

The Lincoln County News.

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A GREAT AND GLORIOUS DAY

Fully Six Thousand People Gather to Witness the Unveiling Ceremonies and to Pay Tribute to North Carolina's Chief Executive.

It looked as if the entire citizenship of the county gathered in Lincolnton yesterday to witness the ceremonies in connection with the unveiling of the monument and to hear the address of the governor.

Early in the morning the highways leading from every section of the county were fairly alive with every conceivable mode of conveyance wending their way to the county metropolis. By eleven o'clock fully six thousand people were scattered over the main part of the town, each incoming train bringing an additional number. Verily, it was a great and glorious day and the old town was proud to have as her guests for this day such a fine lot of people. In response to a special invitation, Mrs. F. M. Williams of Newton, State President of the Daughters of the Confederacy, arrived in the city the afternoon before and her presence here added much to the occasion. Another honored guest was Mrs. Stonewall Jackson of Charlotte, widow of the beloved Southern general. She was given a hearty welcome by every one, and especially by the old soldiers who with pleasure greeted the wife of the great chieftain who led them to battle beneath the stars and bars.

The exercises for the day began in the morning at 9:30 o'clock with memorial services in the court house. The following is the program that was rendered before the unusually large audience:

Song—"Come Thou Almighty King."

Prayer—Rev. W. R. Minter.

Recitation—Miss Jennie Saine.

Song—"America"

Memorial Address—Hon. A. Nixon.

Benediction—Rev. W. R. Dye.

At the conclusion of these exercises the veterans and Daughters of the Confederacy marched in a body to the different cemeteries where the graves of the departed heroes were covered with wreaths and flowers. There are sleeping in the different churchyards in this city about forty of the soldiers who wore the grey. Each year the number of mounds is increasing, while the survivors of the Confederate army who lead the processions on Memorial Day are yearly growing less. During the past year 16 members of the gallant band have passed over the river, leaving in Lincoln county only 225 living veterans.

At 11 o'clock a long procession consisting of decorated carriages, floats occupied by the Children of the Confederacy, the brass band from High Shoals and horseback riders went to the union station to meet Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, who arrived on the Seaboard train. She was accompanied by Misses Violet and Julia Alexan-

der and Lilly Long of Charlotte. The unveiling services began promptly at 12 o'clock with an inspiring selection by the brass band of High Shoals. Immediately afterwards, Maj. W. A. Graham, Commissioner of Agriculture of North Carolina, in behalf of the Children of the Confederacy presented the monument to Lincoln county in the following appropriate words:

MAJ. GRAHAM'S ADDRESS

To The Commissioners of Lincoln County:

To me has been assigned, by the Children of the Confederacy and friends who have erected this shaft, the pleasant duty of presenting it to you as the official representatives of the county.

No county in the State has a more glorious record of the history of her Confederate troops. More than thirteen hundred and eleven names appear on her roster; if we deduct one hundred and nineteen, the senior and junior reserves, who saw but little service, we have eleven hundred and ninety-two men who were in the regular forces; of these one hundred and thirty-six were killed, one hundred and fifty-five died, two hundred and five were wounded, and fifty-six discharged for physical disability, making a total of five hundred and fifty-two, or forty-five per cent. From Bethel to Appomattox her sons were in almost every battle of note and acquitted themselves with honor.

The Southern Stars were at Bethel. Re-organized as Company I, 11th N. C. troops, it was a part of Pettigrew's brigade among the "farthest at Gettysburg," where several hundred other Lincoln men stood with them, and some of this company with one hundred and fifty Lincoln comrades appear in the list of the paroled at Appomattox.

One of her sons, R. F. Hoke, entering the service as a second lieutenant in the Bethel regiment, became a Major General and was selected by our great leader, Robt. E. Lee, as his successor in command of the Army of Northern Virginia should this necessity occur. Another, Stephen D. Ramseur, entering as a Captain of Artillery, fell at Cedar Creek in October, 1864, a Major General honored for his gallantry and the traits of character which make a soldier.

A third, Robt. D. Johnston, enlisting as Second Lieutenant, was promoted from Lieutenant Colonel of the 23rd Regiment to Brigadier General after the battle of Gettysburg. And not less glorious was the conduct of the more than a thousand private in the ranks whose heroism gave these illustrious men their renown.

The ranks of the Confederate soldiers are thinning fast; some who are boys now will as men be telling their children of having known men who were in the Confederate Army, although some of us by the blessing of a kind Providence enjoy the vigor and strength



GOVERNOR W. W. KITCHIN.

usually allotted to men of much fewer years, but soon we will be gone.

The father will bring his son to town from his country home, the stranger will sojourn for a day in your midst, the son will ask "What is this shaft?" The father will tell him the story of the Confederate soldiers' service and sacrifices, and thus tradition will preserve in our borders this bright page of history years after the actors have passed over the river and, we trust, are resting under the shade of the trees.

It was the women of the Confederacy who made the soldier the man that he was. It is the daughters of today who interest themselves in erecting and preserving memorials of his heroism. But for the women, at the close of the war, the men would probably have permitted the story of the Confederate soldier to have passed away with the Confederacy.

On behalf of my comrades, I tender the good women the thanks and appreciation of their zeal in our behalf. The shaft awakens in us memories of fifty years ago and recalls scenes of gallantry and sacrifice which there is not time to enumerate.

Mr. Chairman, to the care of you and your associates and successors I commit this memorial.

In behalf of Lincoln county Judge A. Nixon accepted the monument in well chosen words as follows:

The gallantry and heroism, the consecrated performance of duty and lofty patriotism of the soldiers of the Confederacy fill the mind with a wonder and admiration that has crowned southern manhood with immortality.

The love and esteem for these heroic men is emblazoned on the hearts of a grateful people and will live forever.

This monument of North Carolina granite, enduring and imperishable, silently and grandly proclaims the deathless fame of those who fought and fell. In the name of the county commissioners of Lincoln county, in the name of the living veterans who wore the gray, who do us honor by their presence on this occasion; in the name of their dead comrades, who sleep in unknown graves on the great battle-fields of the war, or have since peacefully fallen in the battle of life; in the name of the citizenship of the old county of Lincoln illustrious in war and peace, I accept at your hands, Major Graham, this beautiful monument, erected by the Wallace Reinhardt Chapter Children of the Confederacy to the memory of the Confederate Soldiers of Lincoln County.

In their name I express to the Children of the Confederacy a grateful appreciation. It is worthy the story and glory it perpetuates. It is ours. Its care and keeping a sacred trust.

Following this the Children of the Confederacy unveiled the monument which the Wallace Reinhardt Chapter has erected to the memory of the Confederate

soldiers of Lincoln county. That the monument is a beauty and credit to the county, the reproduction that appears in this paper will attest. The children's fondest hopes have been realized and we trust every cent that is due will be soon wiped out.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS BY L. B. WETMORE.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The erection of this monument owes its existence mainly to the efforts of one woman. It was her energy, her zeal and her perseverance that overcame many obstacles and not only do the Confederate Veterans of Lincoln County owe her thanks, but this whole section of the State owes her gratitude and admiration. This woman is the President of the local Chapter of the Children of the Confederacy, Miss Lena Reinhardt. Her presence alone prevents me from saying more on this line. She has been ably seconded by others. History is a true record of past events. There is no such thing as false history; it is either history or fiction. No matter how much fiction may be for a time mixed with history, in the end the truth will prevail. The poet has well said:

"Truth forever on the scaffold;
Wrong forever on the throne.
Yet that scaffold sways the future
And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own."

One of the greatest desires of the human heart; I may say the greatest desire outside of the universal desire for immortality, is the wish that all men have that posterity, or future generations, shall know of the deeds and virtues of those who have gone before them; therefore from the earliest dawn of man's social existence here he has contrived in some way to let others who came after him know of the past; and a true knowledge of past events and things is true history. This information is conveyed in three different ways: First, by spoken words, or legends, handed down from father to son. Second, by written language although that language may not take the shape of words as ours now does. Under this head may be classed the uniform inscriptions of ancient times. Thirdly, by the use of signs, such as mounds and monuments. The use of mounds or monuments for this purpose is of great antiquity. So also is the method of legend or spoken words. Today we are combining two of these methods of impressing on this and future generations the truth as to the great struggle that took place between the North and the South, from a Southern point of view.

As I have had occasion to remark once before on a like occasion with this; it was the custom of the American Indian when the sun hung low in the Western sky on a summer's evening, to gather around one of their great orators in that most beautiful and grand of all forums, the primal forest, and there listen as the deeds of valor and the words of wisdom of their ancestors were recounted to them.

The ladies in charge on this occasion have sought for and obtained the presence of one of our State's greatest orators to recount to you the deeds and virtues of the Confederate soldiers—than whom no greater soldiery ever lived and whose fame will go sounding on down the ages when yonder granite columns have crumbled into dust. He comes to bid you go back in memory with him to the bright and glorious days of sixty one to sixty two when the Southland was aglow with patriotism and flushed with victory, and to also remind us of the dark days from sixty three to sixty five when our land was dyed red with the blood of our best and bravest and when her fairest daughters were bowed with grief and tears. I am proud to call this man my friend. He comes not only to pay tribute to the greatest soldiery that modern times have seen but also to pay a tribute of love and respect to Southern womanhood; than whom no fairer, more faithful, more loyal ever existed anywhere under God's sun. He comes to speak of those days when the Southern wife or mother sent her loved one off to the front bidding him, as did the Spartan mother of old, to come back bearing his shield or upon it.

He can and will tell you in far better words than I can what the poet meant when he wrote: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world." He comes to pay, not only a tribute to the dead, but also to the living; to the living veterans of today and to the womanhood of today.

This man who is to follow me comes among us to cheer us up and to especially cheer you old Confederate soldiers and bid you look forward to the time when you shall meet those "whom you have loved and lost a while." He knows your journey has been over a rough road. He knows and can feel for you in your tired and distressed condition. He knows you are toil worn and weary, old soldier, and that you often feel like saying to some old comrade: "Let us go over the river and rest under the shade of the trees;" as said one of your greatest leaders just before he passed over the river into eternity. He knows how hot and thirsty you are and how grateful will be the shade and the sweet waters from the fountains on the other side, of which this beautiful fountain out yonder, now being dedicated to your memory, is typical. He comes to bid you, old soldiers, not to complain or pine at your lot.

Travelers tell us that the great mountain peaks of the Pyrenees and the Alps look very grand and beautiful from a distance, and the ascent looks easy and clear. Those who have attempted to climb some of the very highest say that many who crowd at the base turn back; appalled at the dangers and obstacles not seen from a distance, and only a few ever reach the tops of the highest peaks, and those find that the road that looks so easy from a distance is rough and dangerous; full of sharp stones to cut the feet and very, very steep and hard. And when one has at last reached the top he finds all the beauty has vanished; all the grandeur gone and only a bleak and barren spot swept by a fierce and icy wind that cuts through the flesh like a knife and chills the very marrow in the bones, and yet still in the distance, on other peaks he sees the beauty and grandeur that only distance alone can give. So it often is with those who have reached the high places

in life. The place looks beautiful from afar and the road looks easy, and the place that looked so beautiful from afar loses most of its glory upon a near approach, and oftentimes when the top is reached—after much toil and suffering, the victor reaches out his hand for the crown that is rightfully his and that he has lawfully won, only to find that the laurel wreath too often conceals a crown of thorns.

Step by step, inch by inch, day by day, hour by hour, the man whom I will now introduce to you has fought his way upward against great odds; against strenuous opposition as we all know, till at last he has now reached one of the highest places in life, and he is too often a shining mark for the viciously inclined and for the arrows of hate and the dagger of envy. And while he comes among us to bring us good cheer and God's blessing, we on our part should uphold his hands as the hands of Moses of old were upheld and bid him God-speed. With these remarks and feeling sincerely the sentiments I have just expressed, I take pleasure in introducing to you a man who can tell you far better than I can that far above the rolling tide of human passion, far above the fog cloud of prejudice and ignorance the banner of Truth floats on high, upheld by the Great God of the Universe, and on its sullied folds, future generations will read the true history of the Confederate Soldier, and the true worth of Southern womanhood—the man I have spoken of and whom we all know and love is a great Governor of a Great State—the Hon. W. W. Kitchin of North Carolina.

It would be impossible for us to try to report the excellent speech of the governor on this occasion. That it was a gem, all will agree. He treated conditions of the Southland before the war, during the war and at a later period. Practically every word uttered by our brilliant chief executive went straight to the hearts of the audience. For over an hour he held his audience practically to a man.

At the conclusion of the governor's speech the veterans marched in a body to the Memorial Hall where an excellent dinner was served them. About two hundred of the gallant old fellows were served with the fat of the land which was tapped off with a dessert consisting of ice cream and cake.

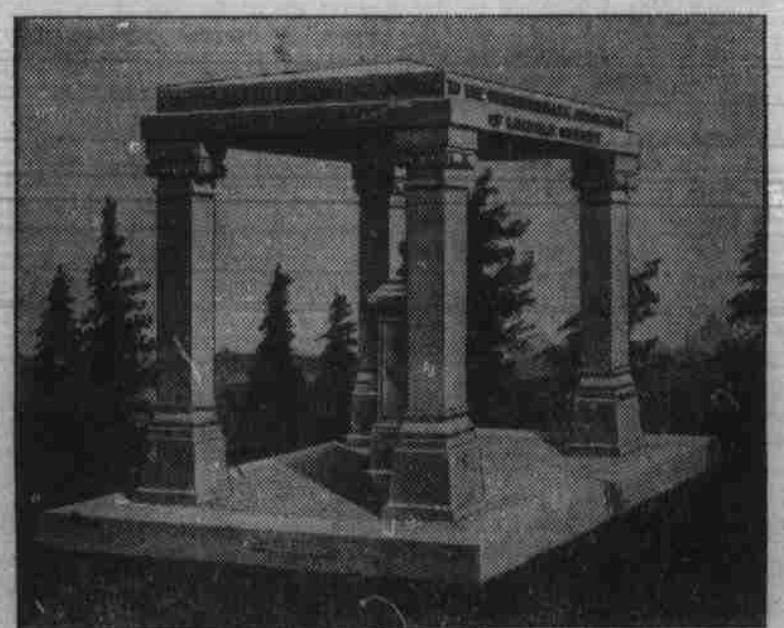
A special table was arranged inside of the hall for the governor and other distinguished visitors. Among those who fared sumptuously at this special table were: Mrs. Stonewall Jackson, Gov. W. W. Kitchin, Mrs. F. M. Williams, Mrs. May W. Cobb, Miss Julia Alexander, Miss Violet Alexander, Mrs. R. S. Reinhardt, Maj. W. A. Graham, Hon. L. B. Wetmore, and Mrs. H. W. Weidner.

The final wind up of the day was a ball game between Stanley and Lincolnton, the home team winning by a score of 11 to 0, due to the effective pitching of "Dr." John Heim, The "News" pressman, and general all round man. The game was fast and snappy for the first four innings, but later the locals secured such a lead that it made it a one-sided contest.

Mr. C. W. Beam and daughter, Miss Minnie, of Cherryville, route 3, spent several hours in the city last Tuesday. Miss Beam was on her way to attend the commencement exercises at Rutherford College.



HON. L. B. WETMORE.



MONUMENT UNVEILED HERE YESTERDAY.