6 PAGES TO-DAY.

# THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.

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WHOLE NUMBER 12,318. RICHMOND, VA., TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 1891. THREE CENTS PER COPY.

# ROB'T E. LEE.

## First Observance of the Day Set Apart to His Memory.

## HEARTY CELEBRATION

### Business Suspended, Public Offices Closed, and the Holiday General.

## MILITARY AND VETERANS.

### A Splendid Parade Through Densely Crowded Thoroughfares.

## ON THE MONUMENT-GROUNDS.

### Salutes Fired and Scenes of the Unveiling Recalled.

## BANQUET LAST NIGHT.

### A Fine Supper at Sanger Hall and Several Good Speeches.

## MAJOR STRINGFELLOW'S ORATION.

### He Pays a Chaste and Beautiful Tribute to the Great Commander.

## OTHERS MAKE ADDRESSES.

### The Governor, Mayor, and Other Orators Respond to Toasts.

## OUT AT BARTON HEIGHTS.

### Judge Flournoy Speaks and the Ladies Give a Ball.

## ALL OVER THE COMMONWEALTH.

### The Day Observed in the Cities and Principal Towns.

## CAPTAIN M'CABE IN ATLANTA.

### Reception Tendered Him By the Virginians of That City.

## BOTH NORTH AND SOUTH.

### Georgia, Maryland, and New York Do Homage to the Chieftain—Features of the Occasion.

## MAJOR STRINGFELLOW'S EULOGY.

### At the Banquet He Delivers a Beautiful and Chaste Address.

The programme of the day was concluded last night at Sanger Hall with a banquet.

At 9 o'clock Lee Camp and numerous invited guests, in all about 350, sat down to a splendid spread of choice viands.

These were discussed with earnestness and for about three fourths of an hour knives and forks did good service. At the end of that time Commander Archer introduced Mayor Ellyson as toast-master, who announced that he had communications of regret from W. A. Smoot, of R. E. Lee Camp, Alexandria, Va.; Hugh R. Smith, of A. P. Hill Camp, Petersburg; Captain Sol. Cutchins, of the Richmond Light Infantry Blues, and Captain C. Gray Bossieux, of the Grays.

"The Day We Celebrate."

The first toast of the evening was "The Day We Celebrate." In the world's great calendar the advent of moral heroes is designated by white stones, the birth of mighty conquerors is writ in ruby red, let the 19th of January, 1807, be marked with an imperishable diamond to flash from different faces all the colors of the bow upon the natal-day of one who in peace and war, in success and reverse, has for his single watchword "Duty," the noblest term in the English language.

Major Charles S. Stringfellow responded to this sentiment. He said:

"What meaneth the noise of this great shout?" was the question which the victorious Philistines asked of each other some three thousand years ago when the defeated Hebrews saluted the ark of the covenant as it was brought from its resting-place at Shiloh to their camp at Ebenezer, and the significant question we ask of ourselves this evening is: "What meaneth the noise of this great shout?" with which this assemblage of so many of the representative men of Richmond have greeted a sentiment in honor of a chieftain whose flag was furled at last in the gloom of defeat and despair.

The *day* we celebrate! The four and eightieth anniversary of that on which, in an Old Virginia homestead by the blue waters of the broad Potomac, another son was born unto our dear old Mother State, destined in the fulness of time to write his name beside her Masons, her Henrys, her Madisons, her Jeffersons—nay, beside that of Washington himself—on the roll of those immortal few "that were not born to die."

Forever and forever, honored be the natal-day of Robert Edward Lee; forever and forever, upon its return as the years pass by in the long procession of the ages may Virginia's mothers teach their children the story of his matchless Christian life and virtues, and Virginia's sons mark that day with drum and fife and all the pomp and pageantry of grand parade, and gather in public meeting and banquet hall to celebrate and honor it!

And right it is, my friends, that we should so do, for of all the events that history takes note of one of the most notable is the coming of a truly great man to do his work amongst men, to wisely govern and control by the force of a mighty intellect and imperial will, to labor for them, and by his genius add to their comforts and promote their material welfare, to think for them and increase their stock of knowledge and clear away the mists of doubt and error that obscure the light of truth, to act for them and by deed and bright example point out the path of duty and stimulate to high endeavor.

END TO KINGLY RULE.

When on the 7th of June, 1776, Richard Henry Lee moved in the Continental Congress that "these united colonies are and of right ought to be free and independent States," and when on the 4th day of July following that Congress adopted and published to the world the Declaration of Independence which Jefferson drew and the good people of those colonies under the lead of Washington maintained with bayonet and sword for themselves and their posterity, they put an end to kingly rule forever.

But the kings they dethroned were those who rule by the accident of birth or circumstances, and not those kings of men who rule by right in very truth divine—the right of God-given powers so grand in their proportions and so honestly used for the good of their fellow-citizens for the promotion of truth and justice and the defence of right, whether in council hall or tented field, as to command the homage and respect of men.

"Great men never die,
Their bones may sodden in the sun—
Their heads be hung on castle gates or city walls,
But still their spirits walk abroad."

And here to-night, here in the midst of those who knew and honored him in life; here, I may almost say, in this camp of old soldiers who followed where he led from Richmond to Appomattox with courage so heroic and devotion so true that the centuries may be challenged to show their peers; here unseen, but not unfelt, the spirit of Lee walks amongst us, and for the moment at least, fills our hearts with somewhat of his own pure love of gentleness and justice and duty, as consciously or not we resolve as well as may be to imitate his great example, though far, so far away.

TO ALL TIMES AND ALL THE WORLD.

The *man* whose fame and memory we celebrate to-night! Though ours by birth, he belongs not to our time, nor yet to us alone, but to all times and to all the world. I know that amongst those whom he antagonized there are men cast by nature in so small a mould, with minds so contracted and hearts so mean, that they are still ready to cast a stone at the memory of the rebel Lee. Thank God, there are few, if any such, in the ranks of the brave soldiers who fought against him. But the passions and prejudices which the war evoked will one day be buried in the grave of the long ago. The red rose and the white bloom side by side on fields once drenched with the blood of Lancaster and York, and, though upon the return of the Stuart to the throne of his fathers the graves of the Puritans were despoiled of their dead, and the bodies of Pym and Blake dragged from Westminster Abbey and cast like rubbish into the church-yard of St. Margaret, yet to-day, could one produce but a link of the chain by which Cromwell's body was suspended from the gibbet on Tyburn Hill, it were prized as a precious relic worth a thousand times its weight in gold; for call him as men may, rebel or lord protector, all England boasts of his name, his genius, and his glory, and her sons with equal pride trace their blood from the dashing cavaliers who rode with Essex and Prince Rupert at Edge Hill, and the God-fearing men who marched to victory with Cromwell at Marston Moor, or followed Hampden to death and defeat at Chalgrove.

Thus it is that the "fashion of this world passeth away," and the fashion of senseless fanatics in the pulpit who have been preaching a crusade of hate in the place of that dear Gospel of peace, which the blessed Savior preached; the fashion of selfish politicians, who have pained the ears and vexed the hearts of all true patriots with their hypocritical rantings about "rebel brigadiers" and "southern traitors" and "broken oaths"; the fashion of miserable tricksters, who for their own base ends have so long distorted truth and lived on lies. Be sure all this shall pass away and Americans everywhere accept the judgment the world has already rendered: that of all who played their parts on the great stage of our great civil war the greatest, the wisest, and the best was Robert Edward Lee. [Great applause.]

Thrice brevetted in Mexico—at Cerro Gordo, at Cherubusco, and at Chapultepec—he proved himself a soldier with courage as dauntless as Ney's, and always and everywhere bore himself with a dignity, courtesy, and knightly chivalry, which lose nothing by comparison with Sidney or Bayard. He loved his old commander on those glorious fields, he loved the flag for which he had fought and bled, he loved the Union itself with all its glorious associations, and a terrible struggle rent his noble heart in twain when, after Lincoln's proclamation had accomplished what the appeals of her sister States had failed to bring about and driven Virginia to secession, he was compelled to choose between that Union and his native State.

THE WAY DUTY POINTED.

No one knew better than he the vast power and resources of the North; none more fully comprehended the magnitude of the impending contest and the sacrifice which he would make in casting his fortunes with the South, for Arlington, with all its sweet and cherished memories, lay smiling in the beauty of the opening spring, and he had but to reach forth his hand and grasp the baton of supreme command in the grand army which Lincoln was marshalling for the conflict; but he heeded not the voice of friendship nor the promptings of ambition, he heard not the pleadings of self-interest, he hesitated only long enough to decide which way duty pointed, and deciding that his first allegiance was due to his native State, promptly drew his sword in her defence. And

"Never hand waved sword from stain as free,
Nor purer sword led braver band,
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,
Nor brighter land had cause as grand,
Nor cause a chief like Lee."

And when after the most tremendous conflict the world has ever witnessed that brave band laid down its banners, heavy laden with the weight of glory and worn with fighting and weary with victory, yielded at last to hunger and want, and when that bright land was darkened with the black pall of despair and that grand cause crushed to earth by the weight of a host in arms well-nigh a million strong, he returned that sword to its scabbard as pure and stainless as when it first flashed in the face of the foe.

This is neither the time nor the occasion, were I competent for the task, by close analysis of his character and deeds, to approximate the place of Lee in the Pantheon of the great.

As a soldier he must yield precedence to Alexander, and Cæsar, and Frederick, and Napoleon, but he was nevertheless a great captain, and as an accomplished English critic has written; "In strategy mighty, in battle terrible, in adversity, as in prosperity, a hero, indeed."

The bloody battles before Richmond, when like a lion springing from his lair he took the offensive, and hurling his army like a thunder-bolt on the legions of McClellan he defeated him at Cold Harbor and drove him to refuge at Harrison's Landing, proves the truth of this. Sharpsburg proves it, and that brilliant campaign in which he outgeneralled Pope and shattering his forces at second Manassas compelled him to seek safety behind the fortifications of Washington proves it. Fredericksburg and Burnside bear witness to its truth. Chancellorsville and Hooker corroborate it, and Gettysburg, immortal now by the charge of Pickett's brave Virginians, twin brothers in valor and renown with the heroes who died for their country at Thermopylæ tells the same story. The countless numbers of brave men who fell under the flag of Grant from the Wilderness to Petersburg proclaim it from their soldier graves, and Appomattox's trumpet tongue tells it to all the ages, for there, in that Gethsemane of sorrow, he conquered fate itself, and plucking glory from defeat taught the world by his own example the truth of that august maxim which had been the guide of his life, that "human virtue could equal human calamity."

LEE AND NAPOLEON.

When we read the story of Napoleon fretting away his life at St. Helena, and railing in impotent rage at the reverses of his fortune, we can but wish sometimes that he had put himself at the head of the Old Guard whom Cambronne led to undying fame at Waterloo, and perished on that fateful field, but where lives the man who does not feel that the world would have sustained an irreparable loss had Robert E. Lee ridden along his lines at Appomattox and put an end to his grand life and sorrow there, as in one single moment of pardonable weakness he suggested he could do?

When Gordon sent his word that his old corps had by mere attrition been reduced to a "frazzle" he knew that the end he had long foreseen had come, and calling his staff officers around him prepared them for the last sad act in the saddest drama in modern times. "What," said one of them, "what will history say of our surrender?" "That is not the question," Lee replied. "The question is whether it *is right*, and if it *is right* I take all the responsibility." There spoke the Christian hero! self-poised and self-sustained. As prosperity had never obscured neither could adversity dim his clear perceptions of right nor cause him for one moment to falter in the line of duty. You all remember that when the tidings of the French Emperor's surrender reached Paris Magenta and Solferino were forgotten, and his lovely wife compelled in the darkness of midnight to abandon her home and fly for her life under the escort of a foreign prince; but when the people heard that Lee had laid down his sword in the midst of its own overwhelming grief the great heart of the South beat with tenfold sympathy and love for its fallen chief.

Sedan was the grave of the Third Napoleon; Appomattox was for the paroled prisoner Lee the beginning of a new life, illustrated by a victory in peace more glorious than any that had crowned his arms in war, for he lived to conquer the prejudice and hate of all honorable foes and compel the homage of mankind itself by the exhibition of such moral grandeur, such unsurpassed patience in suffering, such fortitude in misfortune, such unequalled self-command, and such Christ-like self-abnegation, that when at last he was borne to rest under the shadows of the blue hills of old Virginia the wild wail of sorrow that went up to Heaven from the sorely-tried and sorely-stricken South found a responsive echo in every land where men honor the brave and love the good.

And still we

"Mourn for the man of amplest influence,
Yet clearest of ambition's crime;
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,
Great in council and great in war;
Rich in saving common sense;
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime."

The *cause* we celebrate to-night! Not the cause of sedition or treason, not that of vaulting ambition, nor yet of secession or disunion, but the cause of the statehood of the States, of the Constitution and union of the fathers; the cause that Lee battled for with a giant's might; the cause for which Sydney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson gave their glorious lives, and for which their hero soldiers were content to bleed and die and sleep in unmarked graves on an hundred fields; the cause of constitutional limitations and constitutional law. *That* is the cause we commemorate to-night.

THE CAUSE WILL LIVE.

It did not perish utterly at Appomattox. It did not die with Lee. It will survive the passions of the hour and live when sneering hypocrites and brazen demagogues with their force bills and their unholy schemes of public plunder and private gain shall only be remembered to arouse the scorn and execration of all patriotic men. It cannot die, for it is the cause of liberty itself, and

"Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft is ever won."

The land we celebrate to-night, the land of brave and honest men, of maids and mothers virtuous and true, of statesmen, sages, and heroes, the land whose whole history is marked by great deeds and redolent of glorious memories, the land of Washington and his great compatriots, the land in whose battle-scarred bosom sleep Lee and his great Lieutenants Stuart, Hill, and Jackson, with the unnumbered thousands of those gallant men who followed them with hearts as brave, *that* is the land we celebrate to-night.

The *day*, the *man*, the *cause*, the *land* we meet to honor are all forever linked with the history, the wonderful rise and the untimely fall of that Confederacy of States which in four short years—for years are as nothing in the lifetime of nations—earned for itself an immortality of glory, and then gave place to a Union which from our hearts we pray may endure forever—"an indestructible Union of indestructible States" founded on mutual confidence, mutual respect, and the eternal principles of truth, justice, and right.

"Ah! realm of tombs—but let her bear
This blazon to the last of time:
No nation rose so white and fair
Or fell so free of crime.

"An angel's tongue, an angel's mouth,
Not Homer's, could alone for me
Hymn well the great Confederate South—
*Virginia* first and *Lee*."

## THE GOVERNOR SPEAKS.

### He Delves Into Virginia's Past and Prophesies a Glorious Future.

Governor McKinney responded to the next sentiment, Virginia—she holds as a sacred trust the ashes of her dead; she feeds with bounteous hand her living sons; she looks with calm hope to a better future. "If honor calls, where'er she points the way, the sons of honor follow and obey."—*Churchill.*

The speaker began by saying that he had listened with pleasure to Major Stringfellow's oration.

Virginia had on every occasion been able to furnish a man to meet the emergency. When in the Union she was looked upon as a leech, and when in the Confederacy she was regarded as the foremost State of the South.

Virginia was the first State where free religion obtained. She was for independence when others were uncertain. The climatic conditions conduced to the growth of brave men; it was not warm enough to make effeminate or cold enough to dwarf them. In her were embraced forests, fields, rivers, mountains, and valleys, all going to form a country well worth fighting for.

VIRGINIA PLUCK.

The indomitable pluck of Virginians was well known, the Governor said. He remembered hearing about one of Pickett's men who went West shortly after the war, to Kansas City. He saw an advertisement for help in a store. When he answered he found several hundred applicants ahead of him. They were calling out, "I was under Grant," "I was under Hancock." He passed in front of the desk, and, holding up a hand from which three fingers were gone, said: "I lost those fighting under Lee in defence of the capital of my native State, Virginia."

The ex-Confederate was given the place, although the employer told him that he was no southern sympathizer, but because he felt that a man who asserted himself under such circumstances could be trusted.

HE MADE THE SACRIFICE.

At the time Virginia seceded Mrs. Lee was an invalid and a female friend was staying with her. Late at night Mrs. Lee sent for her and told her she was afraid the Colonel was worried, as he had been walking the floor of the room above all night. Just at that moment the Colonel knocked at the door, walked in, and took a seat on the side of the bed. He said he was greatly troubled and wanted advice. "Virginia has seceded today. The United States educated me and I have been offered the command of her army. But Virginia is my home and the birth-place of my fathers." The old lady responded, "The path of duty is the path of sacrifice." At that Colonel Lee brightened up and said: "I tender my sword to Virginia to-morrow."

This was indeed a sacrifice. The United States was a great Government equipped for war, and he refused the command of her armies to come to Virginia, who was without a navy, without a treasury, and almost without hope, but which he loved, and was willing to die for.

SCARS OF WAR.

The Governor said he had lately seen a map of Virginia with red flags on it to designate where Virginia troops had fought. The flags were everywhere. They were the scars of war, but they did not disfigure her. Virginians and other southern people have no need to be ashamed of the part they took in the war. The northern people came here, bought Libby Prison, and carried it to Chicago to make money out of it. Why not dig up some field where southern chivalry had been victorious and carry that away, too. Northern men say that they come from the North, but a Virginian does not say he comes from the South, but from "Old Virginia, thank God," and even the negroes are proud of being Virginians and boast of it, even down to the exact county. Every man is raised free, and therefore they all belong to the "first families."

A Virginian never goes away from home with the intention of staying; he always hopes to make money and come back to the old Commonwealth.

POSSIBILITIES OF THE FUTURE.

A friend of his, remarked the speaker, had told him a few days ago that he would so like to live fifty years more, not for the mere pleasure of living, but to see the wonderful progress that Virginia is bound to make in that time. The possibilities cannot be imagined. No man can tell what Virginia will be fifty years from now. Norfolk, Newport News, Richmond, Roanoke, Glasgow, Buena Vista, Salem, Buchanan, Big-Stone Gap, must become inconceivably great.

Before fifty years have elapsed Virginia, now the fourteenth State in the Union in point of wealth and population, will walk a queen among her sisters.

But, concluded the Governor, no matter what the future has in store, no greater man would ever spring from her loins than the one whom they were then gathered to honor.

## MAYOR ELLYSON.

### Richmond's Chief Executive Ably Represents the Capital of the State.

Mayor J. Taylor Ellyson responded to the third toast of the evening.

The City—Through dark and trying years her barriers, guarded by her sons, kept at bay mighty armies. Now pushing her lines of hospitable homes and her hives of busy industry beyond the circle of dismantled forts, she beckons to skill and culture, to capital and enterprise, from North and South, from East and West, by open highways to join in the march "On to Richmond."

In his *role* as toast-master, remarked the Mayor, he always preferred to make others talk rather than to do so himself. He was a little surprised when asked to reply to a sentiment, but he did so cheerfully, for he felt it was an honor to represent the city.

When the Confederate soldiers left Appomattox twenty-five years ago many felt like they would like to leave the State forever. They would have done so but for the example of R. E. Lee, who showed his readiness to identify himself with her future.

The progress of twenty-five years was due to the energy and industry of the City

[CONTINUED ON SEVEN PAGES]

## SOLDIERS AND VETERANS MARCH.

### Parade of the Military, Ex-Confederates, and Their Sons.

How a crowd does like to "follow the soldiers"! Men, women, and children—white and black alike—always find in the military some new and never-failing attraction.

Yesterday was no exception to the rule, and an hour or so after noon the gathering people in the streets told that nothing short of a military parade was on the tapis.

A little later and the waving of flags, tap of drum, and blast of bugle gave notice that the soldiers—artillery, cavalry, and infantry—were preparing to move.

The First regiment of Virginia volunteers formed in line at their Armory and the Howitzers at theirs. Lee Camp and the Sons of Veterans met at Veteran Hall and Pickett Camp formed line on the west side of Sixth street north of Broad. The Chesterfield and Hanover Troops came to town during the morning and showed-up splendidly in the parade.

FORMATION OF LINE.

Promptly at 2:30 P. M. the line moved off in the following order:

Detachment of mounted police—Captain E. P. Hulce.

Dismounted police—Captain James B. Angle.

Chief-Marshal Brigadier-General Charles J. Anderson and staff.

First Regimental Band.

Regimental Drum-Corps.

Colonel Henry C. Jones and staff.

First Regiment Virginia volunteers (infantry).

Blues' Band.

Richmond Light Infantry Blues, Captain Sol. Cutchins.

Colonel J. V. Bidgood, of the First regiment Virginia cavalry, and staff.

Chesterfield Troop, Captain David Moore.

Hanover Troop, Captain P. H. Hall.

Stuart Horse Guards, Captain Charles Euker.

There was some delay in the movement of the Howitzers, who were ten or fifteen minutes behind the balance of the column as it passed down Broad street to Nineteenth, to Main, to Fifth to Franklin.

THE VETERANS FALL IN.

Here the Veteran corps, under command of Major Thomas A. Brander, fell in ahead of the cavalry. This division consisted of Lee Camp, No. 1, Confederate Veterans, Commander A. W. Archer; Pickett Camp, Confederate Veterans, Commander Jennings, and Sons of Confederate Veterans, Captain W. Deane Courtney.

The march was then resumed up Franklin street to the Lee monument, where the line arrived a little before 4 o'clock.

## OUT AT GENERAL LEE'S MONUMENT.

### Scenes of the Unveiling-Day Repeated on a Small Scale.

The ceremonies at the monument-grounds were very brief but interesting, and in their picturesqueness tended to remind those there assembled of the unveiling of the statue last May.

Just as the line passed out of Franklin street it was reviewed by Governor McKinney and Mayor Ellyson from the porch of Mr. R. W. Fowers's elegant residence, the last on the street, while a youth in the yard below held aloft a beautiful silk State flag.

The column then marched around the monument, the infantry passing onward taking a position in the open field several hundred yards to the north. The cavalry followed in the same direction, while the artillery wheeled into position considerably to the left. The veterans were drawn up around the monument.

SALUTE AND MUSIC.

The regiment then fired a salute, firing at will. The bands played "Dixie," "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and "My Maryland." The artillery then fired a salute.

There were some manœuvres of the cavalry; the infantry was marched back to the west side of the monument, formed into a dress-parade line, and photographed, this last necessitating the shoving of a number of women and children into the mud by soldiers with muskets in hand.

The line was then marched back to the city.

## MR. DAVIS ON LEE.

### THE EX-PRESIDENT ON THE GREAT CONFEDERATE COMMANDER.

Extracts from a Eulogy Delivered in Richmond and from an Article in the North American.

"*Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy, Countrymen and Friends:*

"Assembled on this sad occasion, with hearts oppressed with grief that follows the loss of him who was our leader on many a bloody battle-field, there is a melancholy pleasure in the spectacle which is presented. Hitherto, in all times, men have been honored when successful, but here is the case of one who, amid disaster, went down to his grave, and those who were his companions in misfortune have assembled to honor his memory. It is as much an honor to you who give as to him who receives, for above the vulgar test of merit you show yourselves competent to discriminate between him who enjoys and him who deserves success.

MY FRIEND.

"Robert E. Lee was my associate and friend in the Military Academy, and we were friends until the hour of his death. We were associates and friends when he was a soldier and I was a congressman, and associates and friends when he led the armies of the Confederacy and I held civil office, and, therefore, I may claim to speak as one who knew him. In the many sad scenes and perilous circumstances through which we passed together our conferences were frequent and full, yet never was there an occasion on which there was not entire harmony of purpose and accordance as to means. If ever there was difference of opinion, it was dissipated by discussion and harmony was the result. I repeat, we never disagreed, and I may add that I never in my life saw in him the slightest tendency to self-seeking. It was not his to make a record, it was not his to shift blame to other shoulders; but it was his, with an eye fixed on the welfare of his country, never faltering, to follow the line of duty to the end. His was the heart that braved every difficulty; his was the mind that brought victory out of defeat.

NO WANT OF DASH

"He has been charged with 'want of dash.' I wish to say that I never knew Lee decline to attempt anything that man may dare. An attempt has also been made to throw a cloud on his character because he left the army of the United States to join in the struggle for the liberty of his State. Without entering into politics, I deem it my duty to say one word in reference to this charge. Virginian born, descended from a family illustrious in the colonial history of Virginia, more illustrious still in her struggle for independence, and most illustrious in her recent effort to maintain the great principles declared in 1776; given by Virginia to the service of the United States, he represented her in the Military Academy at West Point. He was not educated by the Federal Government, but by Virginia, for she paid her full share for the support of that institution and was entitled to demand in return the services of her sons. Entering the army of the United States, he represented Virginia there also, and nobly performed his duty for the Union, of which Virginia was a member, whether we look to his peaceful services as an engineer or to his more notable deeds upon foreign fields of battle. He came from Mexico crowned with honors, covered by brevets, and recognized, young as he was, as one of the ablest of his country's soldiers.

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HIS MODESTY.

"When Virginia joined the Confeneracy and the seat of government was moved to Richmond Lee was the highest officer in the little army of Virginia and promptly cooperated in all the movements of the Confederate Government for the defence of the common country, and when he was sent to West Virginia made no inquiry as to his rank, but continued to serve under the impression that he was still an officer of Virginia, and though he had in point of fact been then appointed general by the Confederate Government, he was so careless of himself as never to have learned the fact, and only made inquiry when, ordered to another State, he deemed it necessary to know what would be his relative position towards other officers with whom he might be brought in contact. You all remember the disastrous character of that campaign in West Virginia, to which I have referred. He came back carrying the heavy load of defeat and unappreciated by the people whom he had served, for they could not know that had his plans and orders been carried out the result would have been victory rather than retreat. You did not know it, for I would not have known had he not reported it, with the request, however, that it should not be made public. The clamor which then arose followed him when he went to South Carolina, so that it became necessary to write a letter to the Governor of that State telling him what manner of man he was."

READY TO GO ANYWHERE.

Mr. Davis spoke of the straits to which the Confederacy was reduced, and reviewed her sad and glorious history through the advance into Pennsylvania, the battle of Gettysburg, the final surrender. He then proceeded:

"Here he now sleeps in the land he loved, and that land is not Virginia only, for they do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia. He was ready to go anywhere, on any service for the good of his country, and his heart was as broad as the fifteen States struggling for the principles that our forefathers fought for in the Revolution of 1776.

* * * * * * *

"This day we unite our words of sorrow with those of the good and great throughout Christendom, for his fame has gone over the water—his deeds will be remembered, and when the monument we build shall have crumbled into dust his virtues will live, a high model for the imitation of generations yet unborn."

### Mr. Davis's Later Estimate.

[From an article written by Mr. Davis for the North American Review.]

* * * In the early days of June, 1862, General McClellan threatened the capital (Richmond) with an army numerically much superior to that to the command of which Lee had been assigned. A day or two after he had joined the army I was riding to the front and saw a number of horses hitched in front of a house, and among them recognized General Lee's. Upon dismounting and going in I found some general officers engaged in consultation with him as to how McClellan's advance could be checked, and one of them commenced to explain the disparity of force and with pencil and paper to show how the enemy could throw out his bayous and by successive parallels make his approach irresistible. "Stop, stop," said Lee, "if you go to ciphering we are whipped beforehand." He ordered the construction of earthworks, put guns in a position for a defensive line on the south side of the Chickahominy, and then commenced the strategic movement which was the inception of the seven days' battles, ending in uncovering the capital and driving the enemy to the cover of his gunboats in the James river. * * *

HIS HUMOR.

He was always careful not to wound the sensibilities of any one, and sometimes with an exterior jest or compliment would give what, if properly appreciated, was instruction for the better performance of some duty—for example, if he thought a general officer was not visiting his command as early and often as was desirable, he might admire his horse and suggest that the animal would be improved by more exercise.

He was not of the grave, formal nature that he seemed to some who only knew him when sad realities cast dark shadows upon him; but even then the humor natural to him would occasionally break out. For instance, General Lee called at my office for a ride to the defence of Richmond, then under construction. He was mounted on a stallion which some kind friend had recently sent him. As I mounted my horse his was restive and kicked at mine. We rode on quietly together, though Lee was watchful to keep his horse in order. Passing by an encampment we saw near a tent two stallions tied at a safe distance from one another. "There," said he, "is a man worse off than I am." When asked to explain, he said: "Don't you see, he has two stallions? I have but one."

CORN-BREAD CRUSTS.

His habits had always been rigidly temperate, and his fare in camp was of the simplest. I remember on one battle-field riding past where he and his staff were taking their luncheon. He invited me to share it, and when I dismounted for the purpose it proved to have consisted only of bacon and corn-bread. The bacon had all been eaten, and there were only some crusts of corn-bread left, which, however, having been saturated with the bacon gravy, were in those hard times altogether acceptable, as General Lee was assured, in order to silence his regrets. * * *

THE CHARGE OF TREASON.

After the close of the war, while I was in prison and Lee was on parole, we were both indicted on a charge of treason; but, in hot haste to get in their work, the indictment was drawn with the fatal omission of an overt act. General Grant interposed in the case of General Lee on the ground that he had taken his parole and that he was therefore not subject to arrest. Another grand jury was summoned and a bill was presented against me alone and amended by inserting specifications of overt acts. General Lee was summoned as a witness before that grand jury, the object being to prove by him that I was responsible for certain things done by him during the war. I was in Richmond, having been released by virtue of the writ of *habeas corpus*. General Lee met me very soon after having given his testimony before the grand jury, and told me that to the inquiry whether he had not in the specified cases acted under my orders he said that he had always consulted me when he had the opportunity, both on the field and elsewhere; that after discussion, if not before, we had always agreed, and therefore he had done with my consent and approval only what he might have done if he had not consulted me, and that he accepted the full responsibility for his acts. He said he had endeavored to present the matter as distinctly as he could and looked up to see what effect he was producing upon the grand jury. Immediately before him sat a big black negro whose head had fallen back on the rail of the bench he sat on; his mouth was wide open and he was fast asleep. General Lee pleasantly added that if had had any vanity as an orator it would have received a rude check.

THE KNIGHTLY LEE.

The evident purpose was to offer to Lee a chance to escape by transferring to me the responsibility for overt acts. Not only to repel the suggestion, but unequivocally to avow his individual responsibility, with all that, under existing circumstances, was implied in this, was the highest reach of moral courage and gentlemanly pride. Those circumstances were exceptionally perilous to him. He had been indicted for treason: the United States President had vindictively threatened to make treason odious; the dregs of society had been thrown to the surface; judicial seats were held by political adventurers; the United States judge of the Virginia district had answered to a committee of Congress that he could pack a jury so as to convict Davis or Lee—and it was under such surroundings that he met the grand jury and testified as stated above. Arbitrary power might pervert justice and trample on right, but could not turn the knightly Lee from the path of honor and truth.

Descended from a long line of illustrious warriors and statesmen, Robert Edward Lee added new glory to the name he bore, and, whether measured by a martial or an intellectual standard, will compare favorably with those whose reputation it devolved upon him to sustain and emulate.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[For the Dispatch.]

### The Nineteenth of January—The Anniversary of the Birth of Robert Edward Lee.

BY MRS. J. WILLIAM JONES.

Once more this honored day rolls round,
And loyal all are we,
For out of the past steals a martial sound,
And our heart's beat quick, while our pulses bound
To the memory dear of those days renowned,
When we followed the banner of Lee.

We honor ourselves when we honor this day,
And we of the South agree
To tell our to children while we may
Of the knightliest knight who "wore the gray."
Come orator, statesman, and veteran, pay
Your tribute to Robert Lee.

Oh! tell us the thrilling story again,
Familiar to you and to me,
'Tis a glorious song, with a sad refrain,
But a history grand which will yet attain
A stainless right to live and reign,
In hearts which are loyal to Lee.

You can tell to our youth of a warrior brave
A king among men to see,
Of his wonderful life which he willingly gave
To the people he loved and struggled to save—
Historian can write, and poet can rave
O'er the glorious career of Lee.

To the closing days of his life we will turn,
And then we will silent be,
He gave us a lesson of patience to learn,
One faithfully practiced 'mid duties stern,
Oh! comrade and soldier, our hearts doth burn
When we speak of our matchless Lee.

ATLANTA, GA., January 19, 1891.

A Pleasing Sense

of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c. and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

## THE DAY IN PETERSBURG.

### A Grand Celebration—Parade and Address by the Mayor.

[Correspondence of the Richmond Dispatch.]

PETERSBURG, January 19, 1891.

Petersburg honored itself to-day in the splendid tribute which it paid to the memory of General Robert E. Lee. There was a great outpouring of the people, and flags and bunting were displayed in every quarter of the city. Private residences as well as the stores in the business section were elaborately decorated. There was a general suspension of business in the afternoon, and the streets were crowded with our own citizens as well as hundreds of visitors from the adjoining counties. Many pictures of General Lee were hung in front of stores and residences, and the greatest enthusiasm was manifested. Confederate, State, and national colors were seen on every side, and one of the features of the observance was the great number of ladies who participated.

THE PARADE.

The column was formed on Bollingbrook street, facing south, with the right resting between Second and Third streets. Ex-Governor William E. Cameron was the chief marshal and he was assisted by a number of deputies. In the line of parade were Mexican veterans bearing with them the flag which they carried to Mexico, the Petersburg Grays, the Petersburg Artillery, the Prince George Cavalry, A. P. Hill Camp, Confederate States Veterans, the police corps, veterans not members of A. P. Hill Camp, the fire department, public-school pupils, and many others who took part in the parade in order to testify their respect for the man and the day, including the three councils of the Junior Order of American Mechanics. There were two bands in line—one the Grays' and the other the band of the Normal School, composed entirely of colored students. The procession moved through the principal streets of the city and was brought to a stand at the Academy of Music, where an interesting programme had been arranged. Senator Daniel was unable to be present, however, as intimated in Sunday's *Dispatch*, and Hon. C. P. W. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, telegraphed that reasons of State prevented him from coming.

DANIEL APPLAUDED.

So, after prayer by Rev. Dr. Gibson and a short address by Mayor Collier the audience was dismissed. The Academy was crowded from pit to dome, and the stage presented a most picturesque appearance. When Mayor Collier, explaining the cause of Senator Daniel's absence, eloquently referring to him as battling bravely now for the liberties of Virginia as he had battled in the past, a great cheer went up from a thousand throats, and subsequently the Senator's name was applauded to the echo. Mayor Collier made an excellent impromptu speech, and more than once when he alluded to the force bill the audience applauded his sentiments and re-echoed his spirited condemnation of that measure.

Thousands of people were unable to get inside of the doors of the Academy.

GENERAL LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.

Among the handsomest and most picturesque decorations were those at the residence of the late William H. Beasley, on High street. The house is located in very spacious grounds, and on the sward in front was a miniature camp, three tents in all, and pacing up and down in the camp was Captain John T. Parham, a Confederate veteran, wearing the identical uniform with which he was clothed when he was a soldier in the Army of Northern Virginia. Here also were to be seen many mementoes of the great struggle, one of the most interesting of which was an earthen-ware pitcher which had been used by General Lee. The Beasley Mansion was General Lee's headquarters during his operations around this city, and therefore it is of considerable historical importance. It was very beautifully and tastefully decorated. The Twelfth regiment flag, which was borne by that command at the battle of Seven Pines, floated over the miniature encampment, and another object of more than usual interest was the silk flag that was presented to the Petersburg City Guard by the ladies of Petersburg thirty years ago, and which for ten years after the close of the war had lain buried beneath the earth to preserve it from hostile hands. The "camp" was photographed.

MEXICAN VETERANS.

The day passed off without any untoward incident to mar the ceremonies. The only disappointment experienced was the failure of the distinguished orators to be present.

Twelve of the old Mexican-war veterans, occupying carriages, were in the procession, and were assigned seats of honor on the stage at the Academy. The ladies of the Memorial Association were also in carriages in the column and sat upon the stage.

ROBERT ADAMS.

## OUR PICTURE OF LEE.

The portrait of General Lee which appears on this page is one of the best of him ever printed in a newspaper.

The emblematic border surrounding it consists of two branches of oak and laurel, respectively, to the left and right of the reader. These start from a scutcheon at the foot of the composition, nearly enclose the head, and are emblems of civic and military virtues.

From the same points also a Confederate battle-flag and the ensign of the State project, part displayed, the ends draped to the scutcheon. The scutcheon or cartouch is "charged" with the crest of Lee, the squirrel with the nut, and the motto, "*Non Incautus Futuri*," which, though Latin, is very nearly the literal English, "Not incautious of the future."

The whole of the arms are not included, as their introduction would necessarily have made the rest of the design too diminutive.

In about the heraldic phraseology they are a single crescent sable (black) on a field of azure, divided from three crescents beneath sable by a chevron gules or red. The cartouch is circled by a close wreath of olive bound by a scarf, on opposite folds of which are "Mexico-Appomattox," the beginning and the end of General Lee's military career. On other folds are the dates of his birth and death.