MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD :=: :=: TO ALL LIVING VETERANS

Address Prepared By the Late General Stephen D. Lee, and to Have Been Delivered By Him at the United Confederate Reunion, at Birmingham, Ala., Last Week.

The following is the message of the late General Stephen D. Lee, prepared by him to be delivered before the reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, in Birmingham last week:

It is now fourteen years since the Confederate Veterans enjoyed the hospitality of this magic city. We remember gratefully the courtesy of our beloved former unsurpassed welcome, but today we are ready to believe that Birmingham can surpass itself. Then there was with us the incomparable Gordon, soldier, statesman and orator, who along with the valorous Longstreet and the gallant Wheeler were Alabama's Paladins in the armies of the Confederacy. It was from Alabama that Yancey's voice, like a silver trumpet, called the south to arms, with an eloquence more potent than Clan-Alpines' fiery cross. Alabama was the cradle of the Confederacy. Here was installed the Provisional government of the new nation, and here her illustrious chief took the oath of office which no man but himself should ever take. And from Alabama came the great Admiral who floated the stars and bars upon every sea, and single-handed swept the nation's commerce from the waves.

Since the war, I have heard many addresses to Confederate Veterans Our orators have been rich in arguments to demonstrate the correctness of states rights views, and the soundness of the interpretation of the contitution held by Southern statesmen. They have displayed the firm historic basis of our political faith. They have spoken in comforting words of unexpected beneficent results of the war, of the preservation of the rights of the states in Union, of the discipline of adversity which prepared us to meet the terrible race problem with patience and united strength. They have taught us that the Lost Cause was not wholly lost, that the best fruits of the great conflict came to the South, when the master was freed from the slave, and the old ice-berg of sectional hate was set adrift in the warm gulf stream of a new national patriotism.

Nevertheless it has not seemed the whole truta to me that the Confederate soldiers went into battle to vindicate a constitutional argument. He went to war because he loved his people; because his country was invaded; because his heart was throbbing for his hearth stone. Here was the land which gave him berth. Here was the church spire where he had learned it was not all of life to live, or all of death to die. No hostile foot shall ever tread this consecrated ground except over his dead body. It was the prospect of invasion that made the border states with bleeding hearts try to cast their lot with the Confederacy. He who could have expected a Lee to do battle against Virginia, or a Hampton to draw his sword against South Carolina, has never learned the language of the human heart. Nothing but the most devoted love of country could ever have sustained the Confederate soldier in his unequal and terrible struggle.

Neither do I consider it necessary to find a reward for the Confederate soldiers in unexpected good results of the great conflict. The reward of noble actions lies in the capacity to do them. The Confederate soldier who fought with unflinching courage had the reward of being a brave man. He who loved his country had the reward of being a true patriot. He who faced the cannon's mouth for those he loved dearer than life had the reward of being a hero. He who was faithful unto death had the reward of a stainless honor. What other course could a Southerner have taken.

Behind him were the great traditions of his English race—there were Hastings and Cressy Agincourt, there were Naseby, Blenheim and Quebec, there were King's Mountain and Valley Forge. In his veins flowed the blood of a thousand years of chivalry. He could face the line of fire, but not the shame of standing back.

All merit comes
From facing the unequal;
All glory comes from daring to begin.
Fame loves the state
That reckless of the sequel,
Fights long and well, whether it lose or win.

"If it might be imagined," said Seneca, "that the Almighty should take off his thought from the care of his whole work, what more glorious spectacle could he reflect upon than a valiant man struggling with adverse fortune."

Not long ago I read from an English review these words:

"When all is done that man could do and all is done in vain, the human heart goes out to the weaker side, to the soldier who fought on ragged and starving to the bitter inevitable end, to the leaders who would never admit that hope was lost, and to the noble women of the South who gave of their bravest and their best without a murmur."

States are not great, except as men shall make them.

Men are not great, except they do and dare.

These men fell bleeding and with broken swords before the alter of their country. Their reward was the imperishable Knighthood of their service. I imagine that the Knights of the Holy Grail never sought other reward than just to serve. The Confederate soldier was the flower of noble and heroic courage. Duty laid her kiss upon his brow, and Love of Country folded him in her arms. He enriched the world in honor. He added to the spiritual riches of mankind. The memory of his deeds is the treasure of his people, incorruptable, undefiled and that fadeth not away. No noble action is ever lost, no brave deed shall ever pass away. They are written upon the everlasting pages of the Universe, they are inscribed upon the heart of God. The mountains and hills shall be made low, and there shall be no more sea, but nothing of moral worth shall perish. Upon the coral of such lives as these, God's islands lift

"Their fronded palms in air."

But if religion were superstition, and faith were folly, if death ends all and icy night awaits the world, these men lived the only life fit to be lived.

To those who keep alive in loyal hearts the memory of the Confederate dead, I would say these men chose the noblest part. This is the best life offered any man, to strive for the highest he knows. Is it not better to achieve these things, even at the cost of life itself, than to purchase length of days by means and sordid living by cowardice or craft, by surrender of the fine ideals of manhood in base compliance to dishonor? In the hearts of every man the Everlasting has made answer. If the cause was lost the men were not. Looking beyond the little span of human life, into the white light of eternity, what better could we have wished for the Confederate soldier than to have played his part as he did He has left heroic memories that chasten and purify the hearts of all who shall come after him. He has lifted life above the low level of the commonplace into the realms of precious and immutable things, into the great spiritual realities which abide above all change, beyond the reach of years.

The story of the dying Sidney who gave his glass of water to a wounded soldier saying, "thy necessity is greater than mine," is one of the fine memories of the English race. I would that the pen of Milton or Gibbon were mine that I might place beside it the story of Pat Cleburne at Franklin as he drew off his boots to place them on the bleeding feet of a comrade and then rode on to lead the fatal charge. He fell upon the breastworks saying, "I'm killed boys, but fight it out."

Far out on the crest of the battle
Up, up toward the death,
"To die for one's country is sweet," he remembered
And then, out of breath
Met the shock and the pain and the terror
Unflinching and knew
In one instant's unbearable brightness
It was true, it was true.

Of him also it might have been written:

Right in the van on the red rampart's slippery swell,
With hearts that beat a charge, he fell,
Forward, as fits a man,
But the high soul burns on to light men's feet
Where death for noble ends makes dying sweet.

The old masterful type of the Southern statesman passed away with slavery. Whatever may be said of that institution, it trained men for leadership and government. The constant presence of the bondman frought in the master a love of freedom and a sense of honor that will never be surpassed. Wonderful men these old Southerners were; great in counsel, great in battle, but greater than all in the integrity which felt dishonor like a wound. They would have fallen upon the sordid plunderers which in later times have infested public life like Elijah upon the prophets of Baal. I cherish the hope that our Southern blood will produce the type again, that with renewed prosperity we will again introduce into public life a class of men able and willing to devote themselves with pure and unwavering fidelity to the public service, and free from the all-absorbing struggle for bread, which has been the portion of the southern man for so many years. May it be the lot of our children to perform the duty of freemen in a republic, with as willing hearts as ours, but at no such fearful cost.

The reason why I have this hope that the old time Southerner shall live once more is because the Southern boys love and cherish the deeds of their ancestors. They do not forget. The ideals of the fathers are real to the sons. The homage these young men pay to us old Confederates is sweet to our declining years, but sweetest of all, because it bespeaks a love for the dreams which we cherished and a willingness to die for them if need be.

The story is told of Bertrand du Guesclin, the national hero of France that just before his death he succeeded in the reduction of a fortress. The commander refused to surrender to any but du Guesclin himself. So the body of the great leader was laid upon his bier, and the stern defender gave his fortress keys into the hands of the dead. There have been brave soldiers and pure statesmen since the days of the sixties; brave soldiers too, as none better than Alabama knows; but the keys of our Southern hearts were laid long ago in the hands of Robert E. Lee and Jefferson Davis.

These two great souls before they passed from us gave us the same counsel. They advised us to accept loyally the results of the war, and to devote ourselves to the upbuilding of our wasted country. That counsel was accepted. The Confederate soldier has given to the government at Washington the same faithful support which he gave to the government at Richmond. His patriotism has expanded its boundaries without losing its quality. He yields to no man in his love of the whole country and his devotion to her cause. In the war with Spain he gave proof that his sword was not asleep. It is all his country wherever the flag floats, which his ancestors filled with stars. That he has rebuilt the prosperity of the South; that he has restored the commercial majesty of this glorious land; this great city is witness. The brain of a Confederate soldier has been busy in its work. They served their country in peace as in war. They point their children to the busy, happy, prosperous land, beautiful as the dawn, strong in developing resources, rich in promise of all that makes a state, and say, "Behold our greatest victory."

"They loved their land
With love far brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within present, but transferred
Through future time by power of thought."

We old soldiers are sitting in the twilight of life waiting for the evening detail; waiting for the shining angel "With things like chevrons on his wings."

We are the stragglers in the great march. The victory is already won, and our comrades expect our coming to share the glory of their triumph in the little time left us before we report to our Great Commander, let us quit ourselves like men. When the pale sergeant comes, we shall listen for voices in the upper air saying, "Welcome, Comrades. Do they love us still in Dixie?"

The Big Head

is of two kinds—conceit and the big head that comes from a sick headache. Does your head ever feel like a gourd and your brain feel loose and sore? You can cure it in no time by acting on your liver with Ballard's Herbine. Isn't it worth trying for the absolute and certain relief you'll get?

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APPLICATIONS AT PROMINENT BARBER SHOPS.

W. A. D'ALENBERTE,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

121 S. PALAFOX STREET SPECIAL AGENT

CONVENTION AT SARATOGA

Prohibitionists Are Celebrating Their Successes of Recent Years

Special to The Journal.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., June 13.—Jubilant to the point of wild enthusiasm at recent prohibition successes and confident of soon making this a "dry" world, the hosts of temperance are gathering in Saratoga today to celebrate during the next ten days the centennial of the first temperance society. One hundred years ago the first total abstinance society in the world was founded at Moreau, in this county, by Dr. "Billy" J. Clark. Preparations to commemorate this event have been going forward for over a year, with the result that the World's Temperance Centennial Congress to be opened here tomorrow will likely go down in history as the greatest demonstration of its kind in the world's history. Every train into Saratoga today brings its quota of temperance leaders, men and women, and it is likely that the hotel facilities of the Spa will be taxed to the utmost to care for the mammoth assemblage of prohibitionists.

Prayers for thanksgiving for victories already won in the battle with the rum demon and petitions for divine guidance in the warfare yet to come, songs of praise and sermons by divines of international reputation will mark tomorrow's opening exercises.

The formal address of welcome will be delivered by Governor Hughes at the afternoon session of the congress in convention hall on Monday. Oliver W. Stewart, of Illinois, and Seaborn Wright, of Georgia, will respond. Practically all the temperance societies throughout the world and churches of all denominations will be represented, including Protestants, Catholics and Jews.

The governors of 25 states of the United States have sent official representatives, and delegations are present from England, Scotland, Sweden, Germany, Hungary, Belgium, France and Ireland.

The time has been divided among 16 organizations. Morning, afternoon and evening sessions will be held daily in churches and in the convention hall, at which the temperance question will be discussed from the standpoints of historical development, the home, sociology, science, economics, legislation and education.

Among the speakers of prominence who are expected are W. H. Milton, United States senator from Florida; General A. S. Daggett, of Washington, D. C.; Rabbi Wise, of New York; Archbishop John J. Keane, of Iowa; Joshua Levering, of Baltimore; Geo. F. Cetterill, of Seattle, national chief of Good Templars; Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, of Portland, Me., national president of the W. C. T. U.; Chas. R. Jones, of Chicago; Seaborn Wright, of Georgia; Rev. P. A. Baker, of Columbus, O., national superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League; Rev. Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, Washington, D. C., superintendent of the international reform bureau; John G. Wooley, Chicago, Ill.; Professor Samuel Dickie, Albion, Mich.; Dr. Silas C. Swallow, Harisburg, Pa.; Rev. H. N. Pringle, of the Civic League of Maine; Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, Brooklyn; Rev. Dr. D. J. Burrell, New York; Joseph Malins, Birmingham, Eng., national chief of the Good Templars; Tom Honeyman, of Glasgow, grand secretary of the Good Templars of Scotland, and Edward Wavrinsky, of Stockholm, member of the Swedish parliament.

Besides the formal meetings there will be auxiliary meetings for women and children, an interstate oratorical contest, and conferences of temperance leaders. A special feature will be made of a service to be held at Glen's Falls on Tuesday afternoon, at the grave of Dr. "Billy" J. Clark, and the erection of a tablet at Clark's Corners on Friday afternoon, near the spot where the first temperance society was organized.

The first society is still maintained and will attend the unveiling in a body. The gavel to be used at the congress has been made especially for the purpose from timber in the old home of "Billy" Clark.

In connection with the congress there will be a department of exhibits, including literature, historical data, scientific advertising, public utterances, foods, extracts and non-alcoholic drinks.

A Twenty Year Sentence.

"I have just completed a twenty year health sentence imposed by Bucklen's Arnica Salve, which cured me of bleeding piles just twenty years ago," writes O. S. Woolever, of LeRaysville, N. Y. Bucklen's Arnica Salve heals the worst sores, boils, burns wounds, and cuts in the shortest time. 25c. at all drug stores.

Jellied Vegetables.

"Jellied vegetables are particularly suitable for a luncheon or supper dish to be served as an accompaniment to almost any kind of cold sliced meat," says Fannie Merritt Farmer in Woman's Home Companion for June. "Remove the jelly to a serving dish, and surround with the slices of the meat overlapping one another; then garnish with celery tips. Cold meats need to be very thinly sliced to be at their best, therefore do see to it that the closet can boast of sharp knives, for without them the work cannot be perfectly done. Soak one tablespoonful of granulated gelatine water in one-fourth of a cupful of cold water, and dissolve in one cupful of boiling water; then add one fourth of a cupful each of sugar and vinegar, two tablespoonfuls of lemon juice and one teaspoonful of salt. Strain, cool, and when beginning to stiffen add one cupful of celery cut in small pieces, one half cupful of finely shredded cabbage and one and one half canned pimentoes cut in small pieces. Turn into a mold and chill thoroughly."

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