

# THE OBSERVER.

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HON. A. D. MCGILL'S MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

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[CONCLUDED.]

The Federalists claim to have fought for the Union. For what did the men in gray exhibit to the world such prodigies of valor, and endure with such constancy and devotion the hardships and dangers of these four years of unexampled warfare? To perpetuate the institution of slavery, as some suppose? Oh! no, not so; but they fought for a greater boon than the preservation of the Union—that of maintaining the sacred rights and principles of the Constitution itself, and the liberties guaranteed to us thereunder; a thing of infinitely greater importance to the human race. For the maintenance of these principles, the South put all of her men into the field—in round numbers, from the best authorities obtainable, 600,000 men. The North placed in the field 2,865,028; these latter figures are absolutely correct, taken as they are from the records of the War Department—nearly five to one. The Southern States furnished to the Union armies 423,996 men—an army in itself almost equal to that with which Napoleon in 1812 shook the mighty fabric of the Russian Empire from centre to circumference. From this it may be seen, that the Southern army did not fight against Yankees alone. And let it be remembered that the 2,865,028 Federalists, were not Chinese, Japanese or any of the inferior races of the earth; but brave men and of the same lineage with us. What a glorious record is this for the Confederate soldiery, who, for four long years, poorly equipped, and but scantily supplied, withstood the shock of such overwhelming numbers—backed by unlimited resources in men and material with which to replenish and recruit their armies.

I am not surprised that the Northern people are proud of the men who wore the blue; they have reason to be, for they contended with as great a people and as valiant soldiers as the world ever saw. For their real soldiers, the men who met us on a hundred battle-fields, I have the highest respect and the kindest feeling, and am not ashamed to call them my fellow-countrymen; but for those canting hypocrites, who since the war have been active in fomenting strife and discord—the invincible in peace and invisible in war—I have the utmost contempt.

Why should the Northern people be grieved, or surprised that the people of the South are justly proud of the record of the valiant men who died for their cause? It is a record of which any people or country should be proud—a record which has excited the admiration of the world. No cause ever had more gallant defenders. It is eminently proper, that the fair women of the South should meet together in the hallowed precincts of their heroic dead on every 10th of May, to decorate their graves with garlands intertwined with the choicest flowers that can be culled from Nature's bounteous store.

"Soft be their slumber; in death reposing,  
Dreamless and quiet, they wait the day  
When time and justice the truth disclosing,  
The world shall weep for the men in gray."

While we do honor to the memory of those who fell in defense of the Southern cause, let us not forget the noble women of the South who were just as heroic, true and unwavering in devotion and self-sacrifice as the men who fought the battles.

I believe that the day is not far distant when the people of the North will hold in just as high esteem as we do, the memorial of our fallen comrades. And why should they not? They were American citizens and contended for principles that can never die. Already I think I see the dawning of that auspicious day. But a year ago on western soil, a people hostile during the war, with their own money and of their own volition, erected a monument to commemorate the heroism and fidelity to principle of those Confederates who died in that far off western city, Chicago.

Constant they were and unwavering in

their devotion, whether in the ranks of their friends or languishing in a captive's prison.

In the beginning of 1865, it became evident to all that the fortunes of the Confederacy were declining. The most determined efforts of what Swinton calls "that incomparable body of infantry which carried the fortunes of the Confederacy upon its bayonets for four years," could not prevent its downfall, though they were still willing to "die for the land they could not save."

How can I tell you? For no tongue is sufficiently eloquent to describe nor language strong enough to convey to you a just appreciation of the unshaken firmness and unflinching courage with which these men defended Petersburg, the last stronghold of the Confederacy. Suffering the pangs of hunger and cold for eight long months—oh! how long they were!—of weary watching and ceaseless fighting day and night, stretched out in line for thirty miles, a mere handful of men, worn out with contending against overpowering numbers, their ranks thinned by death and wounds each hour, no longer able to present even a skirmish line of tattered gray to the deadly missiles of their multitudinous foes. At last the utmost limit of human endurance was reached and even they could do no more. Cheerfully obeying the orders of Gen. Lee, sadly they turned away from the city their valor so long and faithfully protected, and fled through the streets of the city at midnight. The scenes of distress and heart-rending agony manifested by the ladies and children of Petersburg as we filed through their city can never be forgotten. It brought tears from the stoutest hearts, as with many a "God bless you and protect you," their quivering lips bade us farewell.

The Army of Northern Virginia was retreating; whither we did not know, being content to follow Lee. The enemy did not press us closely until Thursday, but on that day, as on each succeeding day, they were foiled in all their efforts to arrest the march of that matchless band.

The whale fishermen are careful not to approach the Leviathan in its death struggle: so Grant's veterans, with the caution born of their former experience with Lee's army, deferred the supreme moment to Appomattox. On that field, for the last time, that heroic army unfurled its banners and deployed in line of battle with the same steadiness and precision as of yore. The enemy were on our front and left and rear. Cox's North Carolina Brigade attacked them in front and drove them for more than a mile, after the flag of truce was in, capturing the last of all the numerous artillery taken during the war, and firing the last volley. Gen. Gordon who witnessed this last charge, exclaimed: "Gloriously and well done!" North Carolina first at Bethel and last at Appomattox.

Sadly, yet proudly, furling the banners that had floated in the storms of a hundred battles, they turned their back on the fields of their glory and the graves of their comrades, and set their faces homeward. God bless their memory!

Faithful to the last they stood by their colors, though they knew it was a failing cause. Refused in the fiery ordeal through which they had passed, every man of that valiant 8,000 was not only a veteran but a hero!

After the surrender there was no firing of cannon, no cheering nor other demonstration of joy. But a few minutes after the firing ceased, Grant's men swarmed into our lines. One young, good looking fellow came to us laughing, and extended his hand, saying; "How are you boys; I never was so glad to meet you before in my life!"

In the fierce struggle thus terminated at Appomattox, Cumberland county, did her full share, furnishing 22 companies, aggregating 2,682 men. General Lane, one of the ablest of Lee's officers, has paid Maj. Hale, of our county, a very high, and doubtless, deserved compliment. Gen. Lane states that on the last day at Petersburg, "Maj. Hale performed an act of heroism even greater than that, which made Sergeant Jasper famous." The chief engineer of Lee's army paid a personal and formal visit to him on the field of battle, to thank him for a highly important discovery in field engineering, and authorized him to apply the same to several miles of field works before Richmond, with remarkable results, who, in Cumberland county to day, is not proud to know that Maj. Hale, our county man, lead Lane's Brigade, in which Scale's, Cook's and

MacRae's Brigades participated in the famous assault at Reams' station.

The officers of the LaFayette Light Infantry Company, the first to leave the county for the seat of war and among the first in the South to reach the scene of conflict, were commissioned on the 17th of April, 1861, just two days after President Lincoln's proclamation. But one of these 22 companies now remain, the gallant old Independent company, an honor to the county and State, still proud to wear the historic gray; itself the living representative of three wars, more than a century old and yet apparently with the dew of youth still upon its brow. Cumberland county was represented in nearly every battle, and the acts of individual bravery performed by her sons, if they had happened under the eagle eye of Napoleon, would have secured for them the Baton of a Field Marshal, notably McKethan, J. W. Atkinson and others. Many of the brave hearts that constituted these 22 companies now sleep on the heights of Gettysburg, in the valley of Antietam, on the plains of Manassas, and Brandy station, in the tangled wilderness of Chancellorsville and Spottsylvania, in the silent, mysterious swamps of the Chickahominy, beneath the dim pines of Charles City, on the slopes of Malvern Hill, on Roanoke Island, Petersburg and Morris Island. Their graves may be unknown; perhaps no loving hand will ever place a wreath or flower upon their tomb, but their fame is linked with the fame of Lee and Jackson, and is as enduring as the everlasting hills. Some of them are slumbering on the banks of Cross Creek, McNeill, Strange, McKethan, Hale, Huske and others; it was fitting that these should be buried here by that historic stream, the song of whose rippling waters, having mingled with their boyish glee in their springtime of life, should be the first to greet them on the morning of the resurrection.

And now, Mr. President and ladies of the Memorial Association, a word to you and my duty is done. When your invitation came to me, my first impulse was to decline, because I felt then as I feel now, my insufficiency for so great a task. I expressed to you fears of my inability to perform the duty assigned me with credit to myself or satisfaction to you; but upon reflection, I felt it was my duty to aid you in your pious labors of keeping alive the memorial of my comrades dead. And if the reminiscences of the men and the days that are gone, shall serve to awaken renewed interest in the cause you represent, I shall feel that my labors have not been in vain.

A word now in conclusion to my old comrades here assembled. As soldiers you did your duty fearlessly and well, and among the noblest of all your achievements was the rescue of your State from the thralldom of the corrupt political adventurers who infested the country after the termination of the war. Now that our country is again being agitated by corrupt methods in high places, Labor strikes and troubles, anarchy, and oppression of the weak, the conservative element of our people will naturally turn to you, as the older and more experienced of our citizens, to be guided by your sober judgment and patriotism.

As comrades and brothers we stood together, shoulder to shoulder, in the long ago in defense of a cause we believed then, and still believe was right; as good citizens let us continue to stand shoulder to shoulder in defense of the right, and while we live, at least, endeavor to insure to our country good government, with the least possible admixture of the evils of ignorance and passion. It is becoming painfully evident as each year rolls around that our numbers are getting smaller, our ranks are being thinned—not by the shell and bullet, but by the scythe of Time. The day will soon come when the Confederate veteran will no longer be present on these Memorial days; the boys of to-day will be the orators then, and the little girls the matrons and ladies who shall continue the observance of this beautiful custom so happily inaugurated by their mothers. That knightly corps, the Independent Company, will no longer have the satisfaction of acting as escort of honor to the Confederate Veterans; for we shall have answered to the last roll call and passed over the river to rest with our comrades "under the shade of the trees," and, I trust, to receive from the Captain of our Salvation, as the reward of a life well spent, the welcome plaudit—"Well done!"

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.



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A. S. HUSKE,  
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## Cancer Of the Face.

Mrs. Laura E. Mims, of Dawson, Ga., says: "A small pimple of a strawberry color appeared on my cheek; it soon began to grow rapidly, notwithstanding all efforts to check it. My



eye became terribly inflamed, and was so swollen that for quite a while I could not see. The doctors said I had Cancer of the most malignant type, and after exhausting their efforts without doing me any good, they gave up the case as hopeless. When informed that my father had died from the same disease, they said I must die, as hereditary Cancer was incurable.

"At this crisis, I was advised to try S.S.S., and in a short while the Cancer began to discharge and continued to do so for three months, then it began to heal. I continued the medicine a while longer until the Cancer disappeared entirely. This was several years ago and there has been no return of the disease."

## A Real Blood Remedy.

Cancer is a blood disease, and only a blood remedy will cure it. S.S.S. (guaranteed purely vegetable) is a real blood remedy, and never fails to permanently cure Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, Rheumatism or any other disease of the blood. Send for our books on Cancer and Blood Diseases.

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