

# Many Historical Facts are Brought out in Speech Made In 1883 by Kin Local People

Some exceptionally lasting historical memento is contained in an address delivered by Hon. R. F. Armfield, grandfather of Mrs. Richard Chatham and C. G. Armfield of this city. Mr. Armfield was lieutenant governor of North Carolina almost half a century ago and was also a representative in congress. The speech is carried in an old copy of the Statesville Landmark of May 18 1883 and is as follows:

It is a mistake to suppose that only courage, self-sacrifice and heroism belong exclusively to the ancient times. They were as frequently and as brilliantly exhibited in the late war between the States—let no Southern lips ever call it a rebellion—as in any contest in any age of the world. Who that followed the fortunes of the Southern cross has not often been surprised, in time of battle, to find himself standing beside a hero, brave as Caesar, unselfish as Bayard, in the person of some school-fellow or playmate, perhaps but a private in the ranks, in whom he had never imagined such qualities to dwell? An unlettered plow-man, or a clerk from the village store, but worthy to stand upon the bridge with Horatius, or charge with McDonald at Wagram. Let me sketch two such heroes from my own knowledge and observation and let them stand for ten thousand.

Risden Oliver Hare, of Yadkin county, N. C., was born and bred in the humbler walks of life, a carpenter, with barely enough education to read, write and make simple calculations necessary in his trade; but he was born a gentleman with a high sense of honor and personal dignity; with an address and manner of which Lord Chesterfield need not have been ashamed. He volunteered at the outbreak of the war, and leaving a wife and child at home, he went with the 38th regiment of North Carolina troops to the army of Northern Virginia. During the first winter he was prostrated by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism and lay for months suffering excruciating pain, with little apparent hope of permanent recovery. He was urged by his officers and companions to accept a discharge and return to his home, but he peremptorily refused, declaring that he would go through it or perish. With the return of spring he recovered and was soon promoted to a lieutenant for gallantry in battle; and from that time on, whether in the long weary march of summer or shivering, half-clad and unshod, around the bivouac fires of winter, or charging upon lines of fire and steel, Lieutenant Hare was always at the post of duty and danger, performing every duty of a soldier with a courage and intelligence, and bearing every privation with a cheerfulness and alacrity that made him the ideal of officers and men. But on the night of the first day at the battle of Chancellorsville, when the 38th regiment was waiting in the dark, near Hamilton's Crossing, and the shells were tracing paths of fire through the black heavens, and shot were screaming like demons in the air, a cannon ball passed through the regiment, and that dull, fearful thud was heard, by which the soldier knows so well that some comrade is slain. Lieutenant Blackburn groped along the line to learn who was the victim. He found the lifeless body of Lieutenant Hare, his head shattered by a cannon shot. His body lies where he fell, in an unknown and unmarked grave, and there sleeps not, even upon the heights of Fredericksburg, so often baptized in the best blood of the continent, among the thousands that rest there, a braver soldier, a loftier gentleman, or a truer patriot than Lieutenant Hare. If I had to write his epitaph I would take, with slight alteration, the lines from Goethe's Faust, which the dying soldier brother of Margurite applied to himself:

"He is gone through death's dreamy sleep to God, A soldier and a brave one." Early in the fearful year of 1861 when the foundations of Southern opinion and Southern feeling were heaving like the billows of a storm-tossed ocean when all the people were cutting loose from the mooring of a century, and heaving themselves, the wiser part of them, with sadness and tears, for a contest that they felt to be inevitable, which they knew must be long and bloody, involving the existence of loved and venerated institutions, and the lives of States and populations; in the

midst of these dreadful times, Samuel H. Wyles, a young Marylander about 22 years of age, appeared suddenly on foot and alone, a total stranger to every one, in the little village of Yadkinville, N. C. I well remember my first interview with him; his striking personal appearance and the impression he made upon me. He was of slight but symmetrical form, a large dreamy eye of light blue, a face delicate and beautiful as a woman's and manners that betokened a high degree of cultivation, delicacy and refinement. He was a cabinet-maker, seeking employment in his trade. For some trifling kindness that I rendered him, he became my friend. The friendship of such a man is worth more than the friendship of a Gould or a Vanderbilt. When I expressed my determination to volunteer, he declared he would go with me. He had won the reputation of a coward among the bullies of the village, because when cursed and reviled by some of them instead of resenting he had smiled and silently walked away; and there were many jeers at the idea of this effeminate becoming a soldier. He was solicited to run for office, with an assurance of election, both on the organization and the re-organization of his company, but he refused, declaring that he "would never wear his spurs until he had won them." It was soon found that this delicate boy was always in the front on the long and weary march; that he endured the hardships and privations of a soldier, not with patience, for that kills, but with joy and delight.

But it was not until the first battle of his regiment that his true character was shown for in the presence of death there is no hypocrisy; there all masks are dropped and the man stands forth as he is. From the time that the first balls whistled through the ranks of the 38th regiment, Samuel H. Wyles became a hero, and, without a star or stripe upon his collar, the acknowledged leader of all baser spirits around him, in every hour or peril, on every field of death. He was soon promoted on the field to a lieutenantcy, by the brave Pender, "for gallantry in battle." He followed the Southern cross with unceasing devotion in the smoke of every battle until that fearful day at Gettysburg when his regiment, charging up to within twenty yards of the enemies breastworks, torn shattered and bleeding, staggered, reeled and broke back; but Lieutenant Wyles went on alone sword in hand straight forward; and he has never been seen or heard of since. Doubtless his undistinguished bones lie there entombed in that Golgotha. Had I the power I would order for him a column of Corinthian brass, and its summit should rise as high as the column of any starred and titled hero that fell on Cemetery Heights.

I have sketched these two Confederate soldiers because they are among the brave dead whom I knew and loved, because they held no rank that entitled their names to a place in the aristocratic scrolls of history; and many others. Of such stuff were because they are but types of so the fathers, brothers, friends and neighbors on whose graves you strew flowers today; men of lofty, unselfish heroic mold, who believed in and acted upon the maxim, "Dulce et decorum pro patria mori." The names of most of them will soon become undistinguishable in the currents of history and tradition, but the memory of their common glory shall live as long as the sun shall continue his course in the heavens; and as long as the hills and vales of their loved South shall bear flowers, so long shall her fair daughters, gather them with loving hands, on each returning memorial day, strew them, jeweled with their tears, upon the graves of "the Confederate dead."

While speaking of these things I am aware that more than 18 years have passed since the last echoes of the last gun of the strife of which I speak, died away among the Virginia hills—eighteen years since the Southern cross was folded up and laid away in the everlasting treat. I am aware that I stand in the sure house of the world's glories, presence of "novus ordo seclorum," that has sprung from the ashes of the revolution and rooted itself firmly among its blood sprinkled cinders; of a new generation of men and women to whom these things are as much history as are the details of the Peloponnesian war; but to you these things are not unprofitable

They teach you to cherish high thoughts to emulate noble actions! they admonish you to walk worthily of the vocation wherewith you are called, because you have the blood of heroes in your veins, and in no remote degree; because you belong to a race whose courage, whose science and whose cannon dominate the world, and compell its progress in the grand march of material and of spiritual advancement.

I am happy to be able to say to you that the sectional bitterness engendered by the war, has at last died out and expired, like the heat of a slowly cooling volcano in whose chasms the vine at length sends down its roots for nourishment, and over which spreads its branches to hide their sulphurous jaws with fruit and beauty. The South had nothing to gain but all to lose, by keeping up the strife by a war of words; so she laid it down so far as human nature could do so, when she laid bare her arms. For awhile it seemed that a portion of the Northern people, and almost exclusively that portion that had not the courage to come to the front whilst the contest raged, and satisfy their anger

"With that stern joy that warriors feel  
I foeman worthy of their steel."  
Those that lagged in the rear to speculate or followed the armies at a safe distance as quartermasters, commissaries or sutlers, had chosen for themselves the platform that Lucifer laid down for himself and his fallen comrades in that first grand council that assembled in Pandemonium, to which they "walked with uneasy steps across the burning marl," to wit, "Immortal hate and the study of revenge." But these last and bitterest and most despicable fruits of the war have at last passed away, and this great country is today one in sentiment and purpose, as she is in territory and in destiny.

I myself have seen, in the national capitol, the last blue flames of sectional hate, rise and fall and flicker and finally expire, like a burned out candle in its socket. Four years ago, three years ago a day scarcely passed there but some bitter taunt was thrown across the chamber by some careless quartermaster at the "Southern Brigadiers;" always received with dignified silence; for a soldier, in time of peace can no more afford to bandy words with a quartermaster, than could the Archangel-Michael afford, when the devil contended with him, to "return railing for railing."

Even then it was apparent that this was distasteful to the brave, the generous and the patriotic part of the Northern people. They never indulged in it or applauded it. It became more and more unrequited as it became less and less available as a party battle cry to rally the ignorant or the vicious to the standard of a political party; but when the assassin's bullet, impelled, thank God, by no Southern hand, sought the vitals of the President of the United States, and the whole South gathered, as one man and wept around his suffering and dying bed, then the whole heart of the North was subdued and melted in sympathy and the "bloody chasm" was closed forever.

Since that time no bitter sectional taunt has passed from side to side of either house of Congress. That body has become again, what it was before the war, the Congress of the United States, and is no longer the arena of strife for two rival sectional factions. The press, the pulpit and the stump of the North have ceased to echo the insolence of victory and the malice of revenge. The next President of the United States will, for the first time in a third of a century call the high counselors without distinction of section, from the statesmen of the North and the South, and the West, and the high trusts and honors of the government will henceforth be as accessible to men of our section as to any other. There will be nothing left to us then of the fearful strife but the glorious names and deeds which it involved; and these will be all national, not sectional treasures; the fame of Thomas and McPherson and all the stainless soldiers who fell on the side of the North, will be as much our pride and our glory as the fame of Lee and Jackson and our own "Confederate dead." Jefferson Davis, "the last single captive to millions at war," the last receding focus for expiring sectional hate, shall be canonized, along with Abraham Lincoln, as a lofty patriot, brave, true to his principles and faithful to his country, under the circumstances in which he was placed. The man who unselfishly imperiled his life and fortune for his state and section, on either side, is worthy to live in the pantheon of history and be assured that our

common country will never suffer to be forgotten, or to remain unhonored, the names of her bravest and truest sons, because the puny mand of contemporary malice may attempt to write upon their giant shields the word "Rebel and Traitor."

Henceforth the battles of this country are to be between the giants of reason, of science and of principles. The victories though bloodless, are to be as glorious as the victories of the warrior; and their fruits are not to be graves and tears and broken hearts and men to walk the earth lacking legs and arms; but fields smiling with heavy harvests and glad homes and happy hearts, the scream of the steam whistle, the school house and the church; a greater nation made richer and freer and wiser every day. We all have a part to perform, either as volunteers or conscripts, in this glorious warfare of the present and future. To perform our part worthily it is necessary that we should fix our principles, political and moral, firmly and intelligently, and then stand by them, "though the heavens fall." I once heard an unlearned Primitive Baptist preacher say in a sermon in the mountains of North Carolina, that he had no use for a man who entertained a principle, religious or political that he was not willing to die for. I thought it a noble sentiment, worthy of a Roman Senator or an American citizen. As such I commend it to you.

Twelve additional good farmers of Caldwell will plant alfalfa this fall, reports P. M. Hendricks, county agent. Two hundred acres of corn and all the garden and truck crops needed to feed 20 tenant families will be grown by L. F. and Flint Klutz in Catawba County this season. The brothers have 350 acres in cotton.

## Well and Happy After Years of Suffering



MRS. CARRIE V. SEIVERT

"I've taken three bottles of Sargon now and every neuritis and rheumatic pain in my body is gone. My nerves are in perfect condition. Not only this but I have gained ten pounds."

"I am now a well and happy woman and owe a debt of gratitude to Sargon."—Mrs. Carrie V. Seivert, W. 1926 Boone Ave., Spokane, Wash.

Sargon's fame is based on actual results not empty promises. Million use it, millions praise it. Turner Drug Company agents.

Mark on your calendar these dates—July 29 to August 1, and prepare to spend them at Farm mers of eastern Carolina and Home Week, State College. One hundred and fifteen far-enters the five-acre corn contest sponsored by the State College Extension Service and the

Twenty-five cars of hogs have been sold from Duplin County this spring in cooperative shipments.

Twenty-two farmers of Edgecombe County are shipping cream to the Louisburg creamery.

**C. G. ARMFIELD**  
Notary Public  
Elkin National Bank

**DR. ROY B. HARRELL**  
DENTIST  
Office Over Turner Drug Company  
ELKIN, N. C.

**MASONIC NOTICE**  
Regular communication Elkin Lodge No. 454 A. F. and A. M., on second and fourth Saturday nights 7:30 p. m. Members urged to attend. Visitors cordially invited.  
A. D. Harmon, W. M.  
M. R. Bailey, Sec.

**DELMONICO CAFE**  
"Finest Place in Town"  
We serve the best food the world's markets afford  
**Sunday Dinner A Specialty**  
Meet Your Friends Here  
**GEO. PAULS, Mgr.**

**NOTICE NOTICE**  
Pay your electric light bills before the 10th of each month and save the discount.  
**SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO.**

**INSURANCE LOAN AND TRUST CO.**  
INSURANCE—ELKIN, N. C.  
OUR AIM IS TO SERVE  
J. F. HENDREN, Pres. R. M. BATES, Mgr.

# CAMEL— a promise of pleasure



IF YOU enjoy smoking, why not smoke the most enjoyable cigarette ever made? Camels are made for pleasure . . . nothing else! The best of all the pleasure-giving goodness of choicest tobaccos—all of the delicately delightful qualities of mellow, sun-ripened Turkish and Domestic tobaccos are blended here in a perfect harmony of fragrance and flavor.

Here, in the smoking of Camels, is one of the honest pleasures that have been added to life. It's all yours. Enjoy it.

★ ON THE RADIO ★  
Camel Pleasure Hour—Wednesday evenings on N. B. C. network, WJZ and associated stations. Consult your local radio time table.

© 1930, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.