

THE COMMONWEALTH.

D. E. HILLIARD, Editor
Published Every Thursday.

Entered at the postoffice at Scotland Neck, N. C., as Second-Class Matter.

Thursday, May 14, 1908.

Publisher's Announcement.

It is a settled point in newspaper ethics that editors and publishers are not responsible for the views of correspondents, and the publication of a communication does not mean that the editor or publisher endorses the communication. THE COMMONWEALTH adheres to these general principles.

Elder P. D. Gold's position on prohibition, which we print on the first page, is sound and rings clear with good logic. Let every one who wishes to see the State rid of the liquor traffic read it and follow Mr. Gold's conclusions.

There are only two more weeks in which to work for prohibition and it behooves every friend of temperance to be constantly active. Let no stone be left unturned whereby any influence can be set to work for the good cause.

The unanimity of the people on prohibition is shown in the high plane on which the campaign is conducted. There is no bitterness, no strife, no saying of harsh things about anybody, but there is unity of purpose to bring about that condition that will uplift humanity by removing a great evil from the State.—Greenville Reflector.

HON. DONNELL GILLIAM.

The death of Hon. Don Gilliam, of Tarboro last week, was a great loss to his community. He was easily one of the most gifted lawyers in the State, and his great powers were recognized by all who ever came under the spell of his oratory. For many years he had been prominent in politics of his county and the State, and was one of the most successful leaders of his time. He will be greatly missed in Edgecombe county as a citizen, an able lawyer and a man of affairs generally. His was indeed a striking personality, which made a lasting impression on all who knew him.

Well Known Colored Woman Dead.

Departed this life suddenly at the home of her son-in-law, George T. Hill, in Scotland Neck, N. C., Harriet Whitaker, colored, in her 81st year.

She was well-known in this place for her quiet, unassuming Christian life, and for her kind and obliging disposition. She was trained in early life by Mrs. Adelaide M. Smith, a lady of true culture and refinement, who made a deep and lasting impression upon all her servants under her Christian care.

Harriet was baptized in the Episcopal church November 2nd, 1849 and confirmed May 2nd, 1857, and she has been a consistent communicant in the church, striving always to do good, and to be helpful to others whenever she could.

The burial was made in old Trinity church cemetery, Saturday, May 2nd at 2 o'clock p. m. There were present a large number of her friends and relatives.

G. W. P.

A Day in Norfolk.

The editor of THE COMMONWEALTH spent a day in Norfolk last week. The people of that good city are still clever and progressive. In the face of the panic and dull times they are forging ahead at new and commendable enterprises. Recently there has been set on foot a project to raise by May 25th \$150,000 for the erection of a new building for the Young Men's Christian Association.

They have a committee of fifty older business men, one hundred younger business men, and one hundred young men and boys at work. They will raise the amount by May 25th.

Altogether, Norfolk is quite an interesting city and the people of Eastern Carolina are largely interested in its progress and development.

The Evidence in the Case.

33 years use is evidence—Millions of consumers is evidence—sales made by 16,000 agents is evidence. You buy 2 gallons L. & M. Paint and 3 gallons Pure Linseed Oil (at 60 cents) mix them and make 7 gallons best paint ready for use—cost only \$1.20 per gallon—Done in two minutes. L. & M. Paint Agents.

Hardy Hdwe. Co., Scotland Neck, R. H. Salsbury & Bros., Hamilton, N. C.

AN ELOQUENT TRIBUTE.

Memorial Day Address Before the Buck Kitchin Camp of Confederate Veterans.

BY HON. E. A. DANIEL.

Ladies and Gentlemen and Confederate soldiers:

I feel to day as though I were a trespasser on soil already dedicated to oratorical talents, and whatever I may be able to say on the subject which you, Confederate soldiers, have already made glorious would be at best but a poor effort compared with what you have been accustomed to hear from your many distinguished and renowned townsmen from the present all they way back through him in whose honor this chapter is named. But however that may be, I assure you that I hold it a high honor and a rare privilege to be permitted, for the first time in my life, to address an audience of the county of my nativity, and I further assure you that it was with much pleasure, mingled with apprehension, that I received the invitation from the United Daughters of the Confederacy of Buck Kitchin Chapter to extend to you an address of welcome. Confederate Soldiers, it is with pleasure, because I was to meet face to face with the representatives of the last vestige of an age which virtually exists to-day only in history and literature; because I wish, to assure you on the part of the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the present generation that we have an abiding confidence in your bravery and your honor, and to tell you that when the last Confederate Veteran has finished his march down here and has pitched his tent "on fame's eternal camping ground," then we shall continue to send our children and our children's children on the 10th of every May loaded with the white flowers of spring time to strew over his grave as fit emblems of your honor and your integrity, your love of country, and your devotion to duty, your knight-hood and your chivalry.

It was with apprehension that I received the invitation, lest I should find myself unfit to deliver to you the great message that has been entrusted to me for delivery, and lest I should find words, at best, entirely inadequate to express the deep emotions that swell the bosoms of those who have entrusted this message to me for delivery, which trust I hold as a sacred find, the delivery of which I esteem a high honor.

But, Confederate Veterans, I have accepted the invitation and now it is that I come before you with a heart filled with gratitude and love. Gratitude to you for the heritage you have left us—an honorable heritage, untainted by corruption of any kind; an heritage to which we shall point posterity as one of the proud heirlooms of noble ancestors.

It is with love that I come to you, because my kinsmen, my uncles, my father, were Confederate soldiers, and, like you, were ready to fight and to die in defense of a cause which they believed to be as just and as holy as the cause of Christianity itself. And thus, you and they were engaged in the defense of a common cause with a common purpose in view, and you were their comrades and for that I love you.

Something more than seventy-five years ago, a little upward of three-quarters of a century, as Daniel Webster stood at the unveiling of the Bunker Hill monument and saw before him a small handful of men with tottering footsteps and gray hair dangling about their shoulders; a small remnant of those men who participated in the battle that was fought upon that very spot just fifty years prior to that date, it seems to me that then it was that Daniel Webster uttered the most appropriate words that ever fell from the lips of the orator when he said, "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation!" So, as I see gathered before me a small handful of men with tottering footsteps and gray hair dangling over your shoulders bearing evidence of the fact that you stand near the veil that parts this life from the vast unknown, you men who participated in those scenes that took place a little more than forty years ago, those scenes that tried the souls of men, so, sirs, it seems to me that I would do well should I only add to these words of Webster, "Venerable men, you have come down to us from a former generation," and that generation represents the highest type of honor and integrity, bravery and courage, chivalry and gallantry, that the world has ever known.

But upon an occasion like this it would seem also appropriate to call this generation's attention to those most potent characteristics of your age which gives to it immortality and make it hold an unique chapter in the history of the world. When Moses of old came forth from Divine presence, he had on his lips this inspired command, "Only take heed

to thyself and keep thy soul diligent, lest thou forget the things which thine eyes have seen, and lest they depart from thy heart all the days of thy life: But teach them thy sons and thy sons' sons." So it is well that we take heed to ourselves and keep our souls diligent, lest we forget the deeds of heroism in the past; but let us continually teach them our sons and our sons' sons. We have not met here to-day, Confederate veterans, to debate whether or not you made mistakes in 1861. You have met here to assure you that we know you acted wisely and honestly and justly, as it was then given you to see justice and righteousness, acting upon all the facts and experiences and light that you then had before you. You had before you for settlement a constitutional question that had agitated the minds of the American people from the foundation of this government. For the adjustment of it you appealed to the arbitration of arms, and by that decision you have abided, and I assure you that from the decision we shall not appeal. Sirs, in appealing to the arbitration of arms you made for yourselves immortal history. You laid deep the foundations from which must spring inspiring literature; you flung wide the pages in which the poet of the future will and must write an immortal epic.

Those characteristics, Confederate veterans, which will give you a unique place in the history and the literature of the world are these: Your knight-hood and your chivalry as ante-bellum gentleman; your honesty and integrity as a people, standing upon the verge of war; your indomitable bravery and courage as soldiers fighting for your country's honor; and finally, your unparalleled powers of adaptation as a defeated army returning homeward from war when all had been lost save honor itself. These, these, sirs, are the characteristics that will immortalize you in history and make you sacred in literature.

Ladies and gentlemen, turn backward with me in your imagination for forty-five or fifty years, and I will introduce you to an age which represents the highest type of chivalry and gallantry that the world has ever seen. The old South just prior to the war represented the grand culmination of five centuries of development in gallantry and chivalry. You were by inheritance chivalrous knights. Your English forefathers were knights of former days. And from the day the cavalier first planted his foot upon Southern soil at Jamestown in 1620 up until 1861, never were conditions more favorable for the highest development of a gallant and chivalrous spirit than those that existed in the South. The cavalier found before him broad acres of land upon which he could erect his colonial mansion in Corinthian and Doric architecture, and there upon his Southern manor numerous slaves stood ready to obey his every command and to minister to his every want, and he in turn ministered to the wants of the wife, who was queen of all he owned. I am mindful of the fact that there was an age in English literature in which the knight was required to take an oath to protect those in distress, to maintain right against might and to never do that which would cast a stain upon his character as a knight or a christian.

The ante-bellum Southern gentleman, without taking the formal oath of knight-hood, was always ready to protect those in distress; his doors were ever swung wide to those who would enter therein and partake of his Southern hospitality. Without taking the formal oath of knight-hood, he was always ready to maintain right against might. The Southern gentleman was of all the most ardent devotee of freedom and liberty. He loved liberty; he worshipped at freedom's shrine. I call on history and literature to bear witness to the fact that those who are themselves the owners of slaves are the most jealous of freedom. To them it is a kind privilege and an honor that they hold more sacred than life itself. Without taking the formal oath of knight-hood he was particular to never do that which would taint his character. He had an ideal of what should be the character of a Southern gentleman. That ideal character he would have protected with his life. His moral character might not have been such as would in all respects have blended with the religious character of the Puritan, but what it was he held it stainless.

The old South possessed all of the luxuries of the feudal system without any of the oppressive incidents of that system. Thus I welcome you, Confederate Veterans, on the part of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, as the representatives of an age of chivalry and gallantry.

But you are more than that. You represented an age of honor and integrity as a people standing upon the verge of war. Never was there a people inspired with a purer and more upright heart than were you

as you stood upon the verge of war. When I hear men say that the Civil War was fought over the intrinsic value of the slave, I refute the imputation. Ladies and Gentlemen, our forefathers did not wage four long years of war with their brethren on account of the intrinsic value of the negro. But the same spirit that inspired our revolutionary forefathers to wage an eight years' war with the mother country when she levied a three pence tax per pound on tea, although nine-tenths of the people did not drink it, inspired our Southern fathers to enter the civil strife when the North said that we had no property in slaves which we could transfer to other states, although the Supreme Court of the United States had held otherwise.

No, Sirs, the Civil War was fought to establish a principle which involved the honor and integrity of the South. It was to adjust a constitutional question that had disturbed the minds of the nation from the establishment of the government. It was the question of States' rights.

From the beginning the thirteen colonies from Plymouth Rock all the way down the Atlantic coast, each was jealous of its individual rights. When they were forced to join themselves together under that slack, loose instrument known as the article of confederation, which virtually gave to the central government no executive powers whatever, it was with a light finger that the drafters of that instrument drafted those lines that would take away from the respective colonies any of their former rights. Eight years later, in 1789, when the representatives of the thirteen different states adopted our present constitution it was with curious eyes that they conned those lines that denied States' rights, and neither North Carolina in the South, nor Rhode Island in the North would come into the union until certain amendments were made to the constitution, so jealous were they of their rights. At that time there was not a state that came into the union but believed that it had the right under the constitution, to withdraw when its rights were attacked. Scarcely was the government fifteen years old before New England had threatened to secede. When the United States Congress had under consideration the acquisition of Louisiana Hon. Joshua Quincy, then president of Harvard, gave expression to this utterance and thought so much of it that he had it reduced to writing:

"If this bill passes," referring to the bill of the acquisition of Louisiana, "it is my deliberate opinion that the union is virtually dissolved; and the states will be free from their moral obligation, and as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare for separation amicably, if they can, violently if they must." Scarcely had this revolutionary sentiment died, before the war of 1812 came, then we hear of the famous Hartford convention that adopted the most revolutionary resolutions that are still of record, and the entire New England press and pulpit were at red hot pitch with threats of secession.

I call your attention to these facts, not to arouse sectional feelings, for God knows that I would blot out every trace of sectionalism and partisanship and boast of a united government without reference to sectionalism, but I feel it only fair and just to the Confederate Veterans to say that prior to 1861 there was a universal belief that under the constitution any state had the right to secede; that our forefathers were not traitors but were honorable men fighting in the defense of a just and honorable cause.

Thus believing that they had a right to secede, the time came when their honor and integrity demanded that they exercise that right. They believed that they had the right to secede under the constitution; under the same constitution they knew that they had the inalienable right of property, and under the same constitution they knew that the slave was their property. Northern states not only refused to obey the laws of comity, and return the slave to his master when found within their borders, but on the other hand refused to give them up when demanded by their masters. That you may rightly understand the sentiment that existed in 1861, it is necessary for you to get the same point of view that the South had at that time. I know of no better way of giving you that point of view than through the utterance of the South's chief executive as it stood on the verge of war. I hold in my hand an extract of President Davis' second message to the provisional congress, dated April 29, 1861, fourteen days after war had been declared against the South by President Lincoln. . . .

I do not assume to pass upon the questions whether or not institution of slavery was a just, philanthropic and correct institution. I leave that for the philosopher and the philanthropist. With the South in 1861, it was not a question as to the moral and philanthropic correct-

ness of the institution but it was a question as to whether or not the South could permit the other states to correct the moral wrongs of its own states and adjust domestic relations therein existing.

Confederate Veterans, with you it was merely the question of protecting your honor and defending what you believed to be a constitutional right. Thus, I welcome you as the representatives of the honor and integrity of the old South.

But that is not all. You represent the bravery and courage of a people engaged in war fighting for their country's honor. Where was it that the Southern Confederate soldier acted in a cowardly manner; when and where did he show the white feather; when and where was he not the bravest of the brave, and the most fearless of the fearless? Was it when he defeated the Federal forces at Bethel and Washington City was thrown into confusion lest he should capture the union's citadel? Was it, Confederate Veterans, when you had followed the invincible and immortal Stonewall Jackson during the campaign of the Valley of Virginia? Was it when you had withstood the fiery darts of the enemy during the seven battles of the Wilderness? or was it when you scaled the heights of Gettysburg while from the mouths of the enemy's guns poisonous venom was continuously belched forth which played dire destruction on your brave bosoms, sweeping away company after company and regiment after regiment and still you persisted? Or was it finally when your treasury exhausted, your clothes worn and tattered, your ammunition given out, starvation staring you in the face, and the faint cry of your hungry babe and the shrieks of your starving and homeless wife and mother haunted your few moments of sleep, when at Appomattox you were forced to accept the heart-rending terms of peace? I leave it to impartial history and literature to answer when and where you were not the bravest of the brave and the most fearless of the fearless. At Appomattox, when youthful, vigorous, buoyant Southern manhood had been overcome by starvation and overwhelming numbers, he staggered, pale with the cold sweat of death on his youthful brow, and the cause of the Southern Confederacy was about to fall forever from his emaciated hands, though manly, in the dust of defeat, I see glory spread out its white wings of honor and dart downward from her throne in the heavens to rescue the cause of the Southern Confederacy ere it falls and to bear it upon her immortal bosom up to a throne in the skies where the poets and the sculptors of the future may gaze upon it to catch a higher and purer inspiration of great and noble deeds done by great and noble people. Thus, I welcome you as the bravest of the brave and the most fearless of the fearless.

But the grand act in your life, which caps the climax of all your characteristics, is your unparalleled powers of adaptation as a defeated army returning homeward from war when all had been lost save honor itself. Added to this last sad memory, which will always live in our minds, comes the cheering experi-

ence that though you yielded at Appomattox you were not conquered, and upon the ashes of the past you have erected a new South—a new South, as Henry W. Grady termed it, "which represents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement, a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core; one hundred farms for every plantation; fifty homes for every palace, and a diversified industry to meet the complex needs of this complex age."

You have turned from war to peace. Not one moment did you sulk in your camp with Achillean stubbornness. You beat your swords into plowshares and went to work. You have cut away the great forests that have heretofore been the homes of wild beasts and have caused them to blossom like the rose. By your genius you have harnessed the water powers that had heretofore rippled unbridled to the sea and have put them to work. By your thrift you have whitened Southern waters with argosies of man. You have built up a commercial and industrial South that stands to-day in the foremost ranks of every other section of the country in the great march for commercial and industrial conquest.

And you have done more than this. Scarcely was the roar of cannon hushed before you adopted into your organic law that clause which forever bars you of the right to secede, thus acknowledging to the world that you were willing to accept the arbitration of arms. You have always been ready to accept the right hand of friendship whenever the North extended it. You have blotted out the Mason and Dixon line and declared that you know no North, South, East nor West, but that you are more than any section in that you are American citizens. You have accepted the truth of that splendid concluding exclamation of Daniel Webster in the Webster-Haines debate, "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

You have enlisted under the flag of the union and claim it as yours. When the nation's honor has been threatened by an enemy, you have been among the first to draw your sword from its scabbard and the first to spill your precious blood in the defense of a united people. These, sirs, are the acts that will give you an immortal chapter in history and a sacred spot in literature and a sweet song in poetry. Shall we forget the past? No, sirs, we will not forget the past, for its history has been completed and crowned by acts most worthy of a great, noble and brave people. I boldly challenge the world to point to a single parallel in all history.

Confederate veterans, you may never live to see the cause of the Southern Confederacy shine forth in its noonday splendor. Great causes are never highly appreciated until the world has moved off to the proper angle. Hawthorne, in his "Great Stone Face," causes the spectator, as he stands in the valley immediately under the projecting peaks, to see in the mountain nothing but a chaotic mass of rocks and dirt, but as he backs off to the proper angle he sees in the same mountain the per-

fect features of a human face. So, as the world stands in the valley immediately under the din and roar of battle it sees in the cause of the Southern Confederacy nothing but war and blood, and hears nothing but the roar of cannon, but when it has backed off to the proper angle, unhampered by partisanship and prejudice, it will see and hear the cause which you defended. Thus will the cause of the Southern Confederacy hold an immortal chapter in history and a sacred spot in literature.

Literature loves a lost cause when honor is saved. It was not the victorious Greeks, but the defeated Trojans who fought, and who lost all save honor itself, and who were the subject of an epic. It was not the victorious Russia but the defeated Poland who fought, and who lost all save honor itself, and who were the subject of lyrics. In the future it will not be the victorious North but the defeated South who fought, and who fighting lost all save honor itself, and who will be the subject of poetry. Those most potent characteristics of the age which you represent are and forever will be your gallantry and your integrity as a people standing on the verge of war; your indomitable courage and bravery as soldiers engaged in battle, and finally your unparalleled powers of adaptation as a defeated army returning homeward from war when all had been lost save honor itself, and this will be the verdict of history; this will be the judgment of literature; this will be the song of poets; and, finally, when the revolving angle comes forth to realize great and noble deeds done by great and noble men, this will be the poetry made in the eternal record and filed in the archives of the everlasting God.

A great many people imagine they have heart trouble when the fact is that the whole trouble lies in the stomach. The pains in the side, chest, and region of the heart are not heart trouble. We suggest that you start with the stomach and when you feel a depression after eating whenever your food seems to taste like Kodol. It will not be long until all these "heart pains" disappear. Take Kodol now and you know you are right again. It isn't any doubt about what you do and you will find the truth of our statement verified after you have used Kodol for a few weeks. It is sold by E. T. Whitehead Co.

You have enlisted under the flag of the union and claim it as yours. When the nation's honor has been threatened by an enemy, you have been among the first to draw your sword from its scabbard and the first to spill your precious blood in the defense of a united people. These, sirs, are the acts that will give you an immortal chapter in history and a sacred spot in literature and a sweet song in poetry. Shall we forget the past? No, sirs, we will not forget the past, for its history has been completed and crowned by acts most worthy of a great, noble and brave people. I boldly challenge the world to point to a single parallel in all history.

Confederate veterans, you may never live to see the cause of the Southern Confederacy shine forth in its noonday splendor. Great causes are never highly appreciated until the world has moved off to the proper angle. Hawthorne, in his "Great Stone Face," causes the spectator, as he stands in the valley immediately under the projecting peaks, to see in the mountain nothing but a chaotic mass of rocks and dirt, but as he backs off to the proper angle he sees in the same mountain the per-

New Market.

I am prepared to meet my old customers and the public generally with the very best of fresh

Beef, Pork, Sausage, &c.

All orders filled promptly, and every customer's wants regarded.

J. D. HILL, Main St., next to Prince's Stable.

THE FERTILIZER THAT NEVER FAILS

HYCO

Tobacco Guano

COLUMBIA GUANO CO. NORFOLK, VA.

Cures Biliousness, Sick Headache, Sour Stomach, Torpid Liver and Chronic Constipation. Pleasant to take

ORINO

Laxative Fruit Syrup

Cleanses the system thoroughly and clears away all complications of pimples and blotches. It is guaranteed.

E. T. Whitehead & Company, Scotland Neck, North Carolina.