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Old Soldiers' Day

The Followers of Lee and Jackson in Line Again.

BUXTON'S SPLENDID ADDRESS

Listened to By a Packed House, After Which the Crowd Adjourned to a Good Dinner.

Last Saturday was a great day for the old Confederate soldiers of the county.

The occasion marked the first organization of the Stokes veterans since the stormy days of the sixties, forty years ago, when they returned home by ones and twos, hungry, ragged, broken in spirit and fortune, heroes of a Lost Cause.

In spite of the threatening weather nearly 1,000 men and women came to do honor to the old Confederates. Had the day been pleasanter, it is safe to say the crowd would have been larger than any body of people ever assembled in Danbury.

The features of the day were a fine address by Hon. J. C. Buxton, stirring music by the Piedmont band, a good dinner and a good time generally.

At 10 o'clock the rallying call of Capt. Leak formed the veterans, seventy-one in number, into two lines on the court house square. Though forty years had elapsed since these men marched to the strains of martial music amid the scream of shell and the rattle of musketry, they had not forgotten the tactics practiced in the olden time, and Capt. Leak put them through several interesting figures. His quick sharp commands were responded to with eagerness and agility. Mr. W. A. Kiger bore the colors very gallantly. The sight of the old familiar stars and bars which they had followed on a hundred bloody fields brought tears to the eyes of the old soldiers. The names of the men were enrolled showing that seventy-one were present.

Officers were then elected as follows:

Captain—James A. Leak.
First Lieutenant—J. J. Martin.
Second Lieutenant—M. V. Mabe.
Third Lieutenant—J. G. Tuttle.
Orderly Sergeant—M. O. James.
Color Bearer—Joseph H. Stewart.

After the organization had been effected, the men marched into the court house to listen to the address of Hon. J. C. Buxton, who was happily introduced by Hon. W. W. King in a few well-chosen remarks. Mr. King expressed himself as delighted that the old soldiers of Stokes had at last organized, after having been so neglectful of their duty. He urged them to be true to themselves, their country, and their noble traditions, as they had always done.

Mr. Buxton then addressed the gathering. His speech had been carefully prepared, and was delivered with the characteristic force and effect of this able and well-known Winston lawyer, who while too young to enter the war himself came from a family distin-

guished for its bravery and gallantry in the great struggle of 1861-65. The court room, the gallery and annexes were packed to overflowing, and Mr. Buxton's remarks were frequently applauded.

At the close of the address, the soldiers were marched to the grove adjacent to the new M. E. Church, where a splendid dinner had been prepared, and here if any memories of hunger and suffering in the Wilderness still remained, the old veterans forgot them in the present delights of the good things prepared for their comfort by the women of Stokes county who love them for the record they made in the greatest army the world ever saw.

There was plenty to eat and to spare and many of the crowd partook of the refreshments.

It was resolved to meet again regularly once a year, at which time doubtless a much fuller enrollment will be effected, as there are nearly 200 old Confederates in the county.

All the old soldiers were warm in their expressions of pleasure at the events of the day.

A vote of thanks was extended to the musicians, to Mr. Buxton and others who had contributed toward their entertainment.

Many compliments of Capt. Leak were passed, that he had been so successful in bringing out a big crowd, and had managed the proceedings so skillfully.

BUXTON'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Buxton spoke as follows:

Confederate Soldiers—ladies and gentlemen:

On a bright April day 1861 books were laid aside in the old Academy, the law offices of the lawyers and the counting room of the merchant, the carpenter and blacksmith shops were all closed, the farmers' plows and hoes were laid aside; there was a sound of bugle and a roll of drum on the streets, people were hurrying together, and soon the roar of cannon was heard which told us of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter by the batteries of the young confederacy. For months the very air had been vibrant with sound of drum and fife, of rattling musketry and martial command. The whole South was soon a great camp of shifting, drilling soldiers. Every departing train bore to the front the raw and ungainly troops of the country, the companies of State Guards and the gayly dressed light hearted cadets of the Military Schools. There were bitter partings and long goodbyes—so long to many of them that not yet has word of home greeting come. It seemed to be a great thing to be a soldier in those brave days when the girls decked the parting ones in flowers and sang to them "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Bonnie Blue Flag," and "Maryland, My Maryland." The

scarlet and gold and gray, the flashing words, sand burnished musket, the gay flowers and parting songs, marked the beginning of that mighty death struggle of the South. Soon the gay song deepened into the hush before a great battle, or rose into the cry of the stricken heart over the long list of wounded and slain. War grew grim and fierce and relentless.

There were hunger and wounds, pale faces in hospitals and death of men by the thousands at the front and sleeplessness and heart ache and holy privation and unfailing courage and comfort of Southern womanhood at home. Fierce and bitter came the storm of battle as the thin gray lines of Lee and Johnston confronted the soldiers and resources of the world. Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Seven Pines, Chancellorsville, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Appomattox; all these names, that wreathed with crepe their thousands of hearts and homes, and marked the rise and fall of the battle tide—recall to us the memories of those days.

On another April day four years later, the great Commander of the South, the best beloved man in any age of our world, said, "It is all over, never mind my men, you have done your best; go to your homes and be as brave and true as you have been with me."

Previous to the war between the States two battles stand out luminously on the pages of history in commemoration of the valor of those who dared and died for home and country while fighting overwhelming odds. Thermopylae stands almost isolated in ancient times among the exploits of the patriotic Greeks, who preferred death to defeat and bared their breasts to the invaders' weapons, choosing death to dishonor. In Helms song and story so heroic a sacrifice in so holy a cause has come down to us through the ages, beautiful and sanctified in the telling, as it has been repeated from generation to generation through the uncounted centuries.

The Alamo, among modern battles, ranks with and surpasses in glorious deeds the exploits of Leonidas' band. Fought here in America on Southern soil, by Southern men, the world only knew the result of the conflict by ensuing silence. Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none. History had not duplicated those brave deeds of the Ancient Greeks and the modern American until the Confederate soldier, in response to the call to arms in 1861, rallied to the defense of our dear Southland when on an hundred fields he surpassed in heroism and courage the greatest deeds of the most valorous warriors of ancient or modern times. This is not the time or the place to cite you to instances of such heroism as caused the world to pause, lost in wonder and admiration of the Confederate Soldier. He exhibited tenacity of purpose, fortitude in adversity, gentleness in victory and bravery upon the battlefield through four years of unexampled privation and suffering, which have placed him in the front rank of the soldiers of the world. But when the war had ended it was then that all that was elevating and truly great in the Confederate Soldier found expression. When he turned his back on Appomattox and bade farewell to those scenes where his valor had won the applause of the world, in his tattered

clothes and unshod feet, tired with the toil and strife of a hopeless struggle, defeated, despairing, penniless, and starving, groping through the passes and byways, brambles and rocks of a land that had felt the hot breath of war for years, he looked into the future with his face turned homeward, and braved greater dangers, greater anxieties, than he had ever carried into battle. As he thus stood in May, 1865, photographed against the sky of his dead Southern Confederacy, he was the embodiment of all that was great and good, true knightly in the history of our race. He was a king among men, the bravest of the brave; greater, truer, nobler in his defeat than the victor in any less holy cause. And when he had overcome all the obstacles standing between him and his home, sweet home, which had nestled amid these hills and valleys of his native heath, what met him at his approach—was it the happy wife and little children that had clambered at his knee in the days gone by? Was it the dim-eyed mother, or the now helpless father who had grown too old to bear arms in defense of the country? Not always. Too often the old home was gone, his people scattered.

"The blackness of ashed marked where it stood,

And a wild mother's screams o'er her famishing brood."

"War is hell" said a general who led his incendiary and invading hordes through the Carolinas. And so the confederate soldier found it on his return to his desolate fireside. No man or set of men, anywhere under the sun, would have been censured had he, at such a moment, lost his nerve and begun to repine. Not so, however, with the Confederate soldier. He did not lose his nerve. He did not repine. He belonged to a race of people which has dominated always and everywhere. Such blood ran in the veins of the author of the charter of English liberty. It thundered in Cromwell's veins as he fought his king,—it humbled Napoleon at Waterloo; it has touched the desert and the jungles with undying glory; it carried the drum beat of England around the world and spread on every continent the Gospel of liberty; it established this Republic, carved it from the wilderness, conquered it from the Indians, arrested it from England, and at last, stilling its own tumult, consecrated it forever as the home of the Anglo-Saxon and the theatre of his transcendent achievement. Never one foot of it can be surrendered, while that blood lives in American veins and feeds American hearts, to the domination of an alien or inferior race.

That spoke the Confederate soldier at the close of the war, standing upon his desolate hearthstone, sitting amid the ruins of his household. Beginning with a crust and no bread, having no money and no credit, he stood in the presence of starvation with his ragged children, and his patient help-mate round about him, the broken and shattered remnant of a once invincible army.

Would the younger generation of the South have done what he did? I do not believe it. What did he do? All government had fallen away from him with the loss of the cause he loved so well. He was more or less a law unto himself. But he went to work, called conventions, passed ordinances in keeping with the demands of the new order of things, assembled Legislatures together and enacted

TABULATED LIST OF OLD CONFEDERATES WHO JOINED THE NEW STOKES CAMP AT DANBURY SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1905.

NAME.	REGT.	CO.	RANK.	WHERE ENLISTED	P. O.
Moses P. Bullin	21st N. C.	F	Priv.	Stokes.	Danbury.
W. M. Duggins	"	M	"	"	Red Sh's.
W. Fulton	"	G	"	"	Mayodan.
Willis James	"	F	"	"	Wal. Cove.
L. D. Lewis	"	F	"	Rockingham.	"
W. A. Smith	"	F	5th ser.	Stokes.	Rock H'se.
C. M. Marshall	"	H	Priv.	"	Capella.
Abel Hicks	"	F	"	"	Meadows.
Jackson Smith	"	G	"	"	Wal. Cove.
Edmund Bullen	"	H	"	"	Campbell.
John W. Fulk	"	F	"	"	Hard bank.
William Bullen	"	F	"	"	Danbury.
M. O. James	"	F	Sergt.	"	Wal. Cove.
J. H. Glidewell	"	F	Priv.	"	Meadows.
J. A. Page	"	F	"	"	Pilot Mt.
Alamander Cox	"	C	"	"	Wal. Cove.
A. M. Hampton	"	C	"	"	Germant'n
J. H. Gipson	"	G	"	"	"
D. S. Tilley	"	F	"	"	Vade Mec.
T. J. Tuttle	"	C	"	"	Wal. Cove.
B. A. Overby	53d N. C.	G	"	"	Smith.
Lee Bennett	"	H	"	"	Danbury.
R. H. Bennett	"	H	"	"	Vade Mec.
W. M. Cox	"	H	"	"	Pilot Mt.
J. H. Stewart	"	H	"	"	Danbury.
Wm. A. Martin	"	G	"	"	Smith.
M. V. Mabe	"	H	"	"	Danbury.
W. S. Wilson	"	H	2d ser.	"	Mayodan.
John Bennett	"	H	Priv.	"	Danbury.
W. R. Bennett	"	G	"	"	Vade Mec.
J. W. Flineham	"	H	"	"	Danbury.
W. R. Hundley	"	G	"	"	Hartman.
J. A. Martin	"	G	"	"	Wal. Cove.
J. W. Southern	"	H	"	"	Germant'n
J. C. Ellis	"	G	"	"	Nettle Rg.
W. F. Shelton	2d N. C. Bat	H	"	"	Francisco.
J. A. Leak	"	A	"	"	Peter's Ck.
J. B. George	"	A	"	"	Vade Mec.
W. H. Slaughter	"	A	"	"	Kerners.
Noah Smith	"	A	"	"	Danbury.
A. R. Jones	"	A	"	"	Vade Mec.
Jas. H. Page	33rd N. C.	I	"	"	Germant'n
S. J. Ball	22d N. C.	F	"	"	Sandy Rg.
H. Brown	"	H	"	"	Mayodan.
J. P. Dunlap	"	H	"	"	Sandy Rg.
A. N. Heath	"	H	"	"	Pilot Mt.
J. C. Thornborough	"	L	"	Randolph.	Meadows.
D. K. Smith	"	H	"	Stokes.	Mayodan.
W. S. Ray	"	H	"	"	Danbury.
Wm. Bullin	"	H	"	"	Campbell.
W. J. Wilkins	"	H	"	"	Sandy Rg.
H. C. Luckey	"	H	"	"	Campbell.
G. R. James	"	H	"	"	Dillard.
D. K. Mabe	72d N. C.	C	"	"	Dellar.
R. C. Fowler	"	B	"	"	Germant'n
W. W. King	"	A	1st Lt.	Forsyth.	Danbury.
M. B. Bullin	51st N. C.	A	Priv.	Stokes.	Hartman.
F. J. Woods	6th N. C.	H	"	"	"
M. A. Holland	"	A	"	"	Pilot Mt.
J. G. Tuttle	52d N. C.	D	"	"	Wal. Cove.
J. W. Tuttle	"	H	"	"	"
C. M. Williams	"	B	Col'rg	"	Meadows.
G. J. Tuttle	"	D	Priv.	"	Wal. Cove.
O. C. Jones	1st Bat.	A	"	Forsyth.	"
Robt. Covington	13th N. C.	H	"	Rockingham.	Rock H'se.
Gabriel Tuttle	"	B	"	Stokes.	Wal. Cove.
W. H. Gentry	3rd N. C.	F	2d ser.	"	"
J. W. Davis	57th N. C.	D	Priv.	Forsyth.	"
W. A. Kiger	11th N. C.	G	"	Stokes.	Germant'n
Garland Smith	45th N. C.	A	Lieut.	Rockingham.	Francisco.
J. J. Martin	1st Engin.	F	Priv.	Danville, Va.	Gideon.

laws, also meeting those demands. In the meantime crops were growing, and when gathered, they supplied food and money in meagre quantities. In a year or two the old Confederate having put off his threadbare and ragged gray jacket for a better garb, began to build waste places, and then it occurred to him that the South was rich in minerals, together with other unsought treasures, and he already knew that she had a monopoly of the cotton product of the world. The same old soldier instead of being a destructionist, became a constructionist in the highest sense of the term.

The mines filled with the richest treasures of earth were developed, and the cotton which had been going to the mills of Old as well as New England, and enriching them at his expense, were converted into cotton goods right here at the cotton fields, and this was done in every instance by some good old Confederate soldier. If he was not the only promoter and owner of the mills, he was always one among them.

I challenge to-day the naming of a single enterprise in the South of any consequence where South-

ern men are engaged in it which has not among its members one or more Confederate soldiers. Every whirling spindle in every mill in every Southern State to-day sings the praises of the Confederate soldier who had inaugurated this onward step in the development of these new industries.

So, as they were first in war, they were also first in peace and guided the South's development in things material to a height of prosperity unparalleled in the history of the progress of the world. And you must remember that this was going on under the most adverse circumstances. Starvation was the first load that the Confederate soldier had to carry from 1865 to 1867. After that a still more terrible calamity had to be faced in reconstruction. Now it was that the herculean might and strength of the Confederate soldier aided by young men who in the meantime had come to man's estate, accomplished the great results which I have mentioned, making the South from a material standpoint many times richer than she was with her slave chattels and all other evidences of wealth lost with the downfall of the Con-