

The Wars of Our Country.

XLIII.—Civil War—Fall of Richmond.

By Albert Payson Terhune



FALL OF PETERSBURG, where that

Lee's army and a force of Johnston's in North Carolina, the south was practically crushed. Sherman even now was pressing Johnston to the latter's final defeat. Lee alone stood between Grant and Richmond, between the Confederacy and utter collapse. Grant calmly awaited his great opportunity.

On March 24, 1865, he began a general advance, first attacking the right wing of Lee's army. Lee as a countermove sought to check him by attacking the Union center, but his attempt failed. The Confederates were beaten back with a loss of 13,000 men. Grant had made Sheridan commander of all the Union cavalry and now sent him to ride around Lee's army and to get between it and Richmond. Lee almost cleared Petersburg of defenders in order to checkmate this move. On April 1 Sheridan in carrying out Grant's order met and defeated the bulk of Lee's army at Five Forks, where the Confederates had been rushed from Petersburg to stop his flank movement. Sheridan in this battle took 5,000 prisoners.

Reeling under this double blow, Lee's troops could offer no effective resistance next day when Grant once more attacked Petersburg. The outer fortifications were captured, and the city itself was at the assailants' mercy.

Lee, his lines smashed, his men hungry and footsore, his last hope of defending Richmond lost, had but one chance. If he could march his army into North Carolina and there join Johnston he might, in the mountains, continue for awhile a sort of guerrilla warfare against his victorious foes. So, sending word to President Davis to evacuate Richmond, Lee fled southward.

The once invincible Army of Virginia was on the run—demoralized, ruined. Whenever its worn-out soldiers sought to halt for rest or for forage the thundering hoof beats of Sheridan's pursuing cavalry burst on their ears, and off they were driven again in hopeless, aimless flight. About 40,000 Confederates began that awful retreat. Sheridan, catching up with one corps of the flying southerners, captured 7,000 of them. The fugitives' numbers dwindled to 28,055. Of these all but about 8,000 had thrown away their guns in the weakness and confusion of flight. They were still staggering on in their pitiful effort to escape when Grant, overtaking the helpless remnant at Appomattox, took pity on their wretched condition and begged Lee to stop further bloodshed by surrendering.

The two rival generals met on April 9 to discuss terms.

Grant treated his fallen foe with boundless kindness and generosity. He would not accept the sword Lee offered in token of submission. He paroled the beaten army, allowing its men to keep their side arms, horses and personal possessions. Nor would he permit his own exultant troops to celebrate the victory lest the losers' feelings be hurt.

Meantime, on Sunday, April 8, news had come from Lee that Richmond must be evacuated, as the Union troops were bearing down upon it. Wild confusion reigned. Jefferson Davis and his cabinet fled for their lives. So did countless others. For the hire of a wagon to bear families from the city \$100 in gold was offered. The military government of the place ordered the principal warehouses set afire. The city council ordered all liquor destroyed. Then pandemonium broke loose. Mobs made up of soldiers and civilians got hold of wine and spirits and filled the streets all night in drunken orgy, plundering houses, pillaging broadsides and committing a thousand lawless deeds.

Then, with dawn, came the Union troops—not to rob and slay, as the panic-stricken townsfolk feared, but to restore order, put out the fires and save the hard won southern capital from mob rule and flames.

The Confederacy had lost its capital. Its president was a fugitive, and five days later Lee's army surrounded. Johnston surrendered to Sheridan soon afterward. The great civil war was at an end.

But the enthusiastic national rejoicings were suddenly changed to sorrow, patriotic decorations to crepe and sheers to weeping.

ELOQUENT ADDRESS ON LEE'S BIRTHDAY.

Mr. Kelly Makes Fine Speech.

Mr. R. C. Kelly delivered the following address on General Robert E. Lee at the Lee Birthday exercises by the Asheboro Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy:

When the waters of the Red Sea rolled up like a scroll at the voice of "Him who rideth upon the wings of the wind" and the chosen people had passed over dry shod, their first act was to hold a service of thanksgiving and praise to their Almighty Deliverer. In after years one of the religious festivals of this people commemorated, at stated intervals, their miraculous deliverance and the faith and fearlessness of their leader in this crisis. Indeed, the custom of commemorating a crisis in a nation's life and the virtues of the nation's heroes during such crisis is universal. A great national crisis is always a great producer, or rather revealer of great men, because at such a time men's souls are tried, all disguises are stripped away, and those who stand so by virtue of their inherent greatness of soul.

We of the South find a peculiar pleasure, we feel a sense of solemn pride, in rehearsing the events of our great crisis, and in honoring the virtues of the great leader who so mightily wrought for our salvation at that time. It is, therefore, eminently fitting and proper that on this anniversary of the birth of Robert E. Lee, we should study his life and strive to form, as best we can, some just estimate of his greatness. The ablest military critics of the world have pronounced Lee the greatest captain the English speaking people have produced, and volumes have been written upon Lee's greatness as a soldier. It is, however, of his greatness as a man that I would speak to you, because great as he was a captain, he seems even greater to me as a man.

In a democratic age, such as this in which we live, we are prone to rely too much upon the average man, to lose sight of the unalterable differences in the clay of human creatures. Robert E. Lee was no average man; he cannot be classified; he stands like Saul, "head and shoulders above all the people." It shall be my purpose to show how incomparably greater Lee was as a man than any other man America has produced.

Robert E. Lee was the son of distinguished parents. His father was Richard Henry Lee, "Light Horse Harry," of Revolutionary fame; his mother was Anne Carter, of Shirley, a member of one of the most noted of Virginia families. It was the father of Lee who paid the splendid tribute to Washington, "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Washington, it is well known, was the hero of Robert E. Lee's youth and the ideal of his mature manhood. Many have thought that Lee acquired in no small measure that perfect poise, that equanimity which no adversity could depress and no misfortune disturb, from holding continually before him the character of Washington. It has been said that Lee was never angry in his life. It is highly improbable, however, that a man of Lee's strength did not at times feel what Shakespeare has called "a touch of noble anger," but so complete was his mastery of himself that he never lost that self-control which was one of his most notable characteristics. "He who ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city," says the sacred writer. No one ever remained long in the presence of Lee without feeling that he was great in this highest form of greatness.

At the age of eighteen Lee chose for himself a military career and entered West Point at that age. "Even at West Point," says Holcombe, "the solid and lofty qualities of the young cadet were remarked on as bearing a strong resemblance to those of Washington." He graduated from West Point with distinction and saw his first active service in the Mexican War. He exhibited such rare qualities of leadership during the campaign in Mexico as to cause his commander, General Scott, to declare that "he is the greatest living soldier in America." So great a reputation had he won as a soldier that at the outbreak of hostilities between the North and South he was offered the position of commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States.

Here was the time that tried Lee's soul. With which side should he cast his lot? It was not a question with him of how he might best serve his personal interests, but which way did duty call him? The guiding principle of Lee's life was duty and he unfailingly obeyed the behests of what Wordsworth has well called "the stern daughter of the voice of God." "Duty," said Lee, "is the sublimest word in our language." Lee was a man who loved the name of honor more than he feared death; a man who believed, with the greatest of poets, that

"rightly to be great is not to stir without great argument, but greatly to find quarrel in a straw when honor's at the stake." Having once decided which way duty called, no consideration of personal convenience or private gain ever influenced, much less swayed him. All night, says his wife, he agonized over the question of whether duty called him to the North or the South, often seeking on his knees the guidance of the Supreme Power. He finally decided that it was his duty to serve his native State, "and save in her defence," he wrote his old commander, Gen. Scott, "I will never again draw my sword." Nearly a month after Lee had resigned his position in the army of the Federal government, he wrote to his wife, says Thomas Nelson Page, as follows concerning their son: "Tell Custis he must consult his own judgment, reason and conscience as to the course he may take. I do not wish him to be guided by my wishes or example. If I have done wrong let him do better. The present is a momentous question, which every man must settle for himself and upon principle."

Had Lee allowed himself to be influenced by selfish motives, he must inevitably have cast his lot with the North. He had been tendered the position of commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States. "I can contemplate no greater calamity than a disruption of the Union," wrote Lee in January, 1861. He believed that slavery was a political and moral wrong and had manumitted all his slaves before the outbreak of hostilities.

So far from Lee seeking for position in the armies of the Confederacy, it is well known that he intended entering the company commanded by his son as a private when the command of the armies of Virginia was tendered him. On the side of the North lay ease and comfort and high position, on the side of the South lay privation, loss of home, the sacrifice of every comfort, the endurance of indescribable hardships. But to the side of the South duty called him and he gave heed to her voice.

Duty this time called him through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. The story of the great struggle is familiar to us all—it is the proud history of our Southland. In all the history of the world there cannot be found a body of men who excelled in physical and moral courage, in sublime, self-sacrificing heroism, that tattered, foot-sore army who wore the gray, and to find their peers, one must go back to the mythical stories of Greece and Rome.

Allow me here to make a comparison between the peerless leader of this army and one who has been immortalized in every land as "the noblest Roman of them all." The story of Regulus, the Roman consul has been regarded as a classical example of heroic self-sacrifice and patriotism. Regulus, it is said, was captured by the Carthaginians during the First Punic War, and upon his promising to return to Carthage in the event of his mission proving unsuccessful, was sent to Rome by the Carthaginians, thinking that he would counsel peace for his own sake. Regulus, however, counseled war in the strongest terms, and disregarding the protests of family and friends, returned to Carthage to die according to his word. Now hear a story of heroic little known but equally as great. One of Lee's sons was captured during the war and was held as a hostage under sentence of death. General Lee wrote another son as follows: "I have seen in the papers the intention announced by the Federal government of holding him as a hostage for the two captains selected to be shot. If it is right to shoot these men this should make no difference in their execution."

Field Marshall Viscount Wolsey says concerning the visit paid by him to Lee in the summer of 1862: "Every incident in that visit is indelibly stamped on my memory. All he said to me then and during subsequent conversations is still fresh in my recollection. It is natural it should be so; for he was the greatest man I ever conversed with, and yet I have had the privilege of meeting Von Moltke and Prince Bismark. General Lee was one of the few men who ever seriously impressed and awed me with their inherent greatness. Forty years have come and gone since our meeting and yet the majesty of his manly bearing, the genial, winning grace, the sweetness of his smile, and the impressive dignity of his old-fashioned style of dress come back to me among my most cherished recollections. His greatness made me humble and I never felt my own insignificance more keenly than I did in his presence. He was indeed, a beautiful character, and of him it might truthfully be written: 'In righteousness did he judge and make war.'"

But great as was Lee in victory, he seems even greater to me in defeat. That he should have come out of a war in which he had suffered and endured and lost so much without bitterness or rancor is a

remarkable example of the lofty spirit of the man. One of his biographers relates, that seeing him one day talking at his gate with a stranger to whom, as he ended, he gave some money, he inquired who the stranger was. "One of our old soldiers," said the General. "To whose command did he belong?" "Oh, he was on the side of those against us. But we are all one now and must make no difference in our treatment of them," said Lee. He is known to have rebuked a lady for speaking bitterly of the North in the presence of her children, saying to her: Do not teach your children to hate, teach them that they are Americans. I thought that we were better off as one nation than as two, and I think so now." He strove always and everywhere to teach the people of the South to forget all bitterness and hatred and work together for the upbuilding of their now united country. And this in spite of the fact that he was under indictment for treason by a grand jury composed partly of negroes especially selected for the purpose of returning indictments against him and Mr. Davis, says Mr. Page in his admirable life of Lee. He wrote to ex-Governor Letcher, concerning the tendency of some of the Southern people to emigrate from the South, that: "The thought of abandoning the country and all that must be left in it is abhorrent to my feelings, and I prefer to struggle for its restoration and share its fate rather than to give up all as lost, and Virginia has need for all of her sons."

Where now did duty call the great Captain upon whom rested the admiring eyes of all the world? Admiring friends in Europe offered him an asylum there where he might live in ease and comfort; he was offered the presidency of a life insurance company at a salary of fifty thousand dollars a year but declined on the ground that it was work with which he was not familiar. When told that he would not be expected to do any work, that it was his name that the company wanted, he replied: "Do you not think that if my name is worth \$50,000 a year, I ought to be very careful about taking care of it." He was earnestly urged to announce himself as a candidate for governor of Virginia. What did he do? He accepted the presidency of a struggling college in Virginia at a salary of \$1500 a year and on the 2nd day of October, 1865, took the oath of office as president of Washington College.

Like all strong men, Lee had that in him which made him do his work well. It is said that he "audited every account, presided at every faculty meeting, studied and signed every report." He instituted the honor system and taught that character was the "basis and end of all education." To him students came from all over the South and no one of them ever remained long in his presence who was not inspired with higher ideals of his duty to God and his country. He taught that they should put aside all rancor and bitterness, should meekly bow to present conditions as having been brought about by the great Opposeless Will.

In this great work he was engaged when his Great Commander called him into a larger field of labor. He had performed duty's stern tasks and he had received her reward. For, as Tennyson has finely said,

"He who ever following her commands With toil of heart and knees and hands Through the long gorge to the far light Has won his way upward and prevailed, Shall find, the toiling crags of duty scaled, Himself close upon that shining tableland To which our God Himself is moon and sun."

"What doth the Lord require of thee?" asks the Prophet Micah, which question he answered by saying: "Do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with thy God." In so far as it was possible for a merely human being to fulfil this Divine requirement, it was fulfilled in the life of Robert E. Lee. His aims were ever his country's, his God's and truth's. Like Sir Galahad, his "strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure." He was the highest expression of all that was high and noble in Southern civilization. He is our hero, his glory is ours. Let us strive to emulate his great example for "he was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The long indoor life of winter makes the blood weak, the system easily catches cold and disease. Hollister's Rocky Mountain Tea is the greatest winter remedy; prevents colds and disease; keeps you well all winter. 35 cents, Tea or Tablets.

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Southern Agriculturist

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

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MORTGAGE SALE OF TOWN LOT.

By virtue of the powers contained in certain deeds of Mortgage executed on the 20th day of August, 1908 by F. A. Bentley and wife Sarah Bentley to J. B. Ward, which said mortgage is duly recorded in the office of the register of deeds for Randolph County, North Carolina Book 125 page 198, due and payable on the 30th day of August 1910, and one on the same date executed to Maud M. Simpson, due and payable on the 30th day of August, 1910, which is registered in the office of the register of deeds for Randolph County aforesaid in Book 125 page 198, and duly assigned by Maud M. Simpson and J. D. Simpson to the people's Building & Loan Association on November 19th, 1909, which said assignment is recorded in the office of the register of deeds aforesaid in Book 133 page 121, and default having been made in the payment of the same, the undersigned will sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, at the Court House door in Asheboro, N. C. at 12 o'clock noon on Saturday the 30th day of February, 1910, the following real estate in the town of Asheboro, N. C., described as follows, to-wit: Adjoining the lands of John T. Brittain, W. W. Jones and others, beginning at a stone in Brittain's line on the west side of the Plank Road and running west on said line 131-3 poles to a stone, Hall's corner, thence north 6 degrees east six poles to a stone in Hall's line, thence east 13-3 poles along W. W. Jones' line to a stone on the side of the Plank Road, thence southward along the Plank Road six poles to the beginning, containing one-half acre more or less. It being the lot owned by J. D. Simpson and Maud M. Simpson to Sarah Bentley. J. B. WARD, Mortgagee. Peoples Building & Loan Association, Assignee of Mortgage. This the 15th day of January, 1910.

NOTICE.

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of Sophia Benson, deceased, before W. C. Hammond, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before the 15th day of January 1911 or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery; and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This 5th day of January 1910. J. D. Henson, adm. Sophia Benson, dec'd.

Administrator's Notice.

Having qualified as Administrator upon the estate of Isaac F. Stanton, deceased, before W. C. Hammond, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County, I hereby notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them duly verified to the undersigned on or before the 6th day of Jan. 1911, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will make immediate settlement. This 3rd day of Jan. 1910. J. R. Coltrane, Administrator Isaac F. Stanton, dec'd. Hammer & Kelly, att'ys.

Notice!

Having qualified as administrator on the estate of A. L. Wheeler, deceased, before W. C. Hammond, Clerk of the Superior Court of Randolph County, I hereby notify all persons having claims against said estate to present them to the undersigned, duly verified, on or before the 30th day of Dec. 1910, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery, and all persons owing said estate will come forward and make immediate settlement. This 28th day of Dec. 1910. F. B. Wheeler, Adm. A. L. Wheeler, dec. Hammer & Kelly, a torneys.

H. B. Hiatt, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Johnson's Store McDowell Building Asheboro, N. C.

DR. D. K. JOEKHART,
DENTIST, Asheboro, N. C.
Office OVER THE BANK HOURS P. M. 10 to 1 P. M. 2 P. M. 5 to 9 P. M.
I am now in my office prepared to practice dentistry in its various branches