in the exhaustion of glory, in a cause that was lost only in immortality! for while you and your dead but deathless comrades in that terrible crucible of war sized up to gigantic stature measured by deeds that make men colossal, yet not less gloriously will history record the matchless heroism of the immortal women of the Southern Confederacy, who in the suspenseful solitude of their homes, in the desolation of their ruined hearthstones, in war's rude alarms, and even in the red shock of battle, played the part of the Spartan mother, wife or sweetheart. Co-partners with you were they in the stress and tragedy of those four terrible years; the deepest travail of their country's desperate ordeal was theirs; they eagerly made sacrifices that canonized saints would have shrunk from, and in it all, and since it all, they were and have been found faithful as Ruth.

The memory of a heroic wife, mother or sweetheart's parting benediction may have made Leonidas, fearlessly facing the Persian hosts in the pass of Thermopylae immortal. There will not go sounding down the ages the farewells of Southern mothers, wives or sweethearts to their loved ones departing for battle, but that they were to the Confederate Soldier an abiding inspiration to heroic endurance and an unflinching source of sublime courage, we are proud to believe. All honor, too, then, to the women of the Confederacy!

There is no parallel in history for the hero whose fame we have come together today to commemorate. No other land or age has furnished a man whose genius in peace as well as intrepid valor in war was comparable to Lee's; and especially was he the embodiment of the South's ideal of true manhood and nobility. He was the highest type of the soldier, citizen, statesman and Christian. His noble spirit was a bloom from the cherished traditions of generations—and the most cherished tradition for generations yet to come in this South-

land of ours, so long as the noble Daughters of the Confederacy shall endure and maintain their patriotic mission, will be the story of his sublime life and peerless deeds.

The historian of the future will regard him as a symbol; and it is well, and fit, and proper, that we should teach the children, through the observance of these recurring memorials, and by daily precept, the nature of the peerless legacy which he and the men who followed him have left to Southland.

The men who followed Lee followed the personification of the thought and sentiment of the South. The temper, the mettle, the daring, the loyalty, the truth, the unselfishness, the stainless valor of its ideals found human realization in him. He was as if the visible Avatar of the southern spirit rode before them through all the clamorous days from Manassas to Appomattox—and this is why few other names—if any—are ever spoken by the men who followed him with the same tender affection which comes involuntary to their lips when they speak his name; for when one of his battle-scarred soldiers speaks the name of R. E. Lee, "memorials swell at the breast" and he lives o'er again the thrilling scenes to which that name relates. His eyes touch again the elbows of dead comrades in the grey dawn's dress parade for the coming night. He shuts his eyes; he sees the clash and conflict, the smoke and carnage; he sees the tattered flags tossing like feathers caught in the cruel eddies of battle; he catches again the gleam of Lee's gleaming sword; and then the line leaps and surges forward across the serried field, in the wild rush of the resistless charge; and then—and then—there comes a cold clutching at the heart as he confronts and realizes the end of it all—the panorama at Appomattox, the furled banner, the sheathed sword, the shattered arms, the thin grey line of shattered heroes as they move mournfully away in broken ranks from the field of their dead hopes—out, thank God, without a stain upon their deathless deeds of matchless valor and enduring heroism!

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it; fold it; it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to love it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave;
Swore that foeman's sword should never

Hearts like theirs entwined sever,
'Till that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped
it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped
it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And that Banner—it is trailing!
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore
it!
Love the cold, dead hands that bore
it!

Weep for those who fell before it!
Bard, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead,
Touch it not—unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead!

And now, in conclusion, let me say that the qualities which marked Lee as superior in war made him great in peace—for they were the manifestations of a noble soul. His subsequent civic career showed that he had been matured and tempered by the experiences of war—not hardened; and so he turned from Appomattox to face the future with faith and without fear; with a heart full, true and tender, and which he did not shut away where the sunshine of his people's hopes could not smile upon it, nor the tears of his people's griefs bedew it. Love is the price of love,

and, the people of Southland, to whose service he gave himself, in war and peace, will ever pay to his memory the tribute of their highest honor and hold his name in tenderest love—and to them he will be forever the Peerless Lee.

At the conclusion of Col. Robinson's address, an incident not on the set programme occurred: Mr. Lee introduced Col. A. C. Davis, who appeared bearing a beautiful stand of growing white hyacinths in full and fragrant bloom, and, placing them before Col. Robinson, spoke as follows:

Ladies and gentlemen: I hope that I am not given to making apologies, but I feel that on this occasion, after this beautiful address that you have just heard, and the eloquent introduction, and the gracious words that came to us from the man of God, in this presence, I feel my inability to do justice to this occasion, as I only received my orders about three minutes ago from the members of Thos. Ruffin Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy. But I am reminded of a play that is now on the boards in New York, which perhaps some of those present have seen, or at least read the book, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." As the old lady comes out on the stage the other good old sister asks Mrs. Wiggs how she is getting along, she replied, "Well, sister, I just do the best I can, where the good Lord has put me at." So I feel my friends that while I do not do the best I can like this good old woman did in everything, yet I always do the best I can whenever it comes to me to speak a word in behalf of the brave Confederate soldiers and fair women of our Southland. And so, my friend, Col. Robinson, in the name of the Daughters of the Daughters of the Confederacy—Thomas Ruffin—there is his picture, boys, right there on the wall, Thomas Ruffin—how his name thrills us as we think of this great man, who some forty years ago resigned his seat in Congress and marched away at the head of that invincible cavalry, the like of which has never been seen from Napoleon to this day. But you set me talking. I just arose, my friends, to present these beautiful flowers, but when I get to talking on this subject, how my heart wells up with emotion and in gratitude for the heroic men of the South; for the lovely and heroic women of our fair Southland; and my very soul goes up in gratitude for that gift of God, that noble son of Virginia, Robert E. Lee.

In the name of the Daughters of the Confederacy I come to present to you these beautiful flowers. Flowers; oh how I think that you men, in the days gone by, when you followed the immortal Lee, after battles had been won, as you sat there begrimed with the smoke of battle, how your thoughts went back to that little home—that little cottage in the village, or that home by the mountain side and you thought of the loved ones there, and you thought of the flowers that bloomed along the walk in your yard, and how you pictured to yourselves the days when you would return to wife and children and see those flowers blooming again. How you thought of those roses that climbed around your own doorpost, for at no place in all the world are the roses so sweet and the flowers as beautiful as those growing around your own home.

So I come, Colonel Robinson, in the name of our fair women, to present to you these flowers, and I want to say that all of us appreciate the work that you have done for our city. The word has gone out that, "we have got the best town in the State" and, that "we go forward," and I take this occasion, my friend, knowing you as I have from boyhood, to say that, in every hour your face has ever been towards the rising sun; you have ever been ready, willing and glad to make any sacrifice for your friends and our people, and our good women, the Daughters of the Confederacy, taking the name of the immortal Ruffin as the clarion note of their organization, present you these beautiful flowers, that I hope you will accept. I know you will accept gladly; and as the years come and go, may you reach over and beyond the three score years and ten allotted to man, and in the quiet evening of your life, I know that you will recall as one of the brightest spots in your memory that evening in Goldsboro, in Odd Fellow's Hall, at the meeting of Thos. Ruffin Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, when our good women, setting their mark of approval upon you, presented these beautiful, these spotless, these fragrant flowers—flowers fresh from the hand of the Creator.

Col. Robinson accepted the flowers

in appropriate words of thanks and appreciation, comparing them to the womanhood of the South in their beauty and purity.

Mr. Jno. H. Hill, commander of Thos. Ruffin Camp Confederate Veterans, then presented Crosses of Honor to the following Veterans who had been adjudged worthy to wear this highest possible badge of honor:

Messrs. N. W. Musgrave, W. H. Parker, E. B. Goebel, spins ward.

Benediction was then pronounced by Mr. Cunningham, after which the Daughters served a delightful collation to all the Veterans, while the crowd dispersed.

A Wise Policy.

President S. T. Morgan of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical company in his circular to the cotton farmers and cotton merchants, promulgated through the company's division sales managers a few days ago, proves himself to be far-sighted as well as liberal and public-spirited.

The offer which Mr. Morgan makes to the cotton growers and merchants whose maturing paper the Virginia-Carolina company holds to extend the notes six months from January 1 at the rate of 6 per cent interest, in order to enable farmers and others to keep their staple until prices advance is certain to be appreciated, not only by cotton holders themselves, but by the commercial interests of the south at large, for whatever helps the cotton grower helps, indirectly, at least, the entire business community.

Some farmers are so well conditioned financially, that they can meet all their obligations promptly and hold their cotton indefinitely, but the majority are not able to do so. To the latter Mr. Morgan's offer comes as a Providential blessing.

After making his offer to extend the notes of the company's debtors, Mr. Morgan suggests that the cotton growers reduce acreage. Such advice has been proffered by all classes of people, but when a suggestion on that line comes unobtrusively from a man of practical ideas, like Mr. Morgan, whose interests are closely associated with cotton agriculture, it will receive thoughtful attention.

"We do not pretend to offer advice to our customers to hold cotton," says Mr. Morgan, "but we do intend to offer them every facility and accommodation in our power to hold their cotton, if in their good judgment it is best. Whatever inures to the benefit of the agricultural classes in the south is to our benefit; our interest is identical with theirs. We are more closely and intimately connected with the cotton grower of the south than any dozen other concerns combined."

If all great corporations were conducted on the high and liberal plane of the Virginia-Carolina Chemical company, manufacturers and consumers would be closely bound together. President Morgan sets an example that cannot fail to have an effect both wholesome and far-reaching.

Telegraphic Brevities.

New York, Jan. 24.—Mrs. Brodie L. Duke was arrested this morning.

Washington, Jan. 24.—President Harriman, of the Southern Pacific, was here last night and had a conference with President Roosevelt, in which it is supposed the rate question was discussed.

J. P. Morgan is in Washington to-day and will call on the President.

Washington, Jan. 24th.—The next report by the government on cotton ginned to Jan. 16th, will be made public on or after Jan. 28th, but exact date has not been sent.

Thirty-five cents gets the \$1 bottles of Globe Tonic for a short time only. After getting it thoroughly advertised the price will be \$1 per bottle.

THE RUSSIAN RIOTS.

SITUATION ONE OF TERROR
AND SUSPENSE.

The Czar and Family Prostrated
With Fear, While the
Whole Atmosphere
Twinkles With
Treachery.

Special to the ARGUS.

Moscow, Jan. 24.—The gas and electric light works are idle and guarded by troops. The printers have all struck and there will be no newspapers. The men are marching about the streets and gathering recruits from factories as they are marching on to St. Petersburg. The Czar and his family are prostrated with fear. He is dejected and indecisive.

London, Jan. 24.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the West Minister Gazette reports that revolution in Russia is apparently spreading over all the nation. Armed Finns, he says, are rising whole in Moscow, and there is a condition similar to that in St. Petersburg. The correspondent adds that 50,000 strikers are at Kolpinoff, 16 miles from St. Petersburg. The utmost apprehension prevails in the city in consequence of this gathering, as it is feared they will march on to the capital. Many of the shops in the capital are still lock and boarded up.

Moscow, Jan. 23.—It is estimated that one thousand strikers were killed in yesterday's riots. The slaughter was something fearful. The Government has issued a bulletin blaming the workmen alone for the terrible blood shed.

The situation is more quiet today and the feeling is growing that the worst is over unless workers on Basil Island, who broke into the Vodka shops yesterday shortly before noon, are able to get together in force and carry either the Nicholas or the palace bridges. There are at present no signs of such a movement. The troops continue to patrol the principal thoroughfares and about the winter palace. Private citizens, however, are using the streets. Many shops are open, especially in centre of city.

The soldiers are instructed to act on defensive and not to attack unless rioting is renewed. Strikers are showing no such stubbornness as they did yesterday. There are even some signs at present hour that the strike is beginning to break. Small numbers of strikers are resuming work. Reports of a few small conflicts are coming in from suburbs, but no casualties are reported.

A Penny Saved is a Penny Made.

We propose to save you 65 cents and for the other 35 cents give you a medicine of merit and value. We take this method of introducing Globe Tonic in this vicinity. This wonderful remedy is a sure and speedy cure for Indigestion, Constipation, Nervousness, Rheumatism and Liver and Kidney Complaints. Don't delay, but try it now. Samples free or \$1 bottles 35 cents. Your money back if misrepresented at 145 W. Centre St. North.

\$100—Dr. E. Detchon's Anti-Diuretic may be worth to you more than \$100 if you have a child who soils bedding from incontinence of water during sleep. Cures old and young alike. It arrests the trouble at once. \$1. Sold by M. E. Robm-

35c. gets the \$1 bottles of Globe Tonic for a short time only. Samples free at 145 W. Centre St. N.