

Statue of Worth Bagley Unveiled

It was shortly before four o'clock yesterday afternoon that Governor Glenn, concluding a passionate address of acceptance from the Monument Committee of the Worth Bagley statue, closed with the direction, as Governor of North Carolina and on behalf of her people, to Master Worth Bagley Daniels to unveil the features of his martyred uncle.

Down the steps of the platform came a little fellow dressed in the uniform of a Jackie, with the round cap, the flaring pants, the navy blue and the red decoration. By his side, stooping and guiding his arm, walked Ensign David Bagley, U. S. N., tall, stalwart, gold braided in his dress uniform, in the peaked cap of his rank. Little boy and big uncle made a striking picture as together they walked through the crowd that hemmed them in, under the leaves of the



JUDGE W. M. RUSS,
Chairman of the Worth Bagley Monument Committee Who Presided Over Unveiling Ceremonies.

trees sparkling in the sunshine with the dew of the shower that had passed, up to the formless shape of the flag-draped figure that towered in the center of the sea of people.

Little boy in Jackie clothes, head high, looking the crowd in the face, big uncle in the insignia of his rank, cut to the quick one felt at the realization of what the uniform meant, and of what it cost!

The great crowd gave a murmur that was not so much a cheer as that it voiced itself upon the note of the moment. Little Jackie pulled upon the rope. The swathed mass hesitated for an instant, fell aside, reluctantly, clinging wetly to the statue that they draped. Slowly the bronze slipped from the flag and then was clear.

The little boy looked aloft at the features of the Uncle he never knew, at the well remembered features that he knew so well—and pulled upon the rope. Slowly the great United States flag arose, swaying above the statue so that the head was framed against the colors.

An instant so it hung, veiling the figure from the mass of the crowd, against it as a background to the mother and sisters in the stand. The square rang with the heavy reports of the salting gun—boom—boom—boom! Through the trees the smoke drifted, tinged with the smell of powder, the reports mingled with the cheers of the throng. Higher and higher lifted the flag, slowly, securely, born on the breeze towards the South, waving as it were a salute in time with the booming of the guns, with the crash of the "Star Spangled Banner" from the stand, with the rhythmic murmur of the crowd, beating time in their hearts to

the climax of a people's emotion. And so, under the waving flag, looking out towards the South, the pose at rest yet eager and attentive, the features set in the habit of his ideal yet humanized to the verge of a smile, came into sight the Worth Bagley statue—under the flag of the country, under the wet leaves shimmering with newshed tears of rain!

So was it unveiled and so might run in the event the corollary of his life—sunshine and shadow and storm; boom of guns and the spirit peering through the mists of smoke and war; a memory drenched in the rain of tears, fragrant and sparkling, shimmering in the sunlight—the life with the flag beating time, with the plaudits ringing about the name, the band at play and the people at attention.

And in the midst the calm features of the American and North Carolinian, minute man of history, reassurance to the past, comfort for the future!

An American Boy!

An American boy! That was all, except that he was a Raleigh boy also; that it was in the square where the cannon had boomed their solemn salute over his bier that they heralded his triumphant entry into the world, that the boy was caught and crystallized at the moment which moulds a man into the bed rock of a nation.

So the guns boomed and the crowd stood reverently at ease and the band played the national anthem and the wet trees seemed to whisper a benediction on the scene that was so mixed with peace and war, with uniforms and the summer dresses of children, with the stillness of the country and the instant note of the world.

Much of the pageant there was, yet more of the quiet individuality of the people who were typified in the scene, whose day it was, who responded like the swept string of a harp as speaker after speaker, in different tender touched upon the meanings with which the day was magnetic, reverted to the old legends, to the recent sorrows, to the bright fruition of wholesome impulse of which the crowd was the embodiment. Martial it was, yet in the North Carolina spirit—the spirit that is slow to quarrel, terrible in rage, grand in death and in defeat with stubbornness that seems only to follow slow conviction, in the daring that glorifies a faith remorseless in its certainty.

But most of all, in the setting of the scene, in the quiet reaches of the trees in the shaded everglades of which the crowd stretched passive and unmolested, was the sense of security and of a pride that was quiet and self-assured.

And to this sense the statue gave the final note of emphasis as it stood revealed at length under the flag—quiet in strength, set in the attitude of response before action, of readiness to attack or defend.

And the ranks of little children looking up must have felt something of this promise as they looked—as assuredly, with mingled pain at the throat and pride in the heart, did those others who looked out across the gathering seeking with vain question and yet with certain faith the features of another Bagley.

And the guns boomed again and the smoke drifted across the square, through the leaves that shimmered with the tears of rain and sparkled in the sunlight, and wrapped the bronze figure with the shroud of Cardenas interpreting Bethel!

A Cloudless Start.

At the hour when the procession started from the foot of Fayetteville

street, the day was almost cloudless, the sun shining brightly on the long stretch of the street vivid with flags, on the guns of the military, the brave badges of the veterans, the open carriages in which the speakers and the guests of honor came to the square. On the sidewalks the people were packed closely but without disorder. They hung over the street in balconies and surged about the moving lines. It was a quiet crowd, with a note of reverence and recession that ran through it and that was in perfect taste with the occasion. At times cheers rose as Hobson was recognized or Blue. Gov. Glenn was kept busy bowing his acknowledgments. The crowd was happy and yet, as it were, thoughtful. It recognized its own part and its own function at the unveiling.

At the Capitol Square, the people were parked awaiting the procession which headed towards them slowly, the blue blot of the police in front, the Third Regiment Band, the Spanish War veterans, the Old Confederates, soldiers of the Union Army in the war between the States, the Raleigh military companies, two squadrons of the naval reserves, from Wilmington and New Bern, the former with their rapid fire gun, finally the carriages with the speakers, members of the committees and guests. Among the line of the procession the school children made a pretty and stirring sight, marching in long lines, true and straight and unperturbed.

When the line of march had emptied itself into the square it spread abroad into a huge circle broken only by the line of the speaker's stand and the narrow roped enclosure leading to the draped statue and pedestal. The people were banked everywhere, by the thousands, running off into a massed view of heads as the eye reached through the square. To the left the raised walk on which the Washington statue stands showed in its marked point of vantage the density of the audience; away across the square on buildings, on the steps of the Baptist church, every point of view held its splash of color and humanity. To the front the tall reach of the Confederate monument towered above the trees, its pedestal grouped with climbing children; dominating the whole scene rose the mass of the capitol itself, white amid green, peopled with eyes and gay with banners. About the flag decorated stand itself the crowd pressed tightly, expectant.

Sudden Onslaught of Rain.

And then, almost before there was time to comment, the clouds began to drift over the sun and a chill fell that was splashed with rain. There was a solitary crash of thunder, the trees shook and the water fell. For ten minutes, while the crowd was shaken and agitated by the onslaught, the rain pelted down. Umbrellas went up, women gave shrill shrieks, and men turned up their coat collars.

The storm had the people at its mercy. Everywhere there was a scurrying for shelter; chairs did service as weather protectors, tables in the stand were tilted for protection against the downpour. For while it looked as though there must be a relinquishment of the entire order of exercises, until suddenly like a passing temptation to anger, the storm retired and the sun shone.

When Rev. J. S. Watkins, Worth Bagley's old pastor, rose reverently to pronounce the invocation, it was to the accompaniment of the notes of birds, that had hurried out again into the new freshness of the shower.

Rev. Watkins spoke briefly, to a deep silence, and Chairman Russ introduced Mr. Richmond Pearson Hobson, the orator of the day, as "soldier,



Richmond Pearson Hobson, the orator of the day, who unveiled the statue of his Uncle yesterday.

orator and statesman."

The "Hero of the Merrimac." At the sight of Hobson, the crowd, which had not shifted its bulk, burst into cheers with which it afterwards punctuated his speech. The "hero of the Merrimac" made a pleasing platform figure. He is, in the first place, a born orator. He knows the mechanism of his voice and adjusts it to his hearers. Speaking yesterday in the open air to an audience, he could not possibly have to reach in his throat, he gathered himself, as it were, and put into every sentence the force and emphasis necessary to make it do his best work. There was no effect of shouting, but a sustained force of power and clearness of enunciation that made him heard far and wide, and gave where another's voice would have been swallowed before it had passed out of the stand.

In substance his speech was in the terms of an exquisite oratory, a summary of the stature of Bagley as the young officer in the navy and as the cementing bond between misadventures to a new era of Union. In the war with Spain was interwoven with the result of freedom for the oppressed for which it was waged, the forward step of the country in the fellowship of the world, and the forward step of the South in the advance of the country. It was not for nothing that he declared that this was Declaration day in Mecklenburg; that it was a Southern man who had been called to lead the Colonies, a Southern man to first preside over the Supreme Court of the land, a Southern man to first enunciate and be ready to enforce the Monroe doctrine; that it was a North Carolinian who had first sent an American fleet across the world to stamp out the relic of piracy. The logical adjustment of history would again give the leadership of the nation to the South, as it would give the leadership for peace and commerce to the American control of the Pacific in which Providence had at last caused the playing of her feat for the good of humanity. This beautiful monument, he declared, erected to a man who, lovingly, he might say had fortunately been given to the Nation, expressed not only the love and admiration which the people bore for Worth Bagley but also the place in the progress of the nation which his people were taking as the result of the war in which he gave his life.

Hobson's Personality.

Hobson's face is Scotch-Irish in character, heavy head, long brow, prominent nose and massive chin. His grey eyes are veiled under heavy lashes that droop. His mouth is wide, mobile, sympathetic and strong. He stands rather heavily on long legs and, for gesture, extends an arm on which his hand is locked with the look of strength that is in a vice—a big, manly, Southern man, unaffected, with an eloquence three parts nature and one part acquired. He thrilled and held his crowd and closed his speech within twenty-one minutes from the opening sentence.

Senior Annapolis Alumnus.

Colonel John Wilkes, of Charlotte, the oldest alumnus of Annapolis, was called upon by Chairman Russ and for a few minutes with feeling and taste spoke of the place which young Bagley had won among the alumni of the Academy, and of having known and come to admire him while he was yet a midshipman there. Colonel Wilkes is white of head and beard and his voice, while clear, is not strong. He made a venerable picture and a thoughtful contrast to the last speaker, the old navy and the new, both of the South, both speaking in honor and commemoration of the man whose death had given the service a new example and morale.

"Bagley and Four."

Following Colonel Wilkes, Dr. Huber Royster, of Raleigh, was sent to school with Bagley, and is himself a former football player, read with dramatic fire the poem of Robert Burns Wilson, "Bagley and Four," at Camps Bay," the theme of the verses being a comparison between the fight and the battles on the football gridiron, the refrain, "When Bagley kicked a goal."

Blue's Graphic Narration.

Lieutenant Victor Blue, who was introduced by Chairman Russ, was

greeted with the wildest cheers. He was in the uniform of his present rank, that of Lieutenant Commander, and is of a type that went to the hearts of the crowd at once—North Carolinian—he said that he had been raised in South Carolina—the marriage of a North Carolinian and a South Carolinian. He made no attempt to talk in the manner of a speaker and was peculiarly successful in a narrative way. Very simply, with deep feeling, with the stamp in every word of sincerity and pride, he told of what he had known and heard of Bagley, of having seen him kick a goal from the fifty-five yard line; of the esteem in which he was held in the service.

He spoke of the storm in which the Winslow was caught at sea, when a derelict was seen floating in the ocean with two men aboard, of Bagley's insistence upon going to the rescue, of the boat being returned and the dangerous feet being rescued, of the danger after all of the crew if the life-boat had been in the water for over an hour.

"Yet," he said, with deep contrast, "he was not reckless, but cool and discriminating." And he told how, in the blockade the Winslow had seen a large vessel approaching which did not respond to signals, of how the guns were trained and in the excitement the order given to fire, which Bagley prevented.

And then, very touchingly, he told of his devotion to his mother and how it was known in the service so that the Jackies made use always of "mother stories" to "work" him for leave and shore and how, just before he was killed, he had remarked jestingly to an inveterate shore-leave man as they drifted towards the hostile batteries that it looked as though they would soon land and he'd better get the shore-list ready.

Chairman Russ Presents Statue.

In presenting the statue to the Governor, Chairman Russ reviewed the history of the fund, its having been started on the suggestion of Capt. M. W. West, a Confederate soldier, and the subscriptions having been limited to one dollar each. Over seven thousand people had subscribed, voluntarily, from Maine to California, from every State and Territory. The monument had been erected without State or Federal aid, that no citizen might look upon it without being strengthened and inspired to higher patriotism.

The Governor Speaks.

The Governor, in accepting the statue, was at his best. His voice dominated the great crowd and his oratory glowed as only he can make words take on the color of blood. He spoke of the significance of the 29th of May, first marking the Declaration of Independence, second as the day on which North Carolina had turned to fight for friends and kindred, third, as the day on which the breach of sectionalism had been healed and union had been cemented in the blood of Worth Bagley.

It was fitting, he said, that the statue should be said by a fellow officer and here, with Bagley, Richmond Pearson Hobson, a grandson of North Carolina and of her great jurist, a great nephew of Governor Morehead, the grand constructive Governor, the son of a Confederate soldier and himself a statesman and hero; and that Victor Blue, a North Carolinian of North Carolinians, should also be present to speak.

The statue, said the Governor, should be guarded and revered by himself and by his successors who should come after him. There was only one blot upon the day, the

absence of the Lieutenant Shipp, than whom there were none braver—if as brave—none truer, if as true—none more noble, if as noble—to whom a monument had been erected at Charlotte and who side by side with the now President Roosevelt charged up San Juan Hill to a soldier's grave.

In closing Governor Glenn turned to Mrs. Bagley and paid a glowing and most tender tribute to her as the mother of the young officer who was being honored by the day, saying that the mother who had borne a boy who had so cemented the country together had done more than any woman now living for the good of the whole nation.

The Unveiling.

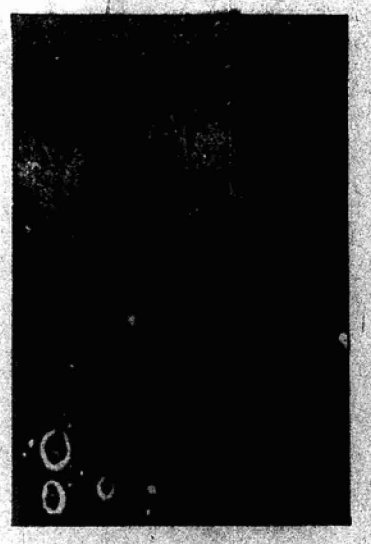
He then directed the unveiling by Master Worth Bagley Daniels and the exercises were concluded, being followed by the public reception in the Governor's office, at which Captain Hobson and Lieutenant Blue, with the Governor and his staff received.

During the exercises the speeches were interspersed with music by the third regiment band, given with a high degree of finish and excellence and a feature was the chorus of hundreds of school children in the song "Let the Hills and Vales Resound."

INVOCATION BY REV. JOHN S. WATKINS, D. D.

Almighty God, the fountain of life and light, the creator, preserver and benefactor of mankind, we lift our hearts to Thee in adoration, praise and thanksgiving. While we magnify and honor Thee as the All-wise Ruler and Disposer of all events, we rejoice in Thee as our merciful and gracious Father whose providences, though often mysterious and inscrutable, are grounded in love and work together for the good of thy children. We bless Thee for the hope that the shadows which cloud our life will vanish when the light of eternity dawns on us and we shall see "face to face," and know even as we are known. Through all the discipline of life, its varied experiences of joy and sorrow, its joys and cares, its responsibilities and anxieties, its bereavements and disappointments, we believe thou art leading upwards toward Thyself, towards a higher, nobler and happier state of existence. We render thee thanks this day for thy great goodness to us and to all men. As individuals, as families, as a State, as a country, thou has lavished thy mercies upon us. We enjoy the blessings of thy providence, let us not forget our indebtedness to the past, to the faithful ones who have gone before us and left us a rich heritage, the fruit of their toils and tears and sacrifices. We thank Thee for the brave and noble dead, whose battle is over, whose victory is won, whose influence lives in other lives made richer by their deeds. We bless thee that thou has put the hearts of the people of this State to erect a monument to the memory of her valiant son, who at his country's call went forth to war and laid down his young life in a struggle for the relief of the oppressed and down-trodden. May those who gather around it or pass beneath its shadow receive a fresh impulse towards higher ideals and a nobler life. We beseech thee to regard with thy special favor those whose hearts, saddened and softened by the grief of years, bend with tender and peculiar interest to this memorial day. Span their tears with thy bright bow of promise and through the mist may they catch a glimpse of the better day which shall lift the shadows, and bring a renewal

of sundered love. We invoke thy blessing upon this State, its Chief Executive, its officers and people. We thank thee for all she has accomplished in the cause of truth, liberty, education and religion. Favor our country and grant that the blessings we so richly enjoy may be perpetuated to the last generation. Let not our prosperity lead to pride, self-sufficiency and forgetfulness of Thee, and help us to see it as our opportunity for great and unselfish deeds. Remember in great mercy all the nations of the earth and incline their hearts to unity and brotherly love.



REV. JOHN S. WATKINS, D. D., Under Whose Ministry Worth Bagley Joined the Presbyterian Church—He Offered the Invocation Yesterday.

May they regard each other as brothers, each nation working out its own destiny, and all working together for the common good. In thy good providence bring about the cessation of all animosities and international strife, and let not wholesome rivalry pass into envy, hate and discord.

Thou Prince of Peace, the whole earth waits for Thee, groaning and travailing in pain until now. Let thy light break forth in universal radiance, and may the world, redeemed from sin, oppression and cruelty, cease its wall and quarrel, and chain songs of victory. And when we have finished our earthly course, receive us into Thy heavenly kingdom, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, where tears, pain and grief have no place, we ask through the merits of Jesus Christ, Amen!

SPEECH BY CAPT. JOHN WILKES.

Your Excellency, the Governor, Worth Bagley's mother and sisters, sailors and soldiers of North Carolina. Fellow citizens: As the oldest graduate of the United States Naval Academy, and the president of the Alumni Association, I have the honor to bring to you their greetings—their thanks for the honor done to Worth Bagley, our fellow alumnus, by his native city and native State.

"Worth Bagley, carrying out the lesson taught him by our alma mater, (Continued on Page Two.)"

Statue of Worth Bagley Unveiled.

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gave up his life in the Bay of Cardenas, nine years ago. During my visits to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, I have made it duty to ask for and give greetings to all North Carolina boys, and thus was brought to know him first as a plebe, and then as he advanced in classes, and each time was drawn to him more and more by his loving smiles and manly training, and his career was watched with interest, of it you have heard and will hear from his mates, Hobson and Blue. The news of his death brought sadness to my heart, cut off as he was, at the beginning of a career promising so much—he died for his country doing his duty, and the sorrow of these days is now succeeded by rejoicing that North Carolina has added another name to its roll of honor, and in days to come the name of Bagley—Worth Bagley—will be known among them commemorated as has been done by the statue of bronze under the shadow of the Capitol.

In the name of the alumni of the United States Naval Academy I thank you, the committee who have done this, that coming generations may ask and be told that Worth Bagley, a graduate of the United States Academy, has kept the faith and shown that the confidence reposed in him—"In his honor and fidelity and abilities" by the President of the United States as expressed in his commission as an ensign, has not been abused, but carried out by laying down his life in his country's service.

"Of such timber is our naval personnel composed, and we can now only regret that Worth Bagley was cut off in his prime.

"With you his loved mother and dear kin, the alumni would now rejoice as they wept with you when the news came that one of us had met so glorious a death.

"Worth Bagley's name is enrolled on the honor list of the dead. We have with us others of the alumni, whose names are on the living list—ones that North Carolina has the right to claim as Hobson's trip into the harbor of Santiago, from which God in His providence returned him in safety, but covered with glory. Victor Blue, his service in the same neighborhood adds his name to the honor roll. Hobson, you have heard from—his glowing words of promise all will carry away. Blue will tell you more of Bagley, as he knew him as a class mate. May their lives be long and their shadows never grow less.

"I thank you all, and now close with loving words from the alumni to Bagley's mother, and to you who have done him and his alma mater honor this day."