

Address By

**GENERAL JULIAN S. CARR**

At Old Furnace Picnic, Saturday, July 30th, 1910.

Gen. Julian S. Carr, who delivered the address at the Old Furnace picnic last Saturday, spoke in part as follows:

To the really brave, there is something higher, better and grander than money. Truth, honor, right, justice are more valuable than lands and houses, banks, factories, plantations and farms. The South has resolved that history shall be true. She asks for nothing but truth. She asks only that the world should judge her by what she did, what she dared, and what she endured. She neither seeks nor desires exaggeration nor amplification, but stakes her rightful place in history upon a true narrative of all that was done during those four years of darkness and gloom. Truth is to her nobler and more precious than all that imagination can bring to crown her life, and she has resolved at every cost and in the face of all difficulties to at least make the effort to be justified at the bar of mankind and to accept its final decision upon her history only when mankind fully understand for what she fought and how she fought and the purposes which induced her to fight.

A nation that had Jefferson Davis for its president and Lee, Jackson, the Johnsons, Kirby Smith, the Hills, Breckenridge, Gordon, Hampton, Forrest, Pettigrew, Taylor, Morgan, Stuart, Rameur and hundreds of others equally as brave for their generals and 600,000 heroes in the ranks of its armies need not fear to stand before the world and appeal to the judgment of their fellowmen upon the issues and conduct of a mighty war.

This country needs the record of the Confederate soldier to make full and complete the narrative of its greatness and renown. History now is bound to say that the men of the Confederacy were neither outfought nor outgeneraled. They were outnumbered; they had less of resources than those they fought; but in the end the most men, the longest cannon, the greatest abundance of food settled the issue. The North had three armies in the field, each of which was equal to all the Confederates enlisted and the record in the face of such odds won on the battlefield and on the march by the Confederate soldier is bound to be honored, because the Confederate soldiers did all that honor could demand. No armies of which history contains any account ever did such prolonged and desperate fighting. The victors of one great battle were to be the dead soldiers in the next. Renown upon one battlefield was only an assurance that in the next, which in the very nature of things would be only a short time, a majority of those who had won the laurels of heroism must die.

The story of the Light Brigade as told in verse has been borne around the world, and wherever it is read, it inspires and thrills the soldiers of all nations. In the superb charge from which it won immortality, there was a loss in killed and wounded of 36.7 per cent. There were more than 80 Federal regiments which lost over 50 per cent in one battle. The heaviest loss in the Franco-Prussian War was at Mars-la-Tour, when the Westphalian Regiment lost 79 per cent. The First Texas at Sharpsburg lost 82.3 per cent.; the 21st Georgia at Manassas, 76 per cent.; the 26th North Carolina at Gettysburg, 87 1-2 per cent.; the 28th Tennessee at Stone River 68 per cent.; the 17th South Carolina at Manassas 66 per cent.; the First Alabama Battalion at Chickamauga 65 per cent.; the 14th Virginia at Sharpsburg 85 per cent.; the 6th Alabama at Seven Pines, led by John B. Gordon, lost more than 66 per cent of its men in that action. In the Austrian War of 1776, the loss in battle in killed and those who died with wounds was 2.6 per cent.; in the Franco-Prussian War it was 3.1 per cent.; in the Crimean War it was 3 per cent.; in the Civil War the Federals lost 4.7 per cent., while the Confederates lost 10 per cent.; making the largest percentage of men in any modern army that died in the battle.

There is something in the very magnitude of mortality and sacrifice during the Confederate War that appeals to the pride of the Southern heart. In the American Revolution, lasting seven years, the killed were only 3,400, the wounded 6,400. In the war of 1812, covering a period of three years, 1,834 soldiers were killed and 4,300 wounded; while the Mexican War of two years duration accompanied by the invasion of an enemy's country, cost only 1,482 men killed and 3,450 wounded. How insignificant are these mortalities

compared to those the two armies suffered between the United States and the Confederate States. In the battle of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania the Confederates killed and wounded 5,000 more in General Grant's Army than were killed in all the wars in which the English speaking people in America were engaged since its discovery in 1492.

In six battles—Sharpsburg, Seven Days, Stone River, Gettysburg, Chickamauga and the Wilderness—the Confederates killed and wounded 81,308 Federals, four times as many as had been killed and wounded in the 370 years of American wars prior to 1861. The war lasted 1,520 days; more than 2,200 battles, great and small were fought. Three quarters of a million men either went down to death in the war or died as the result of injuries and exposure during its continuance. We need no longer fear the story of the past. The only thing we need fear is that it shall not be truly told. We can lift up our heads and with calmness and confidence declare that from defeat we have won imperishable renown; that, while we have lost, we have crowned our dead nations, its heroes, and its living people with a glorious immortality.

There are no stains on the Southern shield. They were defeated not because they were wrong or unfaithful in any respect, but because providence decreed their downfall in the solution of a divine policy for the government of the world, into which human ken cannot pierce or even dare critically to venture. But this does not dim the splendor of their heroism, the glory of their patriotism, or the grandeur of their sacrifice.

When history comes to deal with these times it will deal impartially. It will be no respecter of persons. All the armies of the South shall be crowned with equal praise. There will come a time when we shall have a true and correct history written of all that was said and done. When the bias and the prejudice, which always accompany participation in any struggle, shall have passed away and it shall be asked, "Whence came those Confederate soldiers?" the answer shall be: "From the homes in Florida, where the roses never fade and the flowers never cease to bloom; where men are valiant and intrepid; from the mountains and the hills of the great Empire State, Georgia, always patriotic and true; from the valleys and plantations of South Carolina, where mingle in such richness the blood of the Huguenots and the Anglo-Saxons, creating a knightly manhood worthy of every call, which duty makes; from North Carolina, whose soldiers on all the battlefields exhibited a courage and heroism and suffered a decimation that stands unparalleled, and whose Tar Heel soldiers were first at Bethel, furthest to the front at Gettysburg and Chickamauga and last at Appomattox; from Virginia, whose soil drank so much of the blood of our precious dead and whose sons portrayed a chivalry worthy of the cavaliers from whom they sprang and worthy of her, who has given to her country boundless wealth in military and civil patriots; from Tennessee the great volunteer State; the spirit of whose people no calamity could break and whose love of country shone with a lustre that no misfortune could dim; they came from the plains of Alabama, whose offering of more than 40,000 gallant soldiers attested the zeal and the loyalty of the commonwealth within which was organized the Confederacy; from Deltas of Mississippi, whose soldiers by their heroism on so many battlefields from the Father of Waters to the Atlantic have made a glorious memorial which will abide forever; from the prairies of Texas, whose children breathe freedom's air and who catch unsurpassed courage from the chainless winds that sweep her boundless plain. From Arkansas, whose soldiers at home and abroad filled out the highest measure of manly devotion and unflinching bravery in the defense of the Southern rights. They came two from Louisiana, where the fire and dash of the French quickened by the dogged determination and unflinching patience of the Anglo-Saxon, won renown and glory upon every field upon which they fought; from Missouri, whose men, expatriated and exiled, never ceased to love that holy cause to which they consecrated their splendid manhood and whose suffering on 100 battlefields showed the costly sacrifice men could make for liberty and right; and Maryland, chivalrous Maryland, whose horsemen and footmen always sought the head of the column, who

gloried in marching where dangers were thickest and in whose Confederate soldiers, the world has an example of intrepidity and fearlessness which will forever shine on the escutcheon of their native commonwealth; and from Kentucky, whose sons feared no foe, who delighted in danger, and who never shrank before the enemy, but met every conflict and discharged duty with courageous joy.

It was impossible, humanly speaking, to avoid the war between the States. There are those who say it is better that the South had never fought than to have fought and failed. That she lost is no evidence that she was wrong. History contains thousands of examples of where the right has gone down before force. We cannot understand the ways of the Ruler of the Universe, but none can deny that in the administration of human affairs, right and justice do not at all times prevail. The South should ever treasure the memories of her sons as worth more than all the wealth of this great country, which runs into such figures that all human imagination stands appalled before their immensity.

England, with her thousand years of national life and ceaseless conflict and struggle, with her resting place in Westminster, for her renowned dead, which is the highest reward that nation can bestow, has no such riches as those which were laid up in human history by the Confederate States in the four brief years of their existence. There is nothing in Westminster equal to Robert E. Lee. Great soldiers sleep there; great soldiers rest in St. Paul's; but take man and soldier combined, and the Confederate States hold up Robert E. Lee as their contribution to human greatness and the world is bound to say that his equal does not rest in that great structure beside the banks of the Thames.

As one stands in the Hotel des Invalides, where there has been displayed all that art and genius can devise to create a soft and sentimental halo around the tomb of Napoleon, and where thousands go year by year under the influence and spell created about the grave of him, who dying, said, "Bury me on the banks of the Seine, amidst the people I love so well," there is nothing there that is as great as the tomb of Stonewall Jackson in the little city of Lexington, Va., which rests on the side of the Blue Ridge; and neither the tombs in the churches nor the treasures of Montmartre, the resting place of France's greatest dead can produce a genius so brilliant as Forrest or Cavalry Leaders so renowned as Morgan and Stuart. You may read all the annals of the world which tell of the exploits of seamen on all the waters that cover the earth, but nowhere can you find anything that will excel the enterprise, the courage and genius of our Southern sailors, Semmes, Maffitt, Waddill and their illustrious associates in the navy of the Confederacy. You may search all the niches in the sacred precincts of Westminster, and you can continue this search all over the capitol and cemeteries of the world, but you cannot find the story of a nobler character than of Jefferson Davis or one, who amidst the vicissitudes of a great war and helpless to stay the irresistible tide of Fate, saw his nation die with a sublimer dignity, with nobler grandeur or frank courage.

Thank God, no man can change the past. Its records are written and sealed, and there can be no interlineations or amendments. We must open and read the pages as they are recorded by Fate. Beyond this we ask not to go. The love of truth is one of the noblest impulses which can touch the human heart, and by all the gigries of the past we demand that the truth shall be known and declared. Any Southern soldier, man or woman, who asks less is a craven, and who takes less is a coward. With a patience that everywhere excites admiration, the South waited for a time of vindication. That time has come. Hundreds of thousands of pages have been written to tell the story of Southern conflict and Southern struggle. More will yet be written, more must be written. The full truth will never be told. We only ask that the fullest possible truth be made known, and year by year the association, with diminished numbers, but with increasing zeal, demands from every possible source that truth shall be gathered. Southern people are willing to go under the lime-light of history. There are no stains upon the escutcheon of the Confederacy; and the fiercer the light, the more penetrating the methods of examination and the more powerful the lens through the past shall be viewed, the better satisfied will be the people of the South.

Through the gloom and terror of the four years of conflict, through the horrors and wrongs of recon-

struction, with its ravages and its crimes, through the days of misrepresentation and malicious slander of its acts, the men and women of the South bore themselves with dignity of manner, a peace of soul, and a calmness and consciousness of right, which commanded the admiration and respect of foes and friends alike.

There are more monuments erected commemorating the principles and hopes of the Confederate States which lived only four years than have been erected or constructed to any single cause, political, military or religious in the world's history. More books must be written, the story of the struggle must be correct, the judgment of mankind must be just. We, the sentinels standing now on the shores, can hear the voices of those who have passed over to be with the immortals still calling. They bid us to be true to the great principles for which these heroes and martyrs died. The hundreds of monuments scattered throughout the South with voiceful stone, speak of the matchless courage and the undaunted gallantry of the Southern soldiers and of the immeasurable patriotism of the Southern people. These will live when books are changed, when it may be the past may be forgotten, but these imperishable monuments with their inscriptions will remain for a thousand years; and when they shall have crumbled into dust before the ravages of time, others will spring up, and they will be renewed, so that the story which they tell will go down through the ages with undiminished light and with unfading glory.

I am vainly proud of North Carolina and her every element of greatness; but there is nothing in her past or present that appeals to me more than the brilliant record she made and the proud name she earned during the war between the States.

The first victim was laid upon the altar of Southern Independence when Wyatt's young life went up to God at Bethel—the highest water-mark in the bloody flood of carnage and death was reached when Pettigrew's Brigade charged the slippery heights at Gettysburg, and by the position of the 6th North Carolina Cavalry and the 58th North Carolina Regiment at Chickamauga. When the bugle sounded retreat over the dead Confederacy, my fellow comrades, you were its pall-bearers at the grave of its dead hopes. When North Carolina's brave and gallant soldiers grounded their arms, the next scene in the bloody tragedy was fateful Appomattox. Upon every Confederate monument erected in the State of North Carolina, to the memory of her Confederate dead, should be carved: **FIRST AT BETHEL—FOREMOST AT GETTYSBURG—FARTHEST AT CHICKAMAUGA—LAST AT APPOMATTOX.**

And shall we meet our loved ones again in the Ardens? Shall the mother, who with more than Spartan courage, with a hallowed Christian devotion and patriotism, at the cost of inconceivable pain and suffering, laid her boy as a bloody sacrifice upon the altar of her own historic beloved Southland, ever clasp him again in the arms of maternal love? And shall the devoted wives and women of the South, who suffered so intensely, whose self-sacrifices are unsurpassed in the annals of human history, see their dear loved one again?

O, they are not dead! If they are not here today, I know where they are, fellow comrades, I know where they are—just over the narrow river, camped in silken tents, on the green sward, under the shade of the trees, on the banks of the crystal stream of life.

They tell us,—the foolish ones tell us,—that when Stonewall Jackson, the world's greatest strategist, and the great general and Christian soldier was dying, he became delirious. But he was not delirious. It is true, the light of the world was fading before his vision, but as it faded he caught a glimpse of this beautiful camp in which are so many of his own brave soldiers, and as the light of this world faded away and the vision of that tented field rose before his closing eyes, he said: "Let us pass over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees."

Ever and anon, through all the vicissitudes of life, we are prone to ask ourselves "What am I? Whence did I come and whither do I go? Are our lives like bubbles cast upon the ocean of eternity to float for a moment, then to sink into nothingness? or life—the islands that slumber on the bosom of the sea for a day and then go down beneath the waters? Or like the meteors which streak the heavens with their lines of light and then go out forever? Is there no place where the soul can say, "this is my home?" Why were these instincts of immortality implanted in our breasts? Were they placed there to mock us in our desolation? Why were the stars in their unapproachable glory, set in

the skies above us, if there is no hope? Why was the rainbow ever painted before our eyes, if there is no promise?

There must be, there is a land that is fairer than day, where the rainbow never fades, where the stars never go down, where these longings of immortality shall leap like angels from the temple of our hearts and bring us rest; where the good and true, who fall before us here like autumn leaves, shall forever stay in our presence. There, there, fellow comrades, is the Confederate soldiers' paradise, the Confederate soldier's haven of eternal rest.

But I must stop. It would take a thousand volumes to record the heroic deeds of the Confederate soldier. In my dreams, I see him yet, amid the flame and smoke of battle shout and sabre stroke and shot and shell and cannon roar and leaden hail and bloody bayonets, as he plants the Stars and Bars on a hundred fields of victory.

"The years of the future will laurel the story,  
How often, the tender, the brave and the true,  
Stood fast on the fields of their merited glory,  
A thin line of gray 'gainst the legions of blue.

"O what if half fell in the battle infernal?  
Aye, what if they lost at the end of the fray?  
Love gives them a wreath that is fadeless, eternal,  
And Glory investeth the thin line of gray.

They broke it, the thousands, the might of a nation  
Hurled back the weak line in its pitiful plight;  
The deeds that had challenged a world's admiration,  
Went down 'neath the pall of a pitiless night."

The war against the States was fought, really between the women who stayed at home. Had they uttered a cry, had they complained, the morals of Lee's army would have dissipated in a day.

Who can sound to the depth, the agony that must have torn the breasts of those brave women, waiting at home for widowhood?

What words can picture the blackness of their nights, the shadow of their dreams, the visions that sprang by day from the detail of their household task? And yet they bore it all silently, except for the prayers they uttered and the sob that nature calls from woman's heart, the tears that brighten woman's eyes.

How many mothers were there in those days of stress and storm like her of that touching interlude of Tennyson's?

"Home they brought her warrior dead,  
She nor swooned nor uttered cry;  
All her maidens watching, said,  
She must weep or she must die.

"Then they praised him soft and low,  
Called him worthy to be loved,  
Truest friend and noblest foe,  
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,  
Lightly to the warrior stepped,  
Took the face cloth from the face,  
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,  
Set his child upon her knee,  
Like summer tempest came her tears,  
"Sweet my child, I live for thee."

And how she did live for him, that patient widowed mother of the South; what a man she made of him; how she has kept true in his breast the best traditions of his race, how she has fed him, clothed him, brought him up through poverty to wealth, from weakness to strength, to the high honor of hard work, through the indomitable example that she set! She has made of the sturdy manhood of the South the highest product which a Christian race has yet attained.

Nothing in all the marvelous record can equal the fortitude, the constancy, the devotion of the women of the South. Whatever history has written of Andromache or Penelope, of Virginia, or Lucretia of the Carthaginian maids whose hair supplied bowstrings of battle, of Boadicea or Helen of Troy, of Elizabeth or Joan of Arc, it was for the women of the Confederacy, our dear mothers, our wives and our sweethearts, God bless them every one, to show forth again, in such resplendent guise, that neither history nor romance can approach its everlasting glory.

As an evidence of the happy influence the women of our dear Southland exercised upon the morals of the army in the field, may I relate one incident as true, God knows, as it is touching.

General Cullen A. Battle, of Alabama, who has only recently passed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees with the immortals, Davis, Lee, Jackson and the

Johnsons, Beauregard and a host of others of our worthy Southern dead, says:

During the winter of 1862 and 1863, it was my fortune to be president of one of the courts of the army of Northern Virginia. One bleak December morning, while the snow covered the ground, and the wind howled around the camp, I left my bivouac fire to attend a session of the court. Winding for miles around uncertain paths, I at length arrived at the court ground, Round Oak church. Day after day it had been my duty to try the gallant soldiers of that army charged with violations of military laws, but never had I on any previous occasion been greeted with such anxious spectators as on that morning I found awaiting the opening of the court. Case after case was disposed of, and at length the case of "Confederate States vs. Edward Cooper," was called. Charge—desertion. A low murmur spontaneously from the battle scarred spectators and the young artillery man arose from the prisoner's bench to the question, "Guilty or not guilty," answered "Not guilty." The judge advocate was proceeding to open the prosecution, when the court observed that the prisoner was unattended by counsel, inquired of the accused, "Who is your counsel?" He replied, "I have no counsel."

Supposing it was his purpose to represent himself before the court, the judge advocate was instructed to proceed. Every charge and specification against the prisoner was sustained. The prisoner was then told to introduce his witnesses. He replied, "I have no witness."

Stunned at the calmness with which he seemed to be submitting to what I regarded as an evitable fate, I said to him, "Have you no defense. Is it possible that you have abandoned your comrades and deserted your colors in the presence of the enemy without any reason?"

He replied, "There was a reason, but it will not avail me before a military court."

"Perhaps you are mistaken. You are charged with the highest crime known to military law, and it is your duty to make known the causes that influenced your actions."

For the first time his manly form trembled and his blue eyes swam with tears. Approaching the president of the court, and unbuttoning his worn and tattered gray jacket, he drew from his inside pocket a letter which he presented, saying as he did so, "There, Colonel, is what did it."

I opened the letter, and in a moment my eyes were filled with tears. It was passed from one to another of the court until all had seen it, and those stern warriors who had passed with Stonewall Jackson through a hundred battles, wept like children. As soon as I sufficiently recovered my self-possession, I read the letter as the prisoner's defense. It was in these words:

"My Dear Edward:—  
I have always been proud of you, and since your connection with the Confederate Army, I have been prouder of you than ever before. I would not have you do anything wrong for the world, but, before God, Edward, unless you come we must die. Last night I was aroused by little Eddie crying. I called and said, 'What's the matter, Eddie?' and he said, 'O mamma, I am so hungry!' and Lucy, Edward, your darling Lucy, she never complains, but she is growing thinner every day, and before God, Edward, unless you come home, we must all die.

(Signed) Your Mary."  
Turning to the prisoner, I asked: "What did you do when you received this letter?"

"I made application for a furlough, and it was rejected, and again I made application and was rejected, and that night, as I wandered backward and forward upon my lonely sentry beat, thinking of my home with the mild eyes of Lucy looking up to me, and the burning words of Mary sinking into my brain, I was no longer a Confederate soldier, but I was the father of Lucy and the husband of Mary, and I would have passed those lines if every gun in the battery had fired upon me. I went home. Mary ran out to meet me, her angel arms embraced me and she whispered, 'O, Edward, I am so happy, I am so happy that you got your furlough.' She must have felt me shudder, for she turned pale as death, and catching her breath at every word, she said, 'Have you come home without your furlough?' O, Edward, go back, go back! Let me and the children go down to the grave, but O, for heaven's sake, save the honor of your name.' And here I am, gentlemen, not brought here by military power, but obedience to the command of Mary, to abide the sentence of this honorable court."

Every officer of the court martial felt the force of the prisoner's