

ARP WRITES OF LEE

He Met the General on Two Occasions During the War

IMPRESSED WITH HIS GRANDEUR.

Army Did Not Know What a Great Man Was Their Leader—Hardships of War.

"Duty is the sublimest word in our language." That is what General Lee wrote to his son soon after General Grant offered him the supreme command of the northern army. Virginia had just seceded and Lee saw on one side that there were no honors to which he might not aspire. On the other side, if he cast his destiny with that of his state, he saw, or he thought he saw, that miseries and trials awaited him without number. But to seek his duty and, having found it, it was ever the principle of his actions. These strong and beautiful words about duty were not original with General Lee, and in his letter he has them in quotation marks. The expression came from Rev. John Davenport, a famous Puritan preacher of New England—the man who gave shelter to the three regicides who condemned Charles the First to death and after the restoration fled for their lives to New England and were hidden by John Davenport in his barns. When this act of treason became known among his people he neither flinched nor relented, but preached a sermon the next Sabbath from that passage in Isaiah which says: "Hide the outcasts. Betray not him that wandereth. Let my outcasts dwell with thee and be thou covert unto them from the spoiler." It was in that sermon that he made use of this notable expression: "It is my duty to shield them, and duty is the sublimest word in our language."

During the war it was my privilege to see General Lee quite often, but never did I meet him face to face and have a brief conversation with him but twice. Even then we did not know how great a man he was. General Johnston had been wounded at Seven Pines and General Lee came from West Virginia to take his place. He was almost a stranger to the Army of Northern Virginia. He had been in command but a week or two when General Black, of Rome, came to see his boys of the Eighth Georgia and asked me to ride with him to General Lee's headquarters and introduce him, for he was very desirous of meeting him before he returned to Georgia. Of course I complied, for General Black was a man of no small consequence at home. He was old and gray and of commanding presence and military bearing. Introducing myself first, I presented General Black, and after we were seated I said nothing, but paid modest and respectful attention. I was soon impressed with the grandeur of the man before me, and, of course, as he expanded, I very naturally shrank up a little to keep the equilibrium. Not long after this the Seven Days' battles began and ended in McClellan's defeat and our army began to realize how great a man Lee was. It was on the sixth day that I was sent to his headquarters near Meadow Bridge to receive orders, and there I met him again. He was standing uncovered and unarmed in front of his tent, and "Stonewall" Jackson was asleep inside upon the straw, and the servant had set the dinner tables over him so as not to disturb his rest, for, as General Lee said, "He needs it, and nothing but artillery will awake him now."

I said that the army did not know at first how great a man Lee was. Neither did they know fully at the last, for he was one of the few great characters that develops and grows brighter and grander as the years roll on. For some years after the war he received but little praise at the north and a great national cyclopaedia gave more space and praise to Old John Brown than to General Lee, who arrested and executed him. But now, in the International, of fifteen volumes—a standard work, edited and compiled by 290 of the most distinguished scholars and professors of the northern colleges—the sketches of General Lee and Stonewall Jackson are all that we could ask for.

Verily, old Father Time is a good doctor and Anno Domini the softening solvent of all malignant passions. But this is enough from me concerning the great commander. It was the sublime Christian faith of Lee and Jackson that made their characters complete and added luster to their military fame. They were men of prayer.

For a little while I would ask your kind attention to those whom since 1892 have called themselves the Daughters of the Confederacy. Their mission has been and still is and we trust long will be as declared in article 2 of their constitution: "Educational, memorial, social and benevolent—to collect and preserve the material for a truthful history of the war between the states—to honor the memory of those who served and those who fell in our service and to record the part taken by southern women during the war and its aftermath, their patient endurance of hardship, their patriotic devotion during the struggle and to fulfill the duties of sacred charity to the survivors." All of these are noble objects but the greatest of all is the establishing of the

truth and preserving it. The poet saith that "Truth crushed to earth will rise again," and it has risen and will continue to rise. Even that popular magazine, Frank Munsey's Monthly, in its last number, has forever blotted out the malignant and fanatical story of Barbara Freethie, and only the last week the ladies of Lexington, Ky., put under the ban the drama of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was the Daughters of the Confederacy who did it and to their widespread and influential organization the south must look for the maintenance of the truth. Just think of it. Within the past nine years twenty-two states have been chartered as grand divisions, including California, New York, the District of Columbia, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. In all these there have been chartered an aggregate of over three hundred chapters with a membership of 26,000 good, loyal southern women. The largest federation of women in the world. Of this membership Texas has the largest number, 2,435. Georgia comes next with 1,750 members. But my friends, this great army of daughters had mothers who, whether alive or now dead, installed this love of truth and unstained confederate honor in the hearts of their children. They are the ones who sacrificed and suffered and still were strong. For more than fifteen years I have observed a trait in woman's nature that is lacking in most men. She never gives up. The sad results of the war that wrecked the fortunes of southern men hastened thousands of them to untimely graves, but their widows still dot the land from Virginia to Texas. The mothers of these daughters endured more hardships and privations than their husbands and sons who were in the army, but they never complained.

Goldsmith wrote:
"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."
But some cynical old bachelor paraphrased it:
"Man wants but little here below,
For so the poets say,
But woman wants it all, you know,
And wants it right away."

Well, she does want all she can get, and wants it as soon as she can get it, if not sooner, but if she can't have it she surrenders cheerfully and accommodates herself to the situation. During the war they actually smiled at their own pitiful and distressed condition. They boiled down the dirt from the smoke house that had long been saturated with the drippings of the hanging meat and made pretty good salt of and divided with their neighbors. They parched rye and gubbers for coffee and sweetened it with sorghum and bragged how good it was. They cut up their old garments and made clothes for their children. Indeed it is always an amusing entertainment to listen to these good old mothers as they recite their makeshifts and their trials after Sherman had passed through on his march to the sea. Not long ago four or five of these matrons by chance met at our house and it was nip and tuck between them as they told of the most amusing experiences. One told how her two boys and a little girl had worn out their shoes until they would not hold shucks much less feet and she found an old calf skin that had long been hanging in the barn and she soaked it in lime and red oak bark and got about half the hair off and took it to an old shoe cobbler, and he made three pair of shoes that would hold shucks, and they fit the children pretty well, but the red hair stuck out in little patches all over them, and she laughed and laughed until the children did not want to wear them, because she laughed so much. That was the origin of tan shoes, though these were made of untanned leather. Another told how two of her children never saw a raisin until they were 5 and 7 years old, and were afraid to eat them, and said they were bugs. Another told how she and her boys built a fence around the garden by boring holes in the plank and the posts with an old brace and bit that her husband left when he went off. And they made pegs and drove them in for there wasn't a nail in the county. But good old Mother Akin, whom everybody loves, and likes to listen to, told how three of her neighbors got out of meal and had somehow got hold of three bushels of corn, and they rigged up a little riky wagon and a blind army mule and all three started to the nearest mill, which was 7 miles away. They started early and got to the creek, and the creek was up, but they drove in, and sure enough the wagon came uncoupled right in the middle of it and let them all down where it was knee deep, and the mule went on with the fore wheels and stopped when he got over. But they never gave up the ship nor the corn. It took them about an hour to get the corn and the wagon together again, and with dripping garments they hurried on to the mill. A photograph of the scene would sell as the champion picture of the women of the war. The good miller gave them dry meal for the wet corn, and by sundown they were all at home again and laughed over it and everybody laughed with in Sherman's belt have fireside stories to tell that would fill a book. They are a curious medley of the sad, the pathetic and the amusing, and excite more fun than sorrow. How blessed are they who still live, and how sweet are the memories of those who are dead, for it is the mothers of the confederacy who have perpetuated the love of truth and the love of southern patriotism in the hearts of the children and inspired those principles that have in recent years developed that grand organization known as the Daughters of the Confederacy. Our northern brethren may boast of the Grand Army of the Republic, but our mothers smile and say: "I don't see where the

grand comes in, for all who came this way were low Dutch and hungry Irish, who feared not God nor regarded women." Well, it is all over now, and we are at peace, that blessed peace that bath her victories more renowned than war. And thrice blessed is the woman whom the dark ages kept subdued for centuries, but has come to the front and now stands side by side with man and is always first in every good word and work. For two thousand years she was called by name but twice in the Bible. Mother Eve, and next came Sarah, the wife of Abraham, and for another two thousand years was mentioned by name only a few times, but at last she was honored as the mother of our Savior and was "last at the cross and earliest at the grave."

Within the last half century she has made more progress in establishing her natural and God-given rights than in all preceding time. She is the acknowledged head of all religious, missionary and charitable institutions. She is the school teacher of the world and in these United States constitutes ninetenths of all the public school teachers in the land. In several states she has the right of suffrage and is eligible to office on the school boards. Time was when she was almost a dead letter in literature and hardly ever noticed in the press of the country, but now a great metropolitan paper or magazine could not exist without a large space being devoted to her service and her fair pictures made to adorn the columns of every issue. Woman in this southland is a power and woe be to the men who scorn it, for they are always on the side of religion and good morals and purity in private life. Without them the church, the prayer meeting, the Sabbath schools and even the home would speedily decline into that state that Grover Cleveland called an "innocuous desuetude." In truth, she is the hope of the world and her progress the best sign of the coming millennium. As to her influence for all that is good in educating and refining mankind, no man ever wrote a more beautiful sentence than that of Sir Richard Steele, when he penned that: "To look upon and love a fair and virtuous woman and be loved by her is a liberal education." And so let me say to the young men, these sons of confederacy, don't despair; don't grieve for a college education; don't lament your poverty; but get married and your education will begin. Sometimes the course is long, but it is happy. My own has been running for nearly fifty-three years and is not completed, for I have not yet received a diploma, nor taken the first honor. I am still a school boy.—Bill Ard in Atlanta Constitution.

HAD NEWSPAPER SENSE.

An Incident That Admirably Illustrates That Quality.

Walter B. Stevens, the secretary of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, for which St. Louis is making great preparations, was for many years connected with the Globe-Democrat and was an especial favorite of Joe McCullagh, its chief editor. Since 1893 Mr. Stevens has been a Washington correspondent, and was recognized as one of the best of the corps. On one occasion when Mr. Stevens was in St. Louis Mr. McCullagh was entertaining some visitors in his office, when the conversation turned upon the difference between men of equal intelligence in the matter of seeing more than appeared on the surface of common things. "Why, I have a man in this office," Mr. McCullagh declared, "who can beat the world at such a game. I'll show you what he can do." He called through the speaking tube and Mr. Stevens responded in person. "Mr. Stevens," said the editor, "I have got to have something to fill about a column and a quarter in tomorrow's paper. I wish you would go out into the street and write up the first thing you come across. Don't stay more than 30 minutes. I need you for another assignment after you are through with this." At the stroke of the half hour in walked Stevens with a batch of copy in his hand. "I haven't quite finished that article," he remarked, "but it will take me but a little while more." "Oh, very well," said Mr. McCullagh, winking slyly at his guests, "but be as quick as you can about it." It was not very long before Stevens returned, laid the finished manuscript on his chief's desk, took his further orders and retired, whereupon Mr. McCullagh and his friends examined what he had written. Mr. Stevens, it seems, had walked as far as the nearest corner, where a new building was in process of erection. Apparently there was nothing to be seen more than anyone could see in any unfinished building. He was probably the only passer-by who stopped and watched proceedings, and he talked with the contractor on the curbstone about the little dummy which was running up and down by steam, supplying the bricks and mortar to the masons on the upper floors. His article was a light but thoughtful essay on "The Passing of the Hod Carrier."

The great interoceanic highway of peace is now as firmly assured in the New World as in the Old. The juncture of the Atlantic and Pacific is secured at the Isthmus of Nicaragua, as of the Mediterranean and the Red at the Isthmus of Suez, by a commercial great power in trust for civilization.

JUST LIKE CARLYLE.

Savage Epistle from the Biographer of Oliver Cromwell.

An unpublished and most characteristic letter of Carlyle's has recently appeared in the London Times. He had been asked to subscribe toward the raising, at St. Ives, of a statue to the Protector, and his adherence was qualified with no little ferocity for the people who presumed to celebrate at the same time Cromwell and "King Hudson," the great railroad speculator. The project for the Cromwell monument lapsed, and St. Ives waited until the other day for a memorial of its greatest citizen. The dedication, the Times correspondent assures us, passed off without the "ocean of flummery and mere idle balderdash" which Carlyle deprecated. The biographer of Cromwell writes:

"My private opinion, I confess, is that the present generation of Englishmen—who have filled their towns with such a set of 'public statues' as were never before erected by any people, ugly brazen images (to mere commonplace adventurers with titles on them, and even sometimes to mere paltry scoundrels, worthy of immediate oblivion only), and who have winded up their enterprises in the statue or memorial line by subscribing £25,000 to a memorial for King Hudson—are not likely to do themselves or anybody much good by setting up statues to Oliver Cromwell. I fear they have forfeited the right to pretend to remember Cromwell in a public manner. Cromwell's divine memory, sad, stern, and earnest as the gods, says virtually to them, 'Forget me and pass on, ye unhappy canaille; carry your offerings to King Hudson and strive to emulate him!' Nevertheless, I have privately resolved, if such a thing do go on, to subscribe my little mite to it on occasion, and to wish privately that it may prosper much better than I can with any assurance hope. I think it will be very difficult to avoid the introduction of such an ocean of flummery and mere idle balderdash into the affair (if the 'public' are fairly awoken to it) as will be very distressing to any one who feels how a Cromwell ought to be honored by the nation that produced him."—New York Evening Post.

A movement is on foot to have the annual salary of members of congress increased from \$5,000 to \$10,000. Those engaged in its claim that the present salary is entirely insufficient, considering the cost of living in Washington and the heavy political expenses each candidate for congress has to undergo. This is a very touching plea; but it is to be noted that, in spite of the hardships complained of, there is never any difficulty in keeping the congressional quota full.—Syracuse Herald.

Coaling Stations Next.

It is hinted at the Navy Department that plans are being formulated for the acquisition of coaling stations for the use of our warships, which will defend the isthmian canal. Now that the treaty is signed and England has submitted to our demand that we defend the canal according to our wishes it has become incumbent upon the Navy Department to make such preparations as are necessary for the maintenance of a fleet in the vicinity of the proposed canal.

These stations will be established at Almirante Bay, the Chiqui lagoon, Columbia, the Gulf of Dulce, Costa Rica; the Danish West Indies and Gallapagos Island, off the coast of and belonging to Ecuador. Admiral Dewey says the canal can be defended only by the navy. Rear-Admiral Bradford, chief of the bureau of equipment and a member of the naval war board, says the defense of the canal will be the guns of the American fleet, and in order that the fleet may operate from near by bases it is necessary that they be established without delay.—Army and Navy Journal.

An ill-natured person is always sailing on a stormy sea.

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