

THE DAILY REVIEW.

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THIS PAPER published every afternoon, Sundays excepted by JOSH. T. JAMES, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR. SUBSCRIPTIONS, POSTAGE PAID. Year, \$5 00; Six months, \$2 50; Three months, \$1 25; One month, 50 cents. The paper will be delivered by carriers, free of charge, in any part of the city, at the above rates, or 13 cents per week. Advertising rates low and liberal. Subscribers will please report any and all failures to receive their papers regularly.

PLEASE NOTICE. We will be glad to receive communications from our friends on any and all subjects of general interest but: The name of the writer must always be furnished to the Editor. Communications must be written only on one side of the paper. Personalities must be avoided. Audit is especially and particularly understood that the editor does not always endorse the views of correspondents, unless so stated in the editorial columns.

LOCAL NEWS.

New Advertisements.
S. JAMES—The American Medical Class.
G. W. MERRILL—Do You Want.
P. WATSON & SCHULLEN—Receiving and Mending.
H. K. HARRISON—Home Amusements, Albums.
A. S. SMITH—Collars by the bucket full—25

The dog shooter is abroad this morning with his little gun. He fired several times, but he didn't throw away any powder.
The city has received 2,000 feet of "Paragon" hose for the Fire Department. It will be turned over to Col. Moore, Chief Engineer, who will put it where it will do the most good.
Never be too opinionated to accept good advice, by whomsoever offered. Yet you must think for yourself. It is well to listen to the expressed thoughts of others, and it is an agreeable pastime to give expression to your own thoughts; but when alone weigh what you have said.

Personal.
H. N. Latham Esq., formerly of this city, but now of Charleston, is here on a visit and makes his appearance to-day in the ranks of the Cornet Concert Club. Mr. Latham plays the E flat cornet and can get more music out of that instrument than almost any one we know of.

The Cornet Club.
The gentlemen of the Cornet Concert Club appeared this afternoon in their new hats which have just been received. These hats are of black felt, Roman helmet shape, surmounted with a red feather and with gold trimmings. They are very handsome and add very materially to the usually fine appearance of the Club.

The Widows and Children.
We understand that the admirable entertainment given recently at Smithville under the management of Col. Pennington for the benefit of the widows and children of the late pilots, is to be repeated, and in this city, at an early day, in the Opera House. On such an occasion and for such a cause we believe that our people will fill the house.

The Pic-Nic Yesterday.
The picnic given yesterday at Wilmington Gardens, under the auspices of Germania Lodge No. 4, K. of P., is said to have been the most successful and enjoyable ever recorded. Dancing began early in the afternoon and continued until 4 o'clock this morning, the only interruption of importance being a handsome supper, composed of numerous favorite German dishes, which was spread at 12 o'clock. There were many ladies present and the interest of the scene was further heightened by the presence of officers from nearly all of the German vessels in port. It is understood that a repetition is in contemplation for an early day.

The Visitors from the West.
The merchants and business men from the Western cities, who are to visit the Atlantic seaboard, were to have left Cincinnati yesterday. They are to stop in Richmond, Norfolk and Petersburg and thence will come on to Wilmington, and will reach this city on or about the 15th inst. They are expected to arrive on the morning and after spending the day as may yet be decided upon, will leave for Charleston at night, where they will arrive the next morning. A list of the names will be published at the proper time but it is sufficient to state here that the excursion will include, over the route, twenty business men from Louisville, about the same number from Peoria and representatives of leading firms in Indianapolis, Owensboro, Maysville, Ironton, Portsmouth, Ashland and Covington.
We suppose, as a matter of course, that they will be entertained handsomely while here, probably by an excursion to one of the Sounds or to the mouth of the river, where they can be accompanied by our business men and where business relations may be formed. In this matter we suggest that the city aid in finding the necessary funds for their entertainment, as their visit here is a matter in which all our people are interested.

THE SOUTHERN DEAD.

The Tenth of May in Wilmington—Honor and Love for the Dead Heroes of a Dead Cause—The Memorial Procession—Services and Addresses at Oakdale—The Roll of Honor and Decoration of the Graves.

The annual recurrence of this day, May 10th, the anniversary of the death of that true Christian soldier, STONEWALL JACKSON, the day set apart for the annual decoration of the graves of our Confederate Dead, is with us again and as we write the slow and measured tap of the drum is heard, to which a long procession of men, women and children keep step as the pilgrims wend their way to Oakdale, there to render their earnest mood of love and tenderness and unflinching, undying devotion of memory to the dust of our gallant dead. The years come and the years go and time has marked his twelfth cycle since the war closed and the South sank down in the dust covered with the pall of shame and sorrow and disaster yet we thank God that the spark of reverent admiration glows as brightly now as it ever did in the hearts of those who to day take up their solemn march for the hallowed grounds at Oakdale. May this spark, divine in its origin and hallowed in its inspirations, grow still brighter as the years grow older and even when the last of the survivors of those bitter four years of woe and warfare have passed away may the coming generation, hallow the traditions which we shall leave them as sacredly as do we this day in laying our floral trophies—all that we have to give—on the graves of our nationalist dead.

The afternoon seems to be generally given up. Business is entirely suspended on the wharves with not even a dray or a truck to be seen there, and up street many of the stores are closed and some of them tastefully dressed in mourning. Among these we notice the establishments of Messrs. G. D. Myers & Co., R. M. McIntire and Thos. H. McKoy, on Front street, those of Col. J. J. Hetrick, Sol. Bear & Bros., T. W. Brown & Son, P. Heinsberger, Julius Samson, M. M. Katz, Brown & Rodick and J. C. Stevenson, on Market street, and Messrs. Zimmerman & White, on Princess street.

One very gratifying feature of the occasion is the display at half-mast by all the shipping in port, Americans well as foreign (one marked exception being the Revenue Cutter) of all of their colors. At first it was thought that this token of respect was to be confined to the foreign shipping, but at noon or a little later all the vessels who had their colors up gracefully lowered them to half-mast, while those who had not yet shown their flags ran them up. The consulate flags of all of the different nations represented at this port also displayed their ensigns at half-mast, as was the case with the flag over the Star office, those at Messrs. Green & Planner's, P. Heinsberger's, Lemmerman & Coney's and the flag of the Democratic Club.

At 3 o'clock the line was formed and shortly thereafter moved off in the order as published by us in the programme yesterday, with the Cornet Concert Club in front.

The procession was a lengthy one, although perhaps not as full as that last year when it was exceptionally large. Flowers and garlands abounded wherever the ladies and children were and some of the decorations are worthy of more extended notice than it is possible for us to give them here.

The route to the Cemetery was as has been published and the programme was carried out faithfully under the direction of Capt. Rankin, Chief Marshal, and his efficient aids. An immense crowd, larger than was ever known there before, awaited the appearance of the procession at Oakdale. The gates were passed, the military opened order, and the sad cortege moved up to the lodge of the Confederate lot where the bronzed soldier keeps watch and ward over the hallowed dust beneath him. At this entrance they passed under a Confederate battle-flag which belonged to Capt. Planner's battery during the war, which had kindly been loaned by him to the Ladies who had transformed it into the National ensign of the Confederacy and adorned it with the following inscription from the Conquered Banner: "It is holy, for it drops above the dead."
The proceedings were opened by the Choir, who chanted the Memorial Ode

composed by the lamented Edwin W. Fuller, a few hours before his death, after which the Chaplain, Rev. James B. Taylor, Pastor of the First Baptist Church, delivered the following beautiful and appropriate prayer.

We adore Thee, O Lord, as the King eternal, immortal and invisible; the only wise and true God. Before Thee, the angels veil their faces, and in Thy sight the very heavens are unclean. What then is man that Thou art mindful of him, or the Son of man that Thou visitest him? We bless Thy name that though Thou art infinitely exalted above us, and though we are sinners before Thee, that Thou dost condescend to listen to our petitions. We thank Thee for the Throne of Grace, to which we are invited to come boldly, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help.

We rejoice that we are permitted to look up to Thee on this solemn and interesting occasion, and we pray that for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ, Thou wilt graciously smile upon us, and bless us, and cause Thy face to shine upon us. Send Thy holy and blessed Spirit into our hearts, that we may fear, and love, and trust Thee. We thank Thee for our homes and friends, and food, and raiment. We thank Thee for our facilities for moral and intellectual development, and for all the capacities for enjoyment with which Thou has endowed us. We thank Thee for this land in which our lots have been cast. Thou hast blessed us as individuals and families, and as a community. When we would think of our temporal blessings they are more than we can number. And especially, O God, would we praise and thank Thee for those richer, spiritual favors, which come to us through the Cross of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We bless Thee for a Saviour, and the glorious Gospel of the blessed God; for Thy written word and all the means of grace. O, that the goodness of God may deeply affect our hearts, and lead us to consecrate ourselves, body and soul and spirit to Thy blessed service. Be with us now, we pray Thee, as we have assembled to do honor to the memories of our departed heroes, and to pay tributes of affection to those whom we have loved and lost. Follow with Thy blessing, these solemnities and services in which we are engaged at this time, and in this place. Bless us in all that shall be said and done. Command Thy favor upon each one now before Thee. Bless all the people and the families of this community. Bless our State and land. Bless the President of the United States, the Chief Magistrate of this Commonwealth and all that are in authority. Make our senators wise, and our rulers righteous, and may all the various classes in our country pursue that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and forsake that sin which is a reproach to any people. May the pure principles of morality and religion prevail all over our country, and send out we beseech Thee, Thy light and truth into all lands. We implore all these rich mercies in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. "Our Father" &c.

The prayer was followed by a dirge from the Choir, at the conclusion of which Capt. Rankin, the Marshal, presented the Orator, Mr. John C. James, in the short but timely remarks as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen: I have the honor of presenting to you Mr. John C. James, the Orator of the Day. He needs no introduction to a Wilmington assemblage. Born and reared in our midst, he himself has witnessed many of the scenes that cause us to assemble here to-day to honor and perpetuate the names of our noble dead and his heart throbs in unison with ours as we sigh for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.

Mr. James then arose and delivered the following Memorial address:

Ladies of the Memorial Association:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Once again has your solemn procession wended its way to these gates to celebrate this festival of our patriotic dead, and with floral offerings to commemorate the sweet savor of their sacrifice. He who would lightly judge this imposing demonstration as a mere outward show, to testify to our passions, or to inflame the heart with the fires of prejudice, little knows the depth and wealth of the sacred devotion which inspires us. In the sadness of desolation this has been to us a dear and blessed privilege, and now that the clouds of sectional oppression which hovered over us and obscured the free sunlight of our liberties are beginning to break, I thank God the privilege is valued still. And it should be our earnest prayer that the passions and heat of the hour, and the grossly materialistic influences of the age, may never detract from the pure and ardent devotion with which we should here do tribute to those who shed their life-blood in behalf of an eternal principle, and in our cause.

Time was—and it has recently been, my friends—that the utterances of a speaker on occasions like this have been narrowly watched by the genius of envy, and all that malice and rage could convert to our apparent detriment—or, failing in actual fact, all that a feeling of hatred could invent to our disadvantage—has been with insane jealousy interpreted and used to our political embarrassment and oppression. But I sincerely thank Heaven and congratulate you, that whatever else may have resulted from recent national events, the true attitude of the

South has been clearly and indisputably manifested, and the barriers of misunderstanding—if not those of hatred—have at last been broken, and the enemies of our section must behold us as we are, and not as they would interpret us. We have in this wrought out our own salvation, and little thanks are due for assistance from any quarter.

Freely, then, may I speak of the patriotic devotion of those enshrined in dust beneath us, and of the now phantom host who fell in soldierly harness, and with no fears for your embarrassment may I declare they died in defense of the most sacred principle known to Republican institutions—the right of self-government and for constitutional liberty. Should we hesitate to proclaim this fact, then would we be unjust to the memory of the brave hearts that perished in this cause, of their martyred leader JACKSON, and of their great captain LEE, whose unexampled renown will be the theme of ages after our poor little bodies have crumbled into dust. If we so honor death for such a principle—while we faithfully acquiesced in the defeat of the particular experiment in its behalf—how truly will our estimation as citizens be enhanced so long as it holds a fundamental rank in the ethics of patriotism. And even were the principle collateral instead of fundamental, in our relations to this our reunited government, the same happy effect would ensue. A people capable of an unreserved, hearty and unequivocal devotion to principle have in them the true elements of good citizenship.

How great has been the blindness of our fellow-countrymen that they have failed to see that year after year as throughout the South we have made these our annual pilgrimages to the shrine of our fallen heroes, and held these commemorative festivals, that in them we have renewed our patriotism. At what nobler shrine than martyrdom in defence of country could we seek to perpetuate the fires of patriotism! And the wisdom of true statesmanship will look to this school for the future defenders of our common country. The unflinching heroism, the stern endurance and the patient suffering of the Confederate soldier, added lustre to the American name, and is surrounded with a halo as effulgent as the glory of Lacedaemon. Strip the age of its prejudice, temper hatred with justice, or but smooth the bitterness of recollection with the iron hand of time, and the fact will be hailed in the light of universal admission. England's glory is all her own, so that in the computation of English honor, your true Englishman glories alike in the achievements of York and Lancaster without regard to the color of the rose, and exults in the possessions of his country independent of geographical lines. "Once an Englishman, always an Englishman," and no Mason and Dixon's line could serve as a barrier to affection for his countrymen. And "when in that elder day to be a Roman was greater than a King," the boast of that mighty people was in the prowess of their countrymen, whether under tribunes, empire or republic. France—the wonderful, the recuperative—of distracted by civil disagreements, still proudly points to the gallantry of all her children, and in the days of the republic holds as a precious heritage the achievements of the empire. And so, too, the people of all this land have ever held in common esteem and veneration—even while their sectional strife waxed hot and blood flowed fast and free—the heroism and achievements of the founders of the Republic in that memorable struggle in which their freedom was wrought and our country established. And when our children's children have succeeded us to enact their parts in the drama of life, will not a country made pure and great by the contribution of Southern patriotism and Southern devotion to the cardinal principles of its establishment, do justice to the ardent aspiration for a more perfect freedom of government which incited these gallant defenders in grey to lay their lives upon the altar of that aspiration? It requires no prophetic eye to see, that once the cloud of this maddened sectional hate, now so slowly dispelling, shall have been swept from the national heavens, with what eagerness will the scarce equalled military genius of our JACKSON be claimed as American accomplishment, and to enrich American glory. And high upon the tablet of fame will be written the great achievements, and greater Christian virtues, of our immortal LEE! And, my friends, time will bring more abundant retribution than this. The future historian will as surely do justice to the statesmanship and devoted patriotism of JEFFERSON DAVIS. To my mind he now looms up as the sublime picture of the age. Still pressed beneath the iron heel of governmental ostracism, he is yet pierced with the unmerited shafts of insane reproach. He was our leader; to him we intrusted the sceptre of our destinies—this is his crime—and in our defeat he was made to bear what were deemed our political iniquities. Julius Caesar, the relentless conqueror—pagan though he was—shed tears of sincere grief when the head of Pompey, his enemy and rival, was presented to him; he punished the assassins, caused the remains to be interred and reared a temple over the grave of the heroic victim. But the victorious, Christian American government chuckled at its indignity to this patriot antagonist in chains, fettered like a common felon while a prisoner of war! And for our sakes is he still punished. But behold how he has stood amid the tempest of passion and

calumny which has raged around him. "As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm; Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread, Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

It has been said of us that we of the South are great heroes worshippers, and have the infatuation of all enthusiasts, in that once we accord this worship, we are both ever thereafter to think indifferently of the object. If by this is meant that we reverence greatness though divested of position; that we esteem and venerate the possessor of distinguished qualities though he be not the dispenser of public patronage; that we accord an unreserved and deferential appreciation to valor, even in the humblest of our sons, and recognize the existence of merit, from whatsoever quarter it may spring,—then indeed should we rejoice in the application. And sad would you and I be to see the day when the gallant deeds we now commemorate should fail of warmest appreciation in Southern hearts. Not to the rank and file of any army, marshalled in any inhuman cause, has been permitted more brilliant individual heroism or greater individual fortitude under excessive privation. I crave your patience for but one illustration of this valor as typified in an organization near and dear to us, people of Wilmington. Do you see that tattered, tattered and faded old flag yonder? It is the battle flag of the Third North Carolina Regiment of Infantry. The wealth of the world could not buy it, and there are hearts now that would die to defend it from sacrilege. Its texture is rent by hostile bullets; its original staff was shot away in the very hands of the brave men who bore it upon the bloody fields where it won its triumph, and its folds even now bear the dull stains of the blood of some of its followers. When these ceremonies are completed, that cherished old flag, in the hands of the faithful remnant of survivors, will drop its folds, in sad and honorable salute to departed valor, over the graves of such of its followers whose remains have not found obliteration in the general dust of the battle field, and do rest here in this quiet spot. That flag, on the fatal third of July, upon the bloody heights of Gettysburg, was the subject of as knightly a deed of bravery as ever graced ancient or modern times. Up those fearful heights—bristling with bayonets and cannon, three lines deep,—the gallant Third had been ordered with its brigade to charge. Amid the storm of bullets and canister, color bearer after color bearer had been shot down, until the last survivor of the guard halted in a tree. At this juncture, a young Lieutenant rushed from his position in the line, caught the flag fast falling from the nerveless grasp, and waving it in proud defiance above his head, dashed up those fatal heights full in advance of the entire line. There are living witnesses who will never forget this magnificent spectacle, as oblivious for the instant of their own peril, all eyes were centered upon this gallant young officer proudly advancing amid a tempest of lead which hurried death everywhere around him. It was a sight long to be remembered, and happy am I to relate that though the command was finally compelled to retreat with a loss of more than two-thirds of its entire number, the brave man escaped the charge unharmed. Tell me, my friends, was this spectacle of individual bravery ever excelled? Or does history present to our mind a more gallant sight even when she invokes the vision of Leonidas in the pass of Thermopylae, Achilles at the siege of Troy, or the great Napoleon on the bridge of Lodi? Here no fate of armies depended upon the act, but it was the spontaneous and patriotic outburst of irrepressible individual heroism.

Can the deeds of such men ever be forgotten? Will they not rather live forever in song and in story? Oh! you poor, half-starved Confederate soldier! Fighting for the most part without pay, and with no hope of compensation—oft shoeless and hatless, ragged and hungry—yet buoyed by a mighty principle and a devotion to the state which monarchs might envy and call forth blessings on their heads from admiring subjects.

"Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do or die."

was the powerful ever-present sense of duty. Their political education embodied the rooted principle of a first allegiance to the State which bore them, and when she called it was as the voice of a mother to her children—sacredly to be obeyed, and with joy and alacrity. No reward could they hope for but in the good of the state. Such men, displaying such bravery and achieving such mighty victories, in the midst of such physical privations, would have proved invincible if success could have been made a possibility in a game of ten to one. Yes, and

"Some of these dropped by the wayside, Some while on picket were shot, Some of them fell in the skirmish, Some where the battle raged hot; Some of them died in the hospital, Nor father nor mother were there. To lift up the fainting spirit With blessings and with prayer; Some languished in Northern prisons, Wearing their lives away, Dying in captivity, Hoping, yet all in vain, Hoping to break the prison bars And breathe the free air again; Yearning for wives and children, Yearning to be crowned, Or longing with broken spit, Longing to be at rest."

It is not that we love war that our hearts flow in such melody of admiration at the martial deeds of countrymen, but that we glory in their real progress when

stern necessity calls for acts of valor. Our warm Southern natures find delight in the cheerful intercourse of glad, friendly peace, and we would be the last in all this broad land to desire it broken. But peace has its dangers as well as war, and oftentimes less preferable. In constantly breathing the atmosphere of trade, do we not become exposed to the temptation to barter that honor, without which the soldier cares not to live? And how frequently in peaceful contests are fears, groans, supplications, and even lives, coined into gold in our insatiable pursuit of individual accumulation! The baser passions of envy and trickery so often, too, become the parents of shameless fraud. The materialistic principle of the times though in enmity to the higher emotion of self-sacrifice, is yet promotive of that passion for luxury which operates as a nation. Even Sparta, which owed its invincibility to the frugal lives of its citizens under the rigid enforcement of its laws—that little State which held its own in gallant conflict against the world—had adieu forever to its greatness on the introduction of luxurious habits. Argus, with his hundred eyes—some always affording watch while the others slept—was tumbled into a fatal repose by the lascivious measure of Mercury's lute. My friends, are these examples of history and poetic fable without their warning? If we would aspire to be always patriotic, and to make our country great in its defenses as well as in its peaceful victories, then we must as manfully meet the dangers of peace as those of war.

Ladies of the Memorial Association, since your last celebration one noted among the surviving Confederate band has escaped the dangers of peace after passing through those of war. That he surmounted them with valor and met them with successful resistance, the testimony he has written in the hearts of his friends bears indelible record. Snatched from our presence by the dread messenger of disease as suddenly as if a "messenger of lead," he fell in action and with peaceful armor on. One more grave for your attention—one more name to the angelic Roll of Honor.

By your fostering care and devoted perseverance is this spot whereon we stand enriched by the dust of those uncarved for Confederates whom the war left sleeping in Oakdale. This is your Ceramiscus to rescue from oblivion these gallant dead. Here have you reared that enduring statue which, from its prominence and sublimity, arrests the passer-by and attests the character of the forms sleeping beneath this sod. Long will this majestic, impressive watch, amid the quiet beauty of this peaceful City of the Dead—withstanding the storms of ages in his unbroken vigil. He will thus tell of the unflinching devotion of those noble women who triumphed over all difficulties to mark this spot, and in his mute and soldierly eloquence will forever proclaim that "Cold in the dust those perish'd hearts may lie, But that which warm'd them once can never die."

At the conclusion of the address an ode was rendered by the Choir, followed by a Benediction from the Chaplain and thus by music from the Cornet Band, after which the Roll of Honor was read, the floral offerings were rendered and a salute was fired by the Wilmington Light Infantry. The crowd then dispersed through the Cemetery for the decoration of the graves of soldiers interred there and this closed the ceremonies of the occasion.

The weather is bad on farmers and has deterred them in their farming operations considerably.

It is a trite observation that a man can be utterly oblivious of the weakness of his own argument, while he is keenly alive to the follies of his opponent's.

The accumulation of wealth is followed by an increase of care, and by an appetite for more. He who seeks for much will be in want of much. It is best wish him to whom God has given that which is sufficient, though every superfluous be withheld.

WIVES KNOW THAT THE BROW of care is often soothed by a delicious supper, to which perfect bread, rolls, biscuits, etc., are so important. To have these delicate products of baking always reliable, the use of DOOLEY'S YEAST POWDER is very important. This article is among the most valuable of the day in its bearing on health. It is put up in cans always full in weight.

The People Want Proof. There is no medicine prescribed by physicians, or sold by Druggists, that carries such evidence of its success and superior virtue of BOSCHER'S GERMAN SYRUP for severe Coughs, Colds settled on the breast, Consumption, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs. A proof of that fact is that any person afflicted, can get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try its superior effect before buying the regular size at 75 cents. It has lately been introduced in this country from Germany, and its wonderful cures are astonishing every one that use it. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it.