

# The Lexington Intelligencer.

## PATRIARCHS IN COUNCIL.

### The Old Men's Club Meets at Central College.

### GOOD SPEECHES—A FINE BANQUET.

Next Meeting Will be held at Higginville September 27th

The Old Men's Club of Lafayette county met Saturday morning, June 7th, at Central Female College, in this city. Nearly an hour before the time set for the meeting, the old men began to assemble on the beautiful lawn of the college, and the time was very pleasantly spent in greeting to each other, and in talking about the crops. The old men are fond of talking about old times, when they were boys, and some of the stories they tell sound almost miraculous to the younger generation.

It was a little after eleven o'clock when the club was called to order in the chapel of the school. The president called upon Elder Fenstermacher to read the xc Psalm, which he did, and then Rev. G. W. Hyde offered prayer.

President Ryland made a short speech, welcoming the old men and their friends to Lexington. He spoke of the death of several members since the last meeting, and said that as these aged men must in a short time, pass away, it was their duty to visit and encourage each other. One of the members is almost one hundred years old, and many have long since passed four score. He was glad to welcome these old men, and to show them that the citizens of Lexington appreciate them. You old men have set a good example for the younger men, and have led them in the way of life. He referred to the organization of the club in 1868, and said it was organized for social purposes. He said it was the duty of each member to relate his experiences in life, and to visit and comfort each other. The avenues of comfort to the old are decreasing, and he hoped they would make good use of the opportunities which presented themselves. He had hoped to see a large attendance of the old men and their families. He wanted to see the list of members grow larger. A good moral character and 70 years of age are all the requirements for membership. Since our last meeting quite a number of our members have gone to their reward, and others are trembling on the brink. God bless the old men.

The audience then sang, "How Firm a Foundation, ye Saints of the Lord," after which the secretary called the roll, and twenty-two members answered to their names. Six or eight members came in after roll call. The proceedings of the last meeting were read, and on motion approved. Reports of committees being called for, the committee appointed to prepare obituary of John J. Cooksey submitted their report. It was signed by John F. Neill and S. J. Fitzgerald. The committee on memorial of S. S. Benton, composed of John E. Ryland and John C. Handley, submitted their report, and President Ryland spoke in a very complimentary and touching manner of his old friend and companion.

The next order of business was application for membership, and the following names were presented: Lewis Neale, Timothy S. Chandler, George W. Garr, Jacob Todhunter, Rev. John Meyer and Joseph F. Smith. They were all unanimously elected.

The rules of the organization require each new member to give a short sketch of his life—where born, and when; when he came to Missouri; whether married or not; how many children; whether member of church or not, and present postoffice address. Mr. Jacob Todhunter was the only one who gave his report. He was born in Kentucky, in August, 1820; came to Missouri in 1856; never married; member of the Christian church; present postoffice, Lexington.

The next order of business was the appointment of committees. The following committees on obituaries were appointed: Gill E. Bells, deceased—Committee, John E. Ryland and Joseph G. Chinn. Wayne S. Bishop, deceased—Committee, Samuel K. Bell, D. G. Doty and J. R. Anderson. Jesse Dollarhide, deceased—Committee, S. W. Burnside and W. L. Glover. Henry Rechterman, deceased—Committee, John W. White and J. P. Maw. G. D. Duvall, deceased—Committee, W. B. Major and John F. Neill. J. B. Carmichael, deceased—Committee, M. W. Lowry and James A. Emison. Casper Wagner, deceased—Committee, John S. White and Rufus Young. Lewis P. Rose, deceased—Committee, S. P. Bascom and George W. Sumner.

The constitution of the club was then read by the secretary. The president called upon Mr. John F. Neill to relate his experience, which he did in a short talk. He said that for the past thirty years he had been a member of the church, and had tried to live up to his faith. Mr. John W. White was called upon for his experience, which was given briefly. He came to Missouri in 1849, and had been a member of the church for fifty-one years. Mr. Abner Ward was called on, and made a brief talk. He came to Missouri in January, 1843, and had enjoyed living. Mr. W. B. Major was called on, and said he came to Missouri in 1847, and stopped at what was known as Hughes' Landing, now known as Waverly. He had some ladies with him, and had great anxiety about where they would sleep that night. The proprietor of the store stretched goods across the room, making a partition, and they all spent a comfortable night in the store. He said he enjoyed living, and does not want to die; he wants to live to be 100 years old. He wanted some of the old men to tell how they used to live, how they went to corn-shuckings and house-raising, and how the girls used to spin and weave. Mr. D. G. Doty being called upon, said that it had been his aim to live a respected life and thus be regretted when he died. The young may die; the old must die. He was not afraid. In May, 1853, he joined the Christian church, and in 1857 he joined the Masons. At that time there was a great cry made against Masons and other secret societies, but he found that being a Mason made him a better Christian. Mr. J. Frank Campbell was called on and responded at some length. He said that when he was a kid, away back in the 30's, he came to town, and now remembers seeing a man selling ginger cakes and cider. That was Dr. Gosewisch, who was then laying the foundation for the fortune which he made. Lexington was a village then, but it has since spread out, and has become famous for many things. It now has fine residences which would be creditable to St. Louis or Kansas City. It has schools and colleges and cultured people, and is worthy of its title as the "Athens of Missouri." Higginville and Odessa once thought they were rivals of Lexington, and they wanted the court house, and they wanted the river to be changed. This is all over now. Lexington has many beautiful ladies, and I believe their beauty has been the standard by which the ladies of Higginville and Odessa were measured; but he believed that the ladies of Higginville and Odessa were the better looking. There is a lady here from Higginville, who is 70 years old, and I will put her against any lady in Lexington for beauty, and you may appoint a Lexington man as judge. There are rich men in Lexington; I know one of these rich men. He is a millionaire. Most rich men own fine houses and broad acres; but this rich man owns no acres, no cattle, but he is rich in faith and hope and in the esteem of all, and is rich toward God. I allude to our honored president, John E. Ryland, Lexington's millionaire in all things.

Mr. J. H. DeBolt was called on, and

Confederate memorial services were held at the Confederate monument Tuesday afternoon, June 3d. The services were under the auspices of the U. D. C. About twenty-five veterans were present. The evening was hot and the shade a little scarce. A very fair sized crowd was present. The following programme was followed:

Bugle Call - - - - - Bugle Dixie - - - - - Chorus Song, "Maryland, My Maryland" - - - - - Chorus Prayer - - - - - Rev. T. M. Cobb Remarks, Mrs. S. N. Wilson, President U. D. C. Address - - - - - J. R. Moorehead Presentation of Crosses of Honor. Response from Veterans, W. G. Musgrove. Reading of Rules and Regulations Governing "The Southern Cross of the Legion of Honor," Mrs. J. H. Campbell Song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" - - - - - Chorus Taps - - - - - Bugle

The address of Mrs. S. N. Wilson, president of the U. D. C., was as follows: Veterans, Sons of Veterans, United Daughters of Confederacy and Friends: We stand today on holy ground, amidst the graves of those who fell in battle while defending the cause they espoused; and on this, the birthday of our president and leader, do homage to their courage and valor.

The honor of instituting Decoration Day belongs to Louisville, Ky. In May, 1862, a small party of southern sympathizers conceived the idea of decorating the graves of a few heroes who had already fallen in the strife, and lay buried in beautiful Cave Hill cemetery. They proceeded to the resting place of twelve confederate soldiers who reposed there, and with loving hearts and tender hands covered their graves with flowers.

In pursuance of this custom, all over the southland today, hearts thrill with devotion to that just cause; and, with admiration for the truly brave, loving hands are paying tribute to our heroic dead with summer's sweetest flowers. Year after year this shall be repeated "till the last dread trump shall wake our sleeping dead," and each may tell his own story before a just and merciful judge.

It is a beautiful sentiment that prompts the survivors and descendants of the confederacy to unite in commemorating the birthday of their chieftain and crown with laurel wreaths the resting place of his loved people.

Jefferson Davis has not lived in vain. Even now he is not dead. His pure and manly spirit shall abide forever with the people of the south, and animate them to every great and noble work. In honoring him we bear testimony to the right of defending our liberty, to the courage of our soldiers and the nobility of our women.

But laurels shall not be pressed only upon cold, dead brows. In story and in song the living should not be forgot. We know that the heroes of that war which spread a funeral pall over the whole earth did not all go down in the roar of battle with the scream of shot and shell as their requiem; the fate of war decreed that many should escape the perils of the battlefield, and live to share in the humiliation of the days of the reconstruction.

It is upon these veterans, who have borne the gloom and humiliation of defeat that we, the United Daughters of the Confederacy, do confer The Southern Cross of the Legion of Honor, to stand as a record for all time to the memory of these men, who represent all that is lofty in principle, pure in patriotism and dauntless in courage.

Ladies and gentlemen, I take great pleasure in introducing Mr. James R. Moorehead, the son of a confederate veteran. The address of Mr. J. R. Moorehead was a most excellent one, full of patriotic love for the dead and of generous sentiments for the living veterans. We had intended giving his address in full, but the manuscript was given out for publication before we reached him. His address did credit to his head and heart.

At the close of the address a roll was called, and as the veterans stepped forward members of the U. D. C. pinned on each one a bronze cross, made from confederate cannon. After the bestowal of the "Crosses of Honor," the president Mrs. Wilson, called on W. G. Musgrove to make response in behalf of the veterans. His response was as follows: Daughters of the Confederacy—Ladies and Gentlemen:—I cannot express to you my utter inability to properly thank you for the kind words we have heard this afternoon. There are veterans here whose presence was unexpected, who are much better qualified for this task, and to whom the task would gladly have been relegated had it been known that they would attend.

In behalf of our camp commander, Capt. Plattenburg, who was called to St. Louis on business; in behalf of our camp, and in behalf of each veteran who has been awarded a "Cross of Honor," we accept these badges, and extend to the Daughters of the Confederacy our cordial and sincere thanks. Not for the intrinsic value of the gift; not because the wearing of these badges can add to the glory of the wearer, but because we deem them as a token of your love and esteem.

When we look upon this noble monument we are reminded of the untiring work and devotion of the Daughters of the Confederacy, who labored long, faithfully and well toward paying for it. When we turn our eyes toward the splendid Confederate Home, a few miles from this place, we again see evidences of your patriotic love, and your care for the welfare of the veterans. These evidences of love, zeal and kindness on your part touch the tenderest chords in his heart, and he knows that in his old age he will be well provided for, and when Death touches his eyelids he will receive decent burial; and perhaps some sympathetic eye may drop tears on his lowly grave.

## CONFEDERATE MEMORIAL EXERCISES.

### Daughters of the Confederacy Conduct Interesting Exercises at Confederate Monument.

### HONORS TO THE LIVING, AND TO THE DEAD.

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Some of you have made preparation for this last march. Some of you have forgotten your orders, and the finger of Time is writing a warning in your whitening locks and in your furrowed cheeks. The man who bore a charmed life upon the field of battle does not bear a charmed life in the struggle with Time. We have escaped thus far, but who knows but that the muffled drum will beat for some of us tomorrow.

I entreat you, brethren, by the mercies of Christ that ye also be ready. Again dear ladies, we thank you for these tokens of esteem. When we look upon their hearts will beat quicker, our steps will be steadier, our eyes will be brighter. They will remind us of your bright eyes, your rosy cheeks, your gentle hands, and will stimulate us to better citizenship. No man is worthy to wear the "Cross of Honor" who will do any act to bring dishonor upon his own name or reflect dishonor upon his camp. We pledge you the encouragement, the sympathy and the support of every confederate veteran. We thank you.

At the conclusion of the response Mrs. J. H. Campbell read the rules governing the bestowal of the "Cross of the Legion of Honor." The chorus sang that touching old army song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," the bugle sounded "Taps," and the exercises were over.

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Peter Lankford, Dr. Wm. A. Gordon, but there comes no response. Where is that rough-rider, Jess Hamlett, who toyed with Death? Where is that proud old model soldier, Dr. J. F. Hassell? Where is that brave old artilleryman, Charles C. Wallace, who loved "Old Sacramento" better than he loved his own life?

"Under the sod and the dew Waiting the judgment day." We cherish the memories of these heroic men, and have no apologies to make to any one because they fought for the Lost Cause. We have no animosity toward those who fought on the other side. The wounds of our warfare are healed over, and only the scars remain. When the recent war with Spain was proclaimed, and our government called for volunteers, the sons of confederate veterans were the first to answer to the call, and under the leadership of that old confederate veteran, Gen. Jo. Wheeler, they carried the flag of our reunited country to victory and to glory.

There will be no more civil war in this country. The north has learned to respect the bravery, the endurance, the generalship of the south. The south has learned to respect the valor and the unlimited resources of the north. The wonderful improvements in weapons of warfare during the past twenty years are calculated to make men stop and count the cost. An American army, equipped with modern weapons, would make war little less than murder. It may be that our country will become involved in war with some foreign country, and if such shall ever be the case, the sons of confederate veterans will stand shoulder to shoulder with the sons of federal veterans and beat back the foe, or die side by side in defending "Old Glory."

Young ladies and young gentlemen, forty years ago these old men were as buoyant and full of life and energy as you are today. The very earth trembled beneath their steady tramp. They went forth to war as beardless boys, and came back weak, penniless but not disheartened men. They came to ruined homes and an impoverished people. Without other means than brave hearts and hardened muscles they went to work to retrieve their fortunes. They have toiled and struggled, they have reared and educated sons and daughters, and it is with great satisfaction that we can say that there are no better, no more influential citizens in the county or in the state than are to be found among the confederate veterans. The sons of these veterans are the leading men today in all the avocations of life, and the daughters are the brightest, sweetest and best of women.

Veterans, I have a word for you. You know that the best soldier is he who best obeys orders: "His not to reason why— His but to do or die."

You have long since received orders from the Great Captain. These orders read as follows: "General Orders No. 1—To all Confederate soldiers: "Be ye also ready."

Some of you have made preparation for this last march. Some of you have forgotten your orders, and the finger of Time is writing a warning in your whitening locks and in your furrowed cheeks. The man who bore a charmed life upon the field of battle does not bear a charmed life in the struggle with Time. We have escaped thus far, but who knows but that the muffled drum will beat for some of us tomorrow.

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## A JOKE ON GENERAL LEE.

### An Old Confederate Veteran Puts it on Him.

### THAT BLUE SUIT WAS A STUNNER.

### Jubal Early, Fitzhugh Lee and the Veteran all to Meet Below.

There is a good story floating about "Newspaper Row" on Gen. Fitzhugh Lee. It was told by a well-known Virginian to a crowd of newspaper men. It seems that out in the western part of Virginia there lives an old confederate veteran who was in Gen. Fitzhugh Lee's command during the war. He and the general were always the greatest of personal friends, and whenever they met a long talk on "old times" was sure to follow, full of reminiscences of the days when they fought together for the "Lost Cause." A short time ago Gen. Lee was out in his old friend's neighborhood and as usual, bunted him up.

This was the first time the two had seen each other since the Spanish war.

Much to Gen. Lee's surprise the old man was very stiff in his greeting to him. "Why, what's the matter with you?" asked the general.

"Nothing the matter with me," was the reply.

"Why, you don't seem as cordial and friendly as you used to be. Out with it; tell me what is wrong," urged Gen. Lee.

"Well," said the old man, "there ain't nothin' wrong with me and I ain't changed, neither, but since I've seen you this time there's only one thing I want to happen."

"What is that," he asked, his curiosity aroused.

"I want to die just half an hour before you do, Gin'ly."

"Why on earth have you any such desire as that?" asked Gen. Lee, utterly dumfounded by this time.

"Why I want to die just half an hour before you do, Gin'ly, so as I can be on hand to hear what Jubal Early has to say when you drop into hell with a blue uniform on."—Virginia Citizen.

### Mass Meeting for Sni-a-Bar Township.

To the tax-paying citizens of Sni-a-Bar township, Lafayette county, Mo. You are hereby requested by the county court to meet in the City of Odessa on Saturday, June 14, 1902, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of voting on a bond compromise offered by one Charles F. Wondrously, who owns five thousand dollars of the bonds issued against Sni-a-Bar township in the year 1870, drawing ten per cent interest, on which no interest has ever been paid. Wondrously now offers to accept as a compromise several thousand dollars less than the principal and accumulated interest, but one which the county court is not willing to accept unless requested to do so by the tax-paying citizens of the above named township.

J. HENRY GREEN, For County Court.

### Card of Thanks.

To the Editor Intelligencer. Allow me through your columns to express my thanks to the democratic voters who so cheerfully and enthusiastically gave me their support in the campaign just closed. The bond question, though only a ghost, like Banquo's, it would not down. Taking Mr. Butt for our Leonidas, the republicans will find me and my friends at the November election in as solid phalanx for the ticket just nominated as the Persians found the Spartans at the pass of Thermopyla. To the many republican friends who wished me success, and assured me of their support at the November election, in case I was nominated, I wish them the best of health and success. Politically, I would say to them, you thought me worthy of your support, for which I thank you very much. The voters have said Mr. Butt is just as worthy. Let us extend to you the welcome hand of political fellowship in November, remembering that there is more rejoicing in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than ninety and nine that need no repentance. Hoping the entire democratic ticket success, I remain as ever, MEREDITH THOMAS.