

# Goldsboro Weekly Argus

This ARGUS o'er the people's rights,  
Doth an eternal vigil keep

No soothing strains of Malasson,  
Can lull its hundred eyes to sleep

VOL. XVII.

GOLDSBORO, N. C. THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1900.

NO 146

## IN MEMORIAM.

BY NIXON P. CLINGHAM.

Land of the South! embalmed in song  
That echoes down the years,  
Above thy dead, to day, we strew  
The victor Bay and burial Yew,  
To tell thy fame in tears:  
For tho' thy starry Cross went down  
Amid the wrathful fight,  
Upon its shining wreck we read  
How hero hearts can break and bleed  
Before they yield the right.

Land of the South! the sweet May-time

That woes thy buds and blooms,  
Doth in its flight adown the Spring  
Its rosy garland freely bring  
To wreath thy place of tombs,  
Where lowly winds like mourners bend

To whisper to the brave,  
Whose quiet brows, tho' cold beneath,  
Are circled with the Laurel's wreath  
That sparkles from the grave.

Land of the South! thy blades no more  
Leap out in hands of steel,  
But in their rust the record sleeps,  
That jealous Honor steadfast keeps,  
How Southrons scorn to kneel;  
And on thy deeds shall Romance love  
To rear her dazzling fane  
And pilgrims come to haunt the Urns  
Where sorrow broods and Valor turns  
To muse upon thy slain.

Land of the South! the stars that burst  
Like blossoms from your sky,  
Reflect in each a hero's shade  
Whose knightly deeds shall only fade  
When time itself shall die;  
And future Bards shall sweetly wake  
To thee their chosen lyre,  
And woman's lips shall hymn the praise  
To childish ears in tender lays  
Of Fallen Southern sire.

Land of the South! a Bayard keeps  
All mute his marble rest,  
Within each grave whence storied clay  
Lies in its winding sheet of grey  
Upon thy mother breast,  
And now we bring our floral gifts,  
And braids of Immortelle,  
As tribute to the courtly dead,  
Who followed where thy banner led,  
And with that banner fell.

Land of the South! thy squadrons rush  
Down in the fray no more,  
Mid rifle flash and sabre stroke  
And scenes of blood and battle smoke,  
As in the days of yore,  
But ah! the lightning track they left  
Is paved with Spartan dust,  
And legends linger where they rode,  
That gild the page of Valor's Code,  
Of how they kept their trust.

Land of the South! a halo gleams  
Upon thy midnight gloom,  
And 'round thy broken shrine it throws  
A wreath of light that const it glows  
About the martyr's tomb,  
And from thy darkest ruins spring,  
Where life and hope are dumb,  
Traditions that shall live in song  
That other Minstrel shall prolong  
In days that are to come.

Land of the South! about thy wrecks  
The fires of Courage play,  
And Glory gathers from thy grief  
The grandest gleanings in his sheaf  
To garner them for aye;  
For when the last throb of thy drums  
Grow faint upon the air,  
Immortals bore on wings of flame  
The echo up the steps of Fame  
And left it living there.

Land of the South! no martial muse  
A purer theme shall teach,  
Than how thy colors swift and far  
Swept o'er the purple field of war  
And lit the deadly breach:  
And Vandal pen can ne'er profane,  
Or blight with venom stroke,  
A single star that hung thereon  
And shone till every hope was gone  
To dare the despot's yoke.

—[Goldsboro Messenger, May 10, 1879.]

## A Powder Mill Explosion.

Removes everything in sight; so do drastic mineral pills, but both are mighty dangerous. Don't dynamite the delicate machinery of your body with calomel, croton oil or aloes pills, when Dr. King's New Life Pills, which are gentle as a summer breeze, do the work perfectly. Cures headache, Constipation. Only 25c at J. H. Hill & Son's drug store

Mexican Liver Pills cure all liver ills. Price, 25c.

## MEMORIAL DAY

### The Most Populous Observance of the Day Goldsboro Has Ever Seen.

The Daughters of the Confederacy Have Added Additional Interest to the Hallowed Occasion Among all Classes of Our People.

Ever true to the public spirit that has made her the best town in the State Goldsboro did herself proud May 10th, in the imposing observance her people as an entire community accorded Confederate Memorial Day, and the lesson thus imparted to the young will not fail to leave an impress upon their plastic minds that will make for their elevation in refined sentiments, patriotic impulses and higher appreciation of the prerogatives of Southern lineage and citizenship.

At 5 o'clock—and before that hour—the court house square, and the street in front was thronged with all classes and ages of our citizens, besides the various organizations—the Military, the Confederate Veterans, the Graded School children, the Daughters of the Confederacy in carriages, and the K. of P. Cornet Band, which at the appointed hour led the procession to the cemetery, under the escort of Dr. W. H. H. Cobb, chief marshal, and his corps of efficient assistants.

At the cemetery the decorations around the hallowed Confederate square, under the indefatigable supervision of Mrs. T. H. Bain, who never tires in her active devotion to the Confederate cause, were imposing and beautiful, and here the great throngs of people—the largest in the history of the day, decorously gathered for participation in the sacred ceremonies.

A special choir of the Daughters of the Confederacy, supported by a number of leading male voices, opened the services with the National anthem—"America," after which Rev. W. C. Newton, pastor of the Goldsboro Baptist church, offered an exquisitely beautiful and tenderly appropriate prayer, which found an echo in every heart of his hearers and met with a softly whispered amen from every soul. This was followed by a hymn by the pupils of the Goldsboro Graded School; and the Chief Marshal, Dr. Cobb, then, with a fervent reference to the sacredness of the day and the earnest work of the Daughters of the Confederacy—and the women of the South, in keeping green and sacred the memories of the Lost Cause, presented the orator of the occasion, Mr. Jos. E. Robinson, editor of the GOLDSBORO ARGUS, who spoke as follows:

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY; VETERANS OF THE GREY; MEMBERS OF THE GOLDSBORO RIFLES; TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF THE GOLDSBORO GRADED SCHOOL; LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—

The subject on which I have been requested to address you upon this Memorial occasion is The Private Confederate Soldier—the grandest specimen of heroic, honest, persevering manhood the world has ever known; and 'till the last syllable of recorded time the eyes of no future generations will ever look upon this like again.

True the banner under which we fought so valiantly that it waved in victory over almost every field of conflict is forever furled; and the cause in which he suffered and died

and died is forever lost, yet no less forever is his untarnished honor and his unexampled heroism secure on the golden pages of the tear washed chapters in Glory's arim story of Fame. And so long as History endures, so long as that silent sentinel shall look with changeless eye to the rising sun, so long should the specimen of manhood which he represents be the proudest boast of this Southland of ours. And so long as the motherhood of the South shall emulate the motherhood that produced the Confederate Soldier, so long need we have no fear that our prestige will be great and glorious and safe. For behind the Confederate Soldier in the field was the Confederate Womanhood at home, and these were of mould as heroic as their brave sons and husbands and sweethearts at the front.

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,  
With smile that weel her pain dissembles,  
The while beneath her drooping lash  
One starry tear-drop hangs and trembles,  
Though heaven alone records the tear,  
And Fame shall never know her story,  
Her heart has shed a drop as dear,  
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

The wife who girds her husband's sword—  
'Mid little ones who weep and wonder—  
And bravely speaks the cheering word,  
What though her heart be rent asunder,  
Doomed nightly in her dreams to see  
The bolts of death around him rattle,  
Has shed as sacred blood as e'er  
Was poured upon the field of battle.

The mother who conceals her grief  
While to her breast her son she presses,  
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,  
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,  
With no one but her secret God  
To know the pain that weighs upon her,  
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod  
Received on Freedom's field of honor.

So patriot blood does not come alone from hearts that bleed on the fringed line. Surely "if there be a boon—an offering that heaven holds dear, it is the last licitation that liberty draws from a heart that breaks and bleeds in her cause." Indeed the soul that sorest suffers from martial grief hears the thunder of the guns not at all save only in dreams, or when the tears of brave fears fall fastest.

Upon the field of battle, amidst the flush of victory, perhaps, and the shouts of triumph, ended human suffering for many a brave Confederate Soldier; but the deadening grief of devoted women upon many a hillside, in many a low green valley, was thereby deepened, and the intervening years have not given surcease of sorrow. The soldier rests, his war-fare over, but woman weeps on and is not comforted; for pride in valorous deeds of her dead never yet healed the mother's bruised spirit of devotion.

The Spartan women gave the ebony hair of their heads to make strings for the battle-bows of their warriors, and spoke tearless farewells when the brave marched away, but thous-ands of hearts broke when Leonidas fell, and woman's tears might have washed with holy waves the pass of Thermopylae.

When the noble Southern mother stroked the head of her precious boy and pressed his throbbing heart to her own aching breast she offered him a sacrifice to God and her country; but the sacrifice brought not surcease of anxiety, nor soothed the mother's pain, nor stilled the yearning voice of the mother's love. Idle to tell her of her boy's undaunted bravery on the field of battle; idle to remind her of his imperishable deeds of valor, of his heroic death, and of his Country undying gratitude; idle to point her to his commandant's report—to the name of her boy on the Roll of Honor. Proud she would be with the pride of the mother of such a son, but stricken still with grief—the grief of the mother of the dearest dead.

And the Southern wife, who bravely packed her husband's knap-sack amid little ones who wept and wondered, and kissed him last good-bye, assuming burdens too heavy for her to bear—how heavy and how she bore them God alone knows—what shall I say of her? It is not in the power of language to pay her tribute! Her record lives in the hearts of all brave men, and the heart of a brave man never forgets.

But the record of grief for the Private Confederate Soldier slain does not stop here. What of the matchless Southern Maiden, clinging to the gate of her sequestered Southern home and consecrating it with her tears as she lovingly looks on the vanishing figure of her soldier lover, erect, reliant, brave,—the pain of parting struggling with his hope and his pride and his heroism for his country's cause—the little gate and the sweet face of the little sweetheart strangely blending with scenes of battle—the charge, the rout, the Victory! Under the soldier's jacket the heart beats less heavily than the heart of the maiden above the closed gate—closed to shut out joy and bid defiance to hope!

By and by, comes a story of car-

nage, and anxiety—deep and unfathomable—claims the heart of the brave maiden at home. Other stories follow fast and follow faster, and day on day brings the commander's roll of the fallen. Hope's voice sinks to a low whisper. Life is chilled infinitely! At length, in the calm of the Sabbath morning, perchance, there comes the roll of all rolls. Each name is hurriedly skanned, and the cry is no—no—no—on down the long roster of the eternally resting valliant:—Nay! not so! Near the end is a name that burns and sears as by a vice of steel! A loved life has gone out under the Bonnie Blue Flag where the fight raged fiercest. The end of hope is come. The burden bends lower still on the brave at home.

After awhile, there comes—through circuitous hands—to the stricken maiden a poor little parcel—a Bible, a picture—and some blossoms given fresh-plucked at the gate, now faded brown. These memorials of a sleeping soldier take their place with a woman's dearest treasures.

And the years roll on! From such homes and from such hearts went forth the Private Confederate Soldier from homes of luxury and from humble hamlet alike—to battle, to exquisite suffering through avenues of sickness and mental anguish in prisons and on carnage fields, and to death:—Nay, not to death! for to live in hearts we leave behind is not to die!

And love and reverence for the Confederate Soldier will live in Southern hearts forever. It is like an inspiration, therefore, that the figure which surmounts this Memorial mound is that of a Private Confederate Soldier. It stands an object lesson to the passing generations through all the coming time, and on each recurring Memorial day, as the people gather here with the children of the community, to pay the tribute of public honor to the memory of the Confederate Dead, monument and memorial will be intermingled and merged into the minds of the young as emblematic of a great principle which all men revere—the heroic principle, without which no people can ever become truly great. Let the young garner here, through this object lesson—that monument, these ceremonies, this great outpouring of the people—and let them be taught by the fireside at home, what it all means. And as they come to gaze on that statue, its graceful pose, its reliant attitude, its steady eye and firm countenance, let them be trained to measure up to the standard of manhood for which it stands—a manhood of engaging grace, in chivalry that was ever tempered with dignity, in piety that gave endurance, in the clarity that boasted not in the honor held above life, in the heroism that neither paled in the face of peril nor cringed in defeat, in the frankness and heartiness and wholesome comradeship that won the heart of the world, and in the reverence paid to womanhood that has not been equalled since first the world began. Teach them these things, and they will hold their heritage of blood from the men whose fate was defeat and poverty at Appomattox more priceless than rich acres and garnered wealth!

After the address, the decorations of the Confederate mound with contributed flowers was indulged in, and so generous were the offerings that the whole mound was a floral eminence, breathing the perfume of nature's sweetest tribute—the breath of flowers—to the memory of the Heroes eight hundred of whom sleep beneath the perpetual watch of the silent sentinel who guards their last resting place.

The usual salutes were fired by the military, as the great crowd slowly and reverently dispersed.

## Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them; also Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped hands, Chilblains. Best Pile cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25 cts a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by J. H. Hill and Son, Druggist.

Havana's loafers who kiss the American flag should be taught the vigor that lies hidden in its folds.

## CENTRAL COMMITTEE

### Chosen by the State Committee Last Night.

A Candidate Will Be Nominated for Judge in the Twelfth District: Mr. Aycock Was Present.

Raleigh News & Observer, May 11.

The Democratic State executive committee met last night at 8 o'clock in the Senate chamber and was in session till midnight.

There were present in person and by proxy twenty-eight out of the thirty-six members of the committee. Chairman Simmons presided and Mr. P. M. Pearsall was secretary.

Committeeman Duncan McEachen resigned and Editor W. Bernard, of the Wilmington Star, was elected to succeed him.

A central committee was chosen, composed of the following members: Cyrus B. Watson, Winston, Thos. J. Jarvis, Greenville, Theo. F. Davidson, Asheville, Jas. H. Poir, Raleigh, J. H. Weddington, Charlotte, E. J. Hale, Fayetteville, J. S. Carr, Durham, E. C. Smith, Raleigh, J. S. Cuninghame, Cuingham, Geo. Warburton, Rockingham, F. A. Woodard, Wilson, Claudius E. Foy, Newbern, Jas. A. Lockhart, Wadesboro, R. L. Holt, Burlington, C. C. Lyon, Elizabethtown, R. J. Brevard, Charlotte, Frank S. Spruill, Louisburg, Chas. M. Busbee, Raleigh, W. R. Allen, Goldsboro, R. R. Cotten, Falkland, S. S. Holt, Smithfield, W. E. Rodman, Washington, O. H. Guion, Newbern, M. H. Justice, Rutherfordton, E. F. Lamb, Elizabeth City, S. A. Ashe, Raleigh, H. A. London, Pittsboro, A. W. Haywood, Burlington, N. B. Broughton, Raleigh, Dr. I. E. Green, Weldon, Jno. R. Webster, Reidsville, Wm. M. Webb, Morehead City.

It was decided to nominate a candidate for judge in the Twelfth Judicial district, to succeed Norwood Judge Moore was elected by the Legislature to succeed him but some question having been raised as to the length of his term by such election, it was deemed best to nominate a candidate to be regularly voted for at this election. Each county in the district will at its convention express its choice and the committee will then declare him the nominee of the party. Judge Moore will probably be the man.

Mr. Aycock, the nominee for Governor was present at the meeting as was also Messrs. Franklin McNeill and Samuel L. Patterson.

## His Life Was Saved.

Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvelous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all Throat and Lung Trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at J. H. Hill & Son's Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

## BYAN BY ACCLAMATION

### Allen Names Him to Wildly Cheering Populist Towne For Vice President.

Sioux Falls, S. D., May 10.—The National Populist Convention concluded its session at 1 o'clock this morning and adjourned sine die after nominating the Hon. William Jennings Bryan for President and Hon. Charles A. Towne for Vice President. The nomination of Mr. Towne was only accomplished after a struggle of several hours duration in which an effort was made to have the question of the nomination of a Vice Presidential candidate referred to a committee to confer with the Democratic and Silver Republican parties in their national conventions. A motion to this effect was defeated by a vote of 268 to 492.

Both candidates were nominated by acclamation.

## Instructed for Bryan.

Chicago, May 9.—The Democratic national committee is confident that 800 of the 935 delegates to the Kansas City Convention will be instructed to vote for the nomination of William J. Bryan. This does not mean that the others will be opposed to Bryan, but simply not instructed to vote for him. A two-thirds vote is necessary to nominate. But few district conventions have been held and they have been practically a unit for Bryan. Thus far 234 delegates have been instructed for Bryan as follows:

Alabama (at large), 4; District of Columbia, 6; Iowa, 26; Massachusetts, 30; Michigan, 28; Nebraska, 16; New Hampshire, 8; New Mexico, 6; North Carolina, 22; Ohio, 2; Oregon, 8; Pennsylvania, 64; Rhode Island, 8; Utah, 6; Total, 234.

In Alabama the State convention instructed only the delegates at large.

## The Strike is Now Off

Salisbury Truth-Index, May 9.

The strike of the Southern Railway telegraphers is off.

Mr. J. A. Brandon, organizer of forces, who has been in Salisbury for the past three weeks keeping the lines of strikers intact, left yesterday for Greensboro, where he first took up headquarters.

In a statement to the Order President Powell reviews the strike and the causes leading up to it and calls it off. He says, however, that a systematic boycott will be waged on the Southern by the members of the Order and their friends.

There are now about six of the striking operators in Salisbury and several of them are thinking of seeking work on other roads.

## No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run down invalid. Only 50 cents at J. H. Hill & Son's drug store.