

FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL RE- UNION OF ORR'S REGIMENT

Principal Address Delivered by R. T. Jaynes, Esq.—
Pertinent to Present Time.

The forty-fifth annual reunion of the Survivors' Association of Orr's Regiment, C. S. A., was held last Thursday and Friday at Easley. There was a good attendance of veterans and visitors and the occasion was greatly enjoyed by all. A number of addresses were made, the principal address being made by R. T. Jaynes, Esq., of Walhalla. We produce below the address delivered by Mr. Jaynes to the members of the Survivors' Association and others. Mr. Jaynes spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Members of the Survivors' Association of Orr's Regiment, South Carolina Volunteers, Confederate States of America, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I esteem it a high privilege and great honor to appear before you on this occasion—the 45th reunion of the survivors of this gallant band of American heroes. It has fallen my lot on two or three former occasions to meet with you around your annual campfire and speak to you about those days that tried men's souls. But those meetings were held in the tranquil days of peace. Foreign was the thought that one of your annual gatherings would ever witness another war—a world war—such a war as has become a besom of destruction on the European continent, and in which the American soldier is destined to become a decisive factor, and win a lasting victory for democracy and humanity—a victory founded upon justice and truth and freedom and right, that in the end must crush the wrong out of the world.

Thoughts come trooping fast; strong men tremble at the appalling task; the mind is bewildered and perplexed; and while we would fain dwell upon the past, and review the historic events of the sixties, the head, the hand, and the heart of every true, patriotic American by day and by night must now serve and sacrifice that the world may be made safe for democracy and humanity. In these days of stirring events—of events of world-wide moment—and in which history is made over night, we can only pause to dwell upon the past for a moment in order to draw lessons for our present guidance, admonition and encouragement. We can pause only long enough to gaze with admiration and wonder upon the amazing spectacle of that new order of State which was born in the midst of perilous times, which stood for four years, sustained by a great, brave and determined people, united in heart, whose one purpose of high resolve animated the whole, and whose sacrifices, whether of blood or treasure, to be made, were not weighed in the balance against honor, and right, and liberty, and equality, as it was given to them to see it. They may have made a mistake—a stupendous mistake, if you please—but they were honest, sincere and loyal to truth, in and through it all. And though that new order of State stood only four years; though the imposing fabric was destined to fall and crumble into ruin under the ponderous tread of armed hosts, yet, it survived long enough to bequeath to humanity and to the world for all time to come, the rich legacy of the Confederate Character.

After a half century or more, it is, indeed, difficult for the men and the women of this generation to realize and appreciate fully the ideas, the motives, and the sentiments which led the men and the women of the sixties so freely to offer their lives and their fortunes as a sacrifice upon the altar of their country. I think we may safely take it for granted that then, as now, true to the natural instincts of man, they shrank from it, and would gladly have avoided both the conflict and the sacrifice had that appeared to them possible without dishonor. But when it became clear that this could not be done and that the conflict was inevitable, they met it joyously, even "robbing both the cradle and the grave" to maintain their armies in the field to the last, and went to their graves as to their beds. It was a great and terrible war, for four long and distressing years. The armies enlisted on both sides called into the field three million men; it cost more than a half million lives; it caused untold suffering and heart aches; it wrought the most terrible devastation and called for the outpouring of billions of dollars.

But in that terrible crucible of fire and scourge, there was wrought out the rich heritage which is ours through the splendid heroism of the men and the women, who, in that great and hopeless struggle so marvelously distinguished themselves by their valor, their sacrifices, and their patient fortitude. The names of the vast majority of them may be un-

known to fame, but there are many which time must assault in vain. And in that rich legacy which now belongs to the whole American people because of their achievements, there is compensation for all the loss and sacrifice which was theirs, and all the ills which the South has suffered. In the lustre which shines undimmed upon their records there is inspiration for the present and abiding confidence in and encouragement for the future.

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past!"

And what can we say of the Confederate soldier? How can language picture "The hero in gray with a heart of gold?" During those four years of bloody warfare, and on many hard-fought battlefields, from Manassas to Appomattox, the Confederate soldier was both loyal and heroic in his devotion to duty. What a record! Truly may it be said that upon this world's stage no more pathetic scene, no more heroic incident, has ever been witnessed. With what pride the generations yet unborn shall claim descent from those who, true to their sense of duty, fought under that old flag, so battle-scarred, tattered and torn—now forever furled—but once the proud ensign which was followed, even though it led right into the jaws of death, where, amid the sounds of shrieking shells, mingled with the groans of the fallen and the dying, there were none to falter. As we think upon these things, the query naturally arises: Was it all in vain? Was there no gain? No recompense, for all that costly sacrifice of blood and treasure? We answer, "No!" All was not lost; it was not all in vain; there was gain, great gain, for then and there, by "the hero in gray," as an example to the heroic American youth of to-day, who by countless thousands are again answering their country's call, as well as for generations yet unborn, was wrought out the priceless treasure of the Confederate Character.

As a fit representative of this character stood Gen. Lee at Appomattox, illustrating in his calm and lofty bearing, the noble adage which he afterwards announced, that "the virtue of humanity ought always to equal its trials." An eye-witness of that trying ordeal, the late beloved and heroic Gen. John B. Gordon, of Georgia, spoke of him as "self-poised and modest, bearing on his great heart a mountain load of woe, with the light of an unclouded conscience upon his majestic brow, with an innate dignity and nobility of spirit rarely equalled and never excelled, the central figure of the Confederate Cause rose in this hour of supreme trial, in the estimation at least of those who followed him, to the highest place of the morally sublime."

The place of Lee in impartial history is forever fixed. As the years come and go, his name and fame will become dearer and dearer still to the hearts of the whole American people. Long after that bronze statue in the Hall of Fame at our country's capital, where it so worthily stands to-day, in Confederate uniform, shall have crumbled into dust, his name will survive, and his fame as an American soldier will shine out as one of the few greatest warriors and generals this old earth has ever produced. The carplings of small critics of former days, as well as the names of the critics themselves, will ere long be forgotten and buried in eternal oblivion, but the name of Lee will stand forth as the Great American Soldier of the Nineteenth Century.

The Women of the Confederacy.
And what can we say of and for the women of the sixties? Words are halting and language lame when we come to speak of "The Women of the Confederacy." No mortal tongue can give adequate expression to their heroic fortitude, patient endurance and lonely suffering during those four years, as they stood guard the portals of the homes throughout our Southland or watched by the bedside of the wounded, the sick and the dying.

The nervous tension, the constant dread, the anxious watching forever and aye, the wanting to hear, and yet dreading to hear; the waiting for tidings from the front; the receipt of news that father, husband, son, brother or loved one had fallen and were to be seen no more—all this, and more, called for the exercise of the highest type of patriotism and uncomplaining devotion. Says Gen. Gordon: "I have seen those patriotic women of our Southland sending their husbands, and their fathers, their brothers, and their sons to the front, cheering them in the hour of disaster, and tempering their joys in the hour of triumph. I have witness-

ed the Southern mother's anguish as, with breaking heart and streaming eyes, she gave to her beloved boy her parting blessing, 'Go, my son; go to the front! I, perhaps, will never see you again, but I freely commit you to God and to the defense of your people!' I have seen those Southern women with the sick, the wounded and the dying; and in the late stages of the war, I have been made to marvel at their saintly spirit of martyrdom, standing as it were, almost neck deep in the desolation around them, and yet bravely facing their fate, while the light of heaven itself played around their divinely beautiful faces."

And it is the high, holy and sacred mission of the Daughters of the Confederacy to perpetuate the memory of the heroic deeds of the men and the women of the Confederacy, and to collate and keep in permanent form the valuable records of those deeds.

I believe it is estimated that there are now more than 50,000 women who proudly bear the name of Daughters of the Confederacy. They are located in thirty-two States and from Ocean to Ocean; they all have the same hopes and aspirations of giving honor where honor is due, and of preserving from falsehood and misrepresentation the true history of the Confederate States of America. "No Nation rose so white and fair, Nor fell so pure of crime."

Survivors of Orr's Regiment, in your 45th annual reunion assembled, as we stand in your presence to-day, we see the highest type of American patriot. Venerable men! You have come down to us from the former generation. You stand to-day as the connecting link between the generation of your comrades and ours. You have been spared for 52 years and more since you sheathed the sword at Appomattox to pursue the paths of peace and virtue; and though your ranks be thin and numbers few, you stand as the highest exponents of true patriotism and real Americanism. Your record is an open book, known and read of all men, and the lesson it teaches is one of everlasting rebuke to the slothful, the selfish and seditious in this perilous hour.

We may take Webster's definition of a patriot as "one who loves his country and zealously supports its authority and interest"; and, measured by this standard, whether in war or peace, your record will abide as a perpetual memorial of true American patriotism.

To this end I would cite the loyal message and trenchant words of the United Confederate Veterans in their reunion at Birmingham in May, 1916, and forwarded to President Wilson almost a year before the war cloud, then ominously rolling darkly toward our shores, broke upon us. Listen to this stirring utterance and heed its call:

"To the President and Congress of the United States: We, the Confederate Veterans, in reunion assembled at Birmingham, Ala., this 16th day of May, 1916, do hereby renew and declare our unflinching allegiance to the government of the United States in this hour of great international difficulties.

"We took up arms against the government, not as rebels, but to protect our homes and firesides, to preserve and maintain the principles of States' Rights; and although the arbitration of arms was against us, we lost neither our courage, our manhood, nor our patriotism.

"To-day the remnant of the armies of the Confederate States of America does hereby offer itself, its sons and its property upon the altar of a reunited country, which we love and seek to serve, protect and defend.

"We recommend that every male citizen over 16 years of age residing in the United States and its Territories be required to report immediately to the probate judge of his county, or other like officer, under penalty of the law, and there swear allegiance to this government, pledging his loyalty to support the government against any and all foes, whether internal or foreign, who may attempt to hinder or destroy the property or liberty of its people."

Thus, a full year before the call for army service went forth to the American youth, these "Veterans in Gray" gave voice to the principles later proclaimed by President Wilson "that in a democracy the duty to serve and the privilege to serve fall upon all alike."

And the reunion at Washington, the nation's capital, last June, capped the climax. In the march of the Gray, accompanied by the Blue down Pennsylvania avenue, and in front of the White House, in grand review by President Wilson, these veterans of both armies on National Registration Day for young American manhood, joined anew in the mutual dedication of themselves, their lives and their fortunes, to a reunited country—a nation powerful in spirit and in purpose for the accomplishment of the great end which God in his mysterious providence must work

through our instrumentality. Among no other people could such a scene and such an event transpire; and this was so because, as declared by President Wilson in his address of welcome, "At the heart of the men of the North and of the South there was the same love of self-government and of liberty. Now we are to be an instrument in the hands of God to see that liberty is made secure for mankind. At the day of our greatest division there was one common passion among us, and that was the passion for human freedom."

And this is the spirit of the South to-day. Here and there some demagogue may rise to assail the government, and a few unthinking or wrongly informed people are misled. But this is only to be expected, for there was never yet a cause, however noble, that did not have its recreants and its foes. Our war for American independence had its Tories, the North had its Copperheads, and as of yesterday we may recall the words of President Davis, penned in great anguish of spirit in February, 1864, in his special message to the Confederate Congress, as follows:

"While brigade after brigade of our brave soldiers, who have endured the trials of the camp and the battlefield, are testifying to their spirit and patriotism by voluntary enlistment for the war, discontent, dissatisfaction and disloyalty are manifested among those who, through the sacrifices of others, have enjoyed quiet and safety at home. Public meetings have been held, in some of which treasonable designs are masked by a pretended devotion to State sovereignty, and in others is openly avowed. Conventions are advocating, with the pretended object of redressing grievances, which, if they existed, could as well be remedied by ordinary legislative action, but with the real design of accomplishing treason under the form of law. To this end a strong suspicion is entertained that secret leagues and associations are being formed. In certain localities men of no mean position do not hesitate to avow their disloyalty and hostility to our cause, and their advocacy of peace on the terms of submission."

After three long years of patient waiting and hoping against hope that the course of the Imperial German government would not become in fact war against the government and people of the United States, on April 2, 1917, President Wilson was forced to appear before Congress, and with a profound sense of the solemn and even tragical character of the step he was taking, and of the grave responsibilities which it involved, but in unhesitating obedience to what he highly deemed his constitutional duty, advised Congress to declare that the course of the Imperial German government towards the government and people of the United States was nothing less than war. Verily, it was a distressing and oppressive duty which he that day performed, knowing full well that there must be many months, perhaps years, of fiery trial and sacrifice ahead of us. He declared that it was a fearful thing to lead this great, peace-loving people into war—into the most terrible and disastrous of all wars—civilization itself being in the balance. As a reward for our neutrality up to the declaration of war by Congress, 226 American citizens, many of them women and children, had lost their lives by the action of the German submarines, and the challenge of German frightfulness was to the whole civilized world. A complete indictment of German policy must contain at least ten probative counts against the German Emperor:

1. He has set the torch of the incendiary to our factories, our workshops, our ships and our wharves.
2. He has laid the bomb of the assassin in our munition plants, and the holds of our ships.
3. He has sought to corrupt our manhood with a selfish dream of peace when there is no peace.
4. He has wilfully butchered our citizens on the high seas.
5. He has destroyed our commerce.
6. He seeks to terrorize us with his devilish policy of frightfulness.
7. He has violated every canon of international decency and set at naught every solemn treaty and every precept of international law.
8. He has plunged the world into the maddest orgy of blood, rapine and murder which history records.
9. He has intrigued against our peace at home and abroad.
10. He seeks to destroy our civilization.

Patience is no longer a virtue; further endurance is cowardice; submission to Prussian demands is slavery. This compact summary of the grievances of the United States and the necessity of war was given by G. E. Foss, of Illinois, a distinguished member of Congress, in that memorable debate in the House of Representatives on April 6, 1917, and every count has been sustained by ample proof.

Thus we find that we have been

forced into this titanic conflict in self-defense, and for the preservation of democracy against a cruel autocracy. For the United States as well as for the other democratic nations, it is a question of life and death. If Germany wins there is no place for an English-speaking democracy on the face of the earth. We have been slow to grasp this idea, and to realize the full scope of the issue; but it looms before us now in all of its hideous portent, and there are before us two possible features: Independence and Freedom, with the allies victorious; or the position of a vassal state, subservient and obedient to a world emperor at Berlin. As the representative of the oldest and strongest democracy in the world, Woodrow Wilson stands to-day as the recognized champion of world democracy, while William II stands as the most powerful representative of relentless autocracy. These two systems of government are diametrically opposed, and there is no possible reconciliation. The world, as the final result of this titanic struggle, must be made a safe place in which to live—safe for all states and peoples, great and small—or must become subservient to the will of one man, who plays with men as with pawns on a chess-board.

Such being the nature of the conflict, and such being the war made upon our country by an insulting foe, should we wait until our sleeping cities are awakened by the terrible music of bursting bombs? Till our green fields are trampled by the hoofs of the invader and made red with the blood of our brethren? No! A thousand times no! We must send forth our fleets and armies—we must unloose upon the broad ocean our keen falcons, and the thunder of our guns must arouse stern echoes along the hostile front. This is but national defense and authorized by the same great principle of self-protection, which applies no less to nations than to individuals.

The thing I wish to impress and drive home to every one worthy of the proud title of a American, is, that we are in this fight; we are in it to win; we cannot win without fighting; and we cannot successfully fight with divided counsels. We cannot stop for referendums or to wait on jury verdicts or moot court trials. The die has been cast, and there are no more open questions. The constitutionality of the draft act for service of the government has been determined for the past half century or more. The absolute fairness of selective draft and individual liability to military service is self-evident. It is nothing short of a public calamity that there are found those in our midst, and some in the public service, who are advising resistance to law—to a law passed in the time of great national necessity, in the time of actual war—and who, by unfriendly criticism or for pride of individual opinion, or through political motives, encourage the growth of distrust, dissension and disloyalty in the minds and hearts of those who look to them for the light of truth.

It is, indeed, unfortunate that some persons fail to realize at once that war is an abnormal condition of society, and that wherever it obtains and whatever be the form of the government, the status of the citizen, or subject, is more or less modified to meet its demands. The citizen is transmuted into the soldier, and the soldier is necessarily subjected to arbitrary rules, such as the citizen knew not before. The freeman's consolation is that every sacrifice, whether of personal use, or freedom of action, of property, of health or of life is an offering on the altar of liberty.

Hence, it is the ever present duty of the strong toward the weak, of the informed toward the uninformed, patiently, kindly, but none the less firmly, to speak words of warning; yea, even of stern rebuke to those who seek to resist, to obstruct, to hinder, or to sow seeds of distrust and dissension; because the undermining of confidence in the government, during war, is to afford aid and comfort to the enemy.

Our individual and national liberty was bought for us with the blood of patriots, which was freely shed on many a battlefield all the way from Lexington and Valley Forge to Yorktown. Here our forefathers made the first experiment in democratic government as set over against the autocratic system of government which then prevailed throughout the world.

In order to preserve and perpetuate this priceless heritage which has come down to us in our good day, the whole world must now be made safe for democracy; and the price to be paid is still the blood of patriots—patriots in the Army and Navy of the United States of America on land and sea.

Only last June, in his memorable Flag-Day speech, at the foot of Washington monument, the President of the United States made an eloquent and stirring appeal to the patriotism of all Americans when he said:

MAJOR GEN. WOOD TO KANSAS.

Officers Assigned for Duty at South Carolina Camps.

Washington, Aug. 16.—Assignment of general officers to the army cantonments, announced to-day, reveals that Major Gen. Leonard Wood, commanding the Southeastern Department, is to be transferred to command the Eighty-ninth (National Guard) Division, Camp Funston, Ft. Riley, Kansas.

Gen. Wood's Associates.

These orders are part of the general announcement to-day of assignments of commanders of national army and National Guard camps. The four brigadiers who will command the Camp Funston division under Major Gen. Wood are: Brig. Gen. F. L. Winn, 177th infantry; Brig. Gen. T. G. Hanson, 178th infantry; Brig. Gen. G. J. Hunter, 164th depot brigade, and Brig. Gen. W. L. Kenley, 164th field artillery brigade.

South Carolina Officers.

Camp Jackson, at Columbia, is to be the Eighty-first division, and its commanding officers will be as follows: Major Gen. F. H. French, commanding; Lieut. Col. C. D. Roberts, chief of staff; Brig. Gen. G. W. McIver, 161st infantry brigade; Brig. Gen. C. H. Muir, 162nd infantry brigade; Brig. Gen. C. H. Barth, 150th depot brigade; Brig. Gen. I. A. Haynes, 156th field artillery brigade.

Camp Sevier, at Greenville, will be in charge of this staff: Major Gen. J. F. Morrison, commanding; Lieut. Col. A. W. Bjonstad, chief of staff; Brig. Gen. S. F. Faison, 58th infantry brigade; Brig. Gen. W. S. Scott, 59th infantry brigade; Brig. Gen. L. D. Tyson, 55th depot brigade; Brig. Gen. G. G. Gately, 55th field artillery brigade.

Camp Wadsworth, at Spartanburg, will have these officers: Major Gen. J. F. O'Ryan, commanding; Col. H. H. Bandholtz, chief of staff; Brig. Gen. R. E. L. Michie, 53d infantry brigade; Brig. Gen. H. D. W. Hamilton, 54th infantry brigade; Brig. Gen. J. W. Lester, 52d depot brigade; Brig. Gen. C. L. Phillips, 52d field artillery brigade.

Typewriter Inventor Dead.

Sound Beach, Conn., Aug. 15.—Geo. C. Blickensderfer, 66 years old, vice president of the Blickensderfer Manufacturing Company, died at his home here to-day. He was the inventor of the typewriter which bears his name. He later adapted it to the Chinese alphabet, an accomplishment which so interested the Japanese government that it revised its written language to adapt it to a typewriter keyboard.

YES! LIFT A CORN OFF WITHOUT PAIN.

Cincinnati Authority Tells How to Dry Up a Corn or Callus so It Lifts Off With Fingers.

You corn-pestered men and women need suffer no longer. Wear the shoes that nearly killed you before, says this Cincinnati authority, because a few drops of freezone applied directly on a tender, aching corn or callus, stops soreness at once and soon the corn or hardened callus loosens so it can be lifted out, root and all, without pain.

A small bottle of freezone costs very little at any drug store, but will positively take off every hard or soft corn or callus. This should be tried, as it is inexpensive and is said not to irritate the surrounding skin.

If your druggist hasn't any freezone tell him to get a small bottle for you from his wholesale drug house. It is fine stuff and acts like a charm every time.—Adv.

"For us there is but one choice. We have made it. Woe be to the man or group of men that seeks to stand in our way in this day of high resolution, when every principle we hold dearest is to be vindicated and made secure for the salvation of the nations. We are ready to plead at the bar of history, and our flag shall wear a new lustre. Once more we shall make good with our lives and fortunes the great faith to which we were born, and a new glory shall shine in the face of our people."

The highway that leads to this glorious consummation, so devoutly to be wished, is none other than the path of duty, the path that fearless patriots tread, the path along which, from the North, from the South, from the East and from the West, come trooping once again the mighty hosts of American patriots, to dedicate and reconsecrate themselves upon the altar of their country, the altar erected by the Fathers of the Republic and baptized with their blood.

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