THE WILSON ADVANCE.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT WILSON, NORTH CAROLINA

BY

JOSEPHUS DANIELS. - - Editor and Proprietor.

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THE WILSON ADVANCE.

"LET ALL THE ENDS THOU AIM'ST AT, BE THY COUNTRY'S, THY GOD'S, AND TRUTH'S."

VOL 12. WILSON, N. C, FRIDAY JULY 7, 1882. NO. 25

THE ADVANCE GLEANINGS.

The culture of jute is on a boom in Pamlico county.

A boy at Charlotte killed himself eating cherries.

Smithfield had a $12,000 fire Wednesday of last week.

The House of Representatives will adjourn July 10th.

While in Texas Oscar Wilde acquired the title of Colonel.

An Ohio lawyer has been disbarred for stealing sheep.

The corner stone of Kinston college will be laid August 29th.

The remains of Jefferson will not be removed from Monticello.

The decrease in the public debt during May is over $10,000,000.

A colored man died in Wilmington Thursday evening from sunstroke.

Queen Vic doesn't want to marry. She has an income of $6,270 per day.

The Canadian government will begin to issue four dollar bills next month.

Georgia owns a hundred-year Bluebeard—he's had seven wives and killed 'em all.

The new code has been completed and will be ready for the printer in two weeks.

Mr. Stainback will begin the publication of the *Commonwealth* at Scotland Neck shortly.

Three prominent Tennessee editors have within a few years reformed and became farmers.

Very many of the clerks in the Post office Department at Washington, are obliged to work on Sunday.

C. W. Hollowell, of Pasquotank county raised a crop of 1100 barrels of Irish potatoes and sold them for $5.00 a barrel.

There are in this country 1,000,000 working oxen and 12,580,807 milch cows, other cattle, 22,401,565. Grand total, 36,093,851.

Asheville is to have a daily newspaper to help the *Citizen* tell of the wonders of the grandeur of the Blue Ridge mountains, &c.

Goldsboro merchants contemplate placing one or more light draught steamers on the Neuse river to ply between Newberne and Smithfield, a point about 20 miles above Goldsboro.

Mr. Arnold Borden, of Goldsboro, has 17 acres in tobacco which promises to turn out well. Farmers in other localities might try raising the weed with profit.

The republicans of the second district will meet in Wilson July 19th at 12 o'clock to nominate a candidate for Congress. Aspirants for the nomination are as thick as blackberries.

The Wilmington military excursion to Smithville last Thursday—"Miss Hill of Goldsboro was selected the prettiest young lady and Oldham of the *New South* presented her with a beautiful bouquet.

An agricultural editor says: "Plant your pitchforks under the shade of your cherry trees, point up. Should your neighbor's boy fall from the tree they might prevent him from striking the ground."

Mr. T. B. Kinsbury's speech at the laying of the corner stone at Haywood's church in Halifax county, Saturday, June 24th, is pronounced an able effort. It was a production of great literary merit.

Pamlico county people must be double jointed and twisted. Read the following from the Kinston *Free Press*: "A young man in Pamlico county fell from a two story window while asleep and was not injured at all.

$425,000,000 is the sum that will be required to pay pensions within the next four years—just one fourth of the public debt. The pension arrears bill was passed to catch the vote of the soldiers, and will be an expensive campaign fund to the people.

The commencement exercises of Chowan Baptist Female Institute at Murfreesboro last week were largely attended. Several parties from this section were present and spoke in the highest terms of praise both in reference to the exercises and the excellence of the school.

A cranky negro named Debnam was arrested in Washington city for claiming that he was a Senator in Congress from North Carolina and was fraudulently deprived of his seat. The crop is increasing, but the execution of Guiteau will, we hope, have a wholesome effect.

Resolved, That the present system of county government is based upon the monarchical principle of taxation without representation, and is utterly subversive of the rights of the citizen, and should be repealed.—Republican Coalition platform.—I was a member of the Legislature that passed the county government bill and claim to be its author and draftsman. I believed it was right then and have nothing to take back now.—Folk, the Republican Coalition candidate for judge.

Geo I. Seney said: "If any one asks you why I gave so much money to the Wesleyan Female College, of Georgia, tell them it was to honor my mother, to whom, under God, I owe more than all the world beside. I admire the Southern women. There are possibilities in the Sothern women not equaled anywhere else on earth."

An attractive young New York heiress, who estimates that her affections have been smashed to the extent of $75,000, has brought suit for breach of promise of marriage for that amount against a young millionaire of the same city. It may strike the reader that New York girls are rating their affections pretty high, and that young men had better keep away from girls with a $75,000 affections, unless they mean business.

The Wilmington *Leader* got off the following which we pronounce good: "James A. Davis, of Oxford, has been afflicted for six years and just found out his ailment. He says six years ago he voted the Democratic ticket and he has been sick ever since. He has put himself under Dr. Mott's treatment, and taken a three ply sugar coated anti-Prohibition-Liberal-Republican any-office-we can get pill, and is now calmly reposing in the arms of the Mott-ly crowd."

Jas. E. Sheppard, Esq., a former resident of Wilson, now one of the leading lawyers of Washington, N. C., has been nominated for Judge of the First Judicial District. Mr. Sheppard is only about 35 years old, but has for a number of years enjoyed a large and energetic practice which has fitted him to wear the judicial ermine. He is an able lawyer, an upright man, and will do honor to the bench in the State. Mr. J. H. Blount, of Perquimans was nominated for Solicitor.

[redacted]

Its Star Still Ascending.

In a recent call upon Mr. W. H. McAllister, 206 Front street, general agent for the sale of the Star Chewing Tobacco, he thus spoke to one of the reporters: "I was tortured with pain from acute rheumatism, and cared not whether I lived or died. I tried St. Jacobs Oil—just two applications of which entirely cured me."—*San Francisco (Cal.) Call.*

The Closing Scene.

Guiteau Executed at 12:40.

He Dies Without a Struggle.

His Farewell Prayer and verses

The Body to be Buried in the Jail for Safe Keeping.

His Brain Found to be in a Normal Condition.

U. S. JAIL, WASHINGTON, June 30—9:45 A. M.

Guiteau was very restless during most of the latter part of the night, not sleeping more than 20 minutes at a time. Towards morning he fell into a sounder sleep from sheer exhaustion. He rose a few minutes after 5 o'clock, and breakfasted heartily at 6:30. When the cook took his breakfast into the cell Guiteau told him to bring his dinner in at 11 o'clock promptly. Rev. Dr. Hicks, who remained at the jail all night, was called into the prisoner's cell soon after he rose, and held a conversation on religious subjects with him. At 8 o'clock Dr. Hicks saw the prisoner again, when he made a request to have a bath, and asked the reverend gentleman to go out and see the scaffold. Guiteau desired him to arrange with the Warden to have the trap sprung as soon after 12 o'clock as possible. He also expressed considerably anxiety lest some accident should occur, and insisted that Dr. Hicks should see that the scaffold and its appurtenances were all in a proper and safe condition.

After Guiteau had disposed of these matters he read a poem composed by himself, which he calls "Simplicity, or Religious Baby Talk." After reading it aloud he attempted to sing it, but broke down in the effort which would have appeared quite ridiculous if the occasion had been less solemn. Guiteau then talked for some time about his future. He remarked that his heart was tender. "I don't think," he said, "I can go through this ordeal without weeping, not because of any great weakness, for principle in me is strong, but because I am nearer the other world. I hold to the idea that God inspired me."

Guiteau subsequently asked that in his books all the complimentary remarks about President Arthur and his administration be eliminated. Then he presented to Dr. H. the books that have been the companions of his lonely hours. He told Dr. Hicks that he wanted him to offer the first prayer on the scaffold, saying that he (Guiteau) would then read his favorite Scriptural passage, the 10th chapter of John, and offer prayer on his own account. Then he intended, he said, to read his poem, "Simplicity." He desired to have the execution so arranged that just as he uttered the last word the drop should be sprung.

John W. Guiteau arrived at the jail at 9 o'clock, and was followed in a few minutes by Warden Crooker. These two gentlemen, with Dr. H's, had a consultation as to the disposition of the body.

At 9:15 the prisoner came out into the corridor and exercised for fifteen minutes. He walked very briskly, making it rather difficult for his guards to keep pace with him.

At 9 o'clock there was a constant stream of persons coming into the jail, and the scene outside was like that of a great gala occasion.

At 10:10 o'clock Guiteau expressed a desire to take a bath, and a large tub was taken into his cell.

10:45 A. M.—The rotunda was thrown open at 10 o'clock, and the newspaper men flocked in. There were few others there except the jail guards and a squad of artillerymen. Early this morning the prisoners in that part of the jail overlooking the court where the gallows stands were all removed to other quarters. Seventy policemen are posted along the road way outside the building. In addition to the jail guard all available men of battery C. United States Artillery, are on duty inside the jail. Shortly before 11 o'clock, Guiteau called for paper, and for 20 minutes was engaged in copying what he calls "his prayer upon the scaffold."

At 11 o'clock Mrs. Scoville arrived and besought admission. She was laboring under great excitement.

John W. Guiteau went out to see her, and persuaded her to make no further attempt to gain admission.

11:35 A. M.—While Dr. Hicks was in the cell at 11 o'clock, Guiteau made some request as to the execution, and having made copies of his "last prayer," poem and other writings, tore up the originals. He had his boots blacked, and as the Doctor was leaving the cell his dinner was brought in, and Guiteau ate it with much relish.

12:05 P. M.—At 5 minutes past 12 o'clock Gen. Crocker read the death warrant to the prisoner in his cell. The only persons present were Gen. Crocker, Deputy Warden Rush and Rev. Dr. Hicks.

12.25 P. M.—The death procession has just started for the gallows.

12:35 P. M.—Guiteau is now reading his farewell address.

The drop fell at 12:40 p. m.

12:45 P. M.—The crowd outside the jail has got word that the prisoner has been hanged, and is rending the air with shouts so that it is impossible to hear a voice inside the jail office.

12:46 P. M.—Guiteau's neck was broken by the fall and not a movement of the limbs or body was perceptible. Death ensued instantly.

When Dr. Hicks came out of the cell he said the prisoner had not the slightest fear. "We have had a pleasant religious talk. He feels now that his preparation is finished and he is ready for the last formality. He commits himself to God with the utmost confidence. I think he will show some emotion because the nervous strain is so great."

Shortly before 12 o'clock Guiteau seemed to break down completely, and burst into tears and sobbed hysterically. After the death warrant was read to the prisoner by the Warden he became much more composed, and turning away, began to brush his hair, with his old appearance of swaggering *sang froid*.

At 12:25 the loud steam whistle was blown at the workhouse, which was near the jail. Two minutes later the iron gates at the end of the corridor clicked. Then Warden Crocker made his appearance, and a moment later the familiar figure of Guiteau was seen, his face was pallid and the muscles about his mouth moved nervously. Other than this there was no sign of faltering.

The procession moved quickly to the scaffold, and Guiteau ascended twelve steep steps with as much steadiness as could be expected from a man whose arms were tightly pinioned behind him. At last his steps faltered for a moment, but he was assisted by two officers, who walked one upon either side. Upon reaching the platform there was a slight delay while the crowd of 250 or more spectators were pushing and jostling through the door leading from the rotunda to the corridor, at the lower end of which the gallows was placed. Guiteau in the meanwhile gazed upon the crowd, looked up at the beam over his head, and quickly made a survey of all the dread paraphenalia. As soom as the crowd had gained access General Crocker waved to them to uncover and all heads were bared. Dr. Hicks made an invocation in these words: "Father, out of the depths we cry to thee. Hear Thou our supplication for the sake of Jesus Christ, the Savior, who has made full propitiation for us. Behold this Thy servant. We humbly pray that Thou wilt deliver him at this supreme moment of his life. Let Thy light descend upon him. Liberate his soul from prison. May he appear to You absolved by Thy great mercy. From the blood of Guiteau deliver him and us. Christ have mercy on us. Lamb of God, that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Amen and amen."

During the prayer Guiteau stood with bowed head. At its conclusion Dr. Hicks opened the Bible and Guiteau, in firm tones, said, "I will read a selection from the 9th chapter of Mathew, from the 28th to the 41st verse, inclusive." He then read in a clear, strong voice and with good intonation, showing little if any nervousness. Dr. Hicks produced the manuscript which was prepared by the prisoner this morning and held it before him while Guiteau read. While Dr. Hicks was arranging the manuscript Guiteau exhibited slight nervousness, and moved several times from one foot to the other. He soon recovered his exposure, looked over the sea of upturned faces, and said: "I am now going to read to you my last dying prayer."

He then read in a loud tone and with a distinct and deliberate voice the following: "My dying prayer on the gallows: Father, now I go to Thee and the Saviour. I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do and am only too happy to go to Thee. The world does not yet appreciate my mission, but Thou knowest it; Thou knowest Thou didst inspire Garfield's removal, and only good has come from it. This is the best evidence that the inspiration came from Thee, and I have set it forth in my book that all men may read and know that Thou, Father, didst inspire the act for which I am now murdered. This government and nation by this act I know will incur Thy eternal enmity, as did the Jews by killing thy man, my Saviour. The retribution in that case came quick and sharp, and I know Thy divine law of retribution will strike this nation and my murderers in the same way. The diabolical spirit of this nation, its government and its newspapers towards me will justify Thee in cursing them, and I know that Thy divine law of duration is inexorable. I therefore predict that this nation will go down in blood, and that my murderers, from the Executive to the hangman, will go to hell. Thy laws are inexorable, O Thou Supreme Judge. Woe unto the men that violate Thy laws. Only weeping and gnashing of teeth awaits them. The American press has a large bill to settle with the Righteous Father for the vindictiveness in this matter. Nothing but blood will satisfy them, and now my blood will be on them and this nation and its officials. Arthur, the President, is a coward and an ingrate. His ingratitude to the man that made him and saved his party and land from overthrow has no parallel in history. Thou Righteous Father, will judge him further. Thou knowest me, but the World hath not known me. Now I go to see my Saviour, without the slightest ill will toward human being. Farewell, ye men of earth."

When he had finished reading his prayer, he again surveyed the crowd and said, still with a firm voice, "I am now going to read you some verses, which are intended to indicate my feelings at the moment of leaving this world. If set to music they may be rendered effective. The idea is that of a child babbling to his mamma and his papa. I wrote it this morning about 10 o'clock." He then commenced to chant these verses in a sad, doleful style:

"I am going to the Lordy,
I am so glad,
I am going to the Lordy,
I am so glad
I am going to the Lordy,
Glory Hallelujah! Glory Hallelujah!
I am going to the Lordy!

"I love the Lordy with all my soul,
Glory Hallelujah!
And that is the reason
I am going to the Lord,
Glory Hallelujah! Glory Hallelujah!
I am going to the Lordy."

Here Guiteau's voice failed and he bowed his head and broke into sobs. But he rallied a little and went on with his chant:

"I saved my party and my land,
Glory Hallelujah!
But they have murdered me for it,
And that is the reason
I am going to the Lordy,
Glory Hallelujah! Glory Hallelujah!
I am going to the Lordy."

Here again his feelings overcame him and he leaned his head on the shoulder of Mr. Hicks and sobbed pitifully. Still he went on:

"I wonder what I will do
When I get to the Lordy;
I guess that I will weep no more
When I get to the Lordy,
Glory Hallelujah!"

For at least forty seconds after the drop fell the body hung motionless, then there was a slight motion of the shoulders and legs, due to muscular contraction. Three minutes after the trap fell the body was lowered to be examined by the physicians. There was a decided action of the heart for fully fourteen minutes, and the pulse fluttered two minutes longer. When the body had hung with feet just touching the ground for over an half hour, it was lowered into a coffin which was waiting for it under the scaffold. The physicians decided that his neck had been broken. When the body was lowered the black cap was removed and the face exposed. The features were pallid and composed. About the mouth there was considerable moisture. After the body had been arranged in the coffin Warden Crocker ascended the steps of the scaffold, and addressing the crowd, which was kept back from the scaffold by a line of officers, said that those who desired could pass alongside of the scaffold and view the body. The crowd of spectators was formed into line and passing between the scaffold and the wall of the jail, viewed the body. Some of the jail officers, two or three physicians and Dr. Hicks stood about the coffin. John W. Guiteau joined this company, and fanned his dead brother's face to keep away flies. John Guiteau did not go upon the scaffold, but stood during the scene just within the line of the officers at the bottom of the steps.

At 1:10 p. m., the lid of the coffin was put in place, and the body was borne to the jail chapel where the physicians, who were to make the autopsy, were assembled.

While the autopsy was in progress Warden Crocker said, as to a report that the manner and place of Guiteau's burial had not been determined upon, the body, he said, would remain in jail to-night. Dr. Hicks, who left the jail soon after the hanging, will return in the morning and then the question of insanity will be settled. John Guiteau, when asked if the relatives would not ultimately remove the body, said, "I don't wan't to say what we will do, for if I do we will not be able to protect it. If the body is taken away nobody will know it, at the time at least."

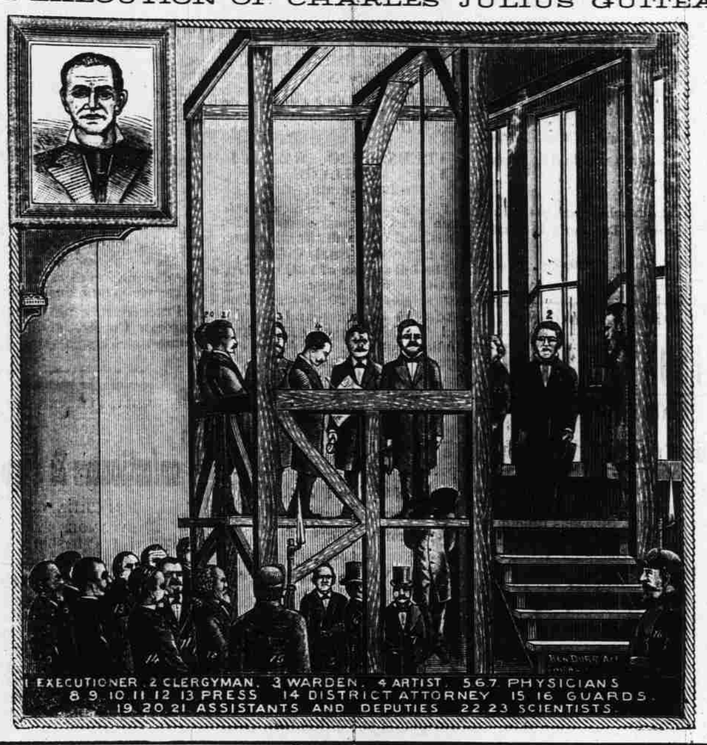
Charles H. Reed, Guiteau's counsel, did not witness the execution.

At half past 2 o'clock Dr. F. B. Loring concluded his examination of the eyes of the dead man. Both eyes were so indistinct that no opinion could be formed of their condition or expression.

A close examination of the body showed that Guiteau's neck was broken, and that the rope had cut deep into the flesh of his neck. There was a disposition on the part of some of those present to get mementoes of the occasion at any cost. The jail officers took the rope from the gallows and secreted it. As soon as the noose was removed from the dead man's neck, Dr. Hicks said, when asked about the burial, that he did not wan't to say where the body would be interred. The funeral, such as it will be, will take place to-morrow, and will be as private as possible.

A reporter of the Associated Press was the only newspaper man admitted to the chapel where the body was being dissected. The operations of the three surgeons engaged in the autopsy were watched with the greatest interest by the others who crowded about the table. After the examination of the eyes, his brain was removed and inspected. Then the body was cut open and a thorough and complete examination made, with the view of determining all the physical facts that could be of interest in connection with the case. The brain was found to be in a normal condition and weighed forty-nine ounces. The heart weighed a little over nine ounces, and was in a healthy condition, as were the other internal organs. At 3:55 the autopsy was adjourned until this evening, when the brain will be taken to the Government Medical Museum, 10th st., where a minute and critical examination will be made of it. The physicians were disinclined to go into the details in regard to the results thus far reached. Dr. Hartigan left the jail soon after 4 o'clock, taking with him Guiteau's brain. Dr. Godding, who has maintained that Guiteau was insane, said, when asked what the result of the autopsy was, "I have nothing to say now." Another physician remarked, "We are all know nothings." A bystander replied, "To the uneducated, non expert public it was thought at the time of the autopsy all the physicians would agree that there were lymphæ in the brain and hardening of the dura mater. None of them care to express a positive opinion until after the examination has been completed." Dr. Bliss said that there were many points showing a good healthy mental and physical development.

THE EXECUTION OF CHARLES JULIUS GUITEAU.



He Played Pious.

BUT HE MISTOOK A ROPORTER FOR A CLERGYMAN.

"I went to Southampton to report the proceedings of the Synod for the Bowronville *Magpie*. It is a fact, though you may not credit it, that I occasionally indulge in a little stimulant. After sitting all the morning in a cramped position, listening to much fraternal and pious talk, I went out at recess to stretch my legs. I likewise felt dry. When I got out of the church I walked a short distance and glanced judiciously from under my sombrero to see whether there was a place for liquid comfort near by. I saw none. I walked a little further, but not a sign was there of anything of the kind. Still I kept on hoping and expecting every moment to discover some familiar indication of—well, whiskey. My search was fruitless. I grew desperate. The time was passing and the thirst increasing. I increase my pace. I turned this way and that, peered into every window and sniffed the air. Still my prospecting was in vain, and at last, dispirited and weary, I went back to the church. Returning to Brooklyn that evening I was fully compensated for my abstinence during the day. Strange to say, I started down to Southampton, the next morning without providing against the possibility of another day's suffering. In the morning I went out for a walk with a number of the clergy, and by the time I returned I felt like taking a drink. The desire grew on me and became controlling. I did my best to discover a spot where I could satisfy my thirst, but the search was again vain. We were going into church for a long session, and things were looking pretty bad. At length, as we were walking, I met a man who looked like a well to do farmer. I spotted him at once. He had a jolly, ribcund face, and the tip of his nose gave him away. I felt this was a chance, probably my only one. I shook the clergy, turned up another way, and then down to the main road, and again met the jolly nosed man.

'Good morning, sir,' said I.

'Good morning, sir,' said he, lifting his old hat. Then I stopped, and then he stopped.

'There are a good many strangers here,' said I.

'Yes, sir,' said he: 'I hope it will result in bringing many souls to Christ.'

'I hope so, indeed,' said I faintly, for my hopes of a drink went down, and sank still lower as he added:

'We are looking to you ministers to set us a good example, and I hope there'll be no quarrelling, as our people need a lesson in peace and harmony.'

I coincided and made a few commonplace remarks which I don't remember, for I was trying to pluck up courage. Just then the jolly man lifted his hat, said 'good morning,' and was about to go. I saw my last chance disappearing, and in a fit of desperation I called him back.

'Say, my friend,' said I, 'you seem very strict temperance people in this town.'

'Yes,' said he local option prevails here, you know.'

'Fact is,' said I 'I've been used to a little stimulant—do you know a place where I could get something to drink?'

"The old man fixed on me a look of reproach and rebuke. If it had been possible for me to feel ashamed of such a thing I would have been. As it was, I was considering how I could get out of it, when he took me in with a steady gaze and said:

"'Come with me.'

"We walked along side by side, and I endeavored to be social, but it was vain; he replied only in monosyllables. At last we came to a quiet, old fashioned looking house and entered. The old man led the way to the cellar and I followed. The lower we went the higher my hopes rose, and when we reached the bottom of my joyful eyes were greeted with the sight of a plump cask, gently tilted forward. He took a goblet and put it beneath the tap. The liquor within responded with a 'good—good—good—google.' Then the old man thrust forward the goblet.

"'Applejack—try that,' said he.

"I put it to my lips and drained it. I was just going to say 'That's ——good,' when I remembered my friend was pious, and said instead 'That's very good.' Then he filled the goblet for himself and drank it off with a relishing smack.

"'Have some more?' he asked.

"'As drink is so scarce hereabouts,' said I, 'I think I had better.'

"He drew up a good nip, and, as he was handing it to me, the same old expression of reproach came into his eyes.

"'I guess,' said he, 'nigh onto all you city clergymen do this on the sly, don't you?'

"For the first time I tumbled to the fact that he mistook me for a clergyman.

"'Yes,' said I, 'we do. You see we have very heavy duties, and they wear us out, and then there's the tension of nerves and the pastoral visitation, and so forth.'

"'Yes,' the old man said in doubtful tone: 'I've often heard tell on it, but I never believed it till now.' 'While you're up here if you feel like taking anything, come round. But if I were you I wouldn't say nothin' to the others, because there ain't much left, and if the hull Brooklyn Presbytery come,' there won't be enough to go round.'

"Then we went upstairs. The old man had treated me so hospitably that I felt it a shame to deceive him. You may smile, but my conscience smote.

"'Friend,' said I, 'I think you've made a mistake about me.'

"'W,' he asked in a half startled sort of a way.

"'You evidently think I'm a clergyman,' I said.

"'Well, ain't you?' he asked.

"'No,' said I, 'I'm the reporter of the Bowronville *Magpie*.'

"The old man dropped into a chair and rolled and laughed until he got red in the face, and I thought he would choke. At length the paroxysm was over, and he gurgled forth, as he struck his knee:

"'Well! To think I was playing off pious before a d—d newspaper reporter! Come down stairs and have another drink!'"

To the ex-Confederate Soldiers and Sailors of N. C.

COMRADES:—As the day approaches, (Thursday of State Fair week) on which we are, by resolution adopted at our first convention, again to assemble and evenange the grip of former fellowship and renew old recollections, the undersigned, in discharge of the duty devolved upon them, respectfully submits the following suggestions:

On the 22nd of July, prox., twenty one years will have elapsed since the first great battle was fought in the most momentous struggle of recorded time. During that period our ranks have been as much depleted by natural dissolution as they were in war by the weapons of the foe. Increasing with accelerated certainty as the years speed on, the time is not far distant when but a handful will remain to tell the tale of battles lost and won, and the loved cause over thrown.

Is it not meet that we know each other, preserve our identity, collect and digest the story, and proclaim to our posterity that no shame there by attaches to their paternity?

Since that eventful day, the babe who perchance may first have seen the light in its lurid dawn, has attained to man's estate, and would fain know the meaning of the terrific thunder that ushered in his natal day. Shall he learn it from foemen? Heaven forbid, or filial pride is at an end.

We therefore recommend, nay urge you by every consideration of country and self respect to meet at your respective county towns on the day designated and organize into county associations of survivorship, by electing suitable officers and enrolling your names, rank, company and regiment in a book provided for the purpose. Then send a copy of the roster to the secretary of the State Association, L. L. Polk, Raleigh, in order that it may be entered in the general roll of the State. At the same time let delegates be appointed to attend the next convention and perfect the general or State organization. If all could there assemble so much the better. A distinguished comrade will be invited there to address you.

Recollect the day, the duty and the object. Two or three, or even a single individual can take the initiative in each county. Let us, brothers, give one day at least of each recurring year to "The Lost Cause," dead comrades, but living issues, social fellowship and history.

Fraternally,

W. J. GREEN,
President of the Association

THE QUIET HOUR.

Selections for Sunday Reading

After Dark.

BY REV. DR. PEEBLES.

The difference between day and night is universally perceived and universally acknowledged, and the varieties of it afford a large field of intelligent observation.

We shall not go into this subject extensively, showing the reciprocal influence of the physical and psychical natures of men and the modification of this influence by broad day light and dark night. There is one point, however, to which we wish to call special attention, and that is the relation of night to children in cities.

We say in cities, because ordinarily in the country there is but one thing for a child to do at night—namely, stay in the house. Another reason is that the writer, alas! knows very little child life in the country. He knows something of it in the city. He was born in the city. Until he was ten years of age he knew nothing of country life. He has spent more than half his life in cities in Europe and America. This has given him some experience and some opportunity for observation. He has watched the growth of many children in many families, and has taken pains to notice the effect of different kinds of culture.

Almost invariably boys who have been allowed to roam free at night have come to moral shipwreck and social destructions. The exceptions have been where there was a wholesome temperament, a strong intellect, and peculiar social influences. Men and boys, women and girls, whatever may have been their culture, feel that there is something in the streets at night different from that which is in the day—something that excites apprehension, or creates alarm or gives license. Boys that are demure by day will say things at night they would blush to utter in the day light.

The result of our observation is the clear conviction that it is absolutely necessary that parents know exactly where their children are from sundown to sunrise. Nobody ought to be allowed to go alone off the pavement of his father's house after sundown. It ought not to be a hard restriction; to a boy thus trained from infancy it will not be. It is unnatural that a child should want to to go to play in the dark with other children. The desire never comes until the child has begun to be corrupt. Sometimes for quiet, parents will allow their children to go "round the corner" to play with some other children. Sometimes this is allowed through carelessness. We never knew it to end to end disastrously. We have in our mind one or two striking cases in which we have pleaded for this. Every one of those children, and here now are the better men.

Children should be trained with the gentleness of love and the firmness of sagacious authority, but whether these are at the command of the parent or not, there is one rule absolutely indispensable to the safety of the child and the peace of the family—namely, that when the child is small they shall never go out of the lot without his parents, or some other proper guardians; and that when he grows older, until he becomes of age, his parent ought to know where he is every moment of his time, and ought to know that he is in bed before 11 o'clock.

Where this cannot be secured by the exercise of gentleness, it must be obtained by authority. A refractory child may make the house hot if he is kept in it, but better endure eight or ten years of grief than to have that child ruined, and all of the family suffer through the remainder of his career.

We have spoken of boys here, as we do not suppose that any girls of decent families are allowed to be on the streets after dark. We could enforce this lesson by statements of harrowing cases, if these were necessary. We do earnestly beseech parents who read this article to lay it to heart, to make quiet observations upon their children at night, to find where they are, and to prepare to answer to God, our heavenly father for the painstaking care which they give to their children.

Ex Sanitary Com. Rafin K. Hineman, of New Orleans, was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by St. Jacobs Oil, so we see by an item in the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer Sun*.

Death Distanced.

ALEXANDRA, Va., Aug. 4, 1881.

H. H. Warner & Co.: Sirs—I should have been in my grave to-day had it not been for your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

Mrs. BURGESS.