THIS PAPER
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By JOSH. T. JAMES, Editor and Prop.
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CONSTIPATION

Called the "Father of Diseases," because there is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by the absorption of poisonous gases in the retention of decayed and effete matter in the stomach and bowels. It is caused by a Torpid Liver, not enough bile being secreted from the blood to produce Nature's own cathartic, and is generally accompanied with such results as

Loss of Appetite,
Sick Headache,
Bad Breath, etc.

The treatment of Constipation does not consist merely in unloading the bowels. The medicine must not only act as a purgative, but be a tonic as well, and not produce after its use greater costiveness. To secure a regular habit of body without changing the diet or disorganizing the system

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

"My attention, after suffering with Constipation for two or three years, was called to Simmons Liver Regulator, and, having tried almost everything else, concluded to try it. I first took a teaspoonful and afterwards reduced the dose to a teaspoonful, as per directions, after each meal. I found that it had done me so much good that I continued it until I took two bottles. Since then I have not experienced any difficulty. I keep it in my house and would not be without it, but have no use for it, it having cured me."—Geo. W. Sim, Jun't Clerk Superior Court, Bibb Co., Ga.

Take only the Genuine,
Which has on the Wrapper the red Z Trade-mark and Signature of
J. H. ZEILIN & CO
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"The Queen of St. John's."

TITUSVILLE, Fla., May 7, '88.

EDITOR DAILY REVIEW:

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly give space in your paper for the following:

Last Fall and Winter I received quite a number of letters from prominent persons in your city asking me if I could not get a good large steamboat to do the excursion business on the Cape Fear. I answered and said, if I could get what I thought would do, and the owner would put the boat on the Cape Fear as a permanent fixture, I would do so, *but I would have nothing to do with a "tramp," that* is, a boat that *would go for one* season only. I am one of those who believe that Wilmington has been sadly deficient in excursion boats for some time. I now if you will give the public the opportunity they will travel. I finally decided that the *Queen of St. John's* was the boat for the river. I wrote some of my friends in Wilmington. I went to the owner of the *Queen*, who is a personal friend of mine, and told him that if he would put his boat at Wilmington as a permanent fixture, while I did not think he would make any money the first year, yet when the people found he was in earnest they would sustain him; and the *Queen* being a perfectly new boat and the largest and most elegantly equipped between Norfolk and New Orleans, would in the Cape Fear be good for the next twenty years, and I fully believed that the day was not far distant when the business would be equal to the boat. And there the matter dropped until about six weeks ago Col. Christopher came over here and made a trip with me. He said: "I am here to ask you to take the *Queen* to Wilmington." I told him it was impossible as I had charge of the Indian River fleet, which was all I could attend to. He replied, "Well, that settles it. If you won't take her she don't go." After considerable talk I agreed that if she would go, as I had previously stated, to be kept as a permanent excursion boat, I would take it. I decided that it would be pleasant to spend my Summer months at home and give the Wilmington people the benefit of such a floating palace in the way of a boat. He then said: "Now, you are to have absolute charge of the boat." I told him that before I touched she he must go to Wilmington and look the field over, and if he was satisfied, then I would go. He did so and found things as represented and was royally entertained by our Wilmington friends.

Now, Mr. Editor, I wish to say a few words to you. In your issues of July 1st and 2nd and April 30th I fully agree with you in regard to being careful about yellow fever. You and I went through that dreadful epidemic in '62, and God knows that I should ever be the means of doing the good people of Wilmington or North Carolina the slightest harm, and there is not money enough in the U. S. Treasury to induce me to bring a boat to Wilmington that is in the slightest degree tainted with yellow fever. And let me say that while I honestly believe that Jacksonville is as free from yellow fever to-day as Wilmington and that if the *Queen* was at Southport that the quarantine officers would do their duty fairly and impartially, and if she was not so she would not be allowed to proceed, they would not, as you have done, condemn her and the whole coast of Florida. I have read Hamlin's report and I am not surprised at your fears, but if you lived here as long you would be able to put a proper estimate on it.

The *Queen* will not go to Wilmington this season for the reason that if perchance fever should break

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out there it would be laid at her door. I have not come to this conclusion because, as you say, there is no use for her and that she would be a failure. I do think you know how to run a newspaper but I don't think you know much about running a steamboat. It seems that only a trial would test whether the people wanted her, and as to her being a failure, I will say that if she was, it would not cost you or the city of Wilmington anything, as the owner is amply able to pay all her expenses. As to "Harper's Pier" I don't suppose that extends from Wilmington to the bar. If we could not get one we could easily build one. Now, let us see if there is no use for another steamer. Jacksonville, with less population than Wilmington, has six boats as large as the *Passport*, four as large as the *Sylvan Grove*, and the *Queen of St. John's*, which is twice as large as the *Grove*, and yet none of them are failures. Now, I have decided to send the *Queen* North this Summer, let her freeze all germs, if any there be, out of her next Winter and the following Spring take her to Wilmington and keep her there as a permanent excursion boat, and after you take a few trips with your family on her, as you will do, I will guarantee that you will agree with me that she is wanted and is not a failure. Very truly,

R. P. PADDISON.

Humors run riot in the blood at this season. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels every impurity and vitalizes and enriches the blood.

LOCAL NEWS.

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JOHN WERNER—Notice
M M KATZ—Dress Goods
C BACHE—For the Season
F C MILLER—Diamond Dyes
LOUIS H MEARES—The "Monarch."
TAYLOR'S BAZAAR—500 Babies Wanted
MRS E B WIGGINS—Offer Extraordinary

Fly Traps, best and cheapest, at Jacobi's Hdw. Depot. †

For pure White Lead, Oils and Colors go to Jacobi's Hardware Depot. †

School Books and School Stationery you can buy cheapest at Heinsberger's. †

Burglars. You can be safe from them by using the Burglar Proof Blind Locks, sold at Jacobi's.

Fishing Tackle. A full assortment of all kinds for both salt and fresh water fishing at Jacobi's Hdw. Depot. †

Another lot of those celebrated Oil Stoves just received at Jacobi's Hdw. Depot. It will pay you to use one. †

Owing to the late fire we have removed our Shirt Factory, temporarily, to No. 13 Market street, where we will be pleased to meet our friends and customers. No. 13 Market st. Respectfully, J. Elsbach, Prop. †

Rock Crystal Spectacles and Eyeglasses

Advice to old and young: In selecting spectacles you should be cautious not to take more *magnifying power* than has been lost to the eye as in the same proportion that you pass that point of increase, will cause you further injury to the eye. Using glasses of stronger power than is necessary is the daily cause of *premature old age to the sight.* You can get the best at Heinsberger's.

Nothing Fairer.

I. Shrier, at No. 16 N. Front street guarantees, if any purchasers of Clothing, Hats and Furnishing Goods are not perfectly satisfied, he will refund the money. He also guarantees to save you from 15 to 25 per cent. on the identical goods you may purchase elsewhere. It will be of no expense to you to convince yourself of the fact and you will be money ahead by calling at

I. SHRIER'S,
The Old Reliable Clothier,
No. 16 and 20 N. Front St.
Sign of Golden Arm. tf

The University Catalogue

For 1887-8 is before us. It is a handsome document. It shows 203 students. There are abundant proofs of improvement in all departments. Not only regular courses are given, but full opportunity is offered for special training. Besides the monthly lectures by able men of the University and elsewhere, the Mitchell Scientific Society, and the Shakspere Club, we noticed new societies viz, one for the study of North Carolina history, and the Seminary of Literature and Philology. All the departments have post-graduate courses. We are glad to see provision made for the poor, who are allowed to give notes for tuition, which is $60 per annum.

Memorial Services.

There being no prospect of fair weather to-day the ladies of the Memorial Association, in consultation with Marshal Cumming and his chief of staff, Mr. J. Hal Boatwright, concluded this forenoon that the postponed Memorial services take place at the Opera House at 5 o'clock this afternoon, Capt. Pennypacker having very kindly tendered it for that purpose. As far as it is possible to do so the programme prepared for the Confederate Lot at the Cemetery will be carried out in the Opera House and when the Roll of Honor is called ladies will be at that moment placing decorations at the Cemetery, rain or no rain.

The REVIEW appears on the street while the services are in progress but having been favored in advance with copies of the Prayer and the Address, we are able to present them herewith:

PRAYER BY THE CHAPLAIN, REV. ROBERT STRANGE.

O, Almighty God, with Whom do live in joy and felicity the spirits of those who depart hence in the Lord, we give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all these, Thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labors. And in particular we thank Thee, O Father, this day for the good examples of these, Thy servants; who, to the convictions of their lives were faithful unto death. We come to recall afresh their gallant death by mournful song and eloquent speech and floral gift. May we keep fresh the memory of their noble lives by filling the land they loved with true words and brave deeds. Strengthen us, Oh Holy Spirit, with Thy might that we may follow them in a higher, holier warfare. So guide our desires and aid our efforts that peace and happiness, truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us, may reign over and bless us, for all generations. All this we beg through the merits and mediation of Him who this day ascended whither we pray to ascend, Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

ADDRESS BY THE ORATOR OF THE DAY, HERBERT MCCLAMMY, ESQ.

Ladies of the Memorial Association, Friends and Fellow Citizens:

We stand to-day upon hallowed ground, consecrated to the chivalric spirits of a lost but glorious cause, their empire fallen into decay and their banner furled, the flashing eye and martial form but heaps of pulseless dust, watered with our tears, covered with flowery incense and sweetness, guarded by beautiful woman, their burning courage commemorated in marble and bronze, their high heroic deeds wreathed in splendors eternal. At the request of the ladies of the Memorial Association, the guardian angels of the sacred memories of our honored dead, with no fitness for the pleasing task of this historic hour, with no associations in those deadly perils, upon whose glowing recital by the eloquent lips of your gifted speakers you have rested with enchained and delighted attention, I come as the representative of a new era and of another generation to thank you for the proud honor of your regard and for the opportunity of plighting the inviolable assurance of my generation to that immortal one of men and women, alas! rapidly passing from the earth., that we will cherish in our hearts forever the great sacrifice and eternal debt which we owe the Confederate dead.

The sentiment which seeks to perpetuate the fame of a nation's heroes is born of a kindred passion that has lived through ages gone. The ancients piled upon the graves of their heroic dead the rude memorial stones. Homer embalmed in immortal verse the high exploits of Trojan and Grecian hero. The minstrel, thrilled by martial memories, swept in melting mood the strings of his tuneful harp. The artist, fanned by the wings of his divine inspiration, carved in marble and bronze the commanding form of the breathing hero; while history poured upon her eternal page, in letters of living light and fire, "the few, the immortal names that were not born to die." Hector and Achilles will live forever. The old Guard and the Light Brigade can never die; the courage of the Greek, the valor of the Roman and the devotion of their beautiful daughters to their native land is the fairest gem that flashes in the coronal of ancient glory! Standing to-day as mourners at the graves of our loved and lost, our souls surging with memories of their toil, their courage, their sublime and glorious worth, our escutcheon blazoned with names that shine like the silvery stars in the deep and cloudless arch of night, I ask, what have we omitted to perpetuate the fame of the most brilliant courage the world has ever seen, the most devoted sacrifice that men have ever made, the holiest patriotism that ever burned in human bosoms? Is it in song that we have failed to chronicle them? Let the "Conquered Banner," let Father Ryan, Homeric poet, priest, and every gifted one, whose brilliant gems of beauty float upon the sparkling tide of song, answer for me. Has eloquence been wanting? Answer me, ye orators of my Southland, peers of any, living or dead, if burning oratory guards not the vestal fires fed by our daughters that watch and ward the names of our loved and sacred dead. Answer me, ye chieftains who have gone back with your dead comrades to the fields of their fame and mounted thence upon soaring wings to empyrean realms of thought. Have you not wreathed their deeds with fire like that about the seamed scarred brow of the mountain cliff, upon which the lightnings play? Has the divine genius of the sculptor been wanting to guard it? Answer me, immortal Canovas of the South! Answer me, gifted daughters of Virginia! Answer me, thou bronze Lee, keeping watch over the historic treasurers of your great capital, and thou, Jackson, looking still with unquailing eyes upon your beautiful Shenandoah home, and thou, sentinel, keeping guard too, thank God, upon the most priceless treasure of all, the bravery, the nameless courage, the unspeakable sacrifices of our unknown dead! Nothing has been omitted to perpetuate their valor and devotion by the women of the South. Theirs indeed has been a labor of love which angels smiled to see. Undaunted by the great labor, unmoved by the scoff of the cruel jester, the land full of mourning and desolation, they began the holy work of gathering the dust of our fallen heroes from the silvery sand of the sea that drank their blood, and the mountain peak, crimson with the mighty oblation, and bore them back and placed above them this faithful sentinel, brothers of a common cause and heirs of a deathless glory. The proud banner which their hands had made with its nodding plume and glancing light was furled forever, The paroled prisoner with lagging step had passed to his home across a land which the besom of ruin had swept. That union of coequal and sovereign States no longer existed; above the palladium of liberty gleamed the bayonet, through the legislative halls of the free the clangor of the mailed sentry sounded; amid the dirges of the brave for coffined liberty, no sable banner waving over them, these angels of home received back into the bosom of their beauteous land the precious forms of their martyred heroes.

How unlike the return of the great armies that had crushed them! Countless thousands of banners waved in the glancing light, hoarse cannon thundered their welcome home to the victorious warrior, beauty crowned valor with love and approval, their honored dead were laid to rest among the splendid creations of wealth, the cold marble leaped into graceful life at the touch of art and burst into living bloom at the command of gold. No wonder it was said that these our heroes had vainly died; that this mighty sacrifice of valor was for naught; that the cruel grave held faith and hope and all, save woman's divine and holy love and the stainless glory of our citizen soldiery. "Trofa resurgat," the legend of a band of fugitives from a conquered state who formed on foreign shores that infant colony which flourished until as the mighty Roman Empire it swayed the sceptre of the world, awakened no responsive chord. The heroic deeds even of our Saxon ancestry thrilled us with no hope of recovery. It requires something higher than ancient example, something holier than success, to turn us from the shattered idols of the past to the solemn responsibilities of the future. Who shall say that the higher courage with which we are inspired was not born of the glorious courage with which these warriors died? that the constancy of these devoted women to the Confederate dead, holy and tender and true, has not builded from the ashes of that last empire one greater and new

'That shall resist the empire of Decay
Till time is o'er and worlds are passed away;
Cold in the dust the silent heart may lie,
But that which warmed us once *can never die.*"

No rude scoffer now invades this sacred spot. No skeptic in womanly faith or manly courage now profanes it. No haughty conqueror forbids the daughters of the South to beautify with flowers the honored shrine of the illustrious dead. The bitter memories of the war have passed away; the brave soldier and the pure patriot no longer cherish them. The Great Captains have met upon the distant shore and wear no longer the Blue and Gray, but raiments that are spotless white in the land of infinite peace! And their followers are meeting upon the great fields of battle; no longer enemies, but earnest friends, citizens of a common country, sharers of a common destiny, they twine amaranthine wreathes and scatter the bright flowers of the spring upon their comrades' graves. Above them floats the banner of the Great Republic founded by Washington; above them the sword of liberty flames forever. History posts upon the watch towers of that glorious past an eternal sentinel, poesy wreathes those burning deeds in mellow haze and golden halo Burning as the stars that flash from the folds of the flag of the free is the fame wrought by the valor of the Confederate dead. Manassas and Shiloh and Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, where the king of battle fell, Gettysburg, where God like courage rose and revelled and triumphed over all the ages, as spirits of commingling dust and fire trod the immortal way of death and fell with the glorious Pender upon the crater's flaming heights! Think not, brave men of the North, that the most distant generation will ever brand such deeds as these with the accursed stigma of rebellion. We honor your valiant dead; the turf that decks their eternal home is bright with Southern verdure and flowers; above them wave our stately elms and rich magnolias; they with ours have crossed the river, laid the gray and blue aside forever, put on their robes of commingling snow and fire, and on harps of gold have thrilled the heavenly world with strains of victory.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead."

The dying prayer of your great Captain was for peace; the re-union of Federal and Confederate veterans charmed pain from his wasted features; his sword leaped from its scabbard to defend the immortal Lee. Honored be his name, and honored forever the names of our patriot dead, and honored forever, too, be the names of our Confederate living, thrice honored forever the heroes true to the eternal principles of liberty for which their comrades fell. The empire for which they fought, in the wisdom of God, was denied them. Their names are not upon the rolls of the nation's pension. An arm lost at Bethel and a leg buried at Fisher, that Gibraltar of America, they have struggled long and are struggling yet with want and sorrow; their old mother is too poor to care for these her noblest children, but they are enshrined forever in our hearts as peerless kings, true to their duty, their country and God.

And honored, too, forever be the daughters of our Southland, those who have rescued from oblivion the sacred dust of the heroes who died to defend them; they who watch at the cradle and weep at the bier; they who are the inspiration of our highest deeds and noblest virtues; matchless among the women of earth; honored forever be the grace and beauty and fidelity of the women of the South.

And honored, too, forevermore be the Old South which it is said we are leaving; immortal the links that bind us to it. May the love which inspires this annual pilgrimage to beautify the graves of our dead, the love of our peerless women, the love of those kingly leaders that glorified that mighty empire, glow bright forever and make this New South as famed through the earth and the ages for the beauty of its daughters and the gift of its sons, and their stainless devotion to truth and liberty.

Capt. Paddison's Letter.

We willingly yield a column of our space to day to the publication of a letter from Capt. R. P. Paddison relative to the steamer *Queen of St. John's* and the remarks which we have made in the REVIEW thereto. In all that we have said we have spoken exclusively and entirely for what we deemed was the best interests of the people of this city and section and we have said nothing that we propose to take back, qualify or amend. We would be glad to welcome here the *Queen*, or any other boat of her class, provided she comes without taint or reproach of infection of any kind. As plainly intimated in a former article we have no fears of the former, as that can safely be left to the Quarantine Board, and it is only from the latter that any danger could possibly be apprehended.

We have no fears whatever in regard to fever here this Summer, notwithstanding the fact that Capt. Paddison is "not surprised" at our "fears." We do not believe that it could pass up the river, so stringent are the regulations and so carefully are they enforced, and if it did get here we do not think it would become epidemic. The city is well policed and cleanliness is a sure foe to yellow fever. In the visitation of 1862, referred to by Capt. Paddison, the horrors of which we both passed through and both escaped, the fever got here through the neglect of quarantine regulations and found a foothold only because the filthy condition of the city at that time furnished a stimulus for its growth and spread. It is a noticeable fact that the disease did not spread beyond the limits of the city, not even to the Sound, distant only eight miles, and to which many had fled from the city.

But this is a digression. The *Queen* will not come to Wilmington this season. The present programme is for her to go North this Summer, stay there until next Spring and then be put on the Cape Fear permanently. This is perhaps the best course to take. And after all Capt. Paddison seems to have endorsed our views when he says: "I have decided to send the *Queen* North this Summer, let her freeze all germs, if any there be, out of her next Winter and the following Spring take her to Wilmington and keep her there as a permanent excursion boat." When that time comes the *Queen* and her gallant commander will meet with no more cordial welcome from any one than from the REVIEW and its editor.

The Raleigh *News and Observer* says that Messrs. W. H. & R. S. Tucker & Co. have given to the Assembly enough of the beautiful North Carolina pine fibre carpet to furnish the Assembly Hall and stairway at Morehead City. This is a very liberal gift and is duly appreciated by the teachers of the State.

The new flag for the Wilmington Light Infantry will not be presented to-day. It has been decided to postpone its formal presentation until the 20th, the anniversary of the company.

The clerks in this city will hold a meeting at the City Hall to night to prepare a petition to employers asking for half holidays during the Summer. About 60 have signed a promise to attend.

Mr. John Werner has removed his barber shop, temporarily, to No. 1 in the Remsen building on South Second street, near Market.

Gov. Scales having gone to Petersburg Lt. Gov. Stedman is the Governor of the State until he returns.

Only a few strawberries in market this morning and they were soon all sold.

PLEASE NOTICE.

We will be glad to receive communication 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.

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.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice.

JOHN WERNER, THE BARBER, HAS opened a Barber Shop on the East side of Second street, next to the Grocery Store of A. H. Holmes, at which place patrons and the public generally are invited to call and get strictly first-class work. Shave 10c., Hair Cut 20c., Shampoo 20c. my 11 tf

THE "MONARCH,"
—AT—
LOUIS H. MEARES',
Gentlemen's Furnisher and Hatter
my 11 12 No. Front

Administrator's Notice.

HAVING QUALIFIED AS ADMINISTRATOR of the estate of the late J. H. Vollers, I hereby notify all persons indebted to said estate to make payment to me and all having claims against the said decedent to present them to me for payment on or before the 4th day of May, 1889, or this notice will be plead in bar of their recovery. O. O. VOLLERS,
my 4 1aw 6w f. Administrator.

CAROLINA BEACH.

SCHEDULE OF STEAMER
SYLVAN GROVE
until further notice, Indiscretion permitting, will leave Wilmington for Carolina Beach at 9:30 A.M. and 4 P.M.

MONTHLY Rewarded are those who read this and then act upon it; will find honorable employment that will not take them from home, and the pay is large. Address, with stamp, Chas. Austin & Co., Box 1150, Detroit, Mich.

Grain Cradles,

GRAIN, GRASS AND BUSH SCYTHES, Snaths, Feed Cutters, Cutting Knives, Grass and Rice Sickles, Fan Mills, &c. We will guarantee to give you the best grade of goods and at the lowest cash prices.
W. E. SPRINGER & CO.,
my 6 tf 14 Front St., Wilmington, N. C.

O. O. VOLLERS,

HAVING CLOSED OUT MY LIQUOR BUSiness, I will enlarge my store so as to increase my Commission and Grocery Business. Instead of Liquors I will put in a complete stock of Dry Goods, Notions, &c. Consignments solicited. Highest prices paid for all kinds of Country Produce. All orders promptly attended to. Advances made on all consignments. O. O. VOLLERS,
my 1 tf No. 8 North Water st.

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