

# The News and Observer.

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RALEIGH, N. C., TUESDAY, MAY 11, 1895.

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## THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY NORTH CAROLINA DAILY.

### IT IS FINISHED

**THE SHAFT THAT WILL FOREVER STAND AS A MONUMENT TO THE VALOR OF THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIER WAS UNVEILED.**

### A PERFECT DAY.

**The Smile of all Nature Approves the Consummation of the Labor of Love Wrought by Fair and Patriotic Hands--The Old Veterans Tell Over Again the Story of Their Struggle--Last Great Gathering of the Brave Men Who Wore the Gray.**

They had been coming since Friday afternoon. About fifteen hundred came on Saturday.

About three thousand came on Sunday.

About eighteen thousand came in yesterday, ten thousand by the Southern and eight thousand by the Seaboard. These were the figures furnished by the authorized agents of the railroads.

Putting the turnout of the city at 7,500, the figures run up to thirty thousand people who were on the streets of Raleigh for the purpose of being present at the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate dead.

Saturday night, the town had insomnia. Many hundreds did not sleep. Sunday morning had been quiet enough. There was then an uncommon fullness of the streets—a fullness which stood in some such relation to the normal Sabbath going as the May leafage of the Capitol trees does to their blossom state, just a deeper swell of people; and the churches were filled with chairs in the aisles, and the brow of Saturday's sky had been stroked by



**MISS JULIA JACKSON CHRISTIAN**  
She Unveiled the Monument, Age Seven.

transient sun-breaks into benignant mood, but there was unnatural hint of chill about the air. Yet Sunday afternoon, the fashionable streets were charming with balconyscenes of families and guests hoping in converse for balmy sky on the morrow. Nobody knew what crowd to expect, but surprises were on every face at possibilities, and thirty thousand were hazarded and rightly hazarded.

Sunday afternoon, Union station was almost hidden by the crowd coming in, many of them to be gone yesterday afternoon. Most of them were old soldiers and their wives. A rush was made for hotels and boarding houses and the homes of friends had the light of hospitality through their front entrance-way to back door. The social color of the city was apparent everywhere Sunday afternoon.

At Mrs. Armistead Jones's the old soldiers began calling and at the residence of Mr. R. H. Jones and at the residence of Prof. D. H. Harvey Hill, where his mother, Mrs. General D. H. Hill, was a guest. They were calling respectively to see Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and her little grand daughter, who was to unveil the monument; upon Mrs. General L. O. B. Branch, and upon Mrs. General D. H. Hill. The insurging of men was impressive, the Bryan Grimes Camp of Confederate Veterans being conspicuous among the callers. The widows of these splendid Generals were what was left to the soldiers, and all that was left of that "sorrow's crown of sorrow," which was wrought from the smoke of battle, and thus even the remembrance "of happier things" was swept with a sigh suppressed though it were in the past those of who met. And yet there was many a tear that Sabbath afternoon, and many a twilight picture of which human eye will not know. But those pictures were unseen; they are sacred alike to widow and veteran.

But the stars came out in a Sabbath night chant of to morrow, and foot falls grew less frequent, except for laughing groups about hotels, and earnest converse in groups under the foliage of the Capitol Square. Yet there was one spot haunted by white upturned faces the night through. At two Sunday morning, the four electric light clusters about the monument made a snow light that shone through close tree branches like ghost fingers on the green grass and the silent visitors about the monument looked almost without exchange of word, even at the shrouded shaft. The fragmentary floating edges of the gathering people thus lolled about the night through in the softening air, and the morning broke, and the strange waking noises of the city, a hurrying wagon, or a morning greeting, came out one by one, but about the quiet residence portion of the city, all was yet in slumber, quiet, sweet homes offering their Confederate colors as silent token of what the sleepers dreamed of.

It was a strangely pure morning of blue: the tone of the air seemed to take

the shape of music of morning notes, as soft and golden as the breath of singing canary birds, and the song came gladder as the sun came higher, and field and flower and leaf listened to the rhapsody of light.

What wonder, then, the people came out of their homes with elixir in their voices, and of buoyant step!

On such a morning the men came forth to take their place in line. Marshal Carroll left his home early, and a last meeting of all chairmen of committees and chiefs of divisions was held to put the last man in place.

But the men almost now knew their places, for at noon, under a brilliant sun, growing warmer, they began marching down Fayetteville to South street when they turned aside to the right, forming into line as far down as McDowell street three blocks away. The work of forming was done on this street, with the old veterans standing, some in column mass and some scattered in the immense groved enclosure of the Centennial Graded School. Riders went up and down South street hurrying their men into position; Col. Thos. S. Kenan sat on his horse at the head of the veterans whom he was to lead quite coolly at the gate of the Graded School. It was almost quite time to start, but a rumor came that 97 coaches on the way from Greensboro were belated, and communication was had with the President of the association as to whether or not there should be a wait. This was decided in the negative, but even then over an hour elapsed, before real movement began, and the crowd on the train were in on time.

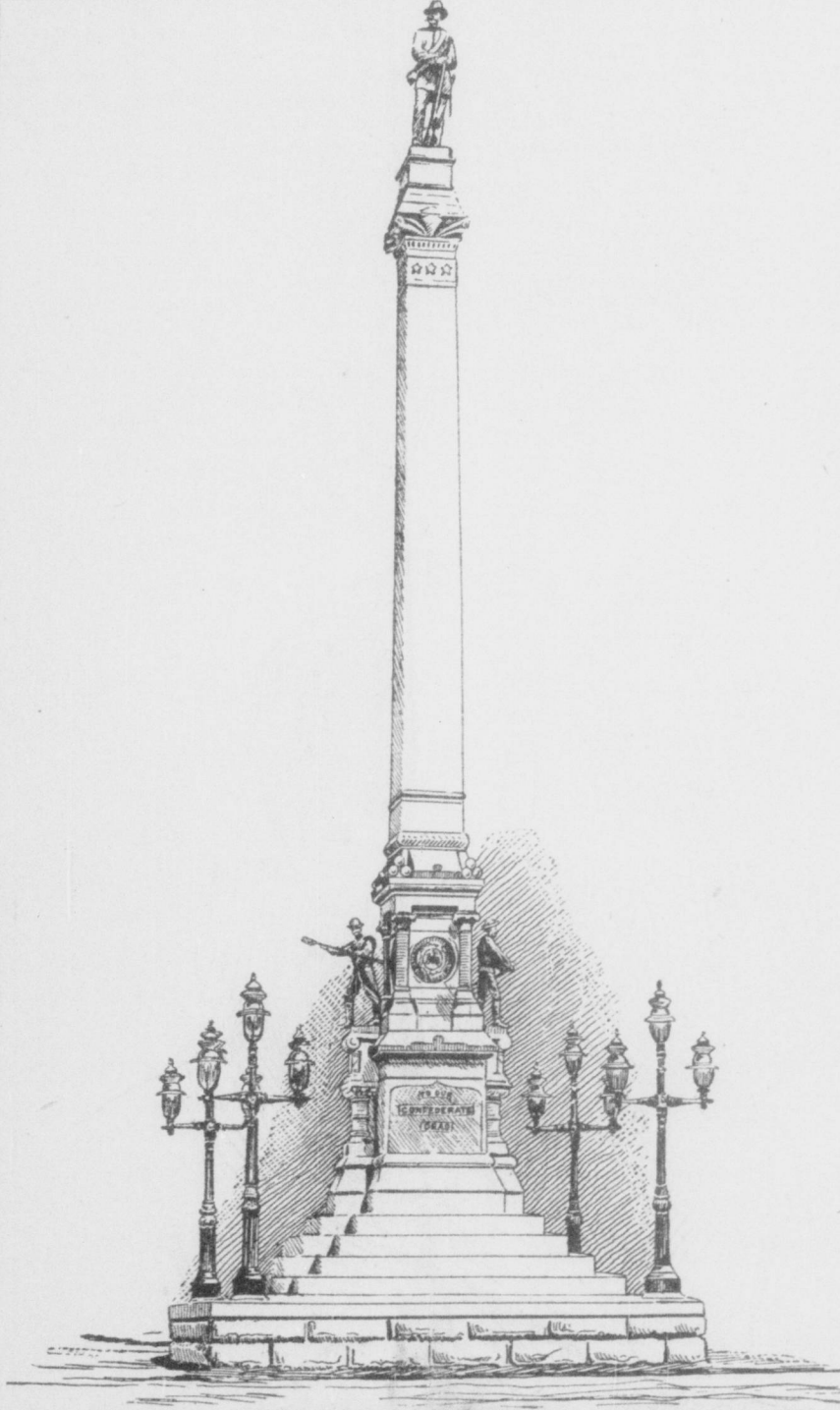
The old veterans stood quite patiently in the school-grounds waiting for the young military to put on their best looks; they had waited before; "their's not to reason why." The young fellows were coming along South street and turning to the left, were heading up Fayetteville street toward the Capitol. The veterans stood, their banners at the gate: four banners held by those of their number in a Beauregard; another flag by R. R. Warren, group, by C. E. Perry, veteran, of Company E, 4th N. C., holding Grimes Camp headquarters flag of the field, which was presented to it by General Co. A, 67th Regiment, the Grimes Camp flag; another by R. E. Clark, Co. K, 10th Regiment Artillery, the company flag of the 10th Regiment, of which Thomas Sparrow was captain. This flag Captain Sparrow put under his coat when he was taken prisoner, to shield it from capture, and kept it concealed next to his heart all through his confinement at Fort Warren in Boston and in New York; another flag held by W. L. Powell, 4th N. C., Co. P, which was carried out of Washington, N. C., with the Famlico Rifles. All these flags were pale blue—or pale pink, quite pale against the fast new colors of the young companies now moving so briskly in front. These young men had nearly all gone by, and the end of the line was near the corner of South, and the old veterans were "doing about" just a little for it was almost their turn to step out. The A. P. Hill Camp was the only band of veterans in uniform; the others were simply in their best clothes, with hats of different shapes. They did not care for hats or uniforms, or steps, or straightness; it was their thoughts that were on dress parade in the armories of their hearts.

Col. Kenan still sat upon his horse at the gate with his soldierly face and imperial and the carriage of one who was easily a soldier. Just as the line was about formed the Colonel, turning to the veterans, spoke to them in words which brought back yonder days.

He said that the cheerfulness with which they obeyed orders while in active service, was sufficient to warrant him in saying that now it would be only necessary to let the veterans know what was to be done on this occasion, and a simple request would be recognized as mandatory by them; that it made no difference what position in the line they occupied, for to be in it anywhere was an honor. He then proceeded to indicate the positions, which were willingly taken. He had them well organized in a very few minutes after assembling, and then reported to the Chief Marshal that the division of Confederate Veterans were ready to take up the march. His capacity for such organization during the war was again shown in the management of the veteran corps on yesterday. The effect of his words was full.

There was the line of the State young men, with lives at romantic stage. The line was moving forward and being lengthened by companies from successive side-streets; they were almost ready, the Bonnie Blue Flag came from way up the line like a breath of young sisters and mothers and sweethearts of thirty years ago; they were getting into swing.

At first there was a gentle swaying motion of men, the white plumes quivering of the Goldsboro Rifles in gray, the blue bulk of Co. G, of Little Washington, the sparkling white helmets of the Franklin Rifles, like the white comb of the wave in the turbulent wave motion of the men, the white and blue of Lumberbridge, the blue and black of the Wilson Light Infantry, the gray of the Fayetteville Light Infantry and the A. & M. Cadets, the white of the Wilmington Naval Reserves, the blue of the Zeb Vance Division, plumes of brilliant red, the Queen City Guards, and the Newbern Naval Reserves—the colors rose and fell undulated; in auroraborealis lights like the wine of dawn upon the sea. The music came fuller, and almost swept the great wide street, and the veterans were in marching order; their feet went smartly out and back in response



**CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.**  
Erected by the Women of North Carolina Unveiled May 20th, 1895.

The design of the monument is on the Corinthian order. The first base is six feet square, on which stands a large die block containing the seal of the State of North Carolina and also the seal of the Confederate States of America. On each side is a statue, one of cavalry in the act of drawing his sword, the other an artilleryman with the rammer in his hand. The die block is surmounted by a large shaft weighing about 8,500 pounds. This shaft is surmounted by a Corinthian cap, on which stands the figure of a young infantryman. This is ten feet in height. All the statuary is of bronze, cast at the Royal Foundry in Munich, Bavaria. The modeling was done by Prof. Von Miller, the finest sculptor in bronze living. The entire monument is seventy-five feet high and is finely proportioned. It was designed and erected by the Muldoon Monument Company, and Col. Muldoon says it is today one of the handsomest granite monuments in America.

to the music: there were several miles of walking left in these feet yet. How they came along behind their juniors, and the whole line moved, looking like sunset against sunrise with straggling gait against the step of hope ahead. There was pathos in the contrast. There too, in the midst of them, and behind the banner mentioned above was what was almost a rag of white and red, nailed to a staff made of laths; this flag was pitifully precious; it belonged to the 17th Regiment and was presented to the camp by Abel Thomas; it was a mere skeleton of a flag; literally shot to pieces. Then there was a banner of the 1st North Carolina Battalion, which belonged to Company A—the Gray Eagles of Yadin carried by Dr. J. A. Blum, of Winston, a little man with a big fighting record. He showed me a daguerreotype of himself in war time. It seemed that the only reason that kept him from being shot was that he was too slender a strip of flesh. The veterans went along, the Grimes Camp, the A. P. Hill Camp, the Wake and Franklin Camps, the W. J. Hoke Camp, of Lincoln, with gallant Jack Reinhardt among them. Their banners were of white cotton of square shape, lettered in simple letters of black and with plain staves. These were the letters: Malvern Hill, Ellyson's Mill, second Mannassas, Cedar Run, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Drury's Bluff, Petersburg, Appomattox. The "banner" of Co. C, 40th N. C. was lettered thus: Savannah, Fort Anderson, Kinston, Bentonville. The color of these banners was in the back ground; the red and white that was lacking could be seen by the veterans in the smoke and shell-burst of thirty years ago. They had passed two blocks away and the street to the Capitol was now rocking, the scream of a far away band at the head of the column and the shouts and cheers of the people paroled of the tumultuous. The colors on the Capital looked quiet in the perspective. The Fayetteville Light Infantry, it was said, was asked to occupy the right, the place of honor. Major Vance as presented on one condition that the Bryan Grimes Camp be on the right of their company, that they had come to be a guard of honor to that knightly body of men. But all was arranged without hitch, and the Grimes Camp had the Fayetteville boys of gray as their guard of honor.

The mounted men rode well, and the men marched well, and turned the street at the Capitol gate with precision, coming along by companies, by platoons and by fours. In the midst of them was the Durham County Legion

with a float with the legend, "In Memoriam, Durham County Legion—Faithful unto Death."

From the Capitol now looking down Fayetteville street the line was a mile and over long. It was circling round the square, and going up in the midst of the shade of the city, where the sequestered homes were, which were so quiet in the early morning with their decorations on portico and grove tree. They were nearly an hour passing through the home-streets before the head of the procession was back at the Capitol.

Here there awaited them not all the thirty thousand that were in the city, for hundreds upon hun-



**S. McD. TATE.**  
Treasurer of Monument Association.

hundreds were in windows, yet along Fayetteville street and the thick walled old rooms of the Capitol were full of merry companies of girls, and people were looking from distances, but there were thousands—say safely 20,000 in about the Capitol, awaiting the carriages that led the way of the return. Conspicuous among those first to be escorted to the grand stand were Mrs. Armistead Jones, Mrs. Gen. W. L. O'B Branch, Mrs. Gen. Stonewall Jackson, and granddaughter, Julia Jackson Christian, and Mrs. Gen. D. H. Hill and little granddaughter.

The grand stand was filled by tickets—there being over a hundred seats and standing to hear the oration of Col. A. M. Waddell. The band broke forth and the canvass about the monument flapped under loosened strings and under freshening breeze.

The moment was almost come. There were a few formalities to be gone through with the opening prayer by Rev. Bennett Smedes was inpressive; the speech of Capt. Ashe,

the speech of welcome, was handsome and delivered with delightful effect and finish. Marshal Carroll then introduced the orator of the occasion in a five minutes speech, which was applauded several times at the end of effective periods. Then arose the speaker, Col. Waddell. He was in good voice, trim, as a race-horse, scholarly looking, master of the occasion. His utterances were noble and eloquent, well-balanced and well-timed. Veterans on the stand showed deep feeling under several fine passages, and the widows of the Confederate Generals, and the other women present, were intent upon every word. After a broad laying down of his loyalty to the Union, and his equal loyalty to the principles of the Confederacy, he apostrophized the private; then making a historic review of the questions that led up to the war, the two standing out boldly being slavery and nullification, he nailed nullification to the Northern States and he nailed slave-dealing to the Northern states, the Southern states simply being followers. Then he came to the bloom of his oration, the rack on which the Southern States were put, when, said the orator, with consummate rhetorical effect "the Confederate soldier appeared." This was followed by great cheers and much feeling on the part of all those who heard. Then the way being clear, the Confederate Soldier had his old uniform put on him again by the orator, until the people saw him again and loved him, and the story was told—the story that don't grow old to those young men who do not, as the speaker said, think their fathers traitors. His appeal to the young men to cleave to the memory of their fathers, was a fine piece of work, and after a tribute to the women of the South, the orator closed his magnificent address, which was probably the effort of his life.

While the speech was going on, little Julia was led from the grand stand by A. M. McPheeters, Jr., and was carried to the base of the monument where she sat quite alone, except for the guards that were about her as sentinels on duty. She was in full view of the grand stand, and was a sweet picture, with a charming little dress of white organdie, stockings and ribbons of pink and hair of the bonniest gold. She was like a holy memory of her little mother to those who knew that little mother when she drew aside the veil that was about the figure of Foley's Statue of Jackson. She waited there quite alone, until Col. Samuel McD. Tate had made a characteristic soldiers' speech of presentation

themselves hoarse and hot, beautiful women sat in every available balcony and cheered weary but steadfast marchers with wavings of handkerchiefs and shrill crys of encouraging enthusiasm. First of all came Capt. C. D. Heatt, Chief of Police of Raleigh. Following him in carriages, preceded by a platoon of marshals, came the speakers and the ladies of the Monumental Association and honored citizens. Among those in the carriages were Col. A. M. Waddell, Rev. Dr. Bennett Smedes, Capt. Denson, Mayor Russ, Major John C. Winder, Ex-State Treasurer Tate, Ex-Governor Holt and Ex-Gov. Jarvis, in the same carriage, Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson and pretty yellow-haired Julia Jackson Christian, who was to unveil the monument, Mrs. Armistead Jones, Mrs. John W. Hinsdale, and Miss Cowper.

Following the carriages came Chief Marshal O. J. Carroll, astride a spirited bay and leading a long line of assistant and honorary marshals. Then came the glory of a procession, the feature that ever lends pomp and dignity. First on horse came General John Cotton, in command of the troops and staff. Cheers, loud and long, greeted every company of soldier boys as they passed, the drum corps and bands preceding them enlivening the march with those patriotic old Southern tunes that make the Southerner throw up his hat or weep—as the strain is martial or filled with sentiment.

Then came the Goldsboro Rifles, in command of Capt. T. H. Bain, and headed by an excellent drum corps. This company marched under the very same old flag which waved proudly over the little company of brave veterans of that town, when they marched away to the war.

Capt. Woolcott was in command of the Governor's Guards, whose excellent drilling reflect much credit on their Captain.

The Washington Light Infantry was headed by Capt. J. F. Thomas.

At the fore of Company H, Pitt Rifles, marched Capt. J. T. Smith.

Then followed, all in perfect time and marching to inspiring music a long line of uniformed men.

Company B, Franklin Rifles, Capt. J. B. Thrower.

Company A, Edgecombe Guards, First Lieutenant W. I. Bennett.

Company B, Lumber Bridge Rifles, Capt. Jas. S. Cobb.

Company F, Wilson Light Infantry, First Lieutenant R. Winstead.

Company E, Maxton Guards, Capt. J. J. Freeland.

Company C, Vance Guards, Capt. P. T. Jones.

Company E, Granville Grays, Capt. Frank Taylor.

Company D, Durham Light Infantry, Capt. J. H. Sneed.

The A. & M. Cool ex Cadets followed, lead by their excellent young Captain, C. Miller Hughes. Their uniforms are a neat gray and their appearance is worthy of any military organization.

Company E, Fourth Regiment, Queen City Guards, Capt. Franklin.

The Charlotte and Wilmington Divisions of Naval Reserves made a neat and novel appearance and were greeted with loud cheers from the throng. The former, under the command of Lieutenant J. F. Wilkes, wore natty blue uniforms and carried a handsome Gatling gun drawn by horses. The latter, commanded by Lieutenant J. C. Morrison, looked to be "real sailor boys" that they are. They were dressed in business like looking uniforms of duck and their two Gatling guns were pulled by hand. Newbern also had a creditable turnout of her division of Reserves. Lieutenant J. C. Morrison was in command.

The Uniform Rank of Knights of Pythias, Zeb Vance Division, created enthusiasm. There were about twenty as fine looking men composing this division, as are to be found anywhere. They were dressed in a particularly well-looking uniform, and carried a large and beautifully ornamented banner.

But when they had passed, the cheers along the line grew in volume, for the veterans were coming. There is nothing which can so arouse the enthusiasm and bring forth the tears of sympathetic admiration of the Southerner than the sight of these men, honored by time and many a lard fought battle for a cause which every man of the South believes to have been just. Many of them were feeble and their strength was barely equal to the strain of the march, and yet they marched on bravely and evenly, these one-armed, one-legged heroes and acknowledged gracefully the perfect ovation from men and women which they received. It was a touching and all in-

themselves hoarse and hot, beautiful women sat in every available balcony and cheered weary but steadfast marchers with wavings of handkerchiefs and shrill crys of encouraging enthusiasm.

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**EX-GOV. THOS. M. HOLT.**

The following was the order of march of the various companies, nearly all of which were preceded by drum corps or bands:

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