

Contract Advertisements taken at proportionately low rates. Marriage, Death, Religious, Funeral and Ordinary notices will be inserted when paid for in advance (other wise full rates will be charged). Terms—Cash on demand.

METEOROLOGICAL RECORD. May 10, 1872.

Time.	Barometer.	Thermometer.	Wind.	Weather.
7 A. M.	30.23	71	S W	Gent Fair
9 P. M.	30.15	71	S	Fresh Fair
10 P. M.	30.16	74	S	Gentle Clear

The lowest barometer over Northern Missouri moved northwardly over lower Michigan into Canada, with brisk and possibly very brisk winds, shifting to northwesterly over Lake Michigan to night, but southerly over the lower lakes, veering to westerly on Saturday. Cloudy weather and rain from the Ohio valley northward, and extending eastward over the lower lake region. Easterly to southerly winds, with increased cloudiness and possibly threatening weather, over the Atlantic States. Cloudy weather and rain from the Western Gulf to the Ohio valley. Dangerous winds are not anticipated.

THE CITY.

PROFITABLE ADVERTISING. We call the attention of the business men of Wilmington to the superior advantages offered by THE WEEKLY STAR as an advertising medium. It has, without exception, the Largest Circulation of any publication in Wilmington; and we can satisfy any one that it has no equal as a medium of communication with the people of the rural districts now trading with Wilmington. We solicit a call from those who wish to place their business prominently before the people of this section, confident that we can offer inducements that cannot fail to please.

THE KEATING ROOM of the Wilmington Library Association is open daily during the week from 8 1/2 A. M. to 10 P. M., from 3 1/2 to 7 P. M., and from 8 to 10 P. M.

Over Land and Sea. We are glad to learn that a Sunday School Benefit Exhibition of these magnificent paintings will certainly be given at the Opera House on either Tuesday or Wednesday night of the coming week, tickets for which will be dispensed by the Superintendents of the schools interested. The time will be definitely advertised in Sunday's paper.

W. C. & Rutherford Railroad. We are glad to see that immediate efforts are to be made by those having the matter in charge to raise the requisite amount necessary to pay off the pressing indebtedness of the Wilmington, Charlotte and Rutherford Railroad, and thereby retain to the stockholders the control of the road. This will be done by subscriptions, the subscribers to receive the Second mortgage bonds of the Company, at the rate of 50 cents on the dollar.

Freckles. We give the following for the benefit of those of the gentler sex who have a hotly horror of freckles. We hope that those afflicted will try the remedy, and that it may prove efficacious: Take two ounces of lemon juice, half a drachm of powdered borax, and one drachm of sugar. Mix together and let them stand in a glass bottle for a few days, then rub it on the hands and face occasionally.

Memorial Day.

The Procession—Arrival at Oakdale—Ceremonies at the Lodge—Address of Mr. C. W. McClammy—Ceremonies at the Confederate Cemetery—Unveiling of the Statue—Salute by the Cape Fear Cadets and the Booming of Cannon—Floral Decorations, &c., &c.

Yesterday was the day set apart for the annual memorial celebration in honor of the fallen heroes, who lost their lives in battling for the independence of the South during the late war—a day which always brings with it many hallowed memories connected with the "Lost Cause." In which so many of its noblest and bravest champions and defenders gave up their lives.

The day opened propitiously but for the intense heat, which, together with the dusty streets, no doubt prevented many from participating in the ceremonies who would have otherwise done so. The procession, under the direction of Col. John J. Hedrick, Chief Marshal, and his Assistants, commenced forming at 8 1/2 o'clock, at and near the intersection of Third and Market streets, and a few minutes after 9 o'clock, preceded by the "Rose Bud" Brass Band, took up its line of march for the Cemetery.

First came the Cadets of the Military Academy, under command of Gen. K. E. Coleton, dressed in Summer uniform, each cadet bearing a wreath of evergreens on his bayonet. Their handsome appearance and soldierly bearing elicited much comment during the progress of the procession. Next came the Orator and Chaplain, followed by the Ladies' Memorial Association, each bearing wreaths and flowers for the decoration of the graves. They were followed by the "Children's Memorial Association," also bearing wreaths and evergreens, and then came the children of the various schools, each accompanied by a handsome banner with appropriate motto. The rear of the procession was composed of ex-Confederate officers and soldiers and citizens on foot, followed by carriages. The procession made a very imposing appearance.

Arriving at the Cemetery, as the procession filed in at the gate, minute guns were fired by a detachment, composed of officers and privates of the Cape Fear Light Artillery. The procession marched to the Cemetery Lodge or Chapel, where the opening ceremonies were to take place. The most available positions were then secured by the vast multitude, the Cadets being drawn up in line in front of the Lodge, when the ceremonies were commenced by the singing of an anthem by the Choir, accompanied by music from an organ which had been provided for the occasion. At the conclusion of the anthem Rev. Mr. Dickson, of the First Presbyterian Church, delivered a very impressive and appropriate prayer. The Choir then sang the following beautiful original Ode, composed expressly for the occasion:

Along thy silent, lonely vale,  
Low draped with moss and willows weeping;  
Oh! city of the dead—Oakdale!  
Here sleep our dead, forever sleeping;  
Magnolia's flowers along the gale  
Their fragrant odors still are bringing;  
But never more our dead shall hail  
The jasmine's bloom around them springing.  
The summer's sun still lights the way  
Where crowds thy silent streets are tread-  
Our dead, upon their couch of clay,  
Heed not the steps above them spreading.  
On waving fields of ripening grain  
The autumn's fading sun is shining,  
The busy reapers' song, in vain,  
Upon their silent ears is falling.  
Old Winter spreads his icy snow  
Above their ever-hallowed bed;  
But yet no mortal power below  
Can call to earth the slumbering dead.  
But loving watch around their tomb  
Their faithful comrades still are keeping,  
And children's tottering footsteps come—  
Old age, and lovely maidens weeping.  
Dear soldiers of our Sunny South,  
Who for your country fought and died,  
Not never more our dead shall give you birth  
Forget their loved, their lost, their pride!  
And when our children's children come  
To view old Oakdale's lovely spot,  
They pause before your hallowed tomb—  
Oh, soldiers dead! but not forgot.  
Major C. W. McClammy, the orator of the day, now arose and delivered the following address:

measurable love which she consecrates to the virtues of our dead. What patriot to the South who does not, on Memorial Day, make his pilgrimage to the tomb of his country's heroes, and there review to pride and sadness the long train of mournful but glorious reminiscences which are there called forth? What hero in that earth whose soul sorrows not as he looks upon the scene?

But yesterday's songs of triumph and strains of gladness were heard throughout the land. No rife shock of battle had fallen upon the ear! No political squall had sullied the peace! No gleaming bayonet had usurped the place of law! No remorseless tyrant had done violence to the plain and primitive principles of liberty. Securely was left eye, yonder, and beneath the folds of a common flag, with traditional honors mutually shared, we sought only to extend the blessed influences of religion and letters which had contributed so immensely to the charms of society and the excellence of government. The South rejoiced in the fullness of plenty. Her fields were laden with the rich rewards of industry; her shops adorned with the implements of husbandry; her streams white with the sweet dews of commerce; her universities filled with devotees of learning, and brightest in the galaxy of nations were the names of her honored sons. Year after year would the treasures of her wealth be added to the bones of her sons bleaching upon the distant battle-fields attested their valor and devotion to principle and honor. The far-reaching policy of her statesmen asserted the superiority of her highly intelligent. The impassioned appeals of her eloquent orators, her noble mind over numbers; while the beauty and refinement of her daughters conspired to make her a beautiful realm.

But yesterday the spell was broken. The rumble of an earthquake was heard throughout the land; the tocsin of war was sounded through her borders, and youth and age and manhood in strength and vigor, poured forth upon the battle-field to die for the honor and humiliation of the queen of the nations. Then flamed forth the starry cross which a thousand thousand freemen swore to bear through a baptism of fire and blood, ere one loved fold should trail in the dust of defeat. And from Beth-el to the North Star, and from her first libation upon the altar of freedom, to Bentonville, where its light went out, they made good their pledge by an exalted heroism and death-defying valor, beside which the re-echo of their names would be the deeds of antiquity pale in feeble splendor.

But to-day, with the cypress encircling her mournful brow, she sits amid the ashes of her hopes and chants the requiem of her slain. Oh, what tender memory be long to step halloo, and receding! How the changes of years crowded into the space of moments by the desolating power of war! How the sweet images of peace are defaced and broken by its ruthless minions. Here a father comes, feeble with age, his hair white, his eyes dim, to hold discourse in the sweet solitude of this silent city with those bright spirits of the long ago on which he fondly hoped to lean when the infirmities of age were upon him. Here a sister calls to mind that noble brother who laid his life for the country, and she weeps and weeps, and watched with tenderest solicitude her advancing years, until the sound of his footsteps died away from the halls and portals of home forever. Here a mother, haggard with unrelieved grief, comes perhaps the last time to her loved one's grave, and she kneels and prays, and care the grave of that darling soldier boy, the light of whose flashing eye was quenched in the ensanguined tide of battle. Here, too, are loved, though nameless, ones around whose graves we kneel, and whose names we know; no voice pronounces the unknown hero's name; but on his grave the pensive eye of grief shall fall, and wreaths of nature's loveliest flowers shall robe in equal beauty his silent dust.

But with the known and nameless ones all alike, he is a hero, and his name shall sleep a host of chivalric warriors, whose dust has been scattered by the winds of Heaven, martyrs to liberty, whose blood has watered the soil of freedom. They breathed their last in the hour of battle, and heeded in that trying hour, with no loved hand to wipe the death damp from their brow or catch and repeat the whispered messages of love to those for whom they died. They are the young men of the hour, who were the first to give and care the grave of that darling soldier boy, the light of whose flashing eye was quenched in the ensanguined tide of battle. Here, too, are loved, though nameless, ones around whose graves we kneel, and whose names we know; no voice pronounces the unknown hero's name; but on his grave the pensive eye of grief shall fall, and wreaths of nature's loveliest flowers shall robe in equal beauty his silent dust.

flowers, amidst every embellishment with which delicate refinement and endless gratitude adorn their resting places, they sleep unconscious of the ruin and desolation which have swept over their land. They know not that the proud monuments of the past have been leveled in the dust; that the bulwarks of freedom are broken; that constitutional restrictions are disregarded, and that the voice of one man is the law of a republic; they know not that tragedy weeps over the scene of Appomattox, or that the beautiful banner which they dyed crimson with their blood is "furled, folded, and stowed." Their souls have never been yung with defeat, their proud treader never bowed beneath a degrading yoke. Their names are breathed in magic verse; traced in historic glory; cherished in the devotion of forgiveness, and bury in a tomb deep and wide as that one which holds the priceless jewels of the South, the sad remembrances born of strife. The smile of peace will once more rest upon familiar scenes, and the patriot of the future will praise the South in generous rivalry for the triumph of her reign. The shouts of the resper shall be heard where the mad uproar of battle prevailed, and the civic crown supplants the trophies of the field.

Then come, as the earth grows bright beneath the influence of spring, when plains are covered with verdure and with flowers, when maddened forests are robed in a mantle of green, and the glow of the morning sun succeeds by the animation of spring, so shall this dark night of despair be followed by a day of splendor and joy. Leave in yonder busy mart the cares of life and feast the soul upon the banquet of faith in which these trusting warriors die, and give to the warrior the intangible heroism which is born only of the inspiration of woman. At the couch of the dying soldier she ever waits as angel visitant, and o'er his hier ever wept in words of love, and when the dirge of defeat sent its notes through the land; when man with broken spirits folded their arms in cold indifference to their fate; when the funeral pile of law and liberty was heaped on high, when woe and want and meagre famine rioted on the fields of her home, in that fearful hour, unappalled by the horrors that darkened around her, commenced the consecrated labor of preserving the legacies which glory left her. Amid difficulties that would have deterred any but her heroic spirit, in the face of a scoffing world, she bravely stood, and she labored on till her heavenly work of love and gratitude was performed and the dust of patriots laid in their own beauteous land. Oh! her's is more than a labor of love, and ours more than a debt of gratitude; we may unveil the monument which she gives to the dead, enliven their valor, apostrophize the courage which sustained them to the last, but to unveil the holy passions which prompted this hallowed work of doing good, and the power of language or the gift of thought.

Noble woman! though thy loved Southern land is white with graves, drenched in patriot's blood, and heavy with calamitous grief, 'tis far dearer, beautified with thy presence, to the child of her name, woman, in that fearful hour, that sparkles with the spillover's treasure. Possessed of her immaculate love, though the voices of her gifted sons are hushed, and their impassioned eloquence is heard no longer in the councils of the nation, thy holy ministry chants the requiem of perished greatness, her name and deeds shall continue to be the delight of the historian's pen till "jarring universals and crashing spheres" are mingled in universal rain.

Another anthem was then sung by the Choir, after which the line was again partially formed and marched to the Confederate Cemetery. Order being restored, the beautiful Hymn commencing "Soldiers of Christ, arise and put your armor on," was sung by the choir.

UNVEILING THE STATUE. Col. John J. Hedrick, Chief Marshal, now proceeded to unveil the statue. As we give elsewhere a description (as it will appear when completed) of this most beautiful and appropriate representation of one of the "Boys in Gray," which is so life-like and natural as to strike every one with admiration and pride who looks upon it, we forbear any further allusion to it here, more than to state that as the veil was drawn, and the statue stood revealed to the multitude, the stillness was broken by the booming of the cannon stationed on the hill just west of the cemetery and by a salute from the Cape Fear Cadets, fired in honor of the occasion. This interesting part of the ceremony being concluded, the choir sang the following ORIGINAL ODE.

Why does your war-worn soldier stand  
His lone and silent watch to keep?  
No woman's step is on the land,  
None, but the dead, around him sleep.  
With LEE on many a battle field  
This gallant soldier fought in vain,  
With WASHINGTON died, but would not yield,  
On Fisher's ramparts, paled with slain.

And now on each Memorial Day  
Your vigil o'er your comrades keep,  
Oh! Soldier of the honored grey,  
Guard well the spot where heroes sleep.  
The ladies now came forward with their floral offerings, Chief Marshal Hedrick calling out the name attached to each as they were handed to him. It is proper to state, in this connection, that owing to the scarcity of flowers, the offerings were not so numerous as on previous occasions. The services here were concluded by the singing of a doxology, and the pronouncing of the benediction by Rev. Mr. Dickson, after which the crowd dispersed, some of the ladies remaining to decorate the graves of deceased officers and soldiers buried in the various private lots.

The crowd present was variously estimated at from 2,500 to 4,000 persons.

DESCRIPTION OF THE MONUMENT. The lot known as the Confederate Cemetery is situated on a hill near the entrance to the grounds and in full view to persons approaching Oakdale for some time before entering the gates. It is of an oval shape, 50 by 75 feet in dimensions, and is surrounded by a neat wrought-iron railing, with a ledge of ever-

greens on the inside. The surface of the lot, which is covered with grass, is perfectly level, and beneath, in one common grave, rest the remains of 400 Confederate soldiers. The monument occupies the centre of the lot. It is of North Carolina granite, the blocks being taken from the quarry of Mr. J. P. Lincham, on the Raleigh and Gaston Railroad, and made into their present comely shape by that gentleman. It consists of a "base," "sub-base," "die" and "cap," the whole surmounted by a handsome bronze statue of a Confederate soldier (infantry private) designed by Mr. O'Donovan, of Virginia, and executed by Maurice J. Power, Esq., of New York. The soldier is represented standing at ease, with an Austrian rifle in hand, army overcoat on, belt around the waist, bayonet attached to the rifle, and cartridge box attached to the belt. On the cartridge box are the letters "C. S.," as well as on the plate of the belt in front. On the head is an ordinary military fatigue cap, with the letters "N. C." on the front. The grass covered mound on which the monument rests is 3 1/2 feet high, the "base" 3 1/2 feet, the "sub-base" 1 foot, the "die" 3 feet, the "cap" 1 foot 3 inches and the statue 7 1/2 feet, making the monument and statue together, including the mound, 18 feet 9 inches in height. In the "die" on the east and west faces are two bronze tablets, representing the heads in profile of Generals R. E. Lee and Thomas J. Jackson, respectively, each surrounded with a wreath of myrtle. Below these, on the tablets, are the representations of two Confederate flags and in the lower corners weapons and munitions of war. Upon the east and west faces of the base is the neat but modest inscription, "To the Confederate Dead," on the north face the inscription "Pro Patria," and on the south face "Deo Vindice." On the "die" facing north is the inscription "The Hearts that were True to their Country and God will Report at the Grand Reveille," and on the south the words, "Erected by the Ladies' Memorial Association."

Our Chip Basket. Penciled eyebrows are coming into vogue. An old lady says she hears quite frequently of civil engineers, and wonders if there is no one to say a good word for conductors. Miss Stevens, a beautiful blonde preacher, is creating a profound religious sensation in Georgia. She is said to make all the masculines feel like embracing her—doctrines. The mother of an unmanageable Irish boy living in Portland thus excused him to the police: "Sure, Paddy isn't a bad boy at all, but he is troubled with a roosh of mind to the brain." A wise Frenchman says: "If a lady says 'I can never love you,' wait a little longer; all hope is not lost. But if she says, 'No one has more sincere wishes for your happiness than I,' take your hat."

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. PICNIC OF THE GERMAN ASSOCIATION. A PICNIC of the German Association will be held at the Wilmington Garden, on Wednesday next, May 15th. The members are respectfully invited. By order of Association. H. OHLANDT, Secy. W. H. BERNARD, Treas.

Express Steamboat Line FOR FAYETTEVILLE. The First-Class Iron Steamer, D. MURCHISON, ALONZO GARRISON, Master. WILL leave for Fayetteville every Wednesday and Saturday at 2 o'clock P. M. Returning, will leave Fayetteville every Tuesday and Friday at 7 o'clock A. M.

The First-Class Iron Steamer, W. A. V. E., WM. SKINNER, Master. WILL leave for Fayetteville every Monday and Thursday at 2 o'clock P. M. Returning, will leave Fayetteville every Saturday and Wednesday at 7 o'clock A. M. The boats of this Line have just been overhauled and refitted, and are unsurpassed on the river for speed, comfort or safety. No passage charged on goods consigned to this Line to be forwarded through Wilmington. J. D. WILLIAMS & CO., Agents at Fayetteville.

Wanted Immediately! TWO TURPENTINE DISTILLERS who can make PALE Roan. Constant employment and WAGES SATISFACTORY to those who can fill the bill. MABIN & HALLETT. WILMINGTON, April 17, 1872.

Saddlery. ALL KINDS OF SADDLES, HARNESS, TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS. And everything in the line of Saddlery Goods cheap for cash. J. S. TOPHAM & CO'S. No. 8 South Front St. Wilmington, N. C. Job 6-6 franc

Building Stock Wanted. A FEW Shares of Stock of WILMINGTON BUILDING ASSOCIATION WANTED. Apply at this office. [ap 23 naetf

MISCELLANEOUS. Whiskey & Brandy Peaches. 100 BBLs. COMMON WHISKEY, 250 Cases Brandy Peaches. For sale by F. W. KERCHNER, may 9-4 27, 29 and 31 North Water St.

We are Sole Agents for this city for the celebrated JOYCE GAITHER, a Shoe for Ladies, unequalled for durability, fitness and fit.

The Distribution of the Confederate Monumental Scheme. WILL positively take place on the first Wednesday in December next (1872), at Augusta, Ga. Should all the tickets not be sold, the amount received will be distributed in the proportions named in the Circulars between

THE MONUMENT. THE PRIZES. And the necessary expenses. The portion to be distributed will be appropriated first to the Money Prizes; then to the Real Estate, and lastly, to the Shares in Cotton.

ANALYSIS OF THE SCHEME. \$100,000—20 per cent. allowed Agents. 50,000—10 " " State Agents. 50,000—10 " " for contingent expenses. 130,000—Owners' price of 9 Real Estate Prizes. 100,000—The 1,744 Prizes in Currency. 100,000—The 24 Prizes in Cotton.

\$500,000—\$50,000 profits to be devoted to the Monument. The price in currency will be substituted for any Real Estate Prize, withdrawn on account of injury to the property, or for other cause. Agents west of the Mississippi stop their sales on the 15th of November. East of that river on the 20th of November. State Agents are required to be present either in person or by legally appointed Attorneys at the Distribution. L. A. & H. MOWLS, General Agents, Augusta, Ga. may 8-7 mos

Spirit Casks, Flour and Meal. 1,300 BBLs. FLOUR, 2,000 Spirit Casks, 1,000 Bushels Meal. For sale by F. W. KERCHNER, may 9-4 27, 29 and 31 North Water St.

Oranges. 25 BOXES, ON HAND AND TO ARRIVE, MEXICAN, FRESH. WM. M. STEVENSON'S, No. 8 North Front St. CONFECTIONER IN ALL KINDS. Orders Solicited. may 9-4

Hay! Hay! Hay! 500 BALES PRIME HAY. For sale by F. W. KERCHNER, may 9-4 27, 29 and 31 North Water St.

FOR SALE OR RENT. FOR SALE—Ten shares stock of Wilmington Gaslight Company. Apply to H. O. Evans, at S. W. corner. may 9-4

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS. H. BURKHIMER, WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALER IN Tobacco, Snuff AND SEGARS. Sign of the Indian Chief, No. 6 Market St. may 11-4 All Kinds OF GENTLEMEN'S SLIPPERS—Morocco, Cloth and Leather—AT LOW PRICES. DUDLEY & ELLIS, may 11-4 Sign of the Big Boot.