



"TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE, AND IT MUST FOLLOW AS THE NIGHT THE DAY: THOU CANST NOT THEN BE FALSE TO ANY MAN."

By STECK, SHELOR & SCHRODER.

WALHALLA, SOUTH CAROLINA, WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1911.

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## THIRTY-NINTH ANNUAL RE-UNION, ORR'S REGIMENT.

### Record of Proceedings--Sixty-Six Survivors of Orr's Regiment and Many Veterans of Other Commands were Present--Addresses, Etc.

The 39th annual reunion of Orr's Regiment of Rifles was held at Walhalla last Thursday and Friday, July 20 and 21, and was largely attended by the survivors of this famous regiment and other commands. The proceedings were brought to a close Friday evening by an automobile excursion to Westminster, where the survivors and visiting veterans were welcomed and entertained in the park.

The survivors began arriving in Walhalla early Thursday morning, and during the entire day they continued to come until sixty-six members of Orr's Regiment were registered and assigned to their homes, together with a large number of visiting veterans.

An informal reception was tendered at Walhalla Court House Thursday evening. It was largely attended, the court room being packed. Two hours were spent in meeting and greeting, with informal talks, interspersed with music by the quartette, composed of R. W. Grubbs, J. B. S. Dendy, J. A. Ansel and W. C. Hughs.

Many war stories and incidents were related, both humorous and serious, the speakers being John Eskew, W. T. McGill, T. A. McElroy and L. E. Campbell. The meeting adjourned about ten o'clock and the visitors returned to their homes and enjoyed a night of restful sleep, for Walhalla is famous for its cool nights.

The streets were alive early next

morning, the "Boys of the Sixties" being in evidence on every corner. The town had surrendered at the first approach with show of arms, its gates were thrown wide open, and the "city was theirs."

The Newry Brass Band arrived at 9 o'clock. A line of march was formed in front of the Walhalla Hotel, headed by the band, which led the procession to the Court House with strains of martial music.

The meeting was called to order by John Eskew, president, and the proceedings were opened with prayer by Dr. John G. Law, D. D. The court room was filled to overflowing, and as this venerable minister of the gospel invoked the Divine blessing upon the survivors, a deep sense of serious and sacred conviction impressed every heart and mind in the vast assembly.

That ever popular war song, "The Bonnie Blue Flag," was sung by Mrs. Cora Ligon, of Anderson, assisted by local talent. It was received with rousing cheers.

The address of welcome was delivered by W. C. Hughs, Esq., of the Walhalla bar. In an apt and chosen speech he extended a hearty welcome to the veterans.

#### Address of Welcome

Mr. President, Ladies, Gentlemen, and Heroes of the Sixties: To have the privilege of standing here to make the address I am about to make is an honor such as has come to me few times in my life, and I

feel my inability to do justice to the occasion.

When I was detailed by the committee to express to our visitors the very cordial welcome which Walhalla and her citizens extend to them, my first inclination was to decline to serve, but upon second thought I remembered that the occasion is a reunion of veterans of many battles, and that a soldier's first lesson is "obedience," so I accepted the duty assigned, and here I am. In studying what I should say I was reminded of the story of the smart politician who was making a political speech in a rural district. He had given the audience an hour's harangue of what he considered a regular spell-binding nature, and as he sat down he said to the chairman in an audible undertone, "Oratory is a gift and not an acquirement." The matter-of-fact chairman evidently did not catch the point intended and replied, "Oh, that's all right; I understand. We're not blamin' you; you done the best you could." So I say, at the outset, that making an address of welcome is a gift and not an acquirement, and I trust that you will be charitable enough to say, when I have finished, that you do not blame me, that I did the best I could.

As I stand here to welcome you I have no apology to make nor excuses to offer for the part you took in the most terrific conflict of arms that history records. I do not attempt to justify you in spilling the blood you did by saying that you were fighting for a Cause that you BELIEVED to be right. I say that you were fighting for what you KNEW to be right, and if you were not, then you deserve no place in our "Hall of Fame." I do not intend to go into a lengthy discussion to prove my position, for the decision was made on April 9th, 1865, at Appomattox, and since then discussion is out of order. But it does give us great satisfaction to know that, forty years after the conflict, the Supreme Court of the Uni-

ted States has said, in some of its comparatively recent opinions, that the principles for which you fought are the only ones that can be reached from a correct interpretation of the constitution.

In his lectures on "The Last Days of the Confederacy" Gen. John B. Gordon pays a high tribute to the valor and courage, as well as the grim humor, that the men on both sides exhibited, and he gives examples to show each; but he omitted one thing that the study of history impresses upon me, among many other things, and that is the remarkable genius of a number of the Southern commanders in handling men when they knew nothing of military tactics. A story told on Gen. Gordon himself illustrates this. When he raised his company of "Raccoon Roughs," (so called because they all wore coon-skin caps), he notified the Governor of Georgia that he had a company ready to go to the front, but the Governor said they had enough men and declined to accept the company. He then communicated with the Governor of Alabama, and his company was accepted. They prepared for duty and started to the nearest railroad station to take the train. They were marching in column of twos and came to a gate that was too narrow for them to pass through. He did not know enough about the school of the soldier to give "Left by File," but he did know how to get his men through that gate. He gave the command, "Company, halt! Left face; fall out, and when you fall in again, fall in on the other side of the fence!" So we do not wonder that Capt. Gordon later became Brigadier General Gordon.

Then we welcome you because we want you with us and are glad to see you, and also because the younger people of our generation need to hear of some of the deeds of daring that were performed by you that we might enjoy the freedom of the great country on the globe. While living in the ease and luxury that we have to-day, we would not have them forget the hardships and privations that you underwent that we might have these blessings. We realize that the lesson must be learned quickly, for the bugle call has sounded, and one by one the Great Commander is ordering those of you who came back from Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Chancellorsville and Appomattox, to go to the front and cross over the river to take up the last long watch before the final roll call.

As I look across the river, in my mind's eye, methinks I see the regiments of infantry, all tattered and torn, swinging into line around Lee and Jackson, and then a little further I see squadron after squadron of cavalry gathering, and in the center are Stuart and Hampton. They are drawn up in battle array, and again I hear Jackson, as he wanders in his delirium after being wounded, saying, "Tell Hill to prepare for action; pass the infantry to the front." Then we see Stuart dash to the head of his column and shout, "Turn, boys, turn! We're going back." As the maneuvers begin, I look ahead, and behold! not a weapon of war is seen, but each is carrying an olive branch, the emblem of peace, and I see they are marching to join the hosts of the Prince of Peace.

Individually I welcome you because some of you were at Gaines's Mill on that memorable 27th day of June, and felt that storm of lead that made thousands of orphans and hundreds of widows, and some of you can tell me whether my grandfather spoke truly when he said he would go to the front and spill the last drop of blood in his veins before a negro should rule over his children, for that was what many of the brave men died for—some histories of the present day to the contrary notwithstanding.

To my fellow-townsmen I would say that there are two things a soldier must have if he fights successfully—rations and ammunition. On this occasion they do not need the ammunition, but I dare say they can use the provisions now just as well as they could in the sixties, so let's give them enough. This reminds me of one of Gen. Gordon's stories. The men in Lee's and Jackson's armies were very plous and held frequent prayer meetings. At one of these meetings was an old soldier who had one leg shot off right near the hip, and he had just come back on a visit. He was unable to kneel when the prayer began, so he sat up while Brother Jones prayed. Brother Jones was praying for more manhood, more strength, more courage. That was more than the old one-legged fellow could stand, so he yelled out right in the midst of the prayer: "Hold on there, Brother Jones—hold on there, sir; don't you know you are praying all wrong? Why don't you pray for more provisions than we have any use for."

So do not let us give them more welcome than they can manage, but let's give them rations, too. In doing this they will leave Walhalla reluctantly, and not like the man Mr. Stribling (J. C.) told us about last night, who was retiring at the First Battle of Manassas with more haste than grace, and met an officer, who asked him what in the Sam Hill he was running so for, and he yelled back over his shoulder as he ran, "Simply because I can't fly."

Comrades, if I may call you that, the town is yours. The countersign

is "Welcome" and will admit you anywhere within the lines. If you do not see what you want when you get in, ask for it, and we will do our utmost to serve you.

Mr. McGill told me of the welcome, Bob Taylor gave to the home-comers during home-coming week in Tennessee some time ago, in which he said, "Welcome back home! Catch hold of the string and lift up the latch, and kiss every God-blessed gal you can catch."

I give that same greeting slightly modified—  
Welcome to our homes; just lift up the latch;  
You may kiss any of the girls you are able to catch—  
If they will let you.

At the close of Mr. Hughs's address "Maryland, My Maryland," was rendered by the choir, led by Mrs. Cora Ligon.

Responses were made by Mrs. Hannah Hemphill Coleman, of Abbeville, and Mrs. S. Bleckley, of Anderson. These addresses were masterpieces and made a profound impression.

#### Mrs. Coleman's Address.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Several weeks ago, when I was notified that I had been selected to respond to the address of welcome to the survivors of Orr's Regiment at their annual reunion in Walhalla, July 21st, I was filled with varied and conflicting emotions. I knew the honor conferred upon me was a testimonial of affection and homage to my father from the friends and comrades whose love and respect he valued more than anything on earth, and I knew that these soldiers, in a desire to keep his memory green among us, and to preserve the ties that bound them so closely together, were willing to overlook my inexperience and inefficiency to give me this place of honor. So, in coming before you this morning, it is not only to thank the people of Walhalla for their cordial welcome and generous hospitality, but to tell the men of Orr's Rifles how much I appreciate the distinction of being their spokesman on this occasion.

This is not the first time the survivors of Orr's Rifles have met in your charming little city, and so pleasant are the accounts of your previous hospitality that this meeting has been looked forward to with great anticipation. In 1875 your city entertained the largest attendance this association has ever had. Two hundred and fifty members were present, a great barbecue was given, and speeches were made by Capt. John B. Moore, Capt. James Coltran, Gen. Samuel McGowan, Capt. W. C. Keith and Col. G. McDuffie Miller.

In 1904 you entertained the regiment on its 31st anniversary, and in reviewing the memoirs of my father I find this was again a joyous occasion, your entertainment being most elaborate. Addresses were made by Col. Jas. L. Orr and Hon. R. T. Jaynes, Miss Irene Strother recited "With the Boys of the Sixties," and the three lovely daughters of J. J. Vissage sang "The Girl in the Homespun Dress." The Hon. M. F. Ansel delivered that famous oration on "Reunion" which so moved the audience that not a dry eye could be found in all that great crowd. Seventy-six survivors were present this time, and again you witnessed the impressive sight of the forming of the regiment by the same Robert Hemphill, who was sergeant major at the surrender at Appomattox.

On both of these occasions it is recorded that the people of Walhalla were superb in their style of entertainment, and with these memories we are more than glad to be here to-day, and when we look upon your splendid prosperity, your intellectuality, and the evidences of your ability, we know the legacy of that invincibility of character made for this generation by the unswerving fortitude of the men of that glorious past, is working in your midst like a leaven.

I have been taught, from my earliest recollection of the valor of this regiment, and I consider one of my most priceless treasures the knowledge of the many deeds of heroism of the men who sit before me, as told by one who regarded the experiences of that time as almost sacred, and worthy of inspiration for all time. That that tongue lies silent "with its work unfinished, and the ear still waits for what it did not tell," is to me grief inconsolable.

And now, because this anniversary is gradually taking on the peculiar and tender sentiment of a memorial, where we mingle gratitude to the living with reverence to the dead, we must not neglect to gather up these flaming lights of experiences that we may not be denied our place in the "spreading pattern" of national history; and if no writer be born to record these matters, let us, like the poets of old, immortalize our heroes by word of mouth, and sing down the ages to come of the sacrifices, the courage, the coolness in face of danger, of the will and fidelity of our soldier boys of the sixties—and may we never cease to praise the good people of Walhalla for their excellent entertainment to-day.

#### Address of Mrs. Bleckley.

Capt. Hughs and Good People of Walhalla—Comrades: This unaccounted crowd before me and around me proves the feeling which this occasion has excited. These hundreds of faces glowing with sympathy from the impulse of a common gratitude

proclaim that the day, the place and the purpose of our assembling have made a deep impression on our hearts.

Orr's Regiment of Rifles come to-day in their annual reunion, happy to meet your cordial hospitality here in your beautiful city. On this 21st day, on which all other subsequent days would have poured its light, Providence has permitted these survivors, sons and countrymen, to meet here in the name of Liberty and Peace. Time and the sword have thinned their ranks and we miss the forms and faces of those who met with us last, and they are not here.

"Thinner and thinner the long line grows;  
One by one they are mustered out;  
Silently, softly, each one goes,  
Far from the noise of battle's shout,  
To the sleep that knows no waking  
Till the dawn of judgment breaking."

No warring elements invade their restful sleep yonder. All is peace. These Veterans are a remnant of a well-fought battle-field. Some of them bring marks of honor from Gaines's Mill, Frazer's Farm, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Berryville, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Hagers-town, Falling Waters, Mine Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Bloody Bend, Jericho Harbor, Deep Bottom, Frazer's Mill, Beams's Station, battles around Richmond, Jones's Farm, Bellefield, Burgess's Mill, Five Forks, Southernland Station, and many other scenes of carnage. In their youthful days they put everything at hazard for their country's cause. There is an air of holiness and pure incense floating in the morning breeze; there is an atmosphere of good feeling and cheer. Welcome, welcome is whispered around, and the Confederate Veteran is made to feel at home.

Your town, lying in its majestic grandeur at the foot of the Blue Ridge, offers a most inviting place for a reunion of these Confederate Veterans. Walhalla, famous in Indian lore—here leap the Issaquena Falls, or called Catechee, an Indian maiden who in the time of the Revolution made famous the Keowee River, One-Mile Creek, Four-Mile, Six-Mile, Twelve-Mile River and Eighteen-Mile, One-and-Twenty, Three-and-Twenty, on to Ninety-Six, where, the legend reads, Catechee met her fate and saved the Indian massacre. Here and above by the beautiful Jocassee Valley on the White-water river, there is much of interest in Oconee and Pickens for us. Here mountain breezes fan our brows, cooling waters slake our thirst, and in these green hills and sloping valleys you and the men reared from stock of brain and muscle; hospitality and good cheer, refinement and culture distinguish the higher class of gentlemen and women. Our sister county sits enthroned on a thousand hills, and is justly entitled to her part of the glory achieved in the great drama of war—her ministers, her lawyers, her doctors, her justices, her merchants and farmers, whoever they be, South Carolina never furnished better citizenship in her State.

For a whole year we have looked forward to this day; we have thought of Walhalla, dreamed of Walhalla, and have gone about our work with Walhalla on our brain. In the minds of these Veterans as they thought of your hospitality would come visions that in Walhalla we are to be filled—  
Oh, luscious turkey! oh, plump duck!  
Oh, brown lamb and other truck!

for these Vets sure can eat, for I have seen them at it. In the four years' service they forgot how, having nothing to keep them in practice, but you may believe it they have most aptly learned how again. So look out, Walhalla, for a seven years' famine after this reunion, for worse than a seven years' locust plague are they! Now if any of these quiet, meek, gentle Confederates should get giddy or obstreperous and unruly, why wait better hiding place than these culverts, tunnels and caves. But I am their chaperone and will look after them.

You have with you a remnant of the army of rifles who joined with the great and brainy Orr, South Carolina's distinguished statesman. These men went out with Mansfield Ledbetter, Livingston, Perrin, Col. Norton, F. E. Harrison, G. McDuffie Miller, I. N. Robinson and Leonard Rodgers from these mountain tops to the valleys and caves. Their ringing Rebel Yell awoke the echoes of these hills. Only two of the regimental officers are left—John B. Moore and Leonard Rodgers. The commissioned officers left are Jas. T. Reid, Capt. J. T. Pratt, Lieut. S. K. Dendy, Lieut. A. M. Guyton and W. A. Barron. "Oh, stalwart line of gray," old your old gray coat closer; it was your country's badge; in its faded, threadbare seams, there's glory in it yet."

We have in our mind, as connected with this region, a journalist, lawyer and legislator as well as a soldier of the Civil War, Col. Robert Anderson Thompson, of Walhalla—last of the set of men who signed the Article of Secession, afterwards an officer of distinction in the Confederate War. There he sits like one of the mightiest of forest trees of his mountain region, vigorous and colossal even

(Continued on Page Four.)

# CLEARANCE SALE!

We are closing out all Summer Merchandise at prices that should tempt you to invest for future as well as present needs.

Seasonable and Staple Goods are being offered here at prices that mean a real saving.

Beginning Thursday, **TEN DAYS!** Ending on Saturday, July 27th, August 5th.

Come in and buy for your future, as well as your present needs, for you lose money if you fail to take advantage of these Special Offerings.

Below we name a few of the Special Values, but this is only an index to the other Money-Saving Specials that a visit to this Store will reveal to you.

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