Along the tingling veins; who never raise Their heavy eyes beyond the flinty ways Their daily feet most tread; who never know
This world is good, because of cares that so
Thorn every step of life's laborious maze!

Like vineyard peasants they must plant and rear, And weed and water, that the teemi g soil May yield its richness to the clustered vine, Whose trampled grapes give forth their

For lordly lips to drain. But they who Taste not the flagon's cheer-They have no

The Lost Pilots.

CORRESPONDENCE.
SMITHVILLE, N. C., May 27, 1879. REV. E. A. YATES—Dear Sir:—A general wish is expressed that you furnish for publication, your Address delivered at Smithville on the 22d of May; and we, sharing largely in the wish, respectfully ask that you comply with this request.

Very Traly Yours

Very Truly Yours, W. J. POTTER, T. M. THOMPSON, J. ADKINS, E. PINER. Committee for Pilots.

WILMINGTON, May 30th, 1879. MESSRS. W. J. POTTER AND OTHERS,

Gentlemen:—Your note requesting the Pilots Memorial Address, delivered at Smithville, May 22nd, for publica-tion, has been received. Trusting that its publication may accomplish some good, I herewith place it at your disposal. Permit me to add, also, that the Address was written hastily, and some thoughts presented, ex tempore, on the occasion which cannot appear without re-writing the manuscript.

Very Truly, &c.
E. A. YATES.

DR. CURTIS' REMARKS.

FELLOW CITIZENS-LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Should any stranger, passing by, stop and inquire what is the meaning of this large assemblage of men, women and children, gathered around a marble shaft which they have decked with garlands of flowers—he would learn what is most interesting and instructive to all human ing and instructive to all human hour,) they took hold upon that pilot creatures here or elsewhere. He who could alone guide their spiritual would learn that human sympathy for, and desire to honor persons who have lost their lives in the faithful performance of duty is the principle which has drawn us here to-day. He would learn, as we all may, that honor does not alone follow in the footsteps of the warrior, the statesman the poli tician or the philosopher, but that it seeks out the humblest citizen, and places him upon a pedestal to be honored, if he but does his duty faithfully. He would learn, as we all may, that human sympathy is always at work to cheer the afflicted, to bind up the broken heart, to help the weak, to sustain the strong, and to bid us go about our daily labor with cheerful and manly spirits. In the darkest hour which has befallen, or will ever befall any one of us, it is probable there are human hearts beating warmly with sympathy for us, and with the sincerest desire to help us if they could—and it is possible they do help us in unseen ways if not otherwise.

A large community, by no means confined to this little town upon the sea shore has been agitated with profound sympathy for those pilots who on the 11th December 1872 crossed the bar in their little boat, a mere bubble upon the mighty ocean, and who went to their death without time to utter the briefest prayer for their

wives and little ones, who were to be left helpless behind. It was with fear and trembling that many looked out upon that dark and fearful April night, when the pilot boats Mary K. Sprunt and the Uriah Timmons were at sea and known to be in danger, and many a prayer as-cended on that night to the throne above, that the loved ones might be enabled to weather the gale and sail bravely into port once more. It was amid the howling of the storm and in the blackness of night that one of these boats with its living crew, sank beneath the pitiless waves and will be no more seen until the sea gives up its dead. But we are impelled by that human sympathy, which ever springs up in human hearts, to mourn their untimely death, even as we re-joiced when that other boat seiled so gallantly into port. And we are here to-day, to cheer the hearts of loving men and women with the assurance that brave and gallant deeds are

never forgotten.

It is but a few days since scenes of like nature to this, have been seen all over the sunny land, and in yet a few like nature to this, have been seen all over the sunny land, and in yet a few more days, throughout the Union of States, similar rites will be enacted.

Men, women and children, with tearful eyes have assembled, and will assemble to place their tributes of flowers upon the graves of the departed dead, who gave their lives for their country. Some wore the blue, others the gray. Enemies in battle—now as friends—they stand respectfully by, with bowed heads paying their tribute to courage, and acknowledging that the dead surrendered up their lives for the gaze of the curious multitude, or to have a pyramid of marble to mark the spot where my dust reposes. For the plaudits of the multitude are as short-lived as the morning cloud, and as cold and worthless as the shimmer of moon beams upon a frozen sea. But he who marks his way with generous deeds, biazes up a road that leads to a true immortality.

"The quality of mercy is not strained upon desolate and unknown islands—or in battle they perish—and their bones whiten the plains and hillsides. And the unknown graves dot the earth every where. But, as long as the sum of these men from your midst was a strange providence. But And the unknown graves dot the earth every where. But, as long as they die in the performance of duty

The "God of our life whose gracious power,
Through various deaths our souls hath led;
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up our sinking head,"

is certainly worthy our songs of praise and the gratitude of our hearts. Let us reverently study His ways, and in the light of the sad dispensation of His Providence which we are called together this day to contemplate, strive to have a clear view of His law

and our own duty.

These services are intended to be memorial. On the 11th day of December 1872, Joseph Bensil, Thos. Brinkmon, John Trout, Robt. St. George mon, John Trout, Root. St. George and Jas. Sellers; and on the — April 1877, Thos. B. Grissom, Chas. Dozier, C. C. Pinner, Robt. Walker and Florence Gillespie, Pilots of this Port, while on the outlook for vessels seeking this haven, were drowned upon our stormy coast. These men want down to the sea in ships. They went down to the sea in ships. They went down to the sea in ships. They saw what their tongues never lived to tell; the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the great deep. Beneath the breaking tempest the floods of ocean were lifted up about them, and the howling storm chanted their only requiem. Only two bodies came ashore; as if the spirit of the storm had sent back those mute but ghastly messengers to tell the sad story of their fate and of his prowess. The others went down to their quiet beds others went down to their quiet beds amongst rocks and coral reefs, to rise no more until the sea shall be summoned to give up its dead. We did not have the pleasure of being acquainted with those brave

men. But their works testify of their courage. Let us indulge the hope today that they were equally as couragebarque to the haven of eternal rest. Men engaged in such duties as these were engaged in, see the wonder of God in great waters; and are generally brave, noble-hearted and generous. How truthfully it may be said, that often, beneath a rough exterior there beats a warm and generous heart; and that, amongst those who are brought by their lot in life to contend with the rougher but grander elements of rougher but grander elements of nature, there are many whose nobleness of soul would give sublimity to any cause, and a generosity of heart that would impart a true nobility to any position. Indeed, it would seem to be true, and the facts harmonize with the conclusion, that those who go down to the sea in ships have more to develop a self-sacrificing, gene-rous humanity, than do those of almost any other single occupation in life. There are expressions of the infinite by the great sea that tend to expand the soul, and open it out from self in the direction of care and symself in the direction of care and sympathy for others, that is at once a duty and a sublimity of humanity. It is true, that many of those who do business in great waters and see the wonders of God in the great deep, are swearers. And more is the pity! It has become somewhat proverbial to say, "Swears like a sailor." But this proverb is unjust. Moreover, it is not true that, as a class, they profane the name of God more than other men. While many of them are wicked, as While many of them are wicked, as while many of them are wicked, as you know; very many of them are pious, good men, as I know! Those brave men, whose memory we are this day perpetuating, were known to many of you. You doubtless, knew their errors and their faults. Avoid them. You knew their virtues; try to imitate them. But neither you nor I,

men now; nor are we called to sit in judgment upon them hereafter. They are forever beyond our reach for good or evil. They sleep the last sleep, and their account of themselves they will give to none, until called to judgment by Him whose voice shall startle the sea into a resurrection of its dead. sea into a resurrection of its dead.

But these brave men, or some of them, have left families. With these, not only from a sense of duty, but from the fullness of our heart, we sympathize. The widow and the orphan! God bless them! I would rather, when I am dead and gone, and this poor body is gathered back to its mother dust, that some poor widow should come, and with her children stand around my grave, and dropping

by word or act, can benefit those brave

The taking of these men from your midst was a strange providence. But let us remember that its mysterious-Indication of the content of the content of the world's history. And from the silent resting places, whether in the depths of the ocean, or in the heart of the world's history. And from the depths of the ocean, or in the heart of the world's history. And from the silent resting places, whether in the content of the content of the world's history. And from the depths of the ocean, or in the heart of busy sities, there goes forth an infinence, unforeseen perhaps, but no less sure upon those who survive. Survive them to the content of the world's the silent resting places, which necessarily lie who the survive the proposed of the content of the world's the survive them to the content of the world's the survive them to the content of the world's the survive them to the them to the survive them to th

remembered by all within the sound of my voice, and let every pilot remember that his is no common vocatain—that if he is faithful to duty, he will be honored in his life and in his death.

I have now the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Mr. Yates.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

**Delivered in Smithville, N. C., May 23nd, 1819, on the Occasion of Unveiling the Monument Over the Lost Pilots of this Port.

BY REV. E. A. YATES.

**MY DEAR FRIENDS: —We are here to day, by the merciful providence of God, to pay respect to the memory of departed worth, and to condole with the bereaved. Let us calm ourselves to a patient consideration of some truths that may be profitable to, us, On this beautiful spring day, while nature, in beauty and grace, charms us with her constant hum of joy, let us remember how much we have from the Almighty to be thankful for.

The "God of our life whose gracious power, Through various deaths our souls hath led; Or turned aside the fatal hour, or the form in winter and more the glow that God's finger does not put the pebble in its place, and adjust the leaf. So He controls the elements— the storm and the sea; and whatever they do, they do by His command; and are but the ready servants that stand forever in His presence to ex-

ecute His will. Those men, our brethren, whose memory we to-day perpetuate by marble column, were in His inscruta-ble wisdom, carried upon the hands of His ready servants—the tempest and the waters—to that bourne from which no traveler ever returns, and now sleep the sleep that knows no waking until the great day dawns that shall usher in the ages that are coming forevermore! To the good and the spiritually-minded, these sad and the spiritually-minded, these sad and mysterious providences of the Almighty are wise; and are used, as the unpleasant head-winds on the sea are used by the skillful mariner, to help him on his way. They give him occasion to sing, joyfully in his heart,

"Nearer, my God, to Thee; nearer to Thee. Even tho it be a cross that raiseth me; Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee. Let us embrace this occasion to examine this general subject in the light of the philosophy of Revelation. The phenomena of nature furnish an argument to prove the existence of God. Those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. It may be that no natural phenomenon sets forth the omnipresence and omnipotence, the wisdom and grandeur of the Deity, so grandly and so overwhelmingly as so grandly and so overwhelmingly, as day that they were equally as courage ous in making their peace with God, as they were in the discharge of their duty to their fellow men. They went out upon the mighty sea to pilot others to a safe haven. Let us trust that in the last hour (though it is exceedingly dangerous to defer it to such an hour,) they took hold upon that pilot who sould alone guide their spiritual winds, fighting with the cloud-squadrons that charge down upon it under the command of the storm, and conthe command of the storm, and con-tending with the spirit of the tempest for the supremacy of its rights, it furnishes to the soul, not only an argument for the existence of God, but also a symbol of Him whose eternal vigilence and infinite resources are at once the best security for the stability of the Universe, and the hope and refuge of all who faithfully commit their life to the infinite depths of His wisdom and mercy.

Nature is built upon a plan. There is the evidence of design in everything; is the evidence of design in everything; poetry in running brooks, sermons in stones, and wisdom every where. The framework, and the filling up and clothing of the physical universe, furnishes a revelation of the omnipotence and omnipresence of God. He who alone can create, must be, and have the power to do, whatever and wherever, He creates. No agent could make a world. No delegated power could create a tree. No angel—not even an arch-angel—could make a worm! Moreover, nature demands that He who creates everywhere, be everywhere to uphold and sustain all things. No spirit can hide from His presence or dodge the responsibilities of His morel pattern. could create a tree. No angel-not presence or dodge the responsibilities of His moral nature, any more than a flower can rot without His notice, or a worm cry for its daily bread without being heard. He is present and has the power to supply the wants of every living thing; and his omnipresent hand keeps together, in their several aggregated forms, all the elements of whatever is, from a grain of sand to a sun, and from a mite that

> floats in the air to an arch-angel that stands forever in His presence. The universe is also a revelation of His unity; for the universe is a unit. He has projected the variety in unity of His own nature upon the structural form of creation. The lines of creation in the three kingdoms of Nature—vegetable, mineral and animal—are exact defined, and go forward always under the same laws; so that by the known unity of the plan and process, if you speak of a particular tree in America, the scientist in Europe, Asia or Africa, knows some general facts that are necessarily present, 1st, that its body is round; 2nd, that its leaves are comparatively hard or glazed on their paratively hard or glazed on their upper side, and soft or rough on their under side; 3d, that the leaves are the lungs through which the tree breathes, and the blood or sap is vitalized by the oxygen of the atmosphere, and 4th, that the circulation of the sap or blood of the tree is by the sap or blood of the tree is by capillary attraction. Now, how could he know this but by the unity of the plan of Him who is the infinite unity.
>
> In the animal kingdom the variety in unity of the plan is classified in the well, known four divisions, the molluska, the radiata, the articulata, and the vertebrata. On this line we have only time to make a remark upon the last named class. The class of vertebrates embraces fishes, birds, quadbrates embraces fishes, birds, quadrupeds and man. The plan of structure is varied, but in all, the unity of general design is preserved, from a minnow to a whale, from a humming-bird to an ostrich, and from a mouse to a mastodon. But from the highest of these species to the perfectly organized vertebrate, man, (who is sut generis in nature,) there is a chasm that, however much the kin-

of sand to a sun, and from a mite that

ship may be desired by Mr. Darwin, no theory of evolution can possibly

orbits, that is, in elongated circles, as a ring or hoop slightly pressed together from two sides. 5th, All worlds are composed of generally the same materials, though in different combinations. This wonderful fact is revealed by that ingenious little instrument of modern invention, the Spectroscope. Not an exception is found to this general unity of the plan of creation.

plan of creation.

Here, then, we have in all natural phenomena the argument that is absolutely conclusive to prove the existence of God. The machinery of the world and the mechanism of the heavens declare his glory with ten thousand tongues. No clock-work put thousand tongues. No clock-work put together by the ingenuity of man, more plainly and emphatically declares an intelligent contriver, than does the grand time-piece of the skies—the solar system—declare the intelligence, wisdom and power of Him who laid the foundations in strength and built the physical universe in beauty.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wonderous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth. While all the stars that 'round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn
Repeat the tidings as they roll,
And spread the news from pole to pole. What though in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found. In reasons ear they all rejoice,
And atter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

I have thus dwelt upon all these particulars for the purpose of showing how much of God nature reveals to us, and the necessities for a better revelation. Man needs a revelation of love. The soul of man, in the great waters of affliction, when the waves and billows go over him, pants for more than nature's God. He wants more than nature's God. He wants pity, sympathy, mercy, love. These nature cannot furnish. God in nature is wise, but fearful. There is in nature, as far as can be, some expression of His goodness; but if this were all we should fly terror-stricken from Him; for nature expresses Him in terror and vengence agent were the terror and vengeance even more than in goodness. Do you point me to the perfume of the violet and the rose? I ask your attention to the poison of the belladonna and digitalis. Do you show the cheek of youth flushed with the bloom of health? Go with me to

> form, the sunken eye, and the coffin.
> Do you call me to consider the pleasant breeze that fans the brow and stirs
> the leaves? I ask you to go with me, where the waves of ocean, stirred and driven to fury by the wild winds, caught up those brave pilots, whose memory brings us here this day, and holding them up upon their crests. and shaking them as a sacrifice in the fever, the drowning, the burning and the sickening, the weeping, the mourning, and the suffering, would make earth a prison-house of pain, were it not for the Sun of Calvary that flings His healing beams upon a world of suffering. In the words of Augustine, "Plato discovered to me the only living God; but Jesus Christ showed me the way to him!" And this is all true. In the higher revelation of the Cross the lower revelation of Nature is explained and utilized. Go out and place your hand in the sunshine. You feel some general sense of heat; but take a large sun-glass, hold it it up, gather the rays of heat, and let them fall upon a focal point, and the heat is increased a thousandfold. So, in the midst of the apparent confusion of things in nature, we have some general expression of God's goodness. But Calvary is the great sun-glass that gathers the rays of His goodness and pours them down upon world of sin and sorrow. God in nature is too mysterious for me; in Astronomy, He is too high for me; in Geology, He is too deep for me; in Philosophy, He is too mysterious and wise for me; but in Christ Jesus, He is with me, and in me, and for me No wicked hand can stay the out-go

the habitation of sickness and want,

and I will show you the emaciated

of the Physical Universe; and no de-mon's wing can effectually shadow the out-comings of the Cross for the salvation of a soul. But let us turn, if you please, to another thought which is immediately cognate to this. The works of God that show His existence, will, if disregarded, kill the body. Those lost pilots are an example. We cannot say that they willfully disregarded all the laws of nature that govern the sea. For the vessels in which they went down on the great waters, were sufficient to meet the demands of those ordinary laws that govern nature. They had been there before, when those ordi-nary laws were alone in command, and were safe. But now there is in active operation some of those extra-ordinary laws by which nature expres-ses herself. Their preparation did not meet the demand, and they went

ings of the Atonement in explanation

So act other laws of nature that are willfully disregarded. A wicked man may say, "God made me and He made the world, and it is his business to take care, wholly of what he has made;" thus disregarding the fact that God necessarily made the world under law, and made man with ability to shew those laws. Suppose stubunder law, and made man with ability to obey those laws. Suppose stubborn man, reasoning that the act of creation was God's, and the general object of it being good, it is therefore alone God's business to look after His own laws and their effects upon men, and then deliberately lies down upon an Alpine winter-night's snow, and saying in his wicked heart, let God look after the things He has made, goes to sleep. He will certainly go to that sleep that knows no waking, till the arch-angel's trump shall wake the arch-angel's trump shall wake him to an account for his folly. Or reasoning that gravitation is God's law, and for a good purpose, and that therefore He will take care of its effects, he stands beneath the falling

stones of a toppling crag till he is ground to powder.

So, also, the revelation of the laws of God's love, if disregarded, will kill the soul! "Whosoever shall fall upon this stone, i. e. Christ, shall be broken," and a broken, contrite heart is God's dwelling-place, and He will

element that afterward turns reflec-tion into remorse! It would be better never to have known the way of life, than having known, to turn away from the holy commandment. Such a disregard of law is not simply the venture of men too far upon the the venture of men too far upon the tempestuous sea to pilot other sea-farers to a place of refuge and safety. This latter seeming disregard of natural law rises into the dignity of a virtue by the side of the former. For the former is the wicked disregard of the law of life to pilot a soul to a storm-tossed ocean of spiritual death, where the floods forever lift themselves about him, and the tempest for ever howls despair.

I cannot forbear, in this connection,

I cannot forbear, in this connection, the notice of another thought. And that is the suddenness with which, and the painful circumstances under which, those brave men were called away. They left home, and wife, and children, and loved ones, on that fatal day, with the usual smile and farewell. The poor wife and mother expecting no evil, or, it may be, parted with her husband that day as it were with a stone upon her heart; for woman seems to have very often an intuman seems to have very often an intuitive knowledge of coming disaster!
The little children (God bless them, and be their father,) gathered about him, and tried to count the hours before he should come back to them again. But little did their young hearts know that he was going out never to come back! and that they should be never more blessed with a father's smile and counsel along the rough and suffering path of an un-friendly world. And now, far out at sea, those brave men ride the stormy waves, and contend with the tempest for life, and home, and wife and chil-dren. But the contest is as unequal dren. But the contest is as unequal as it is brief. The storm was mightier than they; and there, in a short hour, where the black, scudding clouds; like demons, charged down upon the sea; and amidst the howlings of the tempest, the clashing and noise of the furious elements, and the inky darkness of the night, they went down to rise no more until they shall be called to render an account at the last day! render an account at the last day! So, the time will come to us, when we shall pass under the cold and clammy archway, and enter the portal of death somewhere; for, let us remem-ber, there is a gate to the dark valley on each of its sides; and they who enter from earth or ocean, shall come up on converging lines to stand be-fore the Judge of quick and dead! What wisdom then in the injunction:

"Be ye also ready, for in an hour that ye think not, the Judge cometh." And now, my dear friends, you raise to-day a monument of marble to perpetuate the memory of the noble dead. You do well! Let it rise, and stand, and shine. Let it tell the coming generations of the brave men who, in the discharge of their duty in sav-ing others, lost their own lives! But and the world, growing hoary with age, shall pass away!

"And so live, that when the mighty caravan
That halts but one short night-time in the vale of
death,
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
You shall mount upward to the eternsi hills,
Your feet unwearied, and your strength renewed,
Like the strong eagle's, for the upward flight."

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Symptoms of a Diseased Liver. DAIN in the right side, under the

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A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the LIVER to have been extensively deranged.

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