

A N
A D D R E S S
DELIVERED BEFORE THE
CONFEDERATE
SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION,

IN
AUGUSTA, GEORGIA,
AT ITS FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING, ON MEMORIAL DAY,

APRIL 26TH, 1882,

BY

COL. CHARLES C. JONES, JR.

PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE ASSOCIATION.

AUGUSTA, GA.
JAS. L. GOW, PRINTER & STATIONER.
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Richard Barksdale Harwell

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The turbid waters of the Mississippi, overleaping the barriers which the labor of generations had reared for the protection of vast areas devoted to the production of some of the most attractive crops which minister to the wealth and comfort of this land, have caused wide-spread ruin and desolation, bearing upon their unruly bosom to the sea of gloom and disappointment the hopes and the accumulations of years of thrift and intelligent industry.

The seas, angered beyond their wont, have strewn their watery plains and echoing shores with many a silent wreck.

The pest, too, in localities numerous and unused to its devastations, has lifted its unholy head, affrighting the living and beckoning multitudes to the regions of the dead.

Nihilism, godless and iconoclastic, has been dominating in certain realms to the terror and doom of monarchs and the disquietude of the body politic.

Ill-advised and perplexing antagonisms between labor and capital have, in some parts of this land, robbed existence of that repose and of those rewards which are born of contentment and of the harmonious adjustment of the economic relations of life.

At other points, huge monopolies and the acquisition of inordinate wealth by a few individuals have proven the prolific causes of financial unrest, and of the demoralization of values hitherto well ascertained.

Dwelling in a peaceful, law-abiding community, not too large to ignore the personal responsibility of individual membership, nor so small that it should readily be persuaded save in the paths of rectitude, honesty and honor, we have thus far escaped the evils incident to an overgrown population, and have not yet been annoyed by the overshadowing and sometimes deleterious influences of colossal fortunes. Despite this happy exemption, we, nevertheless, have our own dangers, cares, troubles, burthens, and perplexities. By them are we admonished to the cultivation and exhibition of virtue, consistency, unity, and true manhood. Through fiery furnaces have we passed in the cause of truth and honor. Let us not, in the living present, fail to remember that

“ When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.”

While, during the past year, we have observed our stated assemblages, maintained our organization, cherished our friendships, and ministered to our sick, we have, alas! also been called upon to mourn our dead.

Since our last anniversary, five of our number have been summoned hence :

Private Robert Elliott, of the Washington Artillery ;

Captain M. T. McGregor, of Company C, First Regiment, Georgia Regulars ;

Sergeant O. M. Harris, of Company I, Third Regiment, Georgia Infantry ;

Private J. R. Glover, of Company I, Twelfth Georgia Battalion of Infantry, and

Private E. W. Haley.

Thus is the pruning knife of time cutting down our companions one by one. With the present generation expires our Association, for the bond which unites us was born of the past and cannot be renewed in the future. They are already in life who will look upon the last survivor, in loneliness and feebleness tottering onward to his final home.

“ But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
So forlorn ;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
They are gone.

“ The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom ;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.”

There is a deal of pathos, my friends, in this vision ; and come it must, in obedience to an inexorable law. Until it does appear, however, let us rejoice in our manhood, cling to our friendships, and stand by the memories and the glories of the former times.

While our pecuniary obligations have all been promptly met, and there exists a balance to the credit of the Association, I cannot, in justice, refrain from saying that if all our members

who are capable of responding to their quarterly dues were regular in the payment of them, our financial condition would be far more satisfactory. Permit me to remind you that these quarterly dues, small as they are, constitute our only source of revenue, and that the funds thus derived are pledged for the relief of members in seasons of distress, and for the defrayal of the funeral expenses of those whose limited means may not fairly be appropriated in that behalf. The bare statement of this fact should, of itself, suffice to stimulate the tardy and confirm the willing.

A new feature has of late been introduced which must largely increase the interest felt in our quarterly assemblages. At each meeting a committee is nominated, charged with the duty of selecting from out our membership those who, at the next convocation, after the routine business is concluded, will contribute recitations, readings, and personal reminiscences illustrative of war memories. Thus will the portraits of our Confederate chieftains be taken down from the walls of history and be set up again in our midst for our unchanging love and admiration. Thus will achievements in the camp, on the march, and upon the field of battle, be renewed in our cherished recollection. Thus shall scenes and incidents live anew which are already enshrouded by the mists of intervening years. Thus will associations, than which none more potent appertain to manly hearts, be revived, acknowledged, and cemented.

The most noted act done under the auspices of this Association since our last annual meeting embraced the suitable repair and dedication of the Obelisk Chimney of the Confederate Powder Works. It will be remembered that, yielding to our solicitation, the City Council of Augusta, nearly three years ago, committed this structure—with a reservation of ten feet each way around its base—to our custody, to be inscribed and perpetuated as a Confederate Memorial. The committee entrusted with the execution of the wish of this Association has discharged its duty. The square castellated base from which the Obelisk springs has been thoroughly repaired and encased in a most durable covering resembling granite. The corners have been well guarded, and in the face, looking toward the canal, has been inserted a large tablet of Italian marble, bearing, in raised letters, this inscription :

“THIS OBELISK CHIMNEY—SOLE REMNANT OF THE EXTENSIVE POWDER WORKS HERE ERECTED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE CONFEDERATE GOVERNMENT—IS, BY THE CONFEDERATE SURVIVORS’ ASSOCIATION OF AUGUSTA, WITH THE CONSENT OF THE CITY COUNCIL, CONSERVED IN HONOR OF A FALLEN NATION, AND INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THOSE WHO DIED IN THE SOUTHERN ARMIES DURING THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.”

Thus renovated, thus individualized, and thus dedicated, this colossal cenotaph—standing apart from the massive structures which cluster about it certifying the mechanical industries and the enterprise of the present—perpetuates the heroic memories of the days that are gone, and keeps its sentinel watch over the unseen graves alike of the Confederacy and of those who perished in its support.

Although it be true that “oblivion is not to be hired;” although, as Sir Thomas Browne has wisely spoken, the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man; although the night of time far surpasseth the day; although age itself, grown antiquated, bids us hope for no long duration, and all experience shows that diuturnity is a dream and the folly of expectation; although pyramids, arches, monuments, and all human structures wrestle but in vain with the inevitable influences of decay; in the teeth of this consuming fate we commission this Obelisk to witness to the present and the coming generations the fair fame and the glories of a once puissant Nation and the brave deeds of those who fell in the armies of the South; well knowing that when it shall pass away, the virtuous memories which it symbolizes will survive in that Pantheon where truth and honor and right have fixed their eternal homes.