

# Goldsboro Weekly Argus.

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"This Argus o'er the people's rights  
Doth an eternal vigil keep;

No soothing strains of Maia's son  
Shall lull its hundred eyes to sleep."

\$1.00 a Year.

VOL. XXII

GOLDSBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1908.

NC. 68

## KEEPING HIS- TORY STRAIGHT Noble and Patriotic Work of the North Carolina Daughters of the Confederacy.

The Beliberations of Their Twelfth  
Annual Convention in This City  
Are Characterized Not Only By a  
Spirit of Fealty to the Correct  
Principles of Democracy as the  
South Is Best Capable of Inter-  
preting, But By a Laudible Determination to Keep the South's  
Peerless History Straight.

From Friday's Daily.

Mrs. I. W. Faison, of Charlotte, President of the North Carolina Division Daughters of the Confederacy, now in twelfth annual session here, presides over its deliberations with graceful dignity and decides questions of debate with parliamentary accuracy that would make any statesman, of recognized deliberative ability, "sit up and take notice." Mrs. Faison is a daughter of the late W. J. Yates, editor of the old Charlotte Democrat, one of the ablest newspapers ever published in the State and she therefore comes by her ability and gracious presiding capacity as an inheritance from her sturdy-brained and talented father. At the noon hour yesterday the President announced the special order—the unveiling and presenting to the N. C. Division the oil paintings of Gen. Robert Ransom, Col. S. McD. Tate and Capt. J. P. Phifer, in the order named, to be placed in the State's room in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, and with this announcement the President presented Capt. T. W. Slocumb, of this city, who spoke as follows:

Madam President, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Ladies and Gentlemen:  
I extend my most cordial felicitations to this lovely array of loyal daughters of North Carolina, and in the language of Tiny Tim say "God bless you every one." "For way down in my heart I have a feeling for you." "Carolina, Carolina, Heavens' blessings attend her."

A country without a history is a wilderness, and a history without its heroes is a myth. It is the pride of all North Carolinians to know that our grand old State has a great and glorious past, and a history replete with the heroic deeds of her loyal sons and daughters. At the roll call of duty North Carolina always answers "Here." She demonstrated this in the Revolution with Great Britain, in the patriotic action of Mrs. King's Tea Party at historic old Edenton, beside her inland sea. She re-echoed it back from the rugged hills of old Mecklenburg when her sturdy sons renounced their allegiance to King George, and proclaimed to the world that North Carolina is a free, sovereign and independent State. She thundered it back with her guns from the historic battle fields of Moore's Creek Bridge, King's Mountain and Guilford Court House. In the war between the States her record is known and read of the world, for she stood at the head of the column of the boys in gray during the memorable days of the "sixties," and sealed with blood her devotion to her Cause on every battle field from Big Bethel to Appomattox; and when our starry cross went down in blood and tears on that fateful field and all was lost, she stood by the bier of our perished hopes with the devotion of a Theban at the grave of Epaminondas. When the war cloud lifted and she stood desolate, amid wreck and ruin wrapped in the habiliments of sorrow and woe, when hope had deserted her and grief, and melody had gone from her song, did her children desert her in her extremity? Nay, verily! When with outstretched hands and pleading eyes she turned to her children, her faithful daughters took once more their harp from the willows, and with a prayer for their dear old mother, wooed hope back again from her hiding place, and the Confederate soldier, storm swept and battle scarred stood once more in the breach. With brave heart and willing hands he laid deep and well the foundations of her social, political and commercial life upon

which she has reared this magnificent superstructure of peace and prosperity which is our rich heritage to-day.—And now with her face to the morning with her heart attuned to the music of the spheres, with head erect and stately step, she is pressing forward abreast of her sisters to the consummation of a greater and grander destiny.

With bared head I now recall the name of Ransom, a name loved and honored in North Carolina, and one whose deeds are written in the hearts of his countrymen. Robert Ransom was the second son of Robert Ransom, Sr., and wife Priscilla Whitaker Ransom, and was born in Warren county February 12th, 1829. In his boyhood he attended an old field school in his native county presided over by William Eaton. In 1846, at seventeen years of age he received an appointment to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point, remaining there four years, and graduating in 1850. After his graduation he was commissioned a second lieutenant and assigned to the cavalry branch of the service, and served for ten years on our Western frontier on the plains of New Mexico, Indian Territory and Kansas, attaining the rank of Captain. At one time he was Adjutant of the 1st United States Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Edwin V. Sumner, afterwards a Major-General in the United States Army. General Ransom was twice married, his first wife was Miss Minnie Hunt of Washington, D. C., and after her death he married Mrs. Kate Lumpkin of Georgia.

When he saw that war between the North and South was inevitable, he resigned his commission in the United States Army, and with his wife and little children left Fort Wise, Indian Territory, for North Carolina, five hundred miles across the plains infested with hostile Indians. Arriving in his native State, he repaired at once to Raleigh, and offered his services to the State of his birth. Governor Ellis commissioned him colonel of the 1st North Carolina Cavalry which, by his superior military knowledge, he soon drilled and disciplined into one of the famous regiments that went from North Carolina. Our own Wayne county had the proud distinction of furnishing Company "H" to this splendid regiment under the command of the lamented Thomas Ruffin which honored name our worthy local chapter bears.

I had the honor to serve for a short time in his command. He was spare, erect, and of graceful figure, quick and alert in movement, and looked the ideal soldier. He was a superb horseman—the most splendid rider I have ever seen in the saddle. Calm, poised, self-contained under danger and excitement, he never rashly sacrificed his men, but where duty led he knew no fear. One of the most daring feats of bravery that came under my observation during the war was his gallant and heroic conduct in steady riding a wavering regiment at Malvern Hill. Many years after the war we were discussing our campaign, and I mentioned the incident to him without giving the name of the place told him what an inspiration his conduct was to me that day, a youth just emerging from his teens, and asked him if he recollected. He replied, "Yes, I remember. It was at Malvern Hill just before sunset." "But," he said, "it was a call of duty, and I simply obeyed it." This was the manner of man he was.

We are glad to have with us to-day one of his accomplished daughters, whose gracious presence adds pleasure to the occasion, and we extend to her our most cordial greeting. Cornelia, proud mother of the Gracchi, when asked for her jewels, pointed to her children and said, "These are they." North Carolina can point with pride to her devoted and heroic sons as her jewels, and name Robert Ransom one of her brightest. I knew him well and am glad to number him as one of my friends. He has long since been gathered to his fathers and sleeps now in the cemetery at New Bern by the wife of his youth. God rest him.

And now, my dear Madam, I have the honor to present to you his portrait, a striking likeness of the loyal citizen, the most admirable gentleman, the gallant and knightly Major-General Robert Ransom. I know you will preserve it and cherish it as "an apple of gold in a picture of silver."

Mrs. Eugene Little, of Wadesboro, a daughter of Col. Risden T. Bennett, appointed by the N. C. Division to accept these portraits, responded to Capt. Slocumb as follows:  
Daughters of the Confederacy, Veterans, Ladies and Gentlemen:  
The State, in memory of a distinguished citizen and officer of high rank, presents the portrait in oil of Major-General Robert Ransom executed in fidelity to the original. He was conspicuous in moulding his regiment into hardened soldiers in

short order. The First Regiment of North Carolina Cavalry was equal to any regiment of horse in our service. The material composing the companies was the very best of our youth. The Colonel who gave the command, coherent in drill, in camp, on the march, in the clash and stroke of swords, the vehemence of shots, the delivery of weight of collision, was probably the best disciplinarian in our service. So insistent was he, upon Taps, Tattoo and every call of discipline, that now and again his command murmured. But he was right, in the outset of our war, to harden the raw material into coherent bodies.

He was a graceful man in person and step, mounting his horse with a flexibility of body and limb, very rarely seen.

We are proud of him and it is fitting now to pay the reward to honesty of purpose and clear intelligence. The artist has caught the inspiration of his handsome features.

To the Daughters of the Confederacy of North Carolina, this great officer seems especially near and dear, for we feel the gallant Father lives again in his gallant daughter, precious to us all.

The presiding officer then presented Col. Jos. E. Robinson, editor of the Goldsboro Argus, selected to present Col. Tate's portrait, and he spoke as follows:

"Madam President and members of the North Carolina Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy.—The peculiar honor that brings me before you at this hour is so distinctive and distinguishing that I am utterly at a loss for words to give expression to my deep appreciation of the favor bestowed upon me in selecting me for the duty with which I am commissioned. And while you, Daughters of the Confederacy, with heroic perseverance and a patriotism that is sublime, are devoting the years of your passing to treasuring the sacred memories of the Lost Cause, commemorating its immortal heroes and teaching the children of our Southland the truths of history, let me say to you and of you, here and now, that while the valor of the men who wore the Gray was wreathed around in a halo of glory "the storm-cracked nation that fell," the women of the Southern Confederacy, who stamped the coin of character upon the souls of its soldiers, have shed a tuster on its history which time can never dim, and

"On brightest pages penned by poets  
and by sages  
Will go sounding down the ages,"

"Till the last syllable of recorded time." And as I stand in your presence this moment and the hallowed memories to which all these services relate come trooping back across the years, "bringing tears with them, as old memories will when they come back withered" words are inadequate to give expression to the sentiments that "swell at my breast"; for I do say this, that if ever love and admiration for sublime courage and heroic endurance burned pure and bright in the heart of man, it burns in my heart ever for the unapproachably glorious womanhood of the Southern Confederacy, who in the suspenseful solitude of their desolated homes sustained the crucible of war's rude alarms and heart-crushing fatalities with more than Spartan endurance.

The memory of a wife or mother's heroic benediction may have made Leonidas, fearlessly facing the Persian hosts in the pass of Thermopylae immortal, where and of whom it is chiseled in the face of the rocks of that lowly pass:

"Go stranger, and to Lacedaemon tell,  
That here, obeying her behest, we fell.

That many a hero of the Lost Cause, when all else seemed failing, was given renewed courage and peerless daring by the meory of a wife or mother's parting kiss and enshrining blessing we are proud to believe.

This is not the language of extravagance nor the feverish vaporings of grief. It is the tribute of Truth to a heroism that was sublime in fealty to cause that was eternally right. The highest tribunals of our jurisprudence have vindicated the theory of government for which the Confederate soldiers fought. The maturer wisdom of these latter years wins even from our former foes of intelligence and honor the frank confession that we interpreted the constitution in accordance with the teachings of the fathers of the Republic. The whole world bears willing tribute to the splendor with which that unequal contest was waged through all those stormy years, that knew neither fatigue nor fear.

When the zealous historian of the future shall make cold and unemotional comparisons of the great battles of the world—and measures greatness by daring and mortality, he will write high above them all—Gettysburg.

When sentiment and admiration shall seek to pencil the features of the

ideal soldier, the kings and captains of all time,—the Alexanders, the Caesars the Bayards, the Galahads, the Wellingtons, the Napoleons—will furnish but a faint foreshadowing of the glorious flower of them all, who wore the Confederate gray.

It is my proud privilege to present to this Division the picture of one of these—Col. Samuel McDowell Tate, of Morganton, of the Sixth North Carolina Regiment. He was of those who were first at Manassas and furthest at Gettysburg; and of the furthest in that greatest of all battles he was furthest, for it was he who planted the flag of his regiment on the stone wall on "Cemetery Hill." He was the mettle of those who were first to volunteer and endured to the end, and turning their faces to the future from the last sad tragedy at Appomattox beat their broken swords into plowshares and started in to reclaim our devastated fields that had been sown in the salt of their people's tears; and having given the world an unparalleled example of heroism in the armed combat, they furnished a no less striking lesson in the determination and industry with which they have won back our inheritance and have placed the old North State in the very forefront of the nation the admiration of the world.

His record as soldier, patriot and citizen is secure in history and a proud inheritance to his posterity. It is meet that the manner of such men should be preserved in portraits, that generations yet unborn in this Southland of ours may study their splendid countenances, and, as before shrines of religion, thank God for the example of their lives to emulate and pray to be vouchsafed the benediction of like rounded and heroic characters.

I thank God, too, that this portrait so exquisitely done—was painted by a Southern woman, a North Carolina girl—Mrs. Marshall Williams, of Faison, who must have inherited the genius of accuracy and expression from the martial soul of her heroic father, himself a Confederate soldier, the late Captain L. T. Hicks, of Duplin county.

Replying to Col. Robinson, Mrs. Little said:

The memory of Colonel Samuel McDowell Tate is very precious to the people of North Carolina. Born of sterling parentage, he lived in honorable esteem in that Piedmont region, which has given to our public life an unusual number of gifted men. He rose to the headship of a gallant regiment and was often mentioned in dispatches for his chivalrous bearing in action. Endowed with an accurate judgment and a courage for all enterprises, however appalling, he lived in the confidence of his people and died with the plaudits of those who kept the faith. Of such citizens a State should be constantly proud. This portrait is the gift of his devoted family, and every device of skill and effort of honorable endeavor should be employed to maintain his influence.

Mrs. J. P. Allison, of Concord, was then introduced to the convention to present the portrait of Captain Jno. Phifer Young, and she spoke as follows:

At the first sound, "To arms," the call of our beloved South for soldiers to do battle in a righteous cause, among many others of the noble youth of our fair land, who responded eagerly, to this clarion call, was one, a Cabarrus county boy, who came from the school-room, a child in years, (only 15), but a man in mind and stature, of dauntless courage and splendid physique. He entered the service as a private in the ranks of Company B, in the grand old Seventh North Carolina Regiment, State Troops. Honored and beloved by all who knew him, of recognized ability, he filled, in rapid succession, every office in his company to the captaincy at 17, and was recommended for the office of colonel, his commission only awaited the passing of his 18th birthday, which never came—for on the bloody field of Chancellorsville his brave young life was laid on his country's altar—aged 17.—In behalf of the John Phifer Young Chapter, Children of the Confederacy, of Concord, of which Chapter I have the honor of being the leader, I present to the N. C. Division U. D. C., a portrait in oil of Captain John Phifer Young, in whose honor the chapter is named. This portrait which is to adorn the historic walls of the North Carolina room of the Confederate Museum at Richmond, Va., was painted by Miss Mattie Dowd, of Charlotte, and is a perfect copy of a fine portrait of Captain Young by Wm. Carl Brown. The Children of the Chapter, and its leader feel great pride in perpetuating the memory of this boy hero.

"Young as the youngest, who donned  
the gray,  
True as the truest that wore it,  
Brave as the bravest he marched  
away,  
(Hot tears on the cheek of his

mother lay),  
Triumphant waved our flag one day—  
He fell in the front before it.

Firm as the firmest, where duty led,  
He hurried without falter;  
Bold as the boldest he fought and bled,  
And the day was won—but the field  
was red—  
And the blood of his fresh young  
heart was shed  
On his country's hallowed altar."

Mrs. Little in accepting this  
portrait, spoke as follows:  
Come to the Bridal Chamber death,  
Come to the mother when she feels  
The first time her first born's breath.

Come in consumption's ghastly form,  
In earthquake's, in ocean's storms,  
Come when the heart beats high and  
warm  
With banquet dance, with song and  
wine  
And thou art terrible.

The pain the knell the pall the bier  
And all we know or feel or fear  
Of agony are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword hath  
won the battle for the free  
Thy voice seems like a prophet's  
word,

And in its hollow tones are heard  
The thankfulness of millions yet to be

"Suffer little children to come unto  
me and forbid them not for of such is  
the kingdom of Heaven."

It is rare to find the most inflexible  
courage in a youth. Pelham of renom,  
held the palm of big performance.

It was Disraeli who said, "Genius  
when young is divine." Many little  
children are enthused by the virtues  
of Captain John Phifer Young, whom  
the malice of fortune doomed to death  
in the crisis of his country's struggle.  
It seems a bloody sacrifice when all  
but honor is gone. It seems so painful  
to perish in the last round of hosts,  
so gracious to serve that moment in  
the exultation of victory. But, "they  
are the children of the brave, the cher-  
ubim of death."

Arnold Von Winkelreid, after a full  
day of cut and thrust, battle axe and  
spear, won the battle of Semperach by  
gathering the Austrian spears in his  
body while exclaiming "have a care  
of my wife and children." I every  
noble action were a trophy the Sideral  
world alone could give room to our  
hostages.

The election of officers for the ensu-  
ing year was held yesterday after-  
noon, and resulted as follows:

President—unanimously re-elected  
—Mrs. I. W. Faison, of Charlotte.

1st Vice-President—Miss Sue Col-  
lier, Goldsboro.

2nd Vice-President—Mrs. Martin S.  
Willard, Wilmington.

3rd Vice-President—Mrs. Chas. L.  
Stevens, New Bern.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. F. M.  
Williams, Newton.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. Gordon  
Finger, Charlotte.

Treasurer—Mrs. Eugene Little,  
Wadesboro.

Registrar—Mrs. Leo. D. Heartt, Ra-  
leigh.

Historian—Miss Rebecca Cameron,  
Hillsboro.

Assistant Historian—Mrs. W. O.  
Shannon, Henderson.

Recorder of Crosses—Mrs. T. L.  
Craig, Gastonia.

Chaplain—Mrs. Jas. G. Kenan, Wal-  
lace.

Yesterday afternoon, at the adjourn-  
ment of the business session Mrs. B.  
H. Griffin entertained in honor of the  
Daughters of the Confederacy at a  
beautiful Tea at the elegant apart-  
ments at the Hotel Kennon, from five  
to seven o'clock. Mrs. Eugene Hines  
and Mrs. Walter Borden presided at  
the Punch Bowl, which was deliciously  
inviting, filled with the refreshing  
beverage and decorated with bunches  
of Malaga grapes. The Tea table was  
presided over by Mrs. A. Oettinger  
and Mrs. C. B. Aycock. The salad and  
ice courses were served by Mrs. C. B.  
Miller, Mrs. Frank Borden and Miss  
Fan Williams. The dining room was  
most elegant in all its appointments  
and beautifully decorated in white and  
red.

The Italian Band dispensed exquisite  
music which added untold charm  
to the very enjoyable occasion.

Last night the Woman's Club had  
the entire Convention as its guests  
at their spacious club room, on West  
Centre street, where they were given  
a most delightful entertainment by a  
complement of the Club's brightest  
young women, which was thoroughly  
enjoyed and of which we have heard  
the most flattering compliments on  
every hand. At the close of the play  
the Woman's Club served the entire  
audience with delicious refreshments,  
as only the Goldsboro Woman's Club  
can do.

The business session of the Con-  
vention this morning was, if possible  
the most interesting thus far, or that

will be, for it was taken up with hear-  
ing reports of standing committees  
and from the Chapters of the State.

At the one o'clock adjournment the  
Convention was served a four-course  
luncheon in the building by the Golds-  
boro Chamber of Commerce, the offi-  
cers and members of the Chamber at-  
tending and assisting the committee  
of ladies in serving their guests, and  
the Argus here simply records the  
unanimous expression of our guests  
in pronouncing it—well—really, mod-  
esty gets the better of us.

This afternoon the Convention, at  
4:30 o'clock, will be the guests of the  
Elks, at their spacious and splendidly  
appointed Club rooms on Chestnut  
street, and to-night the final session  
of the Convention will convene at 8  
o'clock.

From Saturday's Daily.

The Twelfth annual convention of the  
North Carolina Division of the United  
Daughters of the Confederacy, that  
has been honoring Goldsboro this week,  
adjourned last night, after selecting  
Wilmington as the city for next year's  
meeting, and passing resolutions ex-  
pressive of the highest satisfaction and  
pleasure at their sojourn among our  
people.

The resolutions here referred to were  
quite elaborate and comprehensive, but  
the official secretary of the convention,  
Mrs. F. M. Williams, of Newton, who  
is the best we have ever known, got  
away before the Argus man was able to  
get possession of a copy for publication.  
However, that is not essential, as we  
all know that our guests were more  
than charmed with Goldsboro, and  
each of them went to their respec-  
tive homes collectively asserting and  
individually satisfied that we've got  
the Best Town in the State—and there  
could be no higher authority on this  
fact than the North Carolina Daughters  
of the Confederacy.

The concluding public social func-  
tion in honor of the Convention was,  
as noted in our report yesterday, the  
course luncheon served by Golds-  
boro Lodge No. 139, B. P. O. Elks, in  
their spacious club rooms, which  
were profusely and artistically  
decorated for the occasion and adorned  
in Confederate flags and colors,  
and where a full delegation of  
Elks, assisted by the ladies of the city,  
received their guests and dispensed the  
hospitalities of the evening, while the  
Italian band rendered the sweetest of  
music. It was, indeed, a delightful  
culmination of the week's social atten-  
tions to our city's honored guests.

## TWO REMARKABLE CURES OF ECZEMA

Over Twenty-three Years Ago Baby  
had Severe Attack—Years Later  
Grandfather Suffered Torments  
with the Disease—Virulent Sores  
Developed from Knees to Toes.

### BOTH OWE COMPLETE RECOVERY TO CUTICURA

"In 1884 my grandson, a babe, had  
an attack of eczema, and after trying  
the doctors for the  
extent of heavy  
bills and an in-  
crease of the dis-  
ease and suffering,  
I recommended Cuti-  
cure and in a few  
weeks the child was  
well. He is to-day  
a strong man and  
absolutely free  
from the disease.  
A few years ago I  
contracted eczema,  
and became an in-  
tense sufferer. A whole winter passed  
without once having on shoes, my  
ankles and nearly from the knees to the  
toes being covered with virulent sores. I  
tried practitioners, specialists, dermatol-  
ogists, etc., to no purpose. My daughter-  
in-law reminded me of having prescribed  
Cuticura for my grandson more than  
twenty years ago. I at once procured  
the Cuticura Remedies and found im-  
mediate improvement and in a few  
days, till to-day, though well along in years,  
I am as though I had never had that  
disease. I am well known in the vicinity  
of Louisville and Cincinnati, and all  
this could be verified by witnesses,  
M. W. LaRue, 845 Seventh St., Louis-  
ville, Ky., April 23 and May 14, 1907."

The agonizing itching and burning  
of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful  
scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair  
and crusting of scalp, as in scalded  
head; the facial disfigurement, as in acne  
—all demand remedies of extraordinary  
virtues to successfully cope with them.  
That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills  
are such stands proven by testimonials  
of remarkable cures when many re-  
medies and even physicians have failed.  
One set is often sufficient to cure.

Cuticura Soap (25c.) to Cleanse the Skin, Cuti-  
cure Ointment (50c.) to Heal the Skin, and Cuti-  
cure Pills (50c.) for the cure of Eczema,  
Scalded Head, etc. Sold by all Druggists.  
Cuticura Remedies, Prepared by W. L. Chas.  
Cuticura, Sole Proprietor, Boston, Mass.  
Sold throughout the world.   
—Mailed Free, Cuticura Book on Skin Diseases.

DOOR PRINT