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ADDRESS

August 7, 1903

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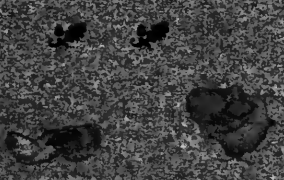


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ADDRESS



Delivered at Wadesboro, N. C., before the Daughters of the
Confederacy and the Confederate
Veterans



On the 7th Day of August, 1903

BY
W. M. HAMMOND

W. Bennett
Oct. 8th 1903

ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT WADESBORO, N. C.

Before the Daughters of the Confederacy and the
Confederate Veterans,

BY

W. M. HAMMOND

ON THE 7th OF AUGUST, 1903

"Living, they adventured everything for right and justice, and having fulfilled all patriotic labors, cast themselves into one vast gulf of slaughter.

"Dying, they bequeathed only incomplete aims and unaccomplished thoughts.

"Being dead, they still speak to us by majesty of memory and by strength of example."—RUSKIN.

ATLANTA, GA.
FOOTE & DAVIES COMPANY
PRINTERS AND BINDERS
1903

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CAPT. HAMMOND'S SPEECH.

Daughters of the Confederacy, Veterans of Anson, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Could inclination rather than the requirements of custom be the rule of my conduct, I would love to talk to you to-day of "peace and rest and quiet things," to call about me some half-score of these "gray-haired boys" and revisit with them the scenes of fifty years ago; the clay-chinked hut close by the "cool-lipped spring"—

"The humble home of school boy life;
The rough-hewn seats, the slab-floored hall;
And carved with many a truant knife,
Our rude initials on the wall."

And amid such surroundings transport ourselves on "backward fancy" to the dear old days so full of innocence and peace—that "halcyon time" when even the birds of the air did "keep their nests in peace, and the Son of man had place—spacious, large and fair—whereon to lay his weary head;" but inexorable custom demands that I deal with less pleasing things, and so I must tell of stress, and strife and bloody toil.

The situation is indeed an exceptional one. Self-exiled from the home of my boyhood and the friends of my youth for more than the life of a generation; an alien, save in affection and sympathy, to the society of the men whose fame and whose services these grave observances were ordained to celebrate, I find myself summoned to assist my surviving comrades, and the men and women of a later generation, in the pious work of renewing ancient friendships, of recalling names and associations made beautiful and dear by death, and of reviving the memory of transactions grown indistinct amid the changes and vicissitudes of thirty-seven years; it would indeed be difficult to imagine a situation more suggestive of noble reflections, or one involving duties more delicate and embarrassing.

Essential as it is to safety, both in expression and conduct, even truth itself can not always seem opportune or pleasing "in the telling;" and yet innocence and virtue scorn to have themselves clothed in any other dialect—candor is always the indispensable ally of justice and surely both truth and justice are due to the dead; and my speech to-day must deal alike with the living and the dead.

How feeble and inadequate are even the loftiest resources of intellect and eloquence to the just discussion of topics that belong to such an occasion as this!

What form of noble utterance can compass the excellence of woman's unselfish love, or equal the praise of such as die for home and freedom!

A great Athenian orator, more than three thousand years ago, speaking by command of the State in praise of his countrymen who had fallen on Thracian plains fighting for Grecian liberty, confessed the feebleness of that art of which he was himself the world's consummate master, by prefacing the noblest panegyric that ever fell from mortal lips, with a protest against the custom that permitted the virtues of the dead to be periled in the speech of one man, there to find praise or blame according as the speaker might deliver himself well or ill.

Instructed by such an example, admonished by such considerations, it can not seem strange that I hesitated for some time to undertake the service desired at my hands; and I frankly confess, that had not the summons you sent, seemed to me to have in it as much of the authority of a command as of the grace of an invitation, the duty it outlined would have been shifted to shoulders more capable and worthy.

Amiable as that invitation was, both in purpose and in expression, it had to me a significance more pleasing and persuasive than its formal terms conveyed, for to my imagination it seemed less a courtesy from the living, than a call to duty from the dead—the comrades whom "I loved long since and lost awhile," and whose familiar accents were calling to me across the waste of vanished years, bidding me stand once more in the presence of their survivors and their children, and rehearse with them the story of their splendid deeds.

Construing your message thus, I gladly put aside all other considerations, and am here to celebrate with you the glories of Southern prowess and Southern achievement; to tell how well they fought, how nobly died—these men in gray!

Pausing only to express my contempt for the disposition prevalent in certain quarters to deprecate the discussion of questions that found rude settlement more than thirty-eight years ago as impolitic and unprofitable, I proceed to enumerate the causes that led a peace-loving people to sever the political ties that for nigh a century had bound them to their associates of the North, and to seek outside the Union that protection, which had been openly and insolently denied them within it, though solemnly and expressly guaranteed in that constitution, which was itself the very bond and charter of the Union.

The discussion has grown easier now, and more likely to lead to just conclusions. The day of prudent disguise and hushed submissiveness has passed, and we of the South have no longer either occasion or motive to conceal the sentiments that impelled us to the struggle; nor to plead the dear prerogative of grief, in apology for our expressions of reverence for the cause, and of admiration for the men who consecrated it with their lives.

Peaceful methods have long prevailed in the administration of public affairs; the passions incident to civil strife have ceased to stir the minds of reasonable men; and the situation both at home and abroad invites to that judicial calmness, indispensable to the formation of just judgments touching the transactions of former times.

Opinions and conduct, that were lately denounced as pernicious and treasonable, are beginning to be everywhere recognized as sincere and patriotic; and men may, if they honestly try, view these things from the vantage ground of truth and justice.

The struggles of contending armies, the thunder of artillery, the shouting of the captains, the fiery wheeling of the squadrons no more excite the imaginations or disturb the judgments of men, and we can look down upon the fierce fluctuations of victory and defeat "from a tranquil spot on the far-off heights, whence all the scouring legions seem as if they stood still, and

all the glancing clash and confusion of battle, as though it were blended in one sheet of steady flame; and thus, after time has subdued passion and quenched resentment do all shifting things seem fixed."

This, my friends, is the historian's opportunity, and now public opinion, cleared of all mists of passion and of prejudice, may assume with safety the judgment seat. And I would deem myself delinquent, if on an occasion such as this, or on any fit occasion, or in any company, I should fail to justify the motives that 42 years ago led an unoffending people to hazard everything, and to suffer everything in defense of chartered right; and so to establish if I can, in the public opinion of mankind, the justice of the cause, and the integrity of the conduct of the men, who, with infinite sacrifice and unexampled devotion, upheld that cause through four bloody years and against most appalling odds.

Oh, my brothers, there is consolation here, and hope for you and for me! Our brothers, our friends, with all our martyred ones, must never leave their narrow beds; but it is only their bruised bodies that must await the resurrection morn. The principles for which they fell have never known "defeat of death, nor suffered long confinement in the grave."

Overborne for a time, outnumbered and forced from any field, they straightway shift the forum, and through infinite changes of procedure, get themselves settled somewhere, and somehow else, it may be on the field of fair debate, or by the unpurchasable ballots of men who will not consent to be the equals and associates of slaves.

There is a dogma now somewhat prevalent, which holds that in estimating the quality of serious efforts to change the social and political systems of nations, the historic sense can take no account of the motives and purposes that actuated those by whom the change was attempted.

"This dogma," says one of its most distinguished propagandists, "forbids posterity to judge results by motive, or real consequences by the ideals and intentions of the actors who produce them." "By their fruits ye shall know them" is the rule for decision, whether motives or results be in question.

The true rule, the just rule, would seem to be quite other-

wise, and in subordination to the "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will," there is no enlightened code of morals or of law that rejects motive as the true standard for determining the quality of human conduct.

Guilt or innocence; applause or censure, are in their right analysis but questions of intention. Indeed any different rule would not only subvert justice, but would be fatal to all virtuous enterprise; and the long catalogue of heroes and martyrs, whose toils and sacrifices have lighted the pathway of human progress through all the ages, would stand at last as a gang of delinquents, and malefactors in the eyes of mankind.

It is true that the motives of men are often wiser and better than their conduct; it is also true that as the interval between great events and the time for estimating the motives of the actors in them increases, the opinions and conduct of those actors become more and more difficult of correct ascertainment.

This, however, only emphasizes the duty of all who are interested in forming the judgments of history, to see to it that the public opinion of mankind be neither "misled by malice, nor corrupted by clamor, nor debauched by falsehood;" and to this end, the friends of historic truth should be of all men the most vigilant,—ever on guard against the incursions of error and injustice. On no other condition is it possible to secure just estimates of motive, apart from results; and so it falls out that if the motives of men are pure, their intentions patriotic, and their conduct courageous, then however disastrous the result may be, it can never be used to impeach their characters, nor to "tarnish the nobility of their transactions."

What then have we, the associates and survivors of the men of '61, to allege in behalf of a cause for whose maintenance their blood was shed, their valor spent, their lives and hopes foreshortened so?

If these dead men died not innocent, then better for them, and better for us all, that they and their transactions be left to silence and eternal sleep; but if they sincerely strove for right and justice, then justice demands for them the language of truth and boldness.

Instructed then by truth, waiving all question of sectional

or public sensibility, appealing to the example of a free ancestry, let us canvass the causes that hurried an unoffending people into the turmoil and horrors of civil war.

No one, I think, even moderately familiar with the course of public opinion and political conduct in the two sections during the quarter of the century that preceded the opening of hostilities, will deny that throughout that entire period, the conduct of the Southern people was marked by as much of conciliation and forbearance as was ever exhibited by a high-spirited race living under a system of exact political equality, and holding under express constitutional guarantees the exclusive control of all their domestic and internal affairs.

By the letter of the constitution, by national statute, and by comity of States, rights, whether of person or property, existing under the laws of Georgia or of the Carolinas, were entitled to full recognition, and complete protection, under the laws of Massachusetts, and of every other State.

This was, indeed, the very bond and charter of the Union; it was the chief end, the indispensable condition of the association of sovereign States; and its repudiation by any State, or its denial by those charged with administering the national government, necessarily involved the abrogation of this essential principle, on whose preservation the permanence of the Union must under all circumstances depend.

Now, history records the fact, that the withdrawal of this protection, the disregard of this guarantee, had become the settled policy of fourteen sovereign States of the North, and the creed of political faith, the text of civic instruction for an organized and aggressive school of politicians throughout all the States of that section. To illustrate: In 1832 a single Southern State, exasperated beyond endurance at the unjust tariff exactions of the Federal Government in the matter of foreign imports, and at the grossly unequal expenditure of public money, sought through its Legislature to annul within its borders such of the laws for the collections of import duties as were deemed oppressive and unjust; and for this action the State referred to, incurred the condemnation of every other State, and threats of coercive intervention by the powers of the National Government.

Between 1858 and 1860, not one, but 14 States of the North had through their Legislatures, and in open defiance of the Federal Constitution, of the fugitive slave law of Congress, and of the solemn judgment of the United States Supreme Court, enacted what they denominated "Personal Liberty Bills," prohibiting in terms, the restoration to their owners, of any slaves escaping into their jurisdictions.

Under these sinister influences, and in the year 1860, the control of the National Legislature, and the direction of the National policy passed absolutely into the hands of the fiercest advocates of this new and pernicious doctrine.

The chief executive office of the Government, and the great department of State, having been assigned respectively to the most active propagandist, and to the original discoverer of the "Higher-Law" heresy, which, as its name implies, was the recognition and application of a rule of constitutional construction, and of National administration, higher than the Constitution itself, and more binding on the conscience; a doctrine, by the way, that seems to have survived its author and its first exemplars, and is to-day, in several material points, the inspiration of executive conduct and the rule of National policy. The familiar maxim that "necessity knows no law" finds its scope mightily enlarged, and now, necessity knows nothing either of law or of the Constitution. Witness the schemes of foreign conquest; the enrollment of great armies for subjugating distant and unoffending races; and the erection of strange jurisdictions seven thousand miles across the sea.

There were indeed other and very flagrant infractions of constitutional guarantees. The riotous resistance to Government officers charged with the enforcement of the judgments of the Federal courts; the armed invasion of the soil of Virginia; the seizure of the Government arsenal at Harper's Ferry, the forcible prevention of the citizens living beyond the Mississippi, from the free expression of their wishes in framing their plans of government, were all sources of exasperation and estrangement; but quickly yielding to prudent counsels and conciliatory treatment.

It was, my friends, the "higher law" doctrine; this "God and Morality" business that furnished the pretext for armed

coercion, and deluged the land with the blood of two millions of our people. Offenses did come. What history and eternal justice demand to know is, by whom did they come? Who piled the fagots that fed the flame that shriveled up the goodly tree of national concord? What felon hand made the first breach in the wall of constitutional restriction, through which rushed the black tide of sectional hate and civil war?

We of the South stand ready for the issue: let the inquest proceed! Inasmuch, however, as the defenders of civil liberty are not only held to sincerity and good faith in their professions, but are also responsible for the wisdom and prudence of the measures adopted for their maintenance, it has been objected that the Southern leaders are blameworthy for having resorted to a remedy that was manifestly impossible of a peaceful application: and this chiefly on the ground that secession had no warrant in the Constitution and was without precedent either in the political history of our government or in the opinions of the great authors and expounders of that instrument. "We should have known," say our traducers, "that secession meant war and bloodshed, and that we as a people were wholly unprepared to assert our claims under that form of procedure." This criticism has two infirmities. In the first place, the premise from which the conclusion is sought to be drawn is utterly and palpably false, and as to the charge of un wisdom and folly in the attempt to assert our views of constitutional right under the conditions then existing, our accusers are playing the very safe and contemptible role of predicting results after their accomplishment; they belong to "the belated breed" of prophets after the fact.

It is true that the Constitution affords no express authority for the withdrawal of a State from the Federal Union; in other words, makes no provisions for the destruction of a political system whose creation was the special purpose for which that Constitution was adopted. And so the Constitution is equally silent on the subject of coercion of any State, or of any number of States, by the military power of the other States, or by the Federal Government; and as for precedents, they are present in amazing abundance; let me cite a few:

Passing by the debates in the conventions of 1778 and 1789,

in which not a doubt was ever uttered or intimated as to the perfect right of any State, upon sufficient cause, to withdraw itself from the Union, I come down to a later period when experience and discussion had formed the opinions of statesmen and publicists, respecting the relations of the States to the General Government and to one another. Of these, one of the greatest (and then representing the commonwealth of Massachusetts in the National Legislature), in the debate on the bill to admit Louisiana as a State, declared that "if the bill should pass, the States would be free from their moral obligations; and as it would be the right of all, so it would be the duty of some, definitely to prepare for a separation—amicably, if they could; violently, if they must." This as early as 1804.

Again, in 1814, the sovereign States of New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Vermont, Rhode Island and Connecticut, through their representatives in the National Congress, solemnly asserted that "separation must come," and that when it did come, "it would be welcomed by all the States named; that New York must be the centre of the new Confederacy, and the others would gather about her under the ties of a common interest and a better sympathy."

Coming down to a still later day, John Quincy Adams, the Federalist par excellence, and the fairest flower of New England civilization, declared in 1839, that "nations acknowledge no judge between them on earth, and their governments must in their intercourse with each other, decide when the failure of one party to a contract absolves the other from the reciprocal fulfillment of its own obligations.

"With these qualifications, we may admit the same right as vested in the Federal Government, which was exercised by the people of the united colonies with reference to the supreme head of the British Empire of which they formed a part; and under these limitations, the people of each State in the Union have a right to withdraw therefrom."

And later still, New England's great expounder of the Constitution, speaking to Virginia patriots in 1851, advised them that "if the South should violate intentionally and systematically any part of the Constitution, then the States of the North

would be no longer bound by the rest of it;" and then enquired "should the North deliberately and of fixed purpose disregard any part of it, would the South be any longer bound to observe its remaining obligations?"

"How absurd is it, when different parties enter into a compact for certain purposes to pretend that either can disregard and disobey one provision, and nevertheless expect the others to observe the rest." "I repeat," said he, "if the Northern States refuse wilfully and deliberately to carry into effect that part of the Constitution which respects the restoration of fugitive slaves, and Congress provides no remedy, the South would be no longer bound to observe the compact. A bargain can not be broken on one side, and still bind on the other."

Could language be more explicit? Could opinion be more authoritative? And yet what Webster said in '51 had been even more strongly affirmed by his great compatriot more than twelve years before: "This Constitution does not attempt to coerce sovereign States in their political capacity." And side by side with this must be set the memorable words of Alexander Hamilton: "To coerce the States," said he, "is one of the maddest projects that ever was devised, and even though wicked men might wish it, can we believe that any State will ever suffer itself to be used as an instrument of coercion? The thing is a dream; it is impossible."

I would be derelict in my duty were I to omit from this statement the testimony of two other "expert witnesses," having the greatest authority and credit in all questions of Constitutional construction and interpretation.

I therefore confront our critics and accusers, first, with the deliberate opinion of James Madison, as set out in number 43 of the *Federalist*:

"What relation," asks he, "is to subsist between the nine or more States ratifying the Constitution; on what principle can the Confederation, which stands in the solemn form of a compact between the States, be superseded without the unanimous consent of the parties to it? A compact between independent sovereigns, founded on acts of legislative authority, can pretend to no higher validity than a league or treaty between the parties. It is an established doctrine on the subject of treaties

that all the articles are mutually conditions of each other; that a breach of any one article is a breach of the whole treaty and that a breach committed by either of the parties absolves the others, and authorizes them, if they please, to pronounce the compact violated and void.

“Should it unhappily be necessary to appeal to these delicate truths for a justification for dispensing with the consent of particular States to a dissolution of the Federal pact, will not the complaining parties find it a difficult task to answer the multiplied and important infractions with which they may be confronted?”

Speaking without the least suspicion of partiality for Southern opinion, or for the views of Southern leaders, New England's latest historian and most distinguished publicist—Mr. Cabot Lodge—declares: “When the Constitution was adopted by the votes of States at Philadelphia, and accepted by the votes of States in popular convention, it is safe to say, that there was not a man in the country, from Washington and Hamilton on the one side, to George Clinton and George Mason on the other, who regarded the new system as anything but an experiment entered upon by the States; and from which each and every State had the right peaceably to withdraw—a right which was very likely to be exercised.”

And so I might occupy your time indefinitely with citing opinions and multiplying precedents to establish the proposition that the Southern people and their leaders had abundant warrant for the conviction that the course pursued by them was justified both on grounds of undoubted law and of self-preservation, and for the further belief that those from whom they had decided to separate would quietly acquiesce in that proceeding. They are therefore safe from any fair imputation of want of good faith, or authority in adopting the remedy resorted to. They had “precept upon precept,” and precedents in profusion.

Standing then upon the very letter and spirit of express charters; insisting on the plain terms of written contracts; willing to discharge to their fullest the obligations that rested on themselves; and demanding only like obedience from others who stood under like obligation of law and duty, they met the

threat of coercion and war in the only way left open for men who loved liberty more than life, and feared submission worse than death; and appealing to the example of ancestors in whose steps they did not fear to tread, answered back the battle-cry of oppressor and of Puritan, and "lighted headland and hilltop with the beacon-fires of liberty."

For four weary years the fierce tide ebbed and flowed; four years the red cross waved, and then went down, no more to stream through fields of blood and battle smoke; and burying in one grave our aspirations and our dead, we bowed with composure to the irresistible decree of fate.

I therefore affirm that the claims of the people of the South were right—right in themselves, and right in the manner of their assertion; lawful in fact and lawful in form.

Having set out the causes that led the South into separation, resistance and open war. Having told why they fought, what need that I, or any, attempt to tell you how they fought? The children of strangers living in lands remote, can tell you how well they fought—these men in gray. Wherever devotion is honored and valor esteemed; where rivers roll, or mountains rise, or seas expand, the story of their noble deeds has flown, and lighted our Southern annals with a lustre compared with which "all Greek, all Roman, fame grows pale."

Verily, it is an amazing record; hastily levied from a race whose situation and pursuits were wholly peaceful; knowing nothing from experience of the discipline of camps, or the quality of subordination, was it not wonderful how for four years these untrained levies, in devotion, in discipline, in valor and in achievement, equalled the renown of the seasoned battalions of the old world!

Not "the tough legionaries who trained the flight of Roman eagles through eastern deserts and through Scythian snow;" not Cromwell's Ironsides, nor the grim Muscovites, whom Suwarrow taught to trust nothing but the bayonet; not the sturdy Saxons who at Oudenarde, at Ramilies, at Waterloo, and Balaklava made British valor immortal; not the Old Guard of Napoleon, so willing to die when the glory of France demanded; not any, nor all of these, can rival the exploits of those "fresh-lipped warriors," who rallied at the bugle call of Stuart, and were marshalled to the marriage feast of death beneath the banners of Hampton, of Johnston, of Jackson and of Lee.

Physical courage, contempt of danger and death are but current military virtues; subordination, steadiness, patience, but the customary result of exercise and discipline. The men who fought for us, exemplified them all; and above all, and better than all, they added moderation and tenderness to intrepidity, and crowned their valor with magnanimity.

How generous and tender were they even in the very heat and flush of victory; how true to all the kindlier instincts of humanity! Poor, hunger-pinched heroes in garb of modest gray, best hope of many a Southern home; straining with wounded feet through mountain paths and flinty valleys, fainting with fatigue, smitten with cold, halting with sickness! Was your warfare indeed but the outburst of wild enthusiasm? Your desperate daring but "the insolent valor of unreflecting impulse?" Surely it could not have been the pursuit of some mere abstraction; the crusading about after some fanciful theory of human right or human freedom that brought you to such evil case; if so, then your equipment and bearing did not rightly interpret your motive. Why, these men even paid, or tried to pay, for their entertainment with such poor token of value as a bankrupt exchequer supplied, and what knight-errant or crusader ever did the like of that? And then how happened it that church bells rang and children played, and busy reapers strove, and plowmen drove their teams ahead in sight of armed thousands, moving at harvest-time through Pennsylvania's valleys? Let me close this topic with two historic instances: (I condense from Henderson's account.)

On the 30th of April, 1862, McClellan, with 115,000 effective men and 240 pieces of artillery, confronted the army of Northern Virginia under Johnston, near Yorktown, numbering 80,000 men of all arms and 40 pieces of artillery. Yorktown fell; the Confederate ironclad Virginia was destroyed, and Williamsburg and Seven Pines disclosed the necessity for an increase in the army of defense. Lee was placed in command, and on the 20th of June found himself with 70,000 effective troops, increased a short time after by the arrival of Jackson's corps from the Valley, to 86,000 men.

Four general engagements followed, and on the 3d of July, 1862, McClellan was seeking safety for his demoralized army under the shelter of the gunboats on the James River, leaving

in the hands of his weaker adversary, 10,000 prisoners, 52 pieces of artillery, and more than a million dollars' worth of army stores.

On the 24th day of August in the same year, Stonewall Jackson crossed the Rappahannock at Hinson's mill with 23,000 men and 36 pieces of artillery, leaving Lee with Longstreet a three-days' march to the south, and on the west side of the river; just six days later Pope's beaten army of 100,000 men and 140 guns was reeling back to the fortifications at Alexandria.

Within a period of just three weeks Lee, with only 55,000 effective men and 46 pieces of artillery, had shifted the theatre of active operations from the James River to the Potomac; had driven 80,000 men into the fortifications at Washington; captured 30 pieces of artillery, seven thousand prisoners, twenty thousand rifles and many stands of colors; had killed and wounded thirteen thousand five hundred Federals and destroyed army stores worth three millions of dollars; and within less than four months, two great armies had been defeated; McClellan driven out of the peninsula; and Pope forced back to the fortifications at Washington.

"The campaign had been opened for the purpose, and with the confident hope, of capturing the Confederate capital. Before the leaves began to fall it was uncertain whether the truculent invaders would be able to retain possession of their own capital."

In summing up the results of these movements, the most competent and disinterested historian who has yet written on the subject declares that "in the instant apprehension and prompt execution of such movements as neutralize inequality of numbers and resources, and give to an inferior force the supremacy under situations the most difficult, and against odds the most appalling—these two campaigns, when carefully studied and understood, must secure for Lee, as a strategist and master of military combinations, the first rank in the catalogue of the world's great commanders."

I am not here, however, to celebrate the exploits of individual leaders, nor to increase the fame of particular captains; that indeed would be quite without the spirit of the occasion, and wholly beside the purpose of those who designed it. When speaking of one, I mean to do honor to all; first

and foremost, to the rank and file of our Confederate hosts. Let me then be as impartial in my praise as are these devoted women in their love; let captains and chiefs, with those they led, have equal honors here.

Holding one hope; standing in one trust; martyrs to a common faith, we crown them with a common love, accord them equal fame. In place of splendid monuments, we choose to build within our hearts the nobler monuments of reverence and gratitude and love; and keep forever there, a consecrated place for each immortal name: Ranged in "the wide pantheon of a people's love," our Southern heroes stand, a shining host, a goodly company; nor envy we the blazoned shafts and flattering epitaphs and lofty monuments that mark the graves of those to whom fortune awarded supremacy and success—

“For them the sculptor's laurelled bust,
The builder's marble piles,
The anthems pealing o'er their dust
Through long cathedral aisles. .

“For these, the blossom-sprinkled turf,
That hides their lonely graves,
When spring rolls in her sea-green surf,
In flowery foaming waves.”

Breathe but a single warrior's name, and lo! "from out the land where the dim nations dwell" a thousand knightly forms to glowing life uprising. From peaceful vale and wooded height and mountain pass they come with shout and sabre-clang and bugle peal. Stuart, the high-souled Christian cavalier, true as the steel he wore, and tender like a woman, "the flower of men, the rose of chivalry," riding on with his paladins to death and endless fame—Hampton, Pegram, Pelham, Forrest and all who with them rode.

Before quitting the matter of the temper in which the war was prosecuted by the Southern leaders there is one instance which, without the least taint of resentment or bitterness, I will present for your consideration. When successful invasion had given our foremost chieftain temporary control of the territory of a neighboring State, and when he held its soil and its cities at his mercy, how happened it that the husbandman pursued his toil; and children played, all undisturbed, while marshalled thousands in close array marched by, leaving the land un-

ravaged and peaceful as before they came? I do not mention this to illustrate the magnanimity, or to enhance the fame of our matchless chieftain,—that he suppressed the insolence of success, and restrained the passion of an army inflamed with the memory of past injuries, and with the expectation of future conflicts; but only to remind you of another incident in military annals. A great historian relates that a barbarian king of the Visigoths habitually respected the temples and shrines of subjugated cities, and that he declined to give battle to the Romans on Easter Day; and during the subsequent sack of the imperial city, guarded with scrupulous care its altars and its temples from profanation and destruction.

It will remain for some future historian to tell how, nearly fifteen hundred years later, and at the very noontide of Christian civilization a distinguished military chieftain, holding commission under a Christian State, and leading a veteran and victorious army, signalized the seizure of the unresisting capital of a Christian commonwealth by burning the religious house and consecrated chapel of a most venerable order of Christian women. But I must not, with retrospects like these, “call the old bitterness to life again,” and “break the low beginnings of content.” With better memories and by sweeter methods must we draw from this tribute of faithful souls grace for ourselves, and instruction for posterity.

And now, seeing that our discomfiture was complete and irretrievable, we comforted ourselves with the reflection that fortune had for us done its worst; and viewing with indifference and contempt the antics of those tardy warriors who proudly vaunted themselves in sight of exhausted munitions and disbanded armies, we addressed ourselves to the task of erecting again the fabric of social order and material prosperity; but this hope was doomed to disappointment; and the blackest page in the long history of oppression and wrong was about to be unfolded, for then came reconstruction, with its unspeakable horrors, its infamous defiance of every principle of humanity in administration and of decency in conduct; but I must not dwell upon this topic. Suffice it to say, that whatever malice could suggest, or official cruelty contrive, or official brutality inflict, was visited upon a brave but submissive people.

Ignorance in the judgment seat, corruption in the council chamber, rapacity at the receipt of customs, stupidity and fraud at the ballot-box, barbarism and brutality everywhere—

the entire South one writhing, scething mass of rapine, debauchery and lust.

“Not thirty tyrants then enforced our chain,
But every rogue did lord it o’er the land.”

And yet through all this horrible orgy, and though treated as bandits and outlaws, the men of the South deported themselves as patriots. They submitted with patience to facts that had been accomplished without their approval; they had taken an oath to support the Constitution; and they were resolved to keep it; and so, seeing there was for them neither pity in their conquerors, nor justice in their rulers, they submitted with sublime fortitude to horrors whose recital even now arouses universal indignation.

They promoted ignorance over learning, and set brutality and lust to keep rule over innocence and virtue. They wrote negro suffrage and negro equality with bayonets in the code of every Southern State. They ravished the Federal Constitution and wrote it there. They laid interdict after interdict on white supremacy and white control. As well might they have laid an interdict “on seas and worlds to chain them in from wandering.”

About this time, there arose in the region round about the Capital City of Georgia a Prophet with a message like this: “If the negro ever gets a permanent right to vote in this country, it must be by the consent of the people who live here,” and that prophecy has at last found fulfillment.

Where are your 14th and 15th amendments to-day? There were others, too, anointed leaders and guides, men accredited by perfect intrepidity and transcendent wisdom to pilot a despairing people along the lines of prudent self-restraint and patient submission back into the sunlight of a new civilization and a restored prosperity.

One such was vouchsafed to the oppressed people of North Carolina; and standing not long since in presence of the bronze effigy of your transcendent patriot, recalling his life of noble aims and lofty self-denial, its moulded lines seemed insignificant and small, and I here predict that the time will come when gratitude for rights redeemed and honor saved will claim yet larger recognition for him who, when other hearts did quake and fail, stood firm and four-square to every wind that blew.

Well may the sons of North Carolina revere the memory of this man, who, like William the Silent, "went through life bearing the load of a people's sorrow upon his shoulders with a smiling face. The people were grateful and affectionate; for they trusted the character of Zebulon Vance; and not all the clouds that calumny could collect ever dimmed to their eyes the radiance of that lofty spirit to which they were accustomed in their darkest calamities to look for light."

"While he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave people, and when he died the little children cried about the street."

And now it only remains for me to discuss briefly what will doubtless seem to you the most satisfactory topic connected with the day's observances—I mean the part that North Carolina played in that mighty struggle for the integrity of State sovereignty and the preservation of Southern rights.

The last but one of the original thirteen to give formal assent to the compact of 1789, and to pledge her fealty to "The more perfect union then to be ushered in, North Carolina, in the same spirit of conservatism, and of loyalty to vows once taken that has characterized the conduct of her people at every stage of her history, deliberated long and anxiously before taking the step that was to separate her from those to whom she had been so long associated by the ties of a common lineage, of mutual sympathy, and by the memory of toils and sacrifices jointly endured.

To Her, the severing of these ancient ties, and the relinquishment of all participation in a system of government established largely by the wisdom, and defended and perfected by the toils and sacrifices of her sons, seemed an alternative at which resolution might well hesitate, and patriotism shudder. But after remonstrance and entreaty had alike proved unavailing, and seeing only dishonor and shame in longer adherence to a system already "defrauded of its high design," and through the wicked industry of malcontents and traitors, about to become an instrument for the impairment of her sovereignty and the oppression of her people, she, on the 20th day of May, 1861, bade her unfaithful associates a solemn and formal farewell, and made instant alliance with her sister commonwealths of the South. And right here I touch upon a topic the mere mention of which will forever thrill the souls of North Carolinans with pride, and stimulate patriots every-

where with its record of devoted heroism and superb self-denial.

Of all the sacrificial offerings with which the people of the South piled high the altars of Southern liberty in that supreme struggle for independence, those of North Carolina were incomparably the largest and most valuable.

They were indeed incalculable in value; incredible in volume, and splendid beyond the power of language to express.

With an aggregate white population in April, 1861, of less than 650,000, and with a voting population of not quite 115,000, with all her ports of entry closely blockaded throughout the struggle, she contributed more than 128,000 well equipped fighting men to the armies of the Confederate States, of whom 32,000 came not back again.

She organized and equipped 73 regiments of infantry, 8 regiments of cavalry, 3 regiments of artillery, and at least 9 battalions of mixed troops.

She had in the Army of Northern Virginia in December, 1863, 59 full regiments of infantry, 5 of cavalry and 3 of artillery.

Of officers of the rank of major-general she furnished 7, of whom 3 were killed in battle. Of 26 commissioned as brigadiers (and with three exceptions for distinguished services in battle), 6 were killed and only 3 escaped without wounds.

The losses sustained by North Carolina troops in battle exceeded the combined loss of any two States of the South. Of the Southern soldiers found dead on the fatal field of Gettysburg, 25 per cent. wore the uniform of the Old North State.

The two brigades of Pettigrew and Daniel, with a single North Carolina regiment then brigaded with Davis' Mississippians, lost more than double the number that fell in Pickett's historic charge.

At Sharpsburg the Third North Carolina regiment, in less than one hour and thirty minutes, lost 330 men out of a total of 520; and on the same historic field a single company of the Fourteenth North Carolina regiment—never to be named in the presence of an Anson county audience save with uncovered head and reverend heart—lost in killed and wounded every man of the 45 who entered the line of battle on the morning of that day. And the same company, out of 43 men who were on the

firing line at Gettysburg, reported but a single one as having escaped without wounds.

Out of 87 who illustrated at Gettysburg the heroism of Anson county's patriots, and who had already made immortal Company K of the 26th regiment, not a single man escaped unwounded.

Nor were these the only contributions that North Carolina's devotion made to the cause of Southern independence; for I am able to state from authentic records, and as a fact within the knowledge of men in this audience, that she furnished through the military department of the State government to the Confederate authorities at Richmond, quartermaster, commissary and ordnance stores of the value of more than \$26,000,000; and for at least six months next preceding the close of hostilities, she was feeding out of her own stores, one-half of the Army of Northern Virginia.

She put more men in the field in proportion to her white population than were furnished to either army by any other single State, North or South.

The muster rolls of the Army of Northern Virginia show that she had under General Lee in December, '63, more and better equipped troops than then stood on the combined muster rolls of troops from any two other States of the Confederacy.

This statement would savor both of incompleteness and of injustice should it fail to remind you of patriotic contributions of another sort, and from another source to the good cause of Southern liberty; and which were never listed in the account of commissary or quartermaster; nor were set out in official reports of any sort. Inestimable in value, and precious alike in themselves and in the source from which they proceeded, they flowed in a steady stream to camp and hospital, varying in amount according to the increased or diminished ability of the givers.

It was affection's tithing; it was love's sweet usury that thus nobly supplemented the scanty resources of a failing exchequer, and replenished the empty army-chests of Jackson, and Johnson, and Stuart, and Lee. It was the patient toil, the superb self-denial, of the Spartan Mothers of the South, that in the course of a single winter put into the hands of the struggling armies around Richmond food and clothing of the value of more than \$400,000.

Ah, my friends, it was not through military skill, nor yet alone by marshalled thousands, nor amid the thunder of the guns, nor the fury of the onset, that the hardest battles of the South were fought and won. It was a warfare without pomp or circumstance. "No gathering troup, no bivouac-song, no banners to gleam and to wave," and to stiffen the sinews, and stimulate the soul to deeds of heroism. It was a long warfare waged in silence, and in the solitude of women's hearts; and in sight of empty chairs and widowed homes.

The service, though long and difficult, had neither pay, promotion, nor emblem of distinction for those who entered it. Its rosters were unwritten, but its files were full. It was an army of volunteers; its movements were silent, but steady and effective, and its veiled banners told the inspiration of the service.

"Along its ranks no sabres shine,
No blood-red pennons wave;
Its banners bear a single line,
'Our business is to save.'"

I know not how others may feel about this matter, but for myself I hold it for shame that the men of the South have delayed so long in attesting by fit and enduring memorials their gratitude for the matchless heroism, the unselfish devotion, and the patriotic labors of these Cornelias of the Nineteenth Century. Let the business be no longer postponed; let the recognition be as large and generous as the love that so nobly earned it.

I would like above all things to speak with more particularity and detail of the characters and achievements of the men of Anson, who, on more than a hundred stricken fields, illustrated the valor and virtues of your historic county; to tell the story of each martyred hero's splendid deeds, and glorious death—

"To muster once more our deathless dead
Out of each grass-grown grave."

Alford, and Beverly, the Bennetts, the Boggans, the Bowmans, and Briley, and Haley, the Littles, the Mortons, and Threadgills, and Watkins (who has the peculiar distinction of being the only man found dead on the battlefield with his discharge in his pocket).

But the just limits of a discourse such as this forbid me to pursue the topic further.

Asleep on honor's lofty bed! There let them lie until the resurrection morn shall rouse them from their slumbers. No change of fortune, no rise or fall of States; nor "poison, malice domestic, nor foreign levy, can touch them further."

And now, my comrades, the service you desired at my hands has been rendered—feebly, I know—yet right lovingly and with a heart overflowing with affectionate aspirations for the welfare of you all. May your lives be crowned with peace, and all your labors with prosperity. Our meetings and greetings will have few repetitions in the years that are to come. Your foremost files have already passed beyond the horizon of earthly things, and entered the mysterious realm "of silence and of shadows" whose confines you and I are fast approaching.

We can almost hear floating in through the deepening shadows of life's evening the notes of the bugles, sounding the rally at "The River."

May the crossing be happy and peaceful for us all, and may we have joyful reunion and perpetual fellowship with captains and comrades who have passed through martyrdom to endless repose beneath "The shade of the trees that grow by the waters of the River of Life."

Nor will other companionships fail to find happy renewal there. That army of faithful allies whose loving care and gentle ministrations so often sustained and consoled you in the dark night of disappointment and defeat is advancing its milk-white standards to plant them beside your own; and then at last will these true-hearted ones have just precedence of place and honor, for—

"While valor's haughty champions wait
Till all their scars be shown,
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,
And sits beside the throne."



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