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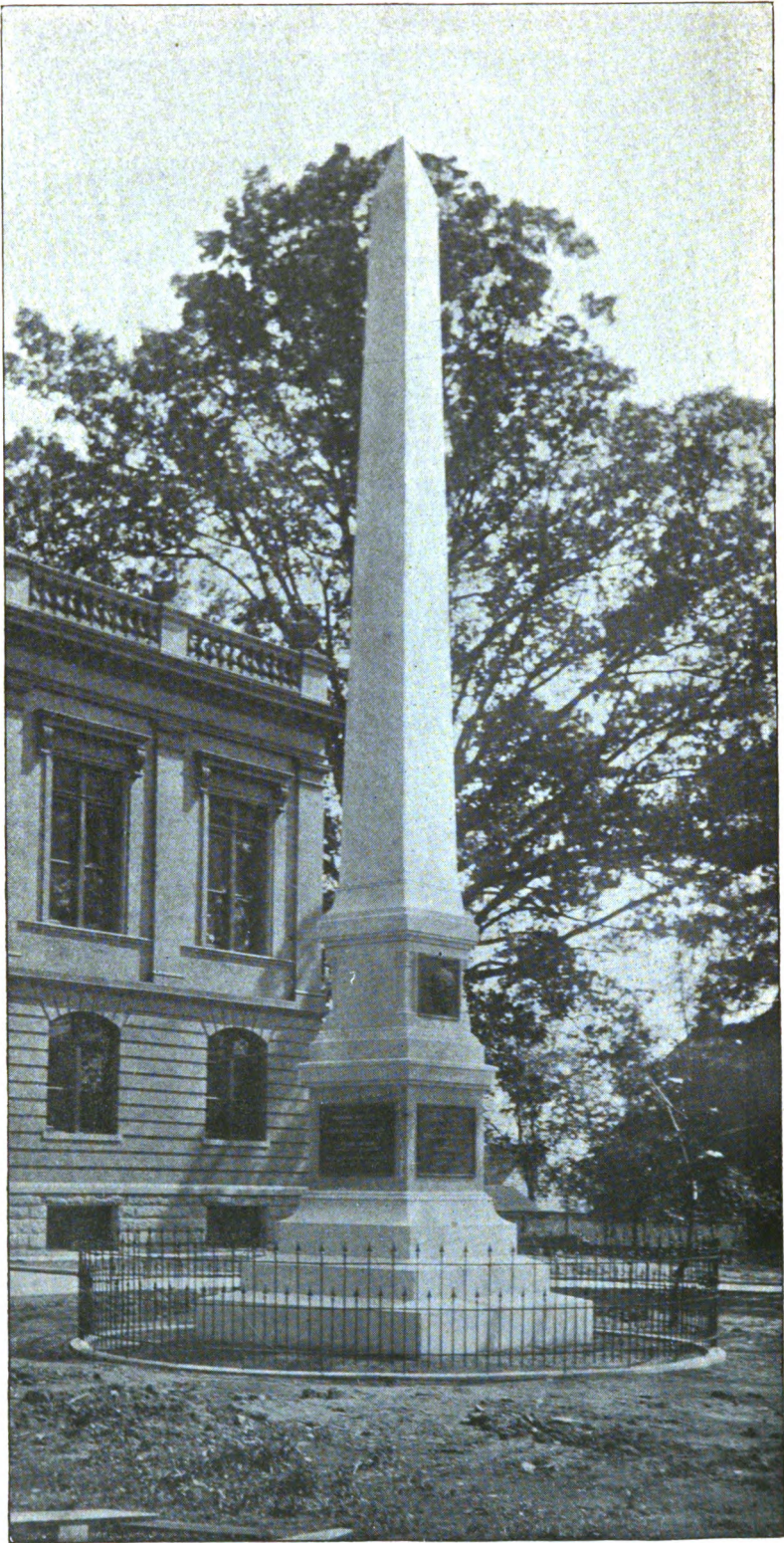


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By mail.

5 Sept. 1898.



MONUMENT AND COURT HOUSE.

UNVEILING
OF THE
MONUMENT
TO THE
SIGNERS
OF THE
MECKLENBURG DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

At Charlotte, N. C.

MAY 20, 1898.



PUBLISHED BY THE

MECKLENBURG MONUMENT ASSOCIATION,

June 1898.



CHARLOTTE, N. C.
Observer Printing and Publishing House,
1898.

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By mail

OFFICERS OF THE MONUMENT ASSOCIATION.

**President—F. B. McDOWELL; Vice-President—DR. JOSEPH GRAHAM;
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**DR. JOSEPH GRAHAM, E. D. LATTA, DR. R. J. BREVARD,
S. WITKOWSKY, H. S. CHADWICK.**

Mr. McDowell then stated that The Charlotte Observer had offered a prize for the best poem on the Mecklenburg Declaration, and that Col. H. C. Jones would announce the name of the successful author and read the poem. Col. Jones said: "This poem which I am about to read is the production of the Rev. Walter W. Moore, D. D., of Hampden-Sydney, Va., (outburst of applause) a born son of this glorious old County of Mecklenburg. If you will hearken to his numbers you will find that he has kept the faith of his fathers and caught the inspiration of this day that has become sacred to the people of Mecklenburg. I can pay no higher tribute to his genius than to read these verses. They are entitled 'The Vanguard of the Revolution.'

The Vanguard of the Revolution.

To Piedmont Carolina, where virgin prairie soil
 Bespoke abundant harvests to reward the tiller's toil,
 From homes beyond the ocean there came in days of old
 A band of sturdy heroes, a race of yeomen bold.

On all Catawba's uplands—for there they found their rest,
 Those woods and wide savannas fulfilled their longing quest—
 They reared their modest dwellings, they built the kirk and school,
 For well they knew how danger grew from skeptic and from fool.

Behind the walls of Derry their fathers' faith in God
 Had filled their souls with courage to defy the tyrant's rod ;
 'Twere folly then to fancy that sons of sires like these
 Would bear a yoke of bondage or obey unjust decrees.

Their heirloom was a Volume which taught the rights of man,
 And made the least a king and priest free from despotic ban ;
 The people are the sovereigns, with rights inalienate,
 The people make the government, the people are the State.

This truth was taught by Craighead, thus Mecklenburg believed,
 And when oppressive measures passed, her sons were not deceived ;
 While others talked of redress as subjects of the crown,
 They boldly broke the tyrant's yoke, and flung the gauntlet
 down.

From seven congregations in which they preached and prayed,
 From woodlands and plantations, in homespun garb arrayed,
 These yeomen rode to Charlotte, these men of mien sedate,
 While high emprise shone in their eyes—they came to found a
 state.

And there these dauntless statesmen, in ringing words and high,
 Declared their Independence—"We'll win it or we'll die ;
 With lives and sacred honor, with fortunes great or small,
 We will serve the cause of freedom, we will break the Briton's
 thrall."

Next year the nation followed where Mecklenburg had led,
 To all the world, with flag unfurled, her high resolve she read :
 "No more shall sons of freemen endure the tyrant's rod,
 This land shall be as Freedom free, or we forsworn to God."

Through flaming broil of battle where Britain's bravest stood,
 On field and flood, by blade and blood, they made their pledges good,
 And now, where'er their banner floats over land and sea,
 With grateful lays the people praise the men who made us free.

Then up with granite column, inscribed with lofty phrase,
 Let Mecklenburg's achievement resound through endless days ;
 Her sons were first to utter the disenthraling word,
 Let men proclaim their deathless name till all the world has heard.