

CENTRAL EXPRESS

WE ARE going to have 2,000 Subscribers by Christmas.

ADDRESS OF HON. Z. B. VANCE. The Battle of Guilford Court House.

From time immemorial that portion of the human race which has left any record of its actions have indulged the practice of commemorating the notable events of its history. The method by which this was done was a good test of their civilization. In Genesis it is recorded that Jacob took the stone upon which his head had rested, whilst the wondrous vision was displayed to him, of the angels ascending and descending, and erected it as a memorial pillar. Again, when the Lord appeared to Jacob when he came out of Padan-aram and blessed him and renewed the promises which had been made unto Abraham, Jacob set up a pillar of stone in the place as a memorial and called it Beth-el. Twelve stones were likewise set up in commemoration of the crossing of the river Jordan by the tribes dry shod. The Assyrians and the Egyptians did likewise, but in more elaborate manner. In fact, almost the only history by which we trace the history of the East is by deciphering the inscriptions upon their monuments and memorial structures. So enduring monuments are the great pyramids that mankind has almost forgotten the purpose for which they were erected and by whom, they have actually outlasted all knowledge or tradition concerning them. The Greeks excelled all others perhaps in the number and artistic excellence of their commemorating stones. Not only all great events but all their great men were thus commemorated to the attention of posterity by the erection of temples and statues, which have never yet been surpassed, if indeed they have been equalled. The Romans copied their customs and their art in this regard. To this day they remind us of the genius and glory of Greece. In very truth

"The silent pillars lone and gray, Chime kindred with their sacred day." Much of the profoundest learning of modern times has been devoted to these exhibitions of Greek art and the Egyptology of the Nile. Thus the progress of art is traced from the rude unshewn stone of Jacob to the exquisitely chiselled and proportioned column of the Athenian Acropolis, and the wondrous structures of Egypt.

In addition to this method of commemoration the moderns have adopted what may be called the traditional. Great masses of the people meet together on anniversary days, and discourse concerning the events which are the object of the meeting. This we call "celebrating." It is nothing more than the renewing and strengthening the remembrance of the events which we wish to perpetuate. Perhaps, of all the western people, we in the United States excel in this matter of celebrating events in our history. We are not satisfied with the mere erection of monuments or piles of stone, but we meet together in multitudes; we march in procession with bands of music, we fire cannon and display banners; so that the deeds which we wish remembered may not only be fastened in the memory of these adjuncts, but may serve to excite the emulation of the young; and train them to that degree of perfect citizenship which leads to the surrender of all things to the common good. It is well that we do so. There is no better school for our youth than this hero-worship, this exalting of great deeds! There is no inauguration which can conceive the extent of its influence upon character; and it is always a high and noble influence. A pathetic story is told of a Scotch girl who had been sent to France to be educated, she was asked as a part of the exercises, to give a description of a highland regiment. She began to read her piece, describing the tall brawny forms clad in the bonnet and tartan, with the claymores at their sides, the proud, free steps with which they marched to the music of their bag-pipes, when the pride of being the country women of such soldiers overcame her, pausing she burst into tears. The feeling she excited and the cheers with which her patriotic fervor was appreciated by strangers, showed that her education in the school of patriotism and hero-worship was already advanced.

After all that can be done with marble or granite, the truest monument by which the memory of any can be perpetuated is to be found in the results. It rarely happens that an event in people's history is worth the perpetuating in stone, which is not already everlastingly embalmed in the hearts of the people. What monument is required to keep alive the memory of the man who invented the mariner's compass, by which the trackless paths of the sea are

made as familiar to commerce as our inter-State highways? What stone is necessary to the inventor of the art of printing, when all science and all literature daily, unconsciously hymn his praise? What shaft is needed by the inventor of the steam engine, when the whole earth is full of the works which magnify him? Or to the discoverer of the cotton gin by which the world is clothed? Does the memory of the great physicians whose genius has mitigated human suffering depend upon a pile of stones? Or do the great lawyers to whose acumen we are indebted for the chief liberties of the people need our care? For themselves—no; but for ourselves, to show our gratitude and appreciation, to remind us, we, too, can make ourselves sublime—yes. Their great achievements are their monuments, for, verily, "their works do follow them;" and any shafts we may erect are rather ours than theirs. They testify not so much of their deeds as of what lives in our hearts. The philosophy of this is found in the explanation of the wise and witty Cato, the Censor, who said that he had rather have the stranger ask why he had no statue than to ask why he had one. In the walls of St. Paul's, is inserted a tablet on which is written the name of Sir Christopher Wren, its architect, with the words underneath, "Lector se monumentum requirit circumspice." The imposing structure reaching upward with all its lines of beauty and strength was his monument!

Should the inquiry be made, what was done at this spot in 1781, and where is the monument of results to commemorate it? the answer might well be made in the single word, "Circumspice." Beyond question the foundation of American liberty was laid on this spot on that noted day in March, 1781. A brief and philosophical consideration of the military situation of these colonies, and of the events which immediately preceded and followed the struggle here, will satisfy any one that the importance of that day's work is not overrated by this statement.

The British armies have failed of success among the Northern portion of the colonies, owing to the skill and vigilance of Washington; the attention of their commander was directed to the Southern department. There, it was believed that owing to the hold which the British already had upon the country, its widely scattered rural population and the noted loyalty of a considerable portion of it, the prospect of final success was much better than in any other quarter. With a picked and veteran force, therefore, Lord Cornwallis began his celebrated march from Charleston through South Carolina and North Carolina into Virginia. He calculated upon embodying the loyal element wherever he went and encouraging it to join him and swell his forces. This was reasonable after the shameful disaster at Camden, and to a great extent this expectation was justified by large numbers of loyalists joining him in South Carolina, whilst quite a number either did, or attempted the same in North Carolina. But his presence and proclamations were two-edged weapons; they not only called out the Tory element, but roused and brought to arms every patriotic Whig in the region through which he marched. These alone proved more than sufficient to deal with their countrymen who took sides with the British.

The first great serious check which his hitherto triumphant advance had received was at King's Mountain in October, 1780, preceding his advance into North Carolina. Cornwallis had sent Major Ferguson with a battalion of regular troops to call out and embody all the Tory element of the western part of the two Carolinas. This he did with considerable success, and incorporated with his own forces a large number of volunteers. But the effort to do so had alarmed the Whigs of the mountains of North Carolina and Virginia. These gallant frontiersmen sprang up by magic, and crossing the great Iron and Yellow mountains from the valleys of the Holston and Nolichucky, assembled in the valley of the Catawba and made their final arrangements to dispose of Ferguson and his Tories. Advancing by forced marches, receiving recruits at every step their array became so formidable that Ferguson took the alarm and retreated to King's Mountain, vainly imagining that the raw militia from the wilderness would not dare to attack him there. But little did he know of the spirit of these men. Like a mountain avalanche they swept onward after their prey, and like an eagle when found they seized it in defiance of all military rules, in its own chosen position of strength. Authors, orators and military critics have dwelt alike

exhaustively upon this wondrous feat of arms, its timely importance to the patriotic cause and its unexampled heroism. There is little concerning it which remains to be said. To me, it appears impossible for language to over-estimate its importance or to do adequate justice to the courage, audacity and war-like skill which enabled untrained militia, without artillery, without bayonets, without even discipline, with simply hunting rifles and inadequate ammunition, to assault fortified mountain heights defended by almost equal numbers, a part of whom were trained veteran troops—and carry them by storm. There is no story in the annals of war, there is no incident told of the great Hannibal, or of the retreat of the ten thousand, or of the Roman legions in any part of the earth, which excels in for pure heroism, grim and sturdy courage, and as an exhibition of the true fire of war-like genius. I know that it is not perhaps in good taste for citizens of a Democratic country to boast of the blood which is in their veins, but I am sure I will be pardoned for indulging in a strain of filial pride by glorying in the fact that my grandfather was one of those who amidst smoke and fire ascended those heights on that day. However, perhaps I need not apologize. If it be proper for us to feel proud of our ancestors in the mass, it cannot be improper to boast of their deeds in the individual. The Chinese proverb well says: "To forget one's ancestors is to be a brook without a source—a tree without a root."

The next most serious check which was given to the royal advance was inflicted at the Cowpens in December, 1780. Furious at the destruction of Ferguson's command, Cornwallis hurried forward to retrieve the disaster, the celebrated and hitherto invincible cavalry command, Colonel Tarleton, with a considerable force of splendid troops. He was met at the Cowpens by General Morgan with a large force of the patriotic militia of North and South Carolina—many of whom had participated in the victory at King's Mountain, and was signally defeated, with the loss of a large number of killed, wounded and prisoners.

Thus, two most important detachments of the royal invading army having been defeated—one being absolutely destroyed—Lord Cornwallis, being justly alarmed for the success of the campaign and smarting from humiliation and defeat, determined upon a prompt and aggressive advance which should subdue all opposition and restore all prestige of his army. From this time forward, until fate compelled him to retreat from the State, it is impossible to withhold from him our admiration of his high military qualities as evinced by the discipline of his troops and the wisdom and moderation of his conduct. But it was decreed that he should fail, and on this spot where we now stand, in 1781, the finishing blow was given to all his prospects for subjugating the Southern Colonies, and which drove him to his ships at Wilmington and finally to the end at Yorktown.

From this day dates the real freedom and independence of North Carolina. Had he not here been successfully resisted—had the army of Gen. Greene been destroyed as Ferguson's had been at King's Mountain, beyond all questions the independence of these colonies would have been indefinitely postponed. How this battle was fought and successfully won, and the part our North Carolina ancestors took therein, I will not attempt to describe today. It has been done again and again by our historians and orators—by Hawks, Graham, Swain, Caruthers, but never so well and completely done as by that honorable gentleman, David Schenck, who discoursed to you at your last celebration and to whose untiring and patriotic exertions we are indebted to keep alive the memory of our liberty-loving forefathers. For one I unhesitatingly accept the conclusion of his laborious researches, and believe them to be the truth of history. I believe that the regular and volunteer troops of North Carolina did their duty that day as well as any men upon that field, and that the lines of raw, undisciplined militia did as well that day as was expected of them by their commander, been expected of them by any critic with sufficient military knowledge to judge of the capacity of such forces, so armed, against such trained and disciplined and perfectly armed troops.

What then is their work? What is the monument that they that day erected to themselves as seen in the result? Suppose an intelligent stranger were here and he were told to look that monument by searching

around, what would he see? He would behold a tree and independent commonwealth, which for more than a hundred years has enjoyed the blessings of liberty and which has advanced steadily without retrogression and anarchy in all the paths of prosperity and civilization. With fifty thousand square miles of territory containing thirty-two million acres, of which at least twenty-nine millions are arable and two thousand square miles of which are island seas. This area extends east and west for six hundred miles in length with an average breadth of a hundred and forty. In it is found a general elevation from tide water to the mountain tops of six thousand feet, giving the varieties of climate which are to be found within twenty degrees of latitude North and South. The varieties of productions are abundantly commensurate with these varieties of soil and climate. Her forest have always been remarkable, and still are, for their great extent and value, and the treasures within her bosom have begun to be explored and exposed. Not to mention the smaller streams, this area is traversed by three thousand miles of water courses of the dignity of rivers, furnishing in their gradual fall from the western highlands into the sea, water power sufficient to turn all the machinery of the world. This happily located land at once profitable, pleasant and picturesque, containing all the best gifts of God to his creatures, in the home of the children of the men who made it free and established its institutions and laws with a view to the happiness of its people. So well did they build that after more than a century of trial, no flaw has been found in its structure, no weakening, no evidence of decay. Straight forward it has grown in population and wealth, in intelligence without pause or decay, save only in the ever memorable and ever damnable days of reconstruction. In 1870 the number of our people was 363,000; in 1880 it was 1,400,000; if the ratio increase which obtained from 1870 to 1880 be preserved in 1890 our population will be at least 1,750,000, and whether it may be a matter of boasting or a matter of regret, it is equally the truth, this steady and health-increase has been aided very little by emigration. The statistics show that no American State has been so little indebted to foreigners for either population or wealth. Emphatically our progress is our own, and whatever may be that we have become by our own efforts. Let us love it accordingly. The Germans say "One's own straw is better than an enemy's wool," and the Latins, "The smoke of our own country is brighter than fires abroad."

So much do we already see of the results of their wisdom and valor. But what of the things in the future which we do not see? What poetic vision, though reaching "far as angles ken" can picture that future which awaits this people, or point out where the influence of the deeds done on this spot in 1781 shall cease to affect their destinies? One of the most curious questions of metaphysics is that of the dependence of one event upon another. The casuists and theologians of the world have in all times disputed concerning its effects upon the free will of man and the decrees of God. The cause and effect can be more obviously traced in the material than in the moral world, and yet without refining too much, we can reasonably trace moral effects from great events over vast stretches of time. In 1883 the island of Krakatoa in the straits of Sunda was literally ejected from its place in the sea and blown into space. The effect was recognized tidal disturbances upon every shore more or less, where observation were made, throughout the earth. You all remember the red skies which gave even additional beauty and glory to our celestial scenery at the settings of the sun, in 1883-84? The men of science have now determined, without dissent, that those red skies were directly the results of that volcanic eruption which had shattered the masses of obsidian of which the island was composed, into innumerable dust. The force of the explosion had hurled this obsidian dust into those regions of the upper air which are far beyond the influence of the circulation near the surface; and by the operation of those lofty currents of which we know little, it had been diffused throughout the world, causing the beautiful phenomena at which we gazed with so much rapture. Who can say then what commonwealths, a thousand years from now, may not be inspired by our example, as our prosperity and happiness were secured by the same deeds of our ancestors? Who can say that the unseen and lofty currents of human affection may not

waft and diffuse the ennobling lessons and inspirations emanating from Guilford Court House in 1781, to the remotest quarters of the earth and to the most distant times, brightening the sky with crimson glory for many faint hearted and struggling people.

I have said that the fruit of their labors constituted the true monument of our ancestors; that for themselves no other was needed, but that others were needed for us. That for our own sakes we should celebrate and erect shafts, in order to demonstrate what was in our own hearts. It has long been a matter of reproach that North Carolina has done so little to perpetuate in stone her love for her sages and heroes. The day when the foot of the first Anglo Saxon was placed upon American soil is known historically, but the spot where the colony of the great and splendid Raleigh landed is unmarked by a single memento. This genesis of the mightiest revolution in the history of nations, was upon North Carolina soil, yet we have left neglected both the time and place. The men of the Mecklenburg Declaration have as yet no monument. Until the patriotic impulse inspired one man, whose enthusiasm inspired you, this sacred spot had not commemoration. Cross Creek and Moore's Creek are yet without a stone. The Battle of the Regulators, where the first blood was shed for real liberty in America, is unmarked and insignificant to the traveller. Davie and Davidson and Shelby, Severe, Cleveland, McDowell, Lillinton, Harnett, Moore all sleep in graves hallowed by patriotism, but unknown save only to private affection. We do not even sufficiently guard the traditions of their reputations, but leave incompetent or partial historians to slur their deeds or scandalize their memories. This criminal negligence continues to this day. Some of the stories and misrepresentations concerning North Carolina troops in the late civil war are sufficiently scandalous to make the blood of every truth loving man in the State boil with indignation. We should not, in silence, permit those misrepresentations. The honor of those who died for North Carolina should be as sacred to us as the virtue of our mothers. The thanks of our people are due to all those who have come forward to defend our countrymen and secure for them justice in history. Notable among those who have thus earned our gratitude I am glad to mention Judge David Schenck, Capt. W. R. Bond, and Col. W. L. Saunders. The research and labor of these patriotic gentlemen have already visibly affected the tone of contemporary authors; and I beg to assure them of the appreciation of their countrymen. Of our abundance we should everywhere erect those lasting testimonials of all our great and patriotic citizens I repeat, it is due not so much to them as to ourselves.

But there is hope for North Carolina yet. Sixteen years before the birth of our Saviour there was born in Germany a child who was called Arminius, or the German peasant loved to term him, Herman Prince of Cherusci. He conceived the idea of delivering his country from the dominion of the Romans, then in the zenith of their power. Not far from the time when our Saviour was teaching upon the shores of Galilee and healing the sick, this patriotic German decamped a Roman army into the morasses of his native country and slaughtered it with such an overwhelming slaughter as rendered it impossible for the great Augustus ever again to reconquer his country. Nineteen hundred years thereafter the German people erected a statue in his honor. His example demonstrates that there is gratitude in mankind, though the proof was undoubtedly slow in coming. I trust that the people will not wait so long to do honor to those who served them and died for them in their hour of need.

The tent for the Pearson meeting in Greensboro has arrived and will be erected on Washington street, opposite the Baptist Church, in that city this week. The area enclosed will be 100 by 120 feet, and the tent will comfortably seat 3,000 people.

Franklin Press: The family of Jennings living in this country and Jackson can boast of what few families can. There are seven brothers and sisters all living, and the youngest is 63 years old.

On Thursday last, the annual meeting of the C. F. & Y. V. Railroad, at Mt. Airy, was well attended. The reports were satisfactory, and the old officers were re-elected.

AN ELOQUENT PRODUCTION.

Speech Delivered by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew at the New York Centennial.

New York World Report.

It was now the turn of the orator, and what a handsome orator he is! How his keen eye glistened, and with what sonorous utterance his fine voice rolled off the rounded periods of his oration. It was a treat to hear him, and for those who could not hear it was a treat to see his fine gestures. Every time his eloquent fingers came down in emphasis, distant onlookers cheered lustily. Dr. Depew spoke under the protection of a black-silk skull cap, and among other things he said:

"We celebrate to-day the centenary of our nationality. One hundred years ago the United States began their existence. The powers of the government were assumed by the people of the Republic, and they became the sole source of authority. The solemn ceremony of the first inauguration, the reverent oath of Washington, the acclaim of the multitude greeting their President, marked the most unique event of modern times in the development of free institutions. The occasion was not an accident, but a result. It was the culmination of the working out of mighty forces through many centuries of the problem of self-government. It was not the triumph of a system, the application of a theory or the reduction to practice of the abstractions of philosophy. The time, the country, the heredity, and environment of the people, the folly of the enemies, and the noble courage of the people, gave to liberty, after ages of defeat, a trial, of experiment, of partial success and substantial success this immortal victory. Henceforth it had a refuge and recreating station. The oppressed found free homes in this favored land, and invisible armies marched from it by mail and telegraph, by speech and song, by precept and example, to regenerate the world."

Mr. Depew then devoted some time to the early history of the Union and Washington's election and his triumphant journey to New York and continued:

"Washington was never dramatic, but on great occasions he not only rose to the full ideal of the event, he became himself the event. One hundred years ago to-day the procession of foreign ambassadors, of statesmen and generals, of civil societies and military companies which escorted him marched from Franklin Square to Pearl street, through Pearl to Broad, and up Broad to this spot, but the people saw only Washington. He stood upon the steps of the old Government building here, the thought must have occurred to him that this was a cradle of liberty, and as such given a bright omen to the future. In these halls, in 1785, in the trial of John Zenger, had been established for the first time in its history the liberty of the press. Here the New York Assembly in 1704, made the protest against the State act, and proposed the General Conference, which was the beginning of initiated Colonial action. In this old State House in 1705, the Stamp Act Congress, the first and the Father of American Congresses, assembled and presented to the English Government that vigorous protest, which caused the repeal of the act, and checked the first step towards the usurpation which lost the American Colonies in the British Empire. Within these walls the Congress of Confederation had commissioned its Ambassadors abroad, and in ineffectual efforts at government had created the necessity for the concentration of Federal authority, now to be consummated.

"The first Congress of the United States gathered in this temple of liberty, greeted Washington and accompanied him to the balcony. The famous men visible about him were Chancellor Livingston, Vice-President John Adams, Alexander Hamilton, Gov. Clinton, Roger Sherman, Richard Henry Lee, Gen. Knox and Baron Stuben. But we believe that among the invisible hosts above him at this supreme moment of the culmination in perma-

nent triumph of the thousands of years of struggle for self-government, were the spirits of the soldiers of the revolution, who had died that their countrymen might enjoy this blessed day, and with them were the Barons of Bunnymede and William the Silent, and Sidney and Russell, and the heroes and martyrs of every race and age.

"As he came forward the multitude in the streets, in the windows and on the house roofs sent up such a rapturous shout that Washington sat down overcome with emotion. As he slowly rose, and his tall and majestic form appeared again, the people, deeply affected, in awed silence, viewed the scene. The Chancellor solemnly read to him the oath of office, and Washington, repeating, said: 'I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States.'" Then he reverently bent low and kissed the Bible, uttering with profound emotion, "So help me God." The Chancellor, waived his robes and shouted, "It is done: long live George Washington, President of the United States!" Long live George Washington, our first President! was the answering cheer of the people, and from the bellfries rang the bells, and from forts and ships thundered the cannon, echoing and repeating the cry with responding acclaim all over the land, long live George Washington, first President of the United States!"

"The simple and imposing ceremony over the inaugural read, the blessing of God prayerfully petitioned in old St. Paul's, the festivities passed and Washington stood alone. No one else could take the helm of state, and enthusiasts and doubter alike trusted only him. The teachings and habits of the past had educated the people to faith in the independence of their States, and for the Supreme authority of the new Government there stood against the precedent of a century and the passions of an hour little beside the arguments of Hamilton, Madison and Jay in the Federalist and the judgement of Washington. With the first attempt to exercise National power began the duel to the death between State sovereignty, claiming the rights to nullify Federal laws or secede from the Union, and the power of the Republic to command the resources of the country, to enforce its authority and protect its life. Then was the beginning of the sixty years war for the Constitution and the Nation. It scared consciences, degraded politics, destroyed parties, ruined states, retarded the advance and development of the country; it sacrificed hundreds of thousands of precious lives, and squandered thousands of millions of money; it desolated the fairest portion of the land carried mourning into every home North and South, but it ended at Appomattox in the absolute triumph of the Republic.

"Prosperity owes to Washington's Administration the policy and measures, the form and direction, which made possible the glorious result. In giving the organization of the Department of State and Foreign Relations to Jefferson, the Treasury to Hamilton and the Supreme Court to Jay, he selected for his Cabinet and called to his assistance the ablest and most eminent men of his time. Hamilton's marvelous versatility and genius designed the armories and weapons for the promotion of National power and greatness, but Washington's steady support carried them through. Parties crystallized and party passions intense, debates were interperate, and the Union openly threatened and secretly plotted against, as the firm pressure of this mighty personality funded the debt and established credit, assumed the State debt incurred in the war of the Revolution and superceded the local by the National obligation, imposed duties upon imports and excise upon spirits and created revenue and resources, organized a National Banking system for public needs and private business, and called out an army to put down by force of arms any resistance to the Federal laws imposing unpopular taxes. Upon the plan marked out by the Constitution, the great architect with unflinching faith and unflinching courage, builded the Republic. He gave in the Government the principles of action and surces of power which carried it successfully through the wars with Great Britain in 1812 and Mexico in 1848, and which enabled Jackson to defeat nullification, and recruited and equipped millions of men for Lincoln, and justified and sustained his proclamation of Emancipation."