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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 on only one side of the paper.
Personalities must be avoided.
And it is especially and particularly understood that the Editor does not always endorse the views of correspondents, unless so stated in the editorial columns.

MEMORIAL DAY—1879.

A General Observance of the Day—Business Suspended and Crowds at Oakdale—The Procession—Captain Mallitt's Beautiful Address. &c. &c.

The annual tribute of the survivors of the still dead though Lost Cause, upon which the sun set so disastrously at Appomattox, was paid to-day at Oakdale. Once a year do the remembrances which cannot die and which must never fade band themselves together and consecrate by prayer and hallow with loving hands the graves of those who lived not long enough to see the blackness and darkness of defeat rest upon that cause for which they so freely gave their generous lives.

Ah! how the years flew backward as we stood to-day within the shadow of that bronze statue which is but an immature representation of that which was a stern reality all over the South sixteen years ago! How the grave gave up its dead and many a gallant heart beat proudly as, amid the huzzas of friends, the smiles of beautiful woman and the quivering, tearful God-speed of mother and wife and sister and sweetheart, they resolutely turned their faces to the graves that awaited them in the green valleys of Virginia! How the counting-house and the workshop and the plow and even the school houses were deserted, and men with grey hair and boys with beardless faces stood shoulder to shoulder in the ranks that were to prove a wall of adamant between the invaders and those loved ones they left behind them! How those who had been born in affluence and nurtured with every care that wealth could give marched side by side with those of humbler origin, all brothers and comrades in one great cause, all animated by one common impulse and all gloried in life as they are now hallowed in death by that *amor patriæ* which they were afterwards to seal with their best blood!

How they fought and bled and suffered all and endured all for the sake of the cause to which they gave their all! How they followed their gallant leaders through the stern years of tribulation and trial, sometimes in rags, often with bare feet that left a track of blood on the rocks and snows behind them, scantily clothed and still more scantily fed, yet never wavering in their devotion to a noble cause! Ah! many a Rachel and many a Cornelia who shared such thoughts as these looked on today in that Confederate enclosure with tear-marked eyes; and many a lone one, standing through life in the shadow of the Lost Cause, widowed and childless, yet looking with the eye of faith, to where the loved ones rest glorified through suffering and sanctified through death!

They fell devoted, but unyielding;
The very gale their names seemed sighing;
The waters murmured of their name;
The woods were peopled with their fame;
Their spirits wrapt the dusky moon; their
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meadow rill, the mightiest river,
Falls mingling with their fame forever.
Despite of every yoke she bears,
Our land is glory's soil, and theirs!
'Tis still a watchword to the earth:
When man would do a deed of worth
He looks to her and turns to tread,
The sanctioned, on the tyrant's head;
He points to her and rushes on
Where life is lost—or freed in won."

We have never yet known Memorial Day more universally observed than has been with us here in Wilmington to-day. Business everywhere has been almost entirely suspended; the closed stores were draped in tasteful emblems of mourning, flags on buildings and many on vessels in the harbor have been at half mast and the entire people seem to have determined to evidence their undying memory of their dead brave ones and their unflinching devotion for the day on which their patriotic devotion is especially commemorated.

And thus will it be, we firmly believe, in all this broad Southern land even a hundred years hence.

The day has been cold and cloudy, yet without rain and this fact has had its effect upon the numbers of those who have come out to do honor to the day.

Soon after 3 o'clock the procession was formed under direction of Chief Marshal Flanner and his aides. It was a very lengthy one and in it were representatives of every age and of all professions, the whole united by one common thought to do reverence to the memory of those who at the hands of those who bring to them every year the choicest floral offerings of the vernal Spring. There were flowers and garlands in profusion, born by the

old the young and the middle-aged, all pilgrims whose feet and whose prayers pointed to one common shrine. There were numbers of beautiful banners and devices, and floral decorations in almost unlimited profusion, and there were few among the ladies and children present at Oakdale to-day who were not armed with a garland of sweet flowers to be placed in memorial to our gallant and cherished dead.

Not the least imposing part of the procession was the numerous military companies. The "boys in gray" were represented on this occasion by the Wilmington Light Infantry, the Cape Fear Light Artillery, the Whiting Rifles, and the Cadets of the Cape Fear Military Academy. The battalion of Infantry was commanded by Capt. Walter Conroy, of the Wilmington Light Infantry. The Cornet Concert Club was at the head of the procession, discoursing some of their most appropriate notes.

As the procession approached the Cemetery a detachment of the Cape Fear Light Artillery fired a salute of eleven guns from their pieces, and as they entered the gates the military opened order and the others moved up between the ranks of pieces at present.

The services in the Confederate Lot were opened with a dirge by the Cornet Concert Club and this was followed by the following short but eloquent prayer delivered by Rev. G. D. Bernheim, D. D. of St. Paul's Evangelical Lutheran Church:

Lord God of Heaven and earth, who has unlimited control over the affairs of nations as well as of individuals, and canst not err in all Thy ways, we, Thine unworthy servants, are this day once more desirous of approaching Thee on the anniversary occasion of honoring the deeds and the graves of the defenders of our homes and dearest rights. And we beseech Thee that in so doing we may not sin against Thee by undue repining over the misfortunes of the past, which for wise, though to us inscrutable, designs Thou hast permitted to occur; nor to cherish in our hearts any animosity against our former opponents, which is so injurious to our souls and forbidden in Thy word. But grant, O most merciful God, that our memorial celebrations may be so conducted as to honor Thee, accord with our Christian profession and at the same time inspire us and our children with veneration for the bravery and fortitude of our Confederate dead. We further implore Thee that whilst we may submissively accept the issues of the past, and bend our energies to employ present advantages in the great struggle of life, we may nevertheless be always willing and ready to honor the memories of those who sleep in soldiers' graves and whose lives were sacrificed upon the altar of their country. Inspire and direct all the memorial exercises of this day that they may please Thee and be a blessing to all who are engaged therein. Grant this, most merciful Father! for the sake of Thy dear Son Jesus Christ, our Lord, to whom with Thee and the Holy Spirit we ascribe all honor and glory, dominion and power, both now and forever. AMEN.

As Dr. Bernheim concluded the Choir arose and rendered in exquisite taste and execution a Memorial Ode. Then Capt. Mallitt was presented and stepping to the front of the stand spoke as follows:

Ladies of the Memorial Association and Fellow Citizens:
Since the days in which Rizpah, the daughter of Aiar, kept watch and ward over the slain of her household until the present time, there have not been wanting examples of heroic womanly devotion to the beloved departed.

As she sat on that lone hill of the Lord, had she been gifted with prophetic vision, to look down the long vista of ages, she would have beheld her sisters, through all time, to the latest generation, gathering to perpetuate her example. While man feels that his duty to the loved ones ends at the grave, woman, going beyond the grave, clings to and cherishes a living memory long after the visible presence has passed the portals of the tomb. Each day recalls some word or deed of the lost one, until her pathway glows with the light and influence of a life no longer visible. To-day, we renew our fidelity to the memory of our heroic dead, and beautify their resting place with garlands of flowers of Spring, whose perfume permeates the air, ascending to heaven from censers of sincere devotion.

Cover them over with beautiful flowers,
Deck them with garlands, these brothers of
Lying so silent, by night and by day,
Sleping the years of their manhood away;
Years they had marked for the joys of the
Years they must waste in the mouldering
grave.
All the bright laurels they waited to bloom,
Fell from their hopes, when they fell from
the tomb.
Give them the meed they have won in the
past,
Give them the honors, their future forecast;
Give them the chaplets they won in the strife,
Give them the laurels they lost with their
life;
Cover them over—yes, cover them over—
Parent, husband, brother, and lover!

Crown in your hearts, these dead heroes of
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.

And can it be said that the tribute, thus yearly offered, is productive of no fruit?

Does not the very contemplation of their peaceful rest subdue our impatience and help us to do our duty day by day, with the hope that after life's fitful fever we, too, may sleep as well?

As we meet thus to do honor to the martyrs of the Lost Cause, it seems but natural that from the retrospect of the past, we should seek to draw comfort for the present and hope for the future. When this noble Association was first inaugurated, it was considered by the truly loyal almost treasonable to pay this public respect to the Confederate dead. Yet to-day, we have cause to rejoice, in that our patient endurance and courageous devotion to our principles have won the respect, even to participation in the ceremonies of this day, of those who in times of reconstruction would fain have deprived us of this sad comfort in our afflictions. In spite of political charlatans who desire to silence us, in order that they may reign supreme, the intelligent and honorable portion of the North have often united with us in our memorial observances. An incident, illustrative of the official prejudice that prevailed some few years ago, recurs to my mind. At a public fair held in our city, there was suspended over one of the tables an allegorical Confederate picture, "The warrior's banner taking its flight to meet the warrior's soul." The military commandant present called my attention to it, at the same time objecting to its display, as against received orders in regard to what might be considered disloyal demonstrations. The harmless picture was quietly withdrawn.

When the weary banner of the Lost Cause was furled forever, mid the sad tears of devoted and self-sacrificing heroism, the people of the Confederacy shook hands with a bitter fate whose fiat was not softened by chivalric compassion or human sympathy.

Then their grand and enduring fortitude, that had excited the world's appreciation, became more grandly developed, for amid the crushing wreck of all their hearts held dear their proud spirits were not conquered by the legislative barbarism that enveloped their helpless situation. The convulsive throes of our struggle for independence were felt to the uttermost bounds of the world and nations followed its progress with unceasing interest and anxiety. So much sympathy and enthusiasm had been awakened by our determined valor against fearful odds, that recognition by the Courts of France and England would have been assured, but for the universal prejudice against our domestic institutions.

The late Emperor of France, in an informal interview with one of our equal representatives, in expressing this feeling, remarked, that if the Confederate States would guarantee the prospective freedom of her slaves, the paramount obstacle to her recognition would be removed.

A three years' desperate struggle against the inexhaustible advantages possessed by the North, had demonstrated that our resources were rapidly becoming depleted. Lincoln's Emancipation proclamation was staring us in the face, clearly enunciating what we had to expect in the event of being defeated by the overwhelming power of the North.

Unprepared for the unexpected contest, we were necessarily dependent upon the workshops of Europe for the prosecution of the war, and our choice, like that of the captain of a ship in a storm, was between two evils, the loss of a part of our cargo, or the sacrifice of our whole ship of State. Could this question have been submitted to the people of the South, in view of all the countless sacrifices they had already made for the cause, I cannot but think their consent would have been obtained.

The recognition and friendly aid of France, in the darkest hour of the Revolution, secured the independence of the United Colonies, at Yorktown. Had we secured the recognition and aid of either of those great powers, success would have crowned our efforts and enabled us to have obtained an honorable and satisfactory peace.

Falling in this, the Confederacy had no choice but to carry on the war to the bitter end. Overcome by superior force, she at least died with her harness on and fought like a nation that deserved to be free. My tour of duty during the war being world wide, often brought me in association with many distinguished and intelligent minds of Europe. Among the officers of the French and English army and navy, I found but one sentiment expressed, and that was an exalted opinion of the military ability of the leaders of our armies, coupled with enthusiasm for the bold dash and persevering courage of our soldiers. The day is approaching when an unprejudiced historian, with the devoted perseverance of a St. Jerome, will produce for the world's information and admiration, a faithful record of our gigantic struggle, in which link after link, now buried, will start into life, until the illuminated whole shall put to shame our defamers. Then will be illustrated, beyond a peradventure, the paucity of numbers against multitudinous armies; the

poverty of a government sustained by ragged and half starved troops, whose splendid loyalty never wavered and whose courage embraced the extreme point of martial daring.

The cause defended was that of self-government and constitutional liberty. Statesmen have grasped the fundamental principles which armies felt with their standard, and in the legislative halls of our country they are making a glorious effort for the preservation of the heritage bequeathed to us in 1787. The cry from the North was the Union! the Union! but they manifested nought save contempt for the Constitution that sealed and sanctified that union.

Beginning with contempt, they would end with an utter disregard of its teachings, and if permitted, would entirely subvert it. We must not close our eyes to the vital importance of the present struggle, a struggle with the hope of rescuing the palladium of our liberties from the desecrating hand of selfish partizanship. We cannot sit idly by, mute and uninterested spectators; we must cheer the faint hearts and strengthen the feeble knees and make straight paths for our feet, or while we yet sleep the enemy will sow tares among our sheaves of wheat.

We live in times that call for wisdom in contemplation and virtue in action; but in which virtue and wisdom will not do without resolution.

From the tomb immortal Jefferson speaks: "Fellow-Citizens—It is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of government. Equal and exact justice to all men of whatsoever State or persuasion, religious or political; the support of State governments in all their rights as the surest bulwark against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the General Government in its whole constitutional vigor as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; and should we wander from these principles, in moments of error and alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty and safety." Then the clear ringing language of our beloved Jackson appeals to us: "What is life without honor? Degradation is worse than death. We must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that by God's blessing we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed."

To him a distinguished Confederate soldier and historian pays this exquisite tribute:

"In the Valhalla beyond the grave, where spirits of warriors assemble, when on the roll of heroes the name of Jackson is reached, it will be for the majestic shade of Lee to pronounce the highest eulogy known to our race: 'Died on the field of duty.' The faithful chronicler of the events of the war, commenting upon the personnel and material possessed by the South, on the inauguration of hostilities, will exhibit a lamentable paucity of military appliances, but at the same time a numerical completeness of personnel. As the war progressed, mechanical industry and ingenuity was undevotedly developed—machine shops started into activity, which, with the introduction from Europe of arms and equipments, aided by frequent captures, supplied the constantly increasing demands of the War Department of the Confederacy. During the fierce battles which were fought military ability quickly rose above the surface of even a mediocrity passed into oblivion.

In the West Albert Sidney Johnson developed those remarkable abilities that ranked him foremost man of all the South. It is said of him, by one well calculated by his position and experience to judge, that, "with Albert Sidney Johnson at the helm, there would have been no Vicksburg; no Missionary Ridge; no Atlanta. His character was lofty and pure, his presence and demeanor dignified and courteous, with the simplicity of a child, and he at once inspired the respect, and gained the confidence of cultivated gentlemen and rugged frontiersmen. Had it been possible for the heart, one mind and one arm to save her cause, the Confederacy lost them, when Albert Sidney Johnson died on the field of Shiloh."

Associated with the last days of the distinguished General Dick Taylor's command in the West, was General Forrest, one of the most extraordinary natural cavalry officers this, or any other country ever produced. Of his services to the cause of the South, in Tennessee, and his military ability, General Taylor thus speaks:

"Moving with great rapidity, he crossed the Tennessee River, captured stockades with their garrisons, burned bridges, destroyed railways, reached the Cumberland River below Nashville, drove away the gunboats, captured and destroyed several transports with immense stores, and spread alarm over a wide region. The enemy concentrated on him from all directions, but he eluded or defeated their several columns, crossed the Tennessee, and brought off 1500 prisoners and much spoil. Like Cive, nature made him a great soldier; and he was without the former's advantages. Limited as was Cive's education, he was a person of erudition compared with Forrest, who read with difficulty. At the battle of Okaloosa, which was fought on an open plain, Forrest had no advantage of position to compensate for his great inferiority of numbers to his opponent, General Smith; but it is remarkable that he employed the tactics of Frederick at Lethen and Zandorf, though he had never heard their names." Partisan malice assailed the reputation of

the great soldier, but truth routed falsehoods, and he passed into eternity with an untarnished escutcheon.

At the battle of Seven Pines Gen'l Joe Johnston fell severely wounded at the moment that his admirable strategy, based upon the reconnaissance of the brilliant Whiting, required its directing presence. President Davis, by a divine inspiration, as it were, promptly appointed Gen'l Robert E. Lee to the command.

Gen'l Taylor, in speaking of his place in Southern history, says: "From the moment Lee succeeded to the command of the army in Virginia, he was *facile princeps* in the war; towering above all on both sides, as the pyramid of Ghizah above the desert. Steadfast to the end, he upheld the waning fortunes of the Confederacy as did Hector those of Troy. Last scene of all, at his surrender, his greatness and dignity made of his adversity, but an humble accessory; and departed intelligences be permitted to take ken of the affairs of this world, the soul of Light Horse Harry Lee rejects that his own eulogy of Washington 'Firs in war; first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen' is now by the muted voice of the South applied to his nobility. It comes not within the purview of this address to muster before my audience, individually, the battalions who grace the Southern roll of honor. The laurel wreath of fame adorns their knightly record. Immortality inscribes their names on the pages of a brilliant history that will never die.

Natural sentiments of affectionate pride warm my heart to sympathetic remembrance of that small band of devoted and heroic Confederates, (generally forgotten on Memorial occasions) who, like forlorn hopes, composed the embryonic navy of the Lost Cause. Their powers of aggression equaled not their ambition. Alas! it was limited by nautical poverty. Yet despite that poverty of appliances, across a wealth of fame, of honor and fidelity, embosoming the names of Buchanan, who sank the Federal frigates in Hampton Roads, and though badly wounded, battled heroically against Farragut with his enormous preponderance of power in Mobile Bay. Tatnall, the chevalier Bayard of the navy; a few years before the war of secession, he commanded the U. S. squadron in the East Indies. The duties of his command brought him to the Pei Ho river at the moment the English fleet of gunboats had assaulted a Chinese fort, whose formidable structure was adroitly concealed until the assault commenced. The English, though fighting with the courage and pertinacity of their race, were overpowered, their guns dismounted and steam ability annihilated, there was no flinching, all stood to the deadly quaters with unyielding gallantry. With dismay and grief the brave and humane Tatnall witnessed the fearful carnage until he could no longer control his feelings.

"Man the boats," he cried; those brave fellows are of our own race; and "blood is thicker than water."

With the spirit of Henry of Navarre, he rushed to the rescue mid shot and shell that told upon his own men, while aiding in towing from the range of the fort guns the gunboats that had been deprived of their power of vision. The same undaunted spirit impelled him, boldly resisted, with but eight light guns, the powerful fleet of Admiral Dupont in Port Royal Bay, mounting two hundred and twelve cannon of the heaviest calibre. Semmes—the brilliant and ubiquitous Rover of the Sea, whose Confederate torch lit up the funeral pyres, of northern commerce, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, Cook—the gallant incomparable son of North Carolina, displayed the most indomitable energy, surmounting countless difficulties in the construction of an iron-clad steamer, in the cornfields of the Roanoke, with which he materially aided in the capture of Plymouth, and then boldly attacked and worsted the entire Federal fleet in Albemarle Sound. The fearless Lynch met off Roanoke Island and fought for a day overwhelming masses of the enemy, never yielding, though his improvised fleet was partially demolished and burned. Pelot—the heroic commander of the expedition that captured the Northern gunboat, Water-Witch, gallantly fell in the arms of victory. The name of the lamented Cateby Jones was synonymous with brave deeds and the remarkable Confederate triumph in Hampton Roads, while Wood was the enterprising Nelson of our little navy. He boarded and captured several well armed gunboats and other vessels upon the ocean. In all perilous enterprises, his motto was "Semper paratus." In the desperate, but hopeless battle below New Orleans, the noble McIntosh, in command of the Louisiana, was riddled with shot, but like the brave Captain Thours, at the battle of the Nile, he refused to leave his quarter-deck. Huger, the commander of the McKee, fought, as all did on that unfortunate occasion, with desperation and was fatally wounded. In a few hours, he passed into eternity, mid the roar of battle, howling the requiem of McIntosh and many devoted Confederates. Fry—distinguished for deeds of nautical daring, was the knight errant of the profession, eventually falling a martyr to the cause of Cuban liberty.

Tears spring from the fountain of my heart when recalling to memory the true and patriotic Stribling, the executive officer of the Florida, grappling with the dread pestilential tyrant of the tropics, he clung to duty and thirty hours after passing through the fiery ordeal of the Federal fleet off

Mobile Bay, his Christian spirit passed to that better land where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." Upon his memory I affectionately hang my humble wreath of immortelles. Stevens, the undaunted commander of the Arkansas, when his ship was sunk by the enemy, instantly transferred his crew to a Confederate battery and fell while cheering on his men to deeds of desperate daring. These, with many other young and gallant spirits of the Navy, fell in battle martyrs to their country's cause. Numbers still live, whose record will eventually emblazon a brilliant chapter of Confederate history.

The brave deeds of these heroic gentlemen, are dear to my heart. Garlands are due to their memory; amaranthine wreaths to their record.

So in our minds, we'll name them once more
So in our hearts, we'll ever have them o'er.
Roses and lilies and violets blue
Bloom in our souls for the brave and the true.

Think of those far away heroes of ours
And cover them over with beautiful flowers.
The besom of destruction, that has swept over us is passing away; its whirlwind of wrath has gradually subsided and hope, which has slept these many years, once again reanimates our hearts.

A new era of our history commences, and we the present actors upon its pages, should profit by the harsh experience of the past. Let us begin life from this hour, with new hopes, new resolves. Whatever errors we may have committed, they belong to another state of being. Our suffering, our resignation, have effaced them, or if any evil results remain, we should rather exert ourselves to repair them, than uselessly to lament. The intellectual developments of our children will prepare them for the responsibilities that will rest upon them and ensure a knowledge of those laws, upon which our government is based, and the spirit to defend them with wisdom and discretion. Nothing is to be forgotten, "for respect for the memories and deeds of our ancestors is a security for the present, seed corn for the future." And in the language of Burke "those who look forward to their posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors."

Above all, shine those religious obligations by which nations, as well as individuals, secure the blessing and protection of Him, who rules the destinies of the world.

"Look not mournfully into the past,
It comes not back again;
Wisely improve the present, it is thine;
Go forth to meet the shadowy future,
Without fear, and with a manly heart."

When the long years have rolled slowly away
E'en to the dawn of earth's funeral day,
When at the Archangel's trumpet and tread
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead,
When the great world is last judgment
awaits
When the blue sky shall swing open its gates
And our long columns march silently through
Past the "Great Captain for final review"—
Then from the bio'd that has flowed for the
right,
Crowns shall spring upward; untarnished
and bright;
Then the glad ears of each war-martyr
son
Proudly shall hear the good tidings, "Well
dost thou do."

Blessings for garlands shall cover them over
For our and husband and brother and lover
God will reward those dead heroes of ours,
And cover them over with beautiful flowers."

At the conclusion of Capt. Mallitt's beautiful address there was an Ode by the Choir, then the Doxology was sung and the Benediction was pronounced, after which Chief Marshal Flanner read the Roll of Honor and the usual tributes of flowers were laid at the base of the monument. The adornments this year were unusually handsome and we can only regret that time and space forbid a full description of them all. After this the soldiers' graves in private lots in the cemetery were visited and adored and the infantry fired a salute, this bringing the sorrowful duties of the day to a close.

The Burgaw and Onslow Rail Road Company.

We lay before our readers to-day a correct copy of the liberal and encouraging charter of this Company. It has not before been published. It is of course important to have it at the Burgaw and Onslow Rail Road Meeting to be held at Jacksonville, Onslow county, on Monday next. That will be the first day of Onslow Superior Court. It is very clear from the provisions of the charter that the friends of this enterprise have in it strong inducements to commence work and to go ahead. But in this, as in all other enterprises, public and private, good management, energy and perseverance are necessary to success. A good beginning, one free from all errors or blunders, is to be carefully seen to, and no doubt will be properly considered by the corporators and immediate friends of the proposed road. No people on the earth are more entitled to a rail road, such as this one is intended to be, than the warm-hearted and patriotic people of Onslow. It will be seen that convict labor has been granted to the Company by the Legislature. We wish the best success to the Burgaw and Onslow Railroad Company. The charter alluded to will be found on the fourth page of this issue.