

MONUMENT UNVEILING.

A Stately Shaft Now Tells of Heroism and Posterity's Pride.

Opening Prayer, Rev. R. C. Craven.
Hymn, Nearer My God to Thee,
choir and band.

Address of Welcome, W. Stamps Howard.

Unveiling of Monument, little Miss Katharine W. Bourne, Master W. D. Pender, Jr.

Presentation of Monument, Judge H. C. Bourne.

Acceptance of Monument, Paul Jones.

Music, Old North State, band and choir.

Introduction of Orator, Col. John L. Bridgers.

Address, Major General Julian S. Carr.

Benediction, Rt. Rev. Jos. Blount Cheshire.

Dixie.

"ERECTED TO
THE CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS
OF
EDGECOMBE COUNTY
DEFENDERS OF STATE SOVEREIGNTY
1861 C. S. A. 1865."

This is the most perfect polished granite that the Confederate monument which the Daughters of the Confederacy of the William Dorsey Pender Co. erected. It is a stately granite, twenty feet high, surmounted by a bronze figure of a Confederate private soldier, seven feet tall.

The day was ideal. A gentle rain fell in the early morning, laying all dust, and then came the bright, bracing sun shot air. All Nature smiled, and the people caught the infection.

There was a smile in the eye, a cordiality in the hand grasp and greeting, that betokened the just appreciation of the occasion. Ladies, children, men, civilian and veteran mingled. The bright dressing of the females, furnish blending agreeable with the more sober garments of the male.

Every section of the county was well represented, and but few of the veterans were absent.

The procession was formed in front of the court house and at noon marched to the commons, the band leading, playing that stirring air "Dixie Girl," then followed in the order named, the Edgecombe Guards acting as escort. The invited guests and speakers in carriages, the Confederate veterans, 120 strong; about 250 school children dressed in white and red, the fire companies with their trucks, and a huge concourse of citizens.

When the two thousand or more people had been seated the band played "Dixie," and the old Vets gave the Rebel yell.

S. S. Nash then called the assemblage to order. That honorable duty had fallen upon him because the commander of the Dowd-Wyatt-Lewis Camp was laid low with disease in a distant city.

Rev. R. C. Craven was then introduced to open the proceedings with prayer. His supplication to God was eloquent with fervor and impressiveness.

Next was singing that grand old but ever new hymn "Nearer My God to Thee," the band playing the accompaniment and the audience singing. It was grand, the whole air was full of holy vibrant melody.

The Address of Welcome, by W. Stamps Howard, was a gem. He spoke with deliberation, but feeling, and received genuine applause. In imagery and choice diction he reminds one of his gifted father. He has not yet acquired the ease that helps to make Judge Howard such a pleasant speaker, but time and practice will bring that.

Probably the most touching if we except that grand diapason in "Nearer My God to Thee," was the unveiling by pretty piquant little Katherine Wimberly Bourne and Master William Dorsey Pender, Jr., the first a granddaughter of North Carolina's first War Governor, H. T. Clark of this county, and the other the grand-

son of Gen. William Dorsey Pender. Lee's right arm, for whom the last Chapter of the U. D. C. is named.

This Chapter had as their guest the charming devoted widow of the gallant Pender. The snows have fallen upon her head, but the kindly face wore as bright a smile and looked every whit as loving as when she lived here with us, training our wives and daughters, by both precept and example to be noble, patriotic, God loving women.

The veil fell in twain, by the pulling of Miss Bourne and Master Pender. The Edgecombe Guards fired three salutes, whose salvos could be heard beyond the township confines and then the band, which always plays well and with proper interpretation—Wils Bell teaches no other way—played "Praise God From Whom all Blessings Flows." This grand old chorus with its full notes of the Gregorian chant gave a rhythmic swell that even the stately oaks that have kept guard in the commons for centuries seemed to bow in unison.

The presentation of the monument by Henry Clay Bourne, long famed here as the silver-tongued orator, was a work of love to the speaker; in season and out he has labored to have this memorial crown the efforts of the Daughters of the Confederacy, a zeal that had his enthusiastic support because of the cause, but accentuated and stimulated because the good, true, loyal and patriotic woman, who blesses him as a wife, was the leader of the devoted band of women who had made up their minds that the Edgecombe soldier should have an enduring memorial to tell of duty well performed, heroism that is appreciated and recognized.

As a fitting closing of this presentation was "The Old North State," not only by the band and choir, but the populace, sweet stirring strains that swelled and flowed with harmonic rhythm.

The acceptance speech by Paul Jones was in his happiest vein. Mr. Jones is an orator. The Demosthenesian talent was born in him, easy and gracefully he made the speech of acceptance while his audience appreciated and endorsed every sentiment he uttered.

Col. John L. Bridgers' introduction of the speaker of the occasion, Gen. Carr, was a glowing tribute to duty well performed. A people with no monuments had no history. Edgecombe had made history, now thanks to her patriotic women she was making a chronicle of it. He paid many compliments to Gen. Carr, and his audience appreciating their deservedness applauded with zeal.

Gen. Carr, when he arose to make the address was enthusiastically greeted, that kindly face seemed to beam with delight as the old veterans gave him the glad encore.

They knew him, knew of the many unostentatious, kindly deeds that he had done his old comrades.

Long may he wave, big-hearted, kindly Jule Carr! His speech appears elsewhere in full.

Then the benediction by Bishop Cheshire, the son of the eminent, and universally beloved divine, whose monument is lovely Calvary Church, and no truer or faithful adherent had the Lost Cause. He was the man to ask God to smile on what our good, loving, true women have done. "Dixie" again stirred the audience to enthusiasm, and all dispersed, rejoiced that Edgecombe through its good women, a peoples' salvation, and the hope of the world, had at last, in enduring granite, and everlasting bronze, told the generations to come that this county is proud of her sons.

The Terrible Boy.

"Johnny," said young Spoonamore "your sister must look charming when she lets her hair down."

"Yes," said Johnny, with his mouth full of chocolate creams, "but she looks a good deal better when she puts it on again."—Chicago Tribune.

ASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always
Seen the
Signature
Chas. H. Tuttle