

THE CAUCASIAN.

Vol. XIX.

RALEIGH NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY NOVEMBER 28, 1901.

NO. 50.

MR. GILL ON THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

HE WRITES, GIVING HIS VIEWS, AND ASKS FOR VIEWS OF OTHERS.

Comments on the Money Question, the tariff, the Gold Democrats, Senator Pritchard's speech at Louisburg, the disfranchisement, the Election Law, and Other Matters.

EDITOR CAUCASIAN:—

DEAR SIR:—

Looking over the political field it seems to me the time has come for Populists to begin to form some idea of the course that is best for them to pursue in this state in the future. I am beginning to want to know, and, if there is no better way, I will be glad to see an article from someone familiar with the situation from every county in the state, and written by some one who is opposed to Democratic methods, and cut throat way of carrying elections; giving some idea what the rank and file want, and what it will take to make a decent fight in the next campaign.

In my section the Democrats carried the last two elections by breaking every law in the decalogue and are ready to do so again if necessary, and they are much better equipped for it. They have tried us for our rights, and boast that we have not a lawyer in the opposition with grit enough to test the election law and amendment. In the last campaign the Democrats in my county did not hesitate to have arms, to keep Republicans from registering, and a hardware merchant in Henderson for weeks before the election ceremoniously loaded shells for the purpose of intimidation, as people thought there was no way to meet such methods as this, but by equal force, and the Democrats were the worse surprised people in the world when they found out that our leaders advised submission. We commenced losing ground at once. Voters became disgusted and the Democrats more aggressive. I voted for Governor Russell because they said he had backbone. Now if had have been Governor, in the four years I held the position, I would have used the entire staff of the State, if it had been necessary to break up unlawful election methods. But it is too late to cry over spilt milk.

The watch word now seems to be a new deal on the Republican side, with gold bug Democrats in the lead with nothing for the Populists to do but walk into the party house, Foot and Dragons (and have almost forgotten to mention that Populists left the Democratic party to get rid of them.) I do not see any Democrats breaking their necks to get into the Republican party at the present time, nor any Populists for that matter, unless it is some poor fellow that is trying to hold a job. Besides it is the same old plan that was tried in 1896 to get the silver Democrats, which was very reasonable on its face, and besides there was enough of them with us to carry the state. [Did you ever get off by yours if for twenty-four hours and undertake to study up some plan that would wrench a Democrat out of his party? I have, and the only plan that ever seemed feasible to me was to whip him, and keep on at it, and keep him away from the pie-counter.] I remember how little Senator Pritchard thought of the silver movement, to get gold democratic votes. If the Senator gets the gold Democrats what has he? Nothing, with the present election machinery in the hands of the Democrats. He would not carry a dozen counties in the state, but the Senator seems to have votes to burn. In his Louisburg speech, he glorified the Gold Standard. If this was absolutely necessary to be done, I believe if I had been in his place, considering how I was elected and that I had agreed in writing to do nothing against silver, I would have let some one else have made that part of my speech. Not satisfied with this lick at the Populists he went on to notify his followers that nobody proposed to try to upset any laws made by the Democrats to carry out their political plans. That will leave the amendment and election laws standing just as they are, if the people will follow him as a leader. Can any sane man think that the rank and file of the Republican party will endorse any such plan as this? About the only thing I could catch that he held out to the negroes was that they could enjoy the privilege of laboring for Democrats. What use have we for two disfranchising parties? What does the ordinary voter care for tariff or hard money if his rights are gone? I have enquired diligently and the people are opposed to any such plan, wherever I can hear from them. They say though that Senator Pritchard gets fretted if anybody objects to his plan. As I happen not to want office bad enough to change my views, I suppose I had as well ex-

press what they are as anybody else. It is better for people to say now what they want, than to wait until it is too late. Its easy for a man in the Senator's position to make mistakes as people like to tell him what they think he wants to hear.

It will be impossible to organize the next time on the lines laid down. Soldiers will not follow a General in battle the second time, who will deliberately desert them on the first round. I think the Democrats can afford to build a monument to the handful of Gold Democrats, flirting with the Republican party in order to break it up. If they were honest and really wanted the Republicans to win they would not require the party to kick out all of their old time followers before they come in. Democrats are well known to have "cheek," but I do not believe there is anybody on earth but a Democrat that would have the "cheek" to tell the party that they have been fighting, all their lives. I am wrong; I have been voting with the Democrats, I feel that my course will ruin the country and I want to vote the Republican ticket hereafter. It is right, and although I have acted the fool heretofore voting against my interests. Yet you must kick two thirds of your followers out of your party—who we say have not sense enough to vote although we admit they have exercised better judgment than we have—before we can come in, and then we will only agree to vote your national ticket where we are not needed by you, following a Will o' the Wisp after the road is traveled to the end and your party destroyed. It will be enough to make devils laugh, and what for? Why should political suicide be committed with a Republican President, Congress, State and United States Supreme Court? If I was a Republican Senator from this state I would go to the President and Congress and ask them for the proper relief. They have ample power and everybody knows it, and if they refused it I would come back to my people and let them know that my party had forsaken them, and I would organize to send missionaries to every state in the Union calling on the rank and file to vote for any party that would protect them. As things are going on it will ultimately come to this any how unless something is done. The Populist joined in with the Republicans because they thought they stood for manhood suffrage and free-silver in this state. It seems the leaders are trying to desert both now. If this is so, I do not see what a Populist is to gain, trying to strengthen the Republican party. It seems to me there never was a better time to build up Populist principals. I believe we will get every plank in our platform made into laws, if we will keep on agitating because they are eternally right and God reigns. Both the old parties are fighting over planks in our platform now. It is marvelous how good they feel when they pass one of our laws. Even the Republicans have helped us to get Free Rural Delivery and although the good Lord and Chemistry have given us more gold, thereby putting more money in circulation, with a measure of prosperity and object lesson from first hands, showing how our platform would work if made into laws. The Republicans are rolling this as a sweet morsel and claiming the benefit of it. Let us have the views of the opposition and agree upon some plan that will reasonably lead to success and if not certainly to build up our party.

Respectfully,
D. H. GILL.
Bearpord, N. C., Nov. 1, 1901.

The Counters—You've no idea how embarrassed the count was when he proposed to me.
The Dear Friend—I heard it took considerable of your father's money to pay his debts.—Judge.

Mary—When George took me to a stylish restaurant for supper last night he said I had the appetite of a bird.
Ann—He did? But he didn't explain whether he meant a canary or an ostrich, I suppose.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

CURED OF ASTHMA.
After 35 Years of Suffering.
It will be gratifying to the Asthmatic readers to learn that an absolute cure has at last been discovered by Dr. Randolph Schiffmann. That the remedy is an effectual one cannot be doubted after personal or such testimony as that of C. W. Van Anwerp, Fulton, N. Y. who says:—"Your remedy, (Schiffmann's Asthma Cure) is the best I ever used. I bought a package of our drugist and tried it and one box entirely cured me of asthma, and I have not had it since. I can now go to bed and sleep all night with perfect comfort which I have not done before for 35 years and I thank you for the health that I now enjoy. I hope that you will publish this letter, that others may learn of the wonderful virtues."

Johnnie—Wud it be a sin to steal a cent, paw?
Father—yes, indeed, my son.
Johnnie—Not if a feller wud spend it right away, wud it, paw?
Ohio State Journal.

Lady—"What a nTmber of scars on your face! Were you in any great battle?" Cinder Charley—"No'm; I got shaved in a barber school."

The mind unlearns with difficulty what has long been impressed upon it.—Seneca.
Fnyu-Balsam Relieves Right Away and makes a speedy end of coughs and colds.



WHEN THE TURKEY'S ON THE TABLE.

When the leaves have turned and faded, leaving branches black and bare,
When the signs of comin' winter can be noticed everywhere,
When the squirrels and the snow birds are a-jumpin' in the trees,
And your blood is all a-tingin' in the frosty autumn breeze,
Then I love to wake up early on a bright Thanksgiving morn
And to hear the horses whinnyin' to get their feed of corn;
But what I like the best of all when that day comes aroun'
Is the turkey on the table and the folks a-settin' round'.

Oh! it's jolly fun when daddy takes his place up at the head,
And he smiles around at Jimmy and at Susan and at Ned;
Then he rubs his knife against the steel until it's like it's ground.—
Well, it kinder helps your appetite—that old familiar sound—
There's a drumstick here for Jimmy and a piece of brast for Jane,
And some dressing here for mamma—when you've finished come again I tell you what, it's hard to keep a fellow's spirits down.
When the turkey's on the table and the folks are settin' round'.
JEAN C. HAVAZ

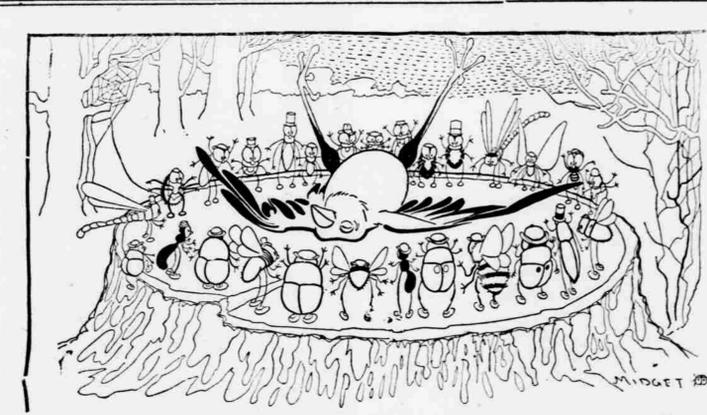
NORTH CAROLINA'S CROWN.

The Great Industrial Strides Made From 1890 to 1900. Figures from the Census Washington, D. C., Nov. 22.—The preliminary report of the manufacturing industries of North Carolina shows a total capital of \$76,603,894, an increase of 133 per cent during the decade; number of establishments 7,226, and increase of 97 per cent; average number of wage earners 313,868,430, cost of material used \$53,072,368, an increase of 132 per cent; and value of products, including custom work and repairing \$94,919,663, and increase of 135 per cent.

The city of Wilmington, which is separately reported, shows a total of 123 establishments, capital \$1,819,333, an increase of almost four per cent; 1,469 wage earners; total wages \$446,413, a decrease of over three per cent, and value of products, including custom work and repairing \$2,246,237, an increase of 18 per cent.

PROCLAMATION BY GOV. TYLER.

It Calls the Attention of Virginians to Anniversary of Jamestown. Washington Post, Richmond, Va., Nov. 19.—Gov. Tyler today issued a proclamation in accordance with resolutions adopted by the general assembly at its last session calling the attention of the mayors of the different cities of state and of all commercial, industrial, and historical organizations to the proposed celebration of the 300th anniversary of the first permanent settlement of the continent of North America by English-speaking people at Jamestown, in Virginia, May 13, 1607. The resolutions adopted by the general assembly invite suggestions as to how the tercentenary shall be celebrated.



A Thanksgiving Dinner in Bugburg.

Johnnie—Wud it be a sin to steal a cent, paw?
Father—yes, indeed, my son.
Johnnie—Not if a feller wud spend it right away, wud it, paw?
Ohio State Journal.

Lady—"What a nTmber of scars on your face! Were you in any great battle?" Cinder Charley—"No'm; I got shaved in a barber school."

GOVERNORS TO FIGHT.

The Gigantic Railroad Combine—Governor VanSant has issued the following letter to the governors of North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington.
"It is plainly evident that the controlling interests of the Great Northern and Northern Pacific Railroads are preparing to consolidate these two roads in open violation of the laws of the states through which they pass.
"I have deemed it of sufficient importance to the people of Minnesota to take steps to prevent the merging of these two roads in Minnesota.
"The laws of your state are similar to those of Minnesota regarding the consolidation of competing or parallel lines, and presuming that you will take similar action to prevent the contemplated combination, I recommend that we meet at some point to be agreed upon for conference in regard to the method of procedure to be followed in each state.
"Clearly, the laws of Minnesota are being violated, and I have grave fears that, unless united action is taken at once, the roads named may pass from the control or the state. I shall be pleased to hear from you on this subject.
"S. A. VANSANT,
Governor of Minnesota."

"And you say the candidate treated you all like gentlemen?" asked the political manager.
"Well, I suppose that's what you'd call it," said the worker; "he only treated us once."—Knockers Statesman.

One Hundred Miners Strike Knoxville, Tenn., Nov. 21.—A special from Coal Creek says one hundred miners employed by the Knoxville Iron Company in the Cross Mountain Coal mines, went on strike today. It is said the men claim that some of their number were discharged because they joined a mine-workers union recently organized. The officials of the company in Knoxville will not confirm the reported strike; but say the miners have been threatening to strike for several days. They deny that men were discharged because they joined the union.

WASHINGTON NEWS ITEMS.

Kentucky Rug Juice That Does no Damage. Washington, Nov. 23.—Commissioner Yerkes reports that during the last fiscal year 6,514,176 gallons of different kinds of spirits in bonded warehouses was lost by leakage or evaporation.
The Fifth Kentucky district led all others, the leakage in that district alone being 1,554,284 gallons.
It is believed in Washington that so soon as this fact becomes known to the Kentucky judges and colonels who are walking aimlessly about the national capital, with their tongues hanging out, they will forthwith migrate to the Fifth Kentucky district.
S. F. Craven, of Clemmonsville, N. C., has been rapped a railway mail clerk.
Matthew F. Looman has resigned the position of storekeeper and gauger at Raleigh.
Postmasters appointed: Hawley's Store, Sampson county, C. A. Jackson, vice J. W. Spell, removed; Marsh, Davidson county, Whitson R. Carriek, vice Ellen F. Harris, removed.

Let us consider. When this statue of Sir Walter Raleigh shall be erected, as will assuredly be done, we shall have but four statues in the whole state. When the fox was parading litter of young before a lioness and boasting that the lioness had but one—the latter replied, "but that one is a lion." We shall have but four statues, but they tell the inner life, the true thought of this great, true-hearted people of North Carolina.
Pass these statues in brief review. Let the traveler from some distant country, without knowledge of our people and their characteristics alight at Union Depot. Passing out from its portal he will see flashing in the sunlight the bronze colossal statue of Sir Walter Raleigh soldier, sailor scholar, state-man who wore above reproach the grand old name of gentleman. He will say, "this people love honor, courage, literature and respect for woman." He will lift his hat and pass on.
At the head of Fayetteville street, he will see the figure of one who belongs to no country and no time, but to humanity and all the ages. "This people love liberty," he will say and with bare head he will pass on.
At the east front of the Capitol he will see the majestic form and lion port of the State's best loved son. If not informed, he will ask why he stands here and will be told the "State honored this man while living by making him three times Governor and four times electing him to the United States Senate, honors showered on no other son. But he stands not here because he held office. Many men achieve office by accident or intrigue, and others still are unworthy, but this man received honors because the people wished to honor him while living and have erected this statue that though dead his memory should

abide with our children for ever more." And what did he do to be thus honored. He was a brave soldier, but North Carolina had thousands of them, thanks be to God. He was an orator, but the State has had many eloquent sons. He was a good Governor and an able Senator. But not for this stands he here.
Then thoughtful the stranger will pause before our last statue, which crowns the tall shaft at the head of Hillsboro street.
"Your people were overwhelmed and crushed by defeat. What means this monument? And he will be told that not in defiance of the restored National Government, not in a spirit of silliness and pride, but in recognition of a patriot who triumphed over wounds and disease and hunger, and summer's heat and winter's cold, a patriotism that was faithful unto death, our people, though decimated in numbers and impoverished, out of their meager means erected this monument that the memory of such virtues should never vanish from the land. And on the summit, they placed not the statue of some great general, though we had many who deserved any honor, but they chose to crown it by the figure of a private soldier with his faithful gun by his side. The great heart of the people instinctively told them that he was the man who deserved honor above all others. Others earned and worthily wore the wreaths, the stars and bars of military rank and the State is proud of them. But the private soldier served without reward or the hope of reward. If killed or wounded, his name might not even appear in a newspaper. He endured, he suffered, he fought, too often he fell and the bloody work of war went on leaving even his grave unmarked. With no incentive but his duty, with no motive but obedience to his State, without pay and often without food, he stood to his post, like the Roman sentinel at the gates of Herculaneum amid the fires, the burning lava and ashes of Vesuvius "Faithful unto Death."
And the stranger will softly say, "Above all this people honor Fidelity to Duty."
"One of those private soldiers of the Immortal Army of Northern Virginia we have with us tonight and it is a title more honorable than the badge of the Golden Fleece or the cross of the Legion of Honor. He has been a successful business man, a broad minded, public spirited citizen, a philanthropist and one who has done well by his fellow men.
It was his fertile brain that conceived the design of erecting this statue to the memory of the great man whose name our State has given to its Capital City, and whose practical mind has worked out the details for a successful issue to the movement. I will not assume, I will not presume, to introduce to this audience one whom the whole State knows and honors, but I will now present to you General Julian S. Carr.
After the applause which greeted this modestly offered case of General Julian S. Carr came forward and in part said:
GEN. J. S. CARR SPEAKS.
Paul, standing upon the Areopagus, was glad that he was able to boast of Roman citizenship.
In this cultured pre-echo tonight, representing the citizenship of our Capital City, I am proud to say that I am a Carolinian.
I love every foot of her territory, from where the restless ocean chafes the changing sands at Stormy Hatteras to where our grand old mountains cast their morning shadows into Tennessee.
My ancestors, to the third and fourth generation. He buried beneath the soil of the state I love.
North Carolina, rich in all that makes a people great, has been too modest to blazon her virtues. She has made history, but has not controlled the pen that speaks to the after ages. She is dotted with graves of heroes, but hitherto their commemoration has been only upon the lip of tradition or in the silent heart of the people.
At last, we are awakening to understand that the duty of the present is to interpret the past for the future. At last, we are beginning to perceive that to transmit the ideals of honor, truth, valor, fidelity, wisdom, justice, patriotism, as illustrated by land and sea, in the forum, the cabinet, the halls of legislation, the tented field, by the sons of North Carolina, is essential to the true education and inspiration of the children of the State.
"The Roman youth looked upon the Arch of Titus or the column of Trajan with its wondrous scroll of victories—as in ages before the children of the Nile bowed before the obelisks, or the sun-kissed Persians rejoiced in the domes of Persepolis.
Had not the books of Greece been preserved in the storms and shocks of time, her great souls would still have lived for us in her marbles,
(Continued on second page.)

A MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER RALEIGH

The Movement to Erect a Fitting Monument in Nash Square, put on foot at a Large Meeting in Metropolitan Hall.

On last Friday night the Raleigh Metropolitan Hall was packed with a fine audience. The occasion was the presentation of a handsome souvenir box by General J. S. Carr for the collection of funds to erect a monument to Sir Walter Raleigh in the capital city that bears his name.

Recently the Library and Historical Society declared in favor of erecting such a monument, and the meeting Friday night is the first step to put the suggestion into effect. Mr. A. B. Andrews, Jr., the acting mayor presided. He presented Judge Clark who made the introductory speech, and presented Gen. Carr. Judge Clark in part said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: God in his wisdom and providence prepared this Western continent and hid it for thousands of years behind the waves of the broad Atlantic until in the fullness of time it was laid bare that here the best Government should be founded for man. That here there might be a government based upon the consent of the governed; that here there might be the equal opportunity for all and a career might be open to all without distinction of birth. Hither the oppressed and down-trodden of Europe have flocked from the injustice and the oppressions of the old world to rear the temple of liberty in a new land.

The first Englishman who made an attempt to colonize this land for men speaking our tongue and who sought to establish a free government on these shores deserves the honor our ancestors paid him in giving his name to this fair Capital of the republic of North Carolina, and the honor which we now propose to render him in erecting his bronze statue in our most conspicuous public square. It is proper to say a few words as to his career. Born of gentle family, in the beautiful county of Devon, on the northern shore of the English channel, at 17 years of age he was already winning fame under banners of Prince of Conde and Admiral Coligny, fighting for liberty of conscience and the Protestant religion in France. Three years later when that cause was thought to be won he was in Paris, and barely escaped death in the treacherous slaughter of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day. Later he distinguished himself as a soldier in Ireland, where he received broad land from Queen Elizabeth for his services, and also in numerous expeditions by sea.

To his active mind, there came visions of a great and free Republic across the sea, and in 1584 he sent the exploring expedition which appeared off Wocoken, on our coast, on the 4th of July, a day which subsequent events have made still more famous. This was followed by three subsequent colonizing expeditions to Roanoke Island, at great expense to his private purse, and which failed because of the expected arrival of the Spanish Armada, which called to England's aid the arms and fortunes of all her patriotic sons.

Let us consider. When this statue of Sir Walter Raleigh shall be erected, as will assuredly be done, we shall have but four statues in the whole state. When the fox was parading litter of young before a lioness and boasting that the lioness had but one—the latter replied, "but that one is a lion." We shall have but four statues, but they tell the inner life, the true thought of this great, true-hearted people of North Carolina.
Pass these statues in brief review. Let the traveler from some distant country, without knowledge of our people and their characteristics alight at Union Depot. Passing out from its portal he will see flashing in the sunlight the bronze colossal statue of Sir Walter Raleigh soldier, sailor scholar, state-man who wore above reproach the grand old name of gentleman. He will say, "this people love honor, courage, literature and respect for woman." He will lift his hat and pass on.
At the head of Fayetteville street, he will see the figure of one who belongs to no country and no time, but to humanity and all the ages. "This people love liberty," he will say and with bare head he will pass on.
At the east front of the Capitol he will see the majestic form and lion port of the State's best loved son. If not informed, he will ask why he stands here and will be told the "State honored this man while living by making him three times Governor and four times electing him to the United States Senate, honors showered on no other son. But he stands not here because he held office. Many men achieve office by accident or intrigue, and others still are unworthy, but this man received honors because the people wished to honor him while living and have erected this statue that though dead his memory should

abide with our children for ever more." And what did he do to be thus honored. He was a brave soldier, but North Carolina had thousands of them, thanks be to God. He was an orator, but the State has had many eloquent sons. He was a good Governor and an able Senator. But not for this stands he here.
Then thoughtful the stranger will pause before our last statue, which crowns the tall shaft at the head of Hillsboro street.
"Your people were overwhelmed and crushed by defeat. What means this monument? And he will be told that not in defiance of the restored National Government, not in a spirit of silliness and pride, but in recognition of a patriot who triumphed over wounds and disease and hunger, and summer's heat and winter's cold, a patriotism that was faithful unto death, our people, though decimated in numbers and impoverished, out of their meager means erected this monument that the memory of such virtues should never vanish from the land. And on the summit, they placed not the statue of some great general, though we had many who deserved any honor, but they chose to crown it by the figure of a private soldier with his faithful gun by his side. The great heart of the people instinctively told them that he was the man who deserved honor above all others. Others earned and worthily wore the wreaths, the stars and bars of military rank and the State is proud of them. But the private soldier served without reward or the hope of reward. If killed or wounded, his name might not even appear in a newspaper. He endured, he suffered, he fought, too often he fell and the bloody work of war went on leaving even his grave unmarked. With no incentive but his duty, with no motive but obedience to his State, without pay and often without food, he stood to his post, like the Roman sentinel at the gates of Herculaneum amid the fires, the burning lava and ashes of Vesuvius "Faithful unto Death."
And the stranger will softly say, "Above all this people honor Fidelity to Duty."
"One of those private soldiers of the Immortal Army of Northern Virginia we have with us tonight and it is a title more honorable than the badge of the Golden Fleece or the cross of the Legion of Honor. He has been a successful business man, a broad minded, public spirited citizen, a philanthropist and one who has done well by his fellow men.
It was his fertile brain that conceived the design of erecting this statue to the memory of the great man whose name our State has given to its Capital City, and whose practical mind has worked out the details for a successful issue to the movement. I will not assume, I will not presume, to introduce to this audience one whom the whole State knows and honors, but I will now present to you General Julian S. Carr.
After the applause which greeted this modestly offered case of General Julian S. Carr came forward and in part said:
GEN. J. S. CARR SPEAKS.
Paul, standing upon the Areopagus, was glad that he was able to boast of Roman citizenship.
In this cultured pre-echo tonight, representing the citizenship of our Capital City, I am proud to say that I am a Carolinian.
I love every foot of her territory, from where the restless ocean chafes the changing sands at Stormy Hatteras to where our grand old mountains cast their morning shadows into Tennessee.
My ancestors, to the third and fourth generation. He buried beneath the soil of the state I love.
North Carolina, rich in all that makes a people great, has been too modest to blazon her virtues. She has made history, but has not controlled the pen that speaks to the after ages. She is dotted with graves of heroes, but hitherto their commemoration has been only upon the lip of tradition or in the silent heart of the people.
At last, we are awakening to understand that the duty of the present is to interpret the past for the future. At last, we are beginning to perceive that to transmit the ideals of honor, truth, valor, fidelity, wisdom, justice, patriotism, as illustrated by land and sea, in the forum, the cabinet, the halls of legislation, the tented field, by the sons of North Carolina, is essential to the true education and inspiration of the children of the State.
"The Roman youth looked upon the Arch of Titus or the column of Trajan with its wondrous scroll of victories—as in ages before the children of the Nile bowed before the obelisks, or the sun-kissed Persians rejoiced in the domes of Persepolis.
Had not the books of Greece been preserved in the storms and shocks of time, her great souls would still have lived for us in her marbles,
(Continued on second page.)

abide with our children for ever more." And what did he do to be thus honored. He was a brave soldier, but North Carolina had thousands of them, thanks be to God. He was an orator, but the State has had many eloquent sons. He was a good Governor and an able Senator. But not for this stands he here.
Then thoughtful the stranger will pause before our last statue, which crowns the tall shaft at the head of Hillsboro street.
"Your people were overwhelmed and crushed by defeat. What means this monument? And he will be told that not in defiance of the restored National Government, not in a spirit of silliness and pride, but in recognition of a patriot who triumphed over wounds and disease and hunger, and summer's heat and winter's cold, a patriotism that was faithful unto death, our people, though decimated in numbers and impoverished, out of their meager means erected this monument that the memory of such virtues should never vanish from the land. And on the summit, they placed not the statue of some great general, though we had many who deserved any honor, but they chose to crown it by the figure of a private soldier with his faithful gun by his side. The great heart of the people instinctively told them that he was the man who deserved honor above all others. Others earned and worthily wore the wreaths, the stars and bars of military rank and the State is proud of them. But the private soldier served without reward or the hope of reward. If killed or wounded, his name might not even appear in a newspaper. He endured, he suffered, he fought, too often he fell and the bloody work of war went on leaving even his grave unmarked. With no incentive but his duty, with no motive but obedience to his State, without pay and often without food, he stood to his post, like the Roman sentinel at the gates of Herculaneum amid the fires, the burning lava and ashes of Vesuvius "Faithful unto Death."
And the stranger will softly say, "Above all this people honor Fidelity to Duty."
"One of those private soldiers of the Immortal Army of Northern Virginia we have with us tonight and it is a title more honorable than the badge of the Golden Fleece or the cross of the Legion of Honor. He has been a successful business man, a broad minded, public spirited citizen, a philanthropist and one who has done well by his fellow men.
It was his fertile brain that conceived the design of erecting this statue to the memory of the great man whose name our State has given to its Capital City, and whose practical mind has worked out the details for a successful issue to the movement. I will not assume, I will not presume, to introduce to this audience one whom the whole State knows and honors, but I will now present to you General Julian S. Carr.
After the applause which greeted this modestly offered case of General Julian S. Carr came forward and in part said:
GEN. J. S. CARR SPEAKS.
Paul, standing upon the Areopagus, was glad that he was able to boast of Roman citizenship.
In this cultured pre-echo tonight, representing the citizenship of our Capital City, I am proud to say that I am a Carolinian.
I love every foot of her territory, from where the restless ocean chafes the changing sands at Stormy Hatteras to where our grand old mountains cast their morning shadows into Tennessee.
My ancestors, to the third and fourth generation. He buried beneath the soil of the state I love.
North Carolina, rich in all that makes a people great, has been too modest to blazon her virtues. She has made history, but has not controlled the pen that speaks to the after ages. She is dotted with graves of heroes, but hitherto their commemoration has been only upon the lip of tradition or in the silent heart of the people.
At last, we are awakening to understand that the duty of the present is to interpret the past for the future. At last, we are beginning to perceive that to transmit the ideals of honor, truth, valor, fidelity, wisdom, justice, patriotism, as illustrated by land and sea, in the forum, the cabinet, the halls of legislation, the tented field, by the sons of North Carolina, is essential to the true education and inspiration of the children of the State.
"The Roman youth looked upon the Arch of Titus or the column of Trajan with its wondrous scroll of victories—as in ages before the children of the Nile bowed before the obelisks, or the sun-kissed Persians rejoiced in the domes of Persepolis.
Had not the books of Greece been preserved in the storms and shocks of time, her great souls would still have lived for us in her marbles,
(Continued on second page.)

abide with our children for ever more." And what did he do to be thus honored. He was a brave soldier, but North Carolina had thousands of them, thanks be to God. He was an orator, but the State has had many eloquent sons. He was a good Governor and an able Senator. But not for this stands he here.
Then thoughtful the stranger will pause before our last statue, which crowns the tall shaft at the head of Hillsboro street.
"Your people were overwhelmed and crushed by defeat. What means this monument? And he will be told that not in defiance of the restored National Government, not in a spirit of silliness and pride, but in recognition of a patriot who triumphed over wounds and disease and hunger, and summer's heat and winter's cold, a patriotism that was faithful unto death, our people, though decimated in numbers and impoverished, out of their meager means erected this monument that the memory of such virtues should never vanish from the land. And on the summit, they placed not the statue of some great general, though we had many who deserved any honor, but they chose to crown it by the figure of a private soldier with his faithful gun by his side. The great heart of the people instinctively told them that he was the man who deserved honor above all others. Others earned and worthily wore the wreaths, the stars and bars of military rank and the State is proud of them. But the private soldier served without reward or the hope of reward. If killed or wounded, his name might not even appear in a newspaper. He endured, he suffered, he fought, too often he fell and the bloody work of war went on leaving even his grave unmarked. With no incentive but his duty, with no motive but obedience to his State, without pay and often without food, he stood to his post, like the Roman sentinel at the gates of Herculaneum amid the fires, the burning lava and ashes of Vesuvius "Faithful unto Death."
And the stranger will softly say, "Above all this people honor Fidelity to Duty."
"One of those private soldiers of the Immortal Army of Northern Virginia we have with us tonight and it is a title more honorable than the badge of the Golden Fleece or the cross of the Legion of Honor. He has been a successful business man, a broad minded, public spirited citizen, a philanthropist and one who has done well by his fellow men.
It was his fertile brain that conceived the design of erecting this statue to the memory of the great man whose name our State has given to its Capital City, and whose practical mind has worked out the details for a successful issue to the movement. I will not assume, I will not presume, to introduce to this audience one whom the whole State knows and honors, but I will now present to you General Julian S. Carr.
After the applause which greeted this modestly offered case of General Julian S. Carr came forward and in part said:
GEN. J. S. CARR SPEAKS.
Paul, standing upon the Areopagus, was glad that he was able to boast of Roman citizenship.
In this cultured pre-echo tonight, representing the citizenship of our Capital City, I am proud to say that I am a Carolinian.
I love every foot of her territory, from where the restless ocean chafes the changing sands at Stormy Hatteras to where our grand old mountains cast their morning shadows into Tennessee.
My ancestors, to the third and fourth generation. He buried beneath the soil of the state I love.
North Carolina, rich in all that makes a people great, has been too modest to blazon her virtues. She has made history, but has not controlled the pen that speaks to the after ages. She is dotted with graves of heroes, but hitherto their commemoration has been only upon the lip of tradition or in the silent heart of the people.
At last, we are awakening to understand that the duty of the present is to interpret the past for the future. At last, we are beginning to perceive that to transmit the ideals of honor, truth, valor, fidelity, wisdom, justice, patriotism, as illustrated by land and sea, in the forum, the cabinet, the halls of legislation, the tented field, by the sons of North Carolina, is essential to the true education and inspiration of the children of the State.
"The Roman youth looked upon the Arch of Titus or the column of Trajan with its wondrous scroll of victories—as in ages before the children of the Nile bowed before the obelisks, or the sun-kissed Persians rejoiced in the domes of Persepolis.
Had not the books of Greece been preserved in the storms and shocks of time, her great souls would still have lived for us in her marbles,
(Continued on second page.)