THE ROANOKE NEWS.

JOHN W. SLEDGE, PROPRIETOR. A NEWSPAPER FOR THE PEOPLE. TERMS:—$1.50 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

VOL. XXV. WELDON, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1894. NO. 8.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

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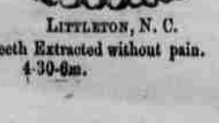

LITTLETON, N. C.

Teeth Extracted without pain.

4-30-6m.

A GREAT EVENT.

The Corner Stone of the Confederate Monument Laid.

THE EXERCISES IN RALEIGH

Welcome by Governor Carr, Oration by T. W. Mason.

IMPOSING CEREMONIES AND A GREAT MULTITUDE PRESENT.

THE 22nd has passed into the history of the "Old North State" as a day long to be remembered. There never was a finer day in May, and great streams of people poured into the beautiful capital city of the State to witness the imposing ceremonies of laying the corner stone of the Confederate monument. The sun shone down upon thousands of flags fluttering in the breeze and seas of happy faces which lined the streets awaiting the procession.

The procession started at 11 30 and at the head rode Raleigh's Chief of Police, Charles D. Heartt. Then followed the marshals mounted. Next came the Raleigh Independent Cornet Band and following them the following companies: Pitt Rifles, 40 strong, Capt. T. J. Smith, Granville Grays, 40 strong, Capt. W. A. Landis; Durham Light Infantry, 35 strong, Capt. T. J. Winston; Governor's Guard, Capt. Alf. Williams.

Then came carriages in which were seated the orator of the day, Hon. Thomas W. Mason, Governor Carr and other distinguished citizens.

Next came the old Confederate Veterans, 250 strong with Col. E. D. Hall, in command. The flag of 48th regiment, N. C. Troops, Cooks brigade, all torn and rent by shot and shell, was borne by J. A. Leach, of Thomasville, who was a member of that brigade. This flag had been carried throughout the war and on it was inscribed many of the chief battles through which it had passed. Frazier's Farm, Malvern Hill, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, etc. There were many of these old veterans who had lost limbs in the great civil struggle and the old vets were loudly cheered as they followed along in the procession. At intervals of every thirty minutes a howitzer fired a deafening salute in the northwestern corner of the capitol square. When the procession reached the site of the monument, where thousands of people were packed around the grand stand, Governor Carr called the assemblage to order, and in a brief address welcomed all North Carolinians to the capital city on so great and grand an occasion.

The choir of 100 voices then sang Judge Gaston's stirring song "The Old North State." Walter Grimes, Esq., then called to order and organized the "Monument Association." Rev. James A. Weston, then offered a beautiful invocation.

Mr. W. C. Stronach announced the contents of the corner stone box, and then Hon. Thomas W. Mason, of Northampton, the orator of the day, delivered his oration, which follows in a condensed form. There were also addresses by Judge Bennett and others. The corner stone was declared laid and then the choir sang a hymn, at the conclusion of which the band struck up "Dixie," and this of course elicited the wildest applause. The chaplain closed the service by pronouncing the benediction.

T. W. MASON'S ADDRESS.

Col. T. S Kenan in an admirable way introduced the orator, Captain Mason, who spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

North Carolina bids us pause today and consider the memory of her soldiers—those whom she gave to the Confederacy. * * *

The day invites us. It is our independence day. It is our day of glorious memories. Now, and through all the years to come, it is our Confederate monument day. For this day, our mountains have given their fairest treasure into the hands of women, and she has brought this treasure reverently into our midst. Our brothers have taken it gratefully from her hands and laid the stone in its place. We watch and wait with swelling hearts. Voices fall upon the ear again that have been still since our camp fires went out. We feel the touch of elbows again; our lines are forming; our bugles are calling. The stone, which you have laid in place today, my brothers, shall be lifted up! And by its side and from its summit, he shall look into our faces again—our comrade, our brother; "bones of our bones, and flesh of our flesh;" brave as he who followed the eagle of Rome, or the lilies of France; our Confederate brother; he who was first at Bethel; he who was nearest the foe at Gettysburg; he whose rifle gave the last salute to the flag which was folded with immortal honor.

We have waited long enough to consecrate this stone. History approves and demands it. They who were our foes, but who are now our friends, ask that it be done. The passing years have laid their hands, in blessings, upon the head of our comrades, and deepened the halo about his name. If the courage of the soldier, untainted by evil purposes, is the noblest gift of time; if the memory of Grant is sacred; if the name of Lee is our priceless heritage; then, have we waited long enough to dedicate this stone to the memory of the North Carolina Confederate soldier. * *

What moved this peace loving, God fearing, contented man, happy within the shadow of the vine that climed about his cottage door, to go forth against his brother of the north? Let a true answer be given. * * *

Let it be said of him that he loved the Union; that he loved the arts of peace; that he loved repose, but let it also be said of him, his repose was never so profound that the tramp of the advancing host failed to arouse him. In 1861 as in 1865, his sensitive ear caught the first foot fall of the foe upon the soil of the state that holds the ashes of Washington. It was enough. The plow stood still in the furrow; unutered good bye, was said with quivering lips and straining eyes; the door of his home closed behind him, and he went forth to battle. By his side, through all the fiery struggle be it said, was one whose love for him was as the love of Jonathan for David; giving him strength and comfort; caring for the stricken ones whom he had left behind; guarding the honor of the cause for which he bled; and when all seemed lost save the honor, leading him by wise counsels, away from the victories of peace. We would that this one were with us to day. How our hearts would burn within us to hear his voice and look into his face again! But he sleeps well where we laid him, with our love for him as the mountains that guard his resting place—our great war governor and leader; but, as we tenderly think of him now, our comrade and brother, Vance!

* * * * *

If history shall say these men of the south and of the north that they sinned in going to battle against each other, it will be sure to say also that their rich offering of blood has opened wide the everlasting mansions of glory for the cause each fought for.

How did our comrade bear himself in this supreme test of virtue? Let us follow this shining lance, and the grim face of war radiant with the sublime, courage of the soldier. History startles us with its record. A military population of one hundred and fifteen thousand men; an army of one hundred and twenty five thousand men! In all the annals of the earth is there a nobler record of heroic endeavor?

Let us follow our brothers, as they pour over the James, thirty thousand of them, in the June days of 1862, encircling Richmond with their dark gray lines, near one-third of those who had gathered for its defense; standing with their faces north; waiting for the struggle of the Seven Days to begin; waiting for Jackson, the eagle of the army to swoop down from the mountains; waiting for Lee to speak, whose voice in battle was, to them that day forward, as the voice of God. * * *

See how they move their torn battle flags above the crest of the struggle, at Gettysburg, as it moves along its tract of death, up the slopes of Cemetery Hill, urging forward with the throbbing of their hearts; and when the fateful storm is over, when the crest of the battle rose highest, there lies our comrade by the side of him, of the north. Whom the peace of death has made against his brother. As we look into their faces, side by side, the one clad in gray, the other in blue; each aglow with the spirit that has brought them thus together, to the portals of immortality, can we say of either that he has sinned? Shall we follow our brothers, as they hold in check the unbending will and mighty forces of Grant, through the fire and smoke of the Wilderness, in the Trenches at Petersburg, along the sullen retreat, until the end came, and Lee bade them adieu, with his blessing that has followed them, and made them, like him and heroic in peace as they were great in war?

Shall we measure the glory of our comrade by the treasure of his blood? Then read this record: Fifty-two thousand nine hundred and fifty-four Confederates killed in battle; fourteen thousand five hundred and twenty two of them from North Carolina; twenty-one thousand five hundred and seventy Confederates died of wounds; five-thousand one hundred and fifty one of them from North Carolina; fifty-nine thousand two hundred and ninety-seven Confederates died of disease; twenty thousand six hundred and two of them from North Carolina. Forty thousand two hundred and seventy-five sons of North Carolina gave lives to the Confederacy, more than one third of her military population; nineteen thousand six hundred and seventy three of the sons were killed in battle or died of wounds, more than seventeen per cent of the military population, while the average loss of the Confederate armies was ten per cent, and of the Union armies five per cent. Read this record of the 26th North Carolina regiment of Pettigrew's brigade, at Gettysburg, the conflict of the century. It carried into action over eight hundred men; eighty of them were left, and history has declared: "This loss of the 26th North Carolina, at Gettysburg, was the severest regimental loss during the war," in which seven hundred and sixty four Confederate regiments and two thousand and forty-seven Union regiments were engaged. * * * * *

The Confederate soldier has not died in vain. History will tell the story of his death and passion, that men may be lifted up by the example of his devotion to the memory of his fathers.

* * * * *

Ye men, who wore the gray, you have been brave in peace as you were strong in war. You have lifted North Carolina up in your arms, and made her as true to our Union as the bride is true to her marriage vows. By your patience, peace and order and hope of ours. Elsewhere, in our Union, there is trouble. Social disorder vexes the son of the patriot, and the cry of distress pains the heart of him who loves his fellowman. Teach others the lesson of your patience. Teach them to wright the wrong, as you have done, by the wisdom of the law and purity of its administration. Teach them to be true to North Carolina. And by this shrine which her daughters have consecrated with their love, let us today renew our vows to our foreign queen, the brightest jewel in whose crown is the memory of her soldiers whom she gave to the Confederacy.

U. S. SENATOR THOMAS J. JARVIS, of North Carolina.

Appointed by the Governor of North Carolina to succeed the late Senator Vance. The new senator was born at Jarvisburg 48 years ago. He served with distinction in the Confederate army. At the battle of Drury's Bluff his arm was shattered by a bullet, and his career as a soldier ended. In 1886 he was admitted to the bar. He has been lieutenant-governor and governor of his native state.

AN ISLAND PARADISE.

Noble German "Fruitarians" Propose to Adopt a Life of Primitive Simplicity.

Lieut. G. Waeth's of the German army sailed a few days ago from San Francisco to Honolulu on the steamer Australia on a queer mission. He represents a new "ism" and he is its leader, with a following of many sincere and enthusiastic disciples in Germany, whose numbers are growing with rapidity.

To begin with, it holds that modern civilization is unnatural and untrue, full of vanities and false ideas, and all this it undertakes to reform. Its followers call themselves in English "Fruitarians." They eat nothing but ripe fruit, will not touch cooked food of any kind, nor will they drink anything but water. They are to live in huts, devoid of the furnishings and comforts of civilization, and they are to eschew all clothing."

It is Lieut Waeth's purpose to purchase a large tract of land in the Hawaiian islands, or perhaps a small island outright, if possible. He has large drafts on local and Honolulu banks with which he will pay for the land. When the site of the colony is secured he will return to Germany when after closing up business affairs, he and the other fruitarians will start for their island paradise in the tropics. His mother will be a member of the colony.

Waeth has the rank of first lieutenant in the Dusseldorf Hussars of the Imperial German army. There are twelve noblemen in Germany, he says, who have agreed to go to Hawaii and live according to his belief.

A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rappidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medical tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of stomach, liver or kidneys—It will cure sick headache, indigestion constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or the money will be refunded. Price only 50c. per bottle. Sold by Wm. Cohen.

[For the ROANOKE NEWS.]

CITY OF ROME.

Miss Jessie Gregory's Interesting Letter in which She Graphically Describes the Famous Places of the "Old World."

SHE CLIMBS TO THE TOP OF VESUVIUS AND VISITS THE RUINS OF POMPEII.

I AM in Rome. Rome once the proud mistress of the world and to me so fascinating with its old world fables and traditions. Every street is crowded with history. I look at the places I visit and have to force myself to realize they are the same that centuries ago witnessed the scenes of which I have so often read. You can imagine me poking about among the ruins, wondering through great cathedrals, or tearing myself reluctantly away from the study of the works of the famous old masters, for I am eager to see everything and unwilling to miss anything.

The first days of our arrival here we spent in St. Peter's and the Vatican. They say expectation has an ideal quality which reality can never equal, and so I thought I was disappointed in the exterior of St. Peter's, but the disappointment has long since vanished. I was too near the building when I first saw it, consequently I did not get a good view of the dome, which needs to be looked at from a distance to be appreciated. The Romans say that Michel Angelo, when planning the cathedral, boasted that he would place the Pantheon on the top of St. Peter's, and he really accomplished it. The dome alone is 630 feet in circumference and 308 feet in height, yet it does not impress one as such a weighty affair, the proportions are so fine. I climbed to the top of the dome. The view of the city and surrounding country is almost as beautiful as from Pincian Hill. The roof is flat and beside the dome there are several small houses in which some of the carpenters of St. Peter's live. In the interior there are 150 columns, and it seems to me that every square inch of column, wall and ceiling is decorated—mosaics, frescoes, paintings, statuary, works from both old and modern masters.

I have been extremely fortunate since I have been here in having permission given me to visit galleries and buildings which most people find it difficult to get into. I have seen all of the great collections and galleries of Rome, the Borghese, Vatican, Corsini, Captoline, Ludovisi, Pospiglioni, Barberini, Farnesina, Academia, Sant Luca and Doria, and as a matter of course all the works of the Italian masters that are in Rome, besides a great number of those of the German and Dutch schools. I am no connoisseur of paintings and cannot give a better reason for liking a picture than simply because I do, yet I am glad to say that I like what the critics all agree inside in giving the palm to—the frescoes and paintings of Raphael in the Vatican and Farnesina.

On the 27th I went down to Naples. The valleys en route are the most fertile of Italy. In travelling I miss the big stretch of forest that we have at home, here there are none; every particle of available ground is cultivated. I could see Vesuvius before reaching Naples looming up miles away. It seemed in the distance to be sending out its volume of smoke in a very lazy fashion, quite different from its appearance the next day when I had gotten to the summit.

I went over to Pompeii the day after reaching Naples and spent the morning among the ruins. I saw all the houses described in Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii." The house of Arbaces, of Glaucus, of Diomed, the temple of Isis and the Amphitheatre. Pompeii must have been a most gorgeous city, the yellow and red colors are still very bright, and in the house of Marcus Lucretius I saw some mural paintings that were quite distinct. From Pompeii we drove over to Vesuvius, which is about seven miles distant. The drive was very dusty, the constantly falling ashes cover everything with a fine dust. The volcano is thirty miles around the base, with fields of black waved lava in every direction. The drive has been cut in winding terraces, till within 2,000 feet of the summit, where there is an inclined railway. They call it inclined, but in reality it is almost perpendicular. Then I began to climb with the assistance of a guide. The fine black lava and ashes was deep enough to run over the tops of my shoes, though men are kept at work shovelling it away. I was with a party of about thirty. I don't think more than six or eight climbed to the craters. The smoke and sulpher fumes were suffocating; they did not affect me, however, so I climbed to the top. There are holes all around the summit of the volcano with smoke issuing from them. I put my hand into one of them to feel the warmth. The first crater is nothing more than a big cavity, with a smothered fire in it, but the second is like the infernal regions itself; the smoke was blowing away from me, so I could see down into the depths of the crater. The fire was roaring and hurling up big pieces of lava almost it seemed to me to where we were standing, every few minutes there was an explosion like thunder. Scientists say that the whole top of Vesuvius is nothing more than a crust which may be blown off at any moment.

The next day we went over to the island of Capri to see the Blue Grotto, it is as charming and fairy like as Vesuvius is awful. After reaching the island we got into small boats, holding too besides the oarsman. The entrance to the cave is only about one yard in height, so we had to lie down in the bottom of the boat until we had passed into the grotto, the water of which is the most exquisite blue. It has all the shimmer and glitter of running water and is still that opalescent blue. There was a diver in attendance who dived for us. His body took all sorts of fantastic shapes and was the color of silver. I went next to Sorrento, a town beautifully situated on the bay of Naples, surrounded by orange and lemon groves, spent the night at the Victoria Hotel and drove the following afternoon back to Naples by the famous Castlemare drive, considered the finest in the world, except perhaps the Appian way leading from Rome.

After my return to Rome I went over to Tivoli, a picturesque town overlooking a mountain gorge, with the river Anio flowing past.

I have met since I have been here a German artist from Weisbaden who has secured several permissions for our party, one for the Vatican gardens and Mosaic works, and three for the ceremonies at St. Peter's. I had not even dreamed of going, the ceremonies were to be the grandest heard and the decorations the most magnificent in twenty five years. The occasion was the beatification of a Spanish Saint—Geovanni D'Anila. I was delighted at the idea of going, but my delight changed to consternation when I read in small print at the bottom of the ticket that all the ladies were required to be dressed in black, with black veils on the head. I had neither black dress nor black veil, and it was already 7 o'clock Saturday evening, and I must be ready at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. A kind friend came to the rescue, however, and loaned me one of her black dresses. I am some taller and a good deal smaller than she is, yet she managed to fit it on me in a presentable fashion. My veil was made of black silk net and Spanish lace, which was arranged most becomingly. So behold me Sunday morning just at 8 o'clock driving to St Peter's, black dress, black veil and all. Already at this hour there were hundreds of people but I had a splendid seat directly in front, in the tribune. The high altar was draped with crimson velvet and brocade with heavy gold trimmings. On either side were paintings representing scenes from the life of the beatified saint, but the marvel was the light from thousands of candles, hundreds of them placed in chandeliers of crystal and brass. The morning service lasted until after twelve. In the afternoon the Pope officiated in the ceremonies. He was borne in on his throne chair on the shoulders of his carriers, attended by the Swiss guard and a long line of the clergy and acolytes of St. Peter's, together with the Spaniards. The shouts of the people were deafenning. They seemed carried away by their enthusiasm and some of the voices were all trembling with feeling as they shouted, "Long live the Pope! long live the King of Rome!!" For Pope every few minutes half rose from his chair in giving the benedictions. I don't wonder that they love him, his movements were so gentle, he looked so venerable and kindly and withal imposing as if he were indeed a father of the Church. It is estimated that there were over 50,000 people in St. Peter's in the afternoon. Of course I heard very little, everybody was there simply and solely to see the Pope.

I have also visited the Catacombs of St. Calistus, they are shown by several Trappest Monks who have been absolved from the vow of silence. I passed the baths of Corocalla, the arch of Constantine, the Calleseum and many other ruins of ancient Rome. J. G.

PLEASURE DEFERRED.

Johnnie—Mister Hayrick, kin Sam cum an' go a-fishin' wid me?

Mr. Hayrick—All right, Johnnie; jes' as soon as he waters ther hoss an' feeds ther pigs an' drives ther cows ter pasture an' takes er bag o' corn ter ther mill an' cleans ther wagon an' splits some wood.—Judge.

PUTTING THEIR HEADS TOGETHER.

—Life.

HE QUIT AT THAT.

Fresh Drummer (who got on at last station)—You will pardon my speaking to you; but when I see a pretty woman all alone, I always interest myself. And you know we drummers are hard to beat.

Pretty Young Woman (coolly)—Oh, I don't know! My husband, who will be back as soon as he finishes his cigar, had no trouble beating the other two who tried to flirt with me.—Puck.

JOKE FROM PHILADELPHIA.

A coolness between friends.—Texas Siftings.

ASKING A LITTLE TOO MUCH.

"Advise your wife to make a tacit acknowledgment of the plaintiff's claim."

"Hm, doctor, I can advise my wife to acknowledge the claim, but tacitly—simply impossible!"—Fliegende Blatter.

A MARK OF DISTINCTION.

Miss Nouveau Riche—I wonder why everybody's staring at us so?

Mrs. Nouveau Riche—Didn't your paw buy a senator yesterday?—Hallo.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

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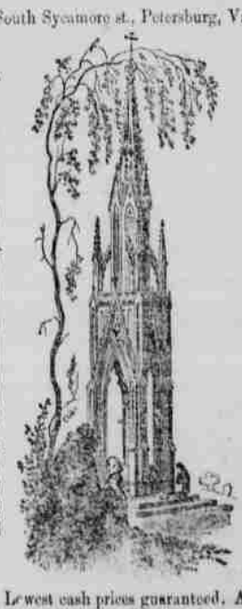

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