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"CAROLINA CAROLINA, HEAVEN'S BLESSINGS ATTEND HER."

### Hon. A. M. Waddell's Speech on the 10th.

In the following eloquent speech, Mr. E. W. Pou, Jr., introduced the orator of the day, Hon. A. M. Waddell.

LADIES AND FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: Years have passed away since our common country trembled under that fearful shock of arms. It was the providence of God that our cause should fail, and that our brave armies should be beaten on the field of battle. The idol of the Southern heart has been forever destroyed and its shrines have all been broken into fragments! The Union of the people has been made forever sure! Its achievements in the past are our achievements; its hopes in the future are our hope its destiny, at last, is our destiny. We have sworn to "protect, to defend and to preserve" that Union, but we have never relinquished the right to meet one day in each year 'round this sacred spot to bewail our common misfortune, to lament our common defeat, and to shed tears of sorrow upon the graves of our fallen heroes. We are assembled here to-day, to perform a sacred duty. We are assembled to lift the veil from yonder modest marble shaft, erected by loving hands to the memory of those brave souls who fell in the battle of Bentonville. Long years in unmarked graves they slept. The sighing breezes played their dirge. No tears were shed on those graves save the dew of Heaven. I would be untrue to the grateful feelings of our people were I to allow one incident to pass unmentioned. The first leaf that was swept from those graves; the first flower that was planted there was by the sympathetic hand of a noble Southern woman. Those men who laid down their lives to protect her home, and it pained that proud heart that they slept in unmarked graves.

Ah! that little monument is a poor tribute indeed to the memory of those brave men. There was but a little band that constituted our whole army at Bentonville. Discouraged, disheartened, hopes all fled, they had drunk to the very dregs of the cup of bitterness. They saw the whole country smoking and in ruins, not one single ray of hope pierced the pall of gloom that overspread the land! They saw these scenes of horror and their breasts burned within them. Death would be sweet for the sake of revenge! Other Northern Generals had been kind and humane and merciful, but on came that pitiless tyrant, with his horde of vandals, leaving naught behind save chimneys, that stand as sombre monuments of his heartless cruelty. Sherman's army, flushed by its success in capturing booty and plunder, was approaching on the one side, while Scofield was moving steadily toward that little band on the other side. O, that was a day of awful suspense. Gen. Johnston had his men to cast up breastworks. Behind these they waited. The attack was made. The enemy, 40,000 strong, were repulsed, were beaten back as far as they could be beaten back, and at length were compelled to take refuge in the swamps and thickets. The men who sleep in those graves fell in that struggle. Build that monument so high that the first morning sunbeams kiss its topmost shaft! Still, it will be an inadequate tribute to the bravery and heroic endurance of the men who fell in that last sad struggle.

We have been fortunate in our selection of an orator for this day. He will speak to you of those sad times, not from history, but from an eventful experience. Going forth when the first drum-beat called to arms, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, he stood by his colors to the end, until they were forever furled at Appomattox. His season of usefulness was not yet over. In that gloomy period of reconstruction, when our beloved commonwealth was in the hands of foe and victor, his ringing voice was heard throughout the State proclaiming eloquent protest. It is with pride as a Carolinian, that I present to you, the statesman, orator, patriot, in the person of Alfred Moore Waddell, of Wilmington.

### THE ADDRESS.

Ladies and Gentlemen: While I feel highly honored by the action of those who called me to the performance of this duty, candor requires me to say that it has been undertaken solely because it was a duty, from which no true soldier of the Confederacy would ever seek to escape, and one which, however inadequately performed, ought to afford a melancholy satisfaction to the speaker.

If, in attempting to discharge it instead of seeking to touch your hearts or rouse your enthusiasm by eulogizing our dead whose bones lie here, I should rather speak some truths which we need to remember, the offering, I trust, will not be unacceptable to you. It would not behoove me to be sure, if my voice could reach them—and who shall say that it cannot reach them? On these memorial days I never can divest myself of the thought that if not in some sense actually present, the dead are in some way conscious of the utterances of the living, when made in regard to themselves. The thought is a soothing and a sobering one, and makes the language of exaggeration, or empty flattery, or falsehood, doubly contemptible. That thought has been with me and has sustained me when speaking of the Confederate dead, not only here in my native State but at the National Capital, in the great cities of the North, and amid the hills of far New England; and I trust it has prevented me from speaking words which they, if living, would be ashamed to hear.

As the years come and go, each leaving a little more frost upon my head, I feel my heart grow tenderer toward those who, a quarter of a century ago, fearlessly faced the storm of battle on many a bloody field and finally fell in a hopeless struggle for the maintenance of the rights bequeathed to them by their fathers. If I ever forget them, or their deeds, or ever fail or refuse to honor their memory, or vindicate their patriotism, may I be forgotten among men!

You have erected a modest monument to the memory of the brave men who fell in the last hard-fought field of the war, a few miles distant from this spot. The deed was acceptable in the eyes of patriotism and honor as if you had erected a far more splendid memorial. If I should ask why you have done it, how tremendous and overwhelming would be the answer of your hearts! And yet if these men were traitors or unprovoked rebels against the beneficent sway of lawful authority, you are perpetrating a crime in thus honoring their memory. They have been and are to this day so called by some of our countrymen, and the cause in which they were engaged has gone into his history as "The Great Rebellion."

Rebellion! foul dishonoring word! Whose wrongful blight so oft hath stain'd the holiest cause that tongue or sword Of mortal ever lost or gained!

But names do not always correctly designate things, and we rest in the assurance that when Time, the avenger, shall have fully sifted and laid before the tribunal of History all the facts relating to that gigantic struggle she will amend the record so as to make it speak the truth in regard to these men and their heroic compatriots.

While it would really be criminal now to excite any hostility either to the government or to any portion of our fellow citizens in the minds of our youth, it would be equally criminal in us to suffer them to grow up with the belief that their fathers were conspirators and traitors who, causelessly and wickedly, engaged in a bloody rebellion against "the best government under the Sun." That such has been the teaching all over the country cannot be denied, and the constant, every-day allusion to the war as "the rebellion," has familiarized the word to the ear until the meaning conveyed in it is likely to be forgotten. It is a fit companion-word to that other phrase of covert reproach and slander, the "New South," and neither of them is ever heard on the lips of a man who wore a grey uniform from 1861 to 1865.

The one phrase involves an allegation of crime, and is based

either on ignorance of the nature of the Federal government as originally constituted, and its relation to the States, or on a disregard of the truth; and the other phrase, the "New South," is tantamount to an insinuation that there is something about the ante bellum South to be ashamed of, and which has been remedied by contact with a higher civilization. And both the allegation and insinuation are false, and degrading to us. Do you think this an inappropriate time and place to say these things? Where then, if not on an occasion like this, when we are unveiling a monument over the graves of the men who died for the South, and whose memories are thus dishonored, can be appropriately said? I would consider that I had been recreant to the plainest part of my duty to-day if I failed to say them, and to seek to impress them upon you with all the earnestness with which I myself cherish them.

If there was any possibility of reviving that struggle now, it would smack of treason to insist upon a justification of the course of the South; but the very fact that its revival is impossible—yes, impossible for a thousand reasons, chief among which is the fact that in the Union of the States our every hope and interest is involved—not only leaves us a liberty to insist upon that justification, without incurring the odium of disloyalty, but makes it our duty to ourselves, and our dead to do so on the proper occasion. It is not my purpose, of course, to attempt such a justification on this occasion, beyond a few words. That it is the proper office of the Southern historian for whom we anxiously wait (although it has already been done in a masterly and unanswerable argument), and it can and will be done in a manner that will leave no room for doubt in the mind of any candid and honest inquirer after the truth. The young man of to-day who knows the Constitution only as amended, and the government only as it has been administered since the war—who never lived in what he continually hears denounced as "the era of slave power"—who has grown up under the shadow of a mighty centralized national government, in an age of dollar worshipping materialism, and who has seen only the wide contrast between the wealth and power of one section of the country, and the struggling poverty of the other—is in danger of forming opinions and arriving at conclusions in regard to the civilization and conduct of the Southern people, which are very far from the truth, and are grossly unjust. The government which the founders established, and from which the Southern States seceded was not the government under which we now live. Alexander Hamilton himself, if now alive, would not recognize them as the same. The written form of it, altered as it is, is the part least changed, and it is the part least regarded. By a process of evolution it was transformed from a Federal compact into a sovereign nationality. The best epitome of the whole subject that has ever been uttered, fell from the lips of the most eloquent of Southern Statesmen a few days ago at the unveiling of the Calhoun monument at Charleston. The words are few, but they are mighty and comprehensive, and they contain both an explanation and vindication of the action of the Southern people. Mr. Lamar attributes the change in our political system chiefly to the acquisition of territory by the government, which territory became States of the Union, containing a majority of the whole. The result of this was a reversal of the nature of the Federal Government, making it the creator of many States, instead of being as it was in the beginning, their creature.

"In 1789," said Mr. Lamar, "the States were the creators of the Federal Government; in 1861 the Federal Government was the creator of a large majority of the States. In 1789 the Federal Government had derived all the powers delegated to it by the Constitution from the States; in 1861 a majority of the States derived all their power and attributes as States from Congress under the Constitution. In 1789

the people of the United States were citizens of States originally sovereign and independent; in 1861 a vast majority of the people of the United States were citizens of States that were originally mere dependencies of the Federal Government, which was the author and giver of their political being. With all these forces on the side of the Union, backed by a majority of State Governments, with their reserve powers, it was a natural consequence that the unity and integrity of the United States as a sovereign nation should be established on the battlefield; that its Government should come out of the conflict with a prestige and power greater perhaps than any on earth; and that the eleven minority States, after a resistance as heroic as recorded in the annals of Greece and Rome, should succumb to overwhelming forces."

Yes, they succumbed to overwhelming forces, but they never entertained a doubt of the rightfulness of the cause which they were engaged, and no true man among them entertains any doubt about it to-day, whatever he may have thought of the expediency of it at the time it began. Disaster did not change their convictions, although it may have verified their apprehensions. The very fact, that from the beginning, they confronted these overwhelming numbers, backed by unlimited resources of every kind, and fought them to the bitter end, achieving splendid victories over them, and only yielding when completely exhausted, is the most conclusive evidence of their rightful conviction of the rightfulness of their cause. Not even their former enemies deny this, and the whole world has acknowledged and applauded their heroic valor, and their splendid achievements. Their fame as soldiers is secure; it is our duty, to see to it that the purity of their motives, the integrity of their patriotism, and the legal and moral basis of their magnificent struggle for independence shall be as thoroughly vindicated and established. This cannot be done if our children are to be taught that the right was exclusively on one side in the war, and that their fathers had forfeited their citizenship, even in their own States, by the crime of rebellion.

A Southern writer, in a recent book characterized those who take pleasure in rolling the word "Rebellion" under their tongues, as *under bred* people. To those of them who use the term, knowing the truth of the history, a different name may hereafter be applied. The only rebellion save one in Rhode Island, that has ever occurred in this country since the achievement of American Independence happened in Pennsylvania, and was suppressed by a Southern slave holder named George Washington. That others will occur in the future I have very little doubt but they will not be on Southern soil. Now that the Constitution has been so changed as to create only one sovereignty in our land, to which States and people are alike subjected the Southern people will faithfully abide by it; but if that had been the claim from the beginning there never would have been an American Union, and the opportunity to use the epithets 'rebel' and 'traitor' and 'treason' would never have arisen for the gratification of those who revel in them.

This much I have felt it to be my duty to say on this occasion, as due to the memory of the brave and true men who went forth to battle and die in defence of their rights, their liberties and their homes.

We hoped to be honored to-day by the presence of one to whom they looked, with the confidence of children, as a great captain and master of the art of war, and whom they were ever-ready to follow with enthusiasm even into the very jaws of death. It was under his directing hand that the splendid fight occurred, in which those who lie here lost their lives, when the little ragged remnant of the army drove the hordes confronting them until the arrival of new hordes overwhelmed and defeated them.

The story of that desperate contest, will be recited to you in

a few moments. It would have never occurred, (according to the judgment of competent foes as well as friends) if that illustrious soldier had been continued in command at Atlanta, for then, according to the opinions of those to whom I refer, Sherman's army would never have reached North Carolina. It was a mistake, made doubtless, in good faith. It ought to be, and doubtless is, a source of profound satisfaction to him to know that no time during the war, did his brave soldiers ever for one moment falter in their devotion to him, or doubt in the least degree, success under his leadership. They were always ready and willing to render implicit obedience to his orders, and to execute them with enthusiastic confidence; the best proof of it was that the intelligence of his removal from their command was hailed with joyful exclamations in every Federal camp, and by all his enemies—from Sherman down to the private soldier, who told me about it after the fall of Wilmington. Since he laid aside the stained sword, which for more than a half century he had worn with distinguished honor to himself and his country, and passed into the sphere of civil life he has received merited distinctions and has been entrusted with high and important duties by his fellow citizens and by the Government, all of which have been executed with characteristic ability and fidelity; and now in the evening of a well spent life and with natural force but little abated, he enjoys what is better than the honors and emoluments of office—the universal respect of his countrymen.

When I express the hope, as I most cordially do, that he may still live many years in the enjoyment of it, I know that from every heart in this great assemblage there will rise spontaneously a sincere amen, which would find an echo in every heart throughout the South.

Considering all the attendant circumstances, and the disparity of numbers, the battle of Bentonville was a remarkable one, and was as creditable to the Confederate people as any battle of the war. After Gen. Johnston's removal from the command before Atlanta—which Gen. Hooker of the Federal Army said "contributed materially to the collapse" of our cause, and which he also said was received by the Federal officers "with universal rejoicing," and after the discouraged and demoralized fragment of the army had retreated through Georgia and South Carolina, followed by Sherman's great host, who burnt and desolated the country like vandals, and after the capture of Fayetteville and the burning of the arsenal there, the 14th and 20th corps of the Federal forces, with Kilpatrick's cavalry (in all about 35,000) under charge of Sherman himself marched on the road towards Raleigh; and when they reached a point about four miles below Averasboro, they found the gallant Gen. Hardee waiting to receive them with about 6,000 men, most of whom, he said in his report had never seen field service, and had been organized on the march. The enemy repeatedly assaulted this little force but were repulsed every time by the little band of heroes, who behaved with the steadiness of veterans. Indeed their conduct was superb, (for they were required to perform the trying duty of changing position under fire) and they were greatly cheered by the result although their loss was about 500 men.

This was on the 16th of March, 1865. That night, hearing that the enemy had crossed Black river below him, and apprehending a flank movement he withdrew to Elevation.

It was discovered on the 17th that this force of the enemy was not marching toward Raleigh and Gen. Hardee remained at Elevation to rest his men. At this time that splendid N. C. soldier, Gen. Hoke, had his Division of 4,775 men here at Smithfield. Gen. Stewart also had here 3,950 men of the Army of Tennessee. About daybreak on the 18th, Gen. Johnston hearing that the enemy was marching toward Goldsboro' by two roads—the right wing on the direct road from Fayetteville and the left

wing on the Averasboro road, and that they were some distance apart, ordered Hardee from Elevation and the troops here at Smithfield, to concentrate at Bentonsville, so as to attack the head of the last column of the enemy. A mistake in the map as to distances delayed Hardee, but he got there the next morning (19th March) and Gen. Johnston immediately moved to his position which was on the Eastern edge of an old plantation, lying North of the road and surrounded on three sides by a dense blackjack thicket. There was but one road through the thicket which made it very difficult to deploy the troops. Hoke occupied the left of the line of the battle, his two batteries, which were our only artillery, on his right and Stewart's command on the right of the artillery. By this time the enemy appeared and deployed, and immediately made a vigorous attack on Hoke which that veteran soldier met with his accustomed firmness and repulsed after a half hour of hard fighting. Hardee had now got into position on the right, and the enemy then assaulted Stewart but was again repulsed. Then Gen. Johnston ordered Hardee to charge with the right wing, followed successively by the other brigades towards the left, each command facing obliquely to the left as it went in. They swept along in splendid style, over the last half the distance at a double-quick, without firing a gun until they drove the enemy from their entrenchments back to their second line. Then they opened fire and charged again, Gen. Hardee on the right dashing over the breastworks on horseback in front of his men. They drove the enemy into a dense pine thicket where they made another stand, but they were still driven until the impossibility of managing a movement in such a dense wood, caused them to halt and gather up their dead and wounded and after night-fall they resumed their first position, which they held. The troops were in fine spirits, as well they might be after such success against such odds.

This very unexpected and lively performance caused Sherman to bring over his right wing from the Fayetteville road to the Averasboro road, and the next morning they were coming up rapidly in the rear of Hoke's Division. Hoke changed front to the left to meet it, Hampton and Wheeler prolonging his line to the left. About midday Sherman's whole force, about 70,000, was concentrated and from that time until sunset, made attack after attack upon Hoke's Division, the last one which was the severest, being made on Kirkland's brigade. Every one of these attacks failed, and the enemy were so effectually driven that our infantry corps brought in a number of their wounded who had been left on the field, and carried them to our field hospitals. The enemy far over-lapped our left, and a cavalry skirmish line was deployed to show up a front equal to the enemy's. This was on the 20th.

On the 21st, the enemy early began a very spirited skirmish, and during the whole afternoon directed a heavy fire against our centre and left. A little after 4 o'clock the 17th corps broke through the thin cavalry skirmish line on the left, and began pressing towards Bentonsville in the rear of our centre, and on the only route of retreat. And now a brilliant performance occurred. Hampton, with a small cavalry force, and Cumming's Georgia Brigade, under Col. Henderson, hurried to the left to head off the enemy, and met them just as they struck the road. At the same time, Gen. Hardee dashed up with the 8th Texas cavalry. Hardee ordered Henderson to charge the enemy in front, the Texans to charge their left flank, and Hampton charged the right flank, while Wheeler a long distance off charged their rear in flank. Despite their great numbers the enemy gave way before these simultaneous and splendid attacks, and were defeated in a few moments and driven back. Gen. Hardee's only son, a lad of sixteen, was in the Texas cavalry and was killed in this charge. Meantime the fight continued along the rest of the

line. There being not object now in holding his position, which the swollen stream in his rear made hazardous, Gen. Johnston during the night crossed Mill Creek at Bentonsville, and the next morning after the rear guard had defeated every effort of the enemy to force the bridge, the army moved on and bivouacked near here on the South side of the Neuse that evening.

In the first day's fight we had 14,100 men and the enemy about 35,000. We captured four pieces of artillery the first day, and in the three days captured 903 prisoners. We lost in all 223 killed, 1467 wounded and 653 missing, but many of these returned. The enemy's killed and wounded were estimated to largely exceed 4,000.

Such was the last serious blow; struck by the forlorn hope of an expiring nation, and it was delivered, not with frantic passion born of a reckless desperation, but with the same steady determination, the same patient fortitude, and the same brilliant courage that won for the Confederate soldiers during the war, the applause of an admiring world, and has made him an immortal figure in the history of our race.

The end soon followed, and the new-made nation, that, four years before had been launched amid the thunder of artillery and the rejoicing of millions, whose hopes and prayers it carried with it, perished, and was swallowed up in that remorseless sea whose silent shores are strewn with the wrecks of dead empires; but it left behind it glorious memories of unselfish patriotism, of sublime faith, of heroic devotion, of knightly valor, of patient suffering, and of splendid achievements, which will never die while such virtues and such deeds are prized by mankind.

With the surrender of our armies all seemed to be lost and hope forever fled. Our gallant boys had given their young lives in vain; our fathers and brothers and sons had fought and suffered for naught. So it seemed to us all then, and for some years afterwards. But was it true? Did we gain nothing by our sacrifices and sufferings, and have we expierced only unmixed evil as the result of the war? No intelligent man will now so assert. The Southern people, inspired with the same indomitable spirit which characterized them in that trying period, have under the providence of God, in a great measure wrought out their own social and political salvation, and are far advanced on the way to master material wealth and power than they have ever enjoyed at any period of their history; and it has been the natural result of that conflict.

War has generally been the precursor of every advance in civilization. It is especially true of civil wars and more especially of civil wars in enlightened countries.

The slumbering engines which such wars awaken and put in motion among a people do not exhaust themselves in the conflict, but are subsequently directed to the arts of peace which thus receive a new impulse and are promoted accordingly. I have always regarded the display of these energies by the Southern people since the war as the highest evidence they have given, or could give of their capacity for great things, and they would hardly have been developed except by such a calamity.

Notwithstanding the heroic qualities exhibited by our people during the war, it is no exaggeration to say that not only our former enemies, but ourselves have been astonished at the recuperative power displayed by them in the past twenty years; and this is the hope on which our future rests. Important as are the other elements of progress developed by the results of the struggle this is our mainstay—the sure foundation on which the fabric of our fortunes will be constructed—this unconquerable spirit of determination, this earnest resolve to work out our salvation as a people peacefully, by the light of experience, and under the inspiration of justice, honor, and truth. It is being rapidly accomplished, and the glory of the achievement, thank God, is all our own.

[CONTINUED ON SECOND PAGE.]