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WILMINGTON, N. C. 都 到 3 SUNDAY, MAY 29, 1898.

THOMAS HOOD, POET AND HUMOR. IST.

Tomorrow is the one hundredth anmiversary of Thomas Hood, an English genius not half as well known in our country at this time as he deserves to be, for he wrote some verse that should mever be forgotten. Fifty years ago all fairly cultivated American men and women read Tom Hood's fun, and some of his choicest poetry. It is not the wogue now to read the productions of the sweet, true poets of a lower rank than the second of the first half of the present century. Even so great a poet as Byron has been ruled out of the company of the great, and is forced to the third rank, if not lower, by some of the aspiring and more pretentious critics.

Thomas Hood was born on 29th May 1798, in the city of London. His parents were respectable and with rather scant means, his father being a bookseller and publisher. He contributed mony and novelty of their metrical conto several local magazines in his youth,

Hood was eminently a song writer. Read "Fair Ines," one of the positive gems in all modern literatures. It is exquisite-in its purity, in its simplicity, in its beauty. Read also "Twin of Roses" and "Last Stanzas," all so overflowing with true sentiment and with the ring of purest gold in minstrelsy. We must not overlook "The Plea of the Midsummer · Fairies," nor his really splendid "Ode to Melancholy," of his higher and graver poetry. We sincerely believe that "The Plea" is a positive addition to pure poetry, and "a gem of purest ray serene." It is indeed a crowning work of inspiration. Read it, for it is uncommon, and it is poetry. We have said that Hood did. much

is apparent.

good to his fellow-men with his unusual mental endowments arousing into activity the latent sympathies of the people, Professor Shaw says "he must

be considered as the originator of a very peculiar and powerful species of song, equally admirable for the force and simplicity of their diction, the harstruction, and above all for the fervid

and his productions were distinguished for sparkling wit and rollicking humor, and flushed throughout with puns innumerable and sudden durns of thought and expression, the most whimsical, odd and laughter provok-Ing. But his real, his true mission was not that of a droll writer to amuse, but of a poet of a delicate, graceful and even sad turn. When he employed his highest poetical powers he gave to the world some of its sweetest, most winsome poetry, sometimes tragic in tone, and almost always tinged with melancholy. We mean his highest strains. He knew how to write fun in verse as well as prose, reaching thereby the "springs of laughter," as well as to touch the heart with poems of beauty gently suffused with sadness thus reaching "the sources of tears." So long as there are English readers who love the verse that moves the soul by its pathos, its beauty, its tragic power. Its depth of feeling, the best of poor Hood, whose life was almost a diving death in its struggle against sickness and poverty, will be fondly cherished. Among the writers of the more broadly comic kind, he must hold a front seat. He also wrote tales of merit, "generally turning upon some minute, grotesque incident," but full of originality, as well as of hilarity, that ought to be still read by those who relish the droll, the comic, the laughter moving. An old British critic not much sought now, but good, Professor Shaw, who wrote with considerable elegance and no little acuteness of judgment and purity of taste, said, more than a half century ago, that Hood's "puns and mildest frisking of humor not only excite a momentary laugh, but frequently contain an inner and esoteric sense, often wonderfully beautiful and profound." He says that he "possessed a sort of intuitive sense of truth and beauty," and "his heart was warm and his sympathy boundless." In fact, "Tom Hood was a glorious fellow if he was poor and diseased and often the saddest of the sad. He had a very rare if not a very great genius. He had most remarkable imagination, wonderful richness of fancy, inexhaustible invention, and a singular "power over words and combinations" which greatly interested his readers in the past, and brought him fame if not many English pounds. He had something of Rabelais, something of Charles Lamb, something of Praed, whom he more resembled than any others but with a stronger bow, and something of the finer poets of his time, but unlike all, and no mere imitator, but rich and resourceful in his own mental possessions, and by his unique and excellent gifts was enabled to enrich the literafure of his age and country and to Seave a legacy affluent and beautiful and of positive interest, written in a style of delightful simplicity and purity and felicity. Those who are not familiar with Hood and who really posses poetic taste and true sympathy, would be surprised at reading Hood's poetical remains that possess an exquisite charm, and it ought to be, it appears to us, an undying fragrance. The little volume would prove a revelation of poetic fascination, so varied in form, so mellow In pathos, so virile at times in thought | rades itself "as a substitute for Chrisand expression. Take that marvellous poem, to begin with, so replete with stramatic energy and conception, "The Dream of Eugene 'Abram" and you will have it abide with you as time passes. Indeed in all of his serious poems-"Lycus the Centaur," "The Two Ewans," "The Elm Tree," "The House," and we may include those songs that aroused his nation, so movement and pity and sym-

and vigorous spirit of humanity which they breathe."

Poor all his life Hood made a most manly struggle against inherited disease and protracted powerty. In character he was most manly and most lovable. Sir Robert Peel, one of England's greatest nineteenth century Premiers, put him on the civil pension list with \$500, a year, but it came very late in life. He died of consumption. He lies buried in Kensel Green cemetery near London, and a suitable monument marks his grave. On it is written "He sang the Song of the Shirt." He worked for humanity, almost to the very end of his life, illustraiting:

"How sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong."

He died on the 3rd of May, 1845. Since writing this article we find his birthday was not as we thought and gave at the beginning, but his birthday was on the 23rd of May, 1799, according to an American writer who visited his grave, and we suppose saw the age as given on the monument. Consulting two other authorities we find 1798 given, which may be right, and still a third gives the date as we first wrote it. If this hurried and brief study of Thomas Hood shall serve to attract to his various writings those who love the amusing in prose and verse, as well as the more solid in poettic composition, we shall not have written in vain. We have been a frequent reader of Hood's prose and verse for more than half a century. We can read him now with unlessened delight. Good poetry has a very lasting quality.

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY

"Be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines."-Acts xx:32.

And laid it in thine own, which closed on it With firm and loving grasp; while, low and sweet O, passing sweet-I heard thy gracious Words. 'My own dear child-yea, mine for evermore." wakened. O'er the pillow at full length My arm was stretched; the hand lay closely shut: And with returning consciousness, said-"Twas but a dream, Lord: make it more than that.

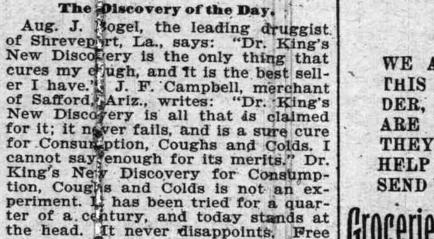
Hold thou my hand, and keep it fast

elected without opposition." To this all Christian life and character. There The Mesessiger responds with a hearity can be no true religious life-a life lived with Christ in God, without this start, the laying of this sure and firm foundation. Man is a sinner against God and his nature is depraved. It is as natural for him to sin as far sparks to fly upward. There must of necessity be a deep radical change wrought before man a sinner can be made a true Christian loving, serving and honoring God. Mere outward ceremonies are not "worth a shuck" in working the needed transformation. Poor, old, lost, wicked human mature is very badly out of repair, out of harmony with purity and God, to be made shapely and excellent by man's thinking, and

born from above. It is simply basic in

the necessarily superficial ministrations of ceremonies. A profounder work of grace, a more marvellous change than mere man can cause! must be done to purify and exalt the soul, and fit it for God. The New Testament is filled trial bottles at R. R. Bellamy's drug with this great doctrine. It permeates, store. ramifies the blessed Word, of God. "Jesus answered and said unto him. Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." John ii, 3. "But the natural man receiveth not the thinks of the Spirit for they are foolishness unto him neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." 1 Cor., ii, 14. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." II Cor., V, 17. A "new creation" is a more accurate, literal meaning of the Greek. He is so changed by the birth of the Holy Spirit as to be really a "new creation"-he has been "born again." Study these three scriptures closely and you will make no mistake as to the absolute necessity of a change of heart wrought in you by the Divine Spirit. You will then, and only then, "have put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him." There is the process set forth-born anew, regenerated, made a new creation, "have put on the flew man" being so through, radical a process as to "renew" you "in knowledge after the image of Him" who at the first created him a sentient, living being. This done for you and in you, "ye then be risen with Christ." and you must henceforth diligently "seek those things which are above." We have a clipping before us that is practical and illustrative of the necessity of entire renovation, restoration, repairing of dilapidated, leaky, unreliable human nature. We do not know who it is by but found it in the Richmond (Va.) Central Presbyterian as clipping. Here it is in the essential part: "Yonder is a cracked bell. How again to restore it? By one of two methods. The first is to repair the bell, to enexpire. compass it with hoops, to surround it with bands. Nevertheless you can easily discern the crack of the bell in the crack of the sound. The only effectual way is to remelt the bell, recast it, and make it all new, then it will ring clear, round, sonorous as ever. And human nature is a bell suspended high up in the steeple of the creation to ring forth the praises of the Admighty Creator. But in the fall in Eden the bell cracked. How again to restore it? By one of two ways. One is to surround it with outward laws and regulations, as with steel hoops. This is the method adopted by philosophy as embodied in practical statesmanship, and without doubt there is a marked improvement i nthe sound. Nevertheless the crack in the metal shows itself in the crack of the tone. The best way is to remelt it and this is God's method in the gospel. He remelts our being, refashions us, makes us new creatures in Christ Jesus, zealous unto good works and by and by we will sound forth His praises in a nobler, sweeter stuain than ever we did before."

Amen! The Charlotte News thus refers to two of the nominees: "While Messrs. MeNeill and Shaw have not had previous experience on the bench. they are whilely known as men of spotless integrily and high legal attainments. The Democratic party has reason to be gratified at its candidates for the superiour court bench."

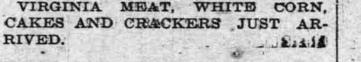


We have a very kind feeling for Judge McIver. We have admired his fine qualities as 'a jurist on the circuit bench. WE knew of his bodily affection that heither reached his good heart nor dessened his clear intellect. He was performing faithfully and laboriously the duties of his high, office, and we understood desired to be continued in office. Our hearts went out in syn pathy to this noble gentlebecause we seek your confidence, as well man and most faithful public servant, as your attention. and as all men in a free country have close them out quickly and gain the good rights of opinion and preference, we will of every one in town. naturally avored the competent and upright JAdge we knew personally, may be sooner of later. 50 pieces No. 4 Blk. Silk Velvet Ribbon, and, while not interfering by one line Satin back, worth \$1.25 apiece, 10 yards to of advocacy before the convention met piece, selling now at 70c. 50 pieces No. 9 Bik, Silk Velvet Ribbon, which we could have done with propriety, and without offence to any, as to piece, selling now at \$1.49. is often doge by a free press, we mere-

NO HARM MEANT.

ly wrote is kindly appreciation of the retiring and honorable and admirable Judge after the event. We regret to hear that some personal friends of the gentleman nomin-

ated for the judgeship, are offended at what was said. No sort of slight was intended or but upon Mr. McNeill, but it was plained stated that The Messenger abided by the will of the convention, and of course would advocate Mr. Mc-Neill's candidacy with all of the other judges selected by democratic conventions: We never heard a word against the gentleman, and it was far from our intention to cast any, the slightest reflection, upon his nomination. We did not write of him because we were not informed, and were really trying to say gracious and proper things of a most esteemed citizen and jurist, whise term of office would soon



D. McEachern 204 and 206 N. Water St.

Clear.

may 4

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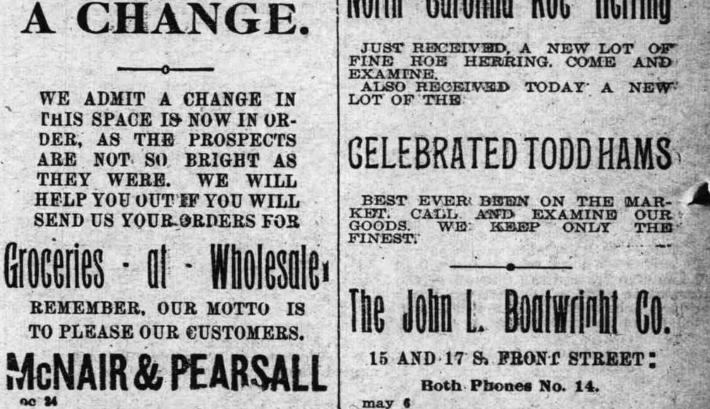
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A Simple Truth



in think, That none may pluck me from thy mighty hand."

Christian science principles so-called by favor-are discussed in the north in newspapers and by the ministers of the Gospel of Christ. The true Christian Science is in the Bible. The only Christian Science is that which was set forth in the Gospel and Epistles of the New Testament, and not by Mrs. Eddy, of Boston, where so many 'isms' have

found an abiding place through three centuries. All these latter-day crazes and fads are simply anti-Christ-a poor substitute for the pure article, for the genuine religious science of God's book. Rev. Dr. Easton contends that this recent "Christian Science" is not of God. buit is a "quast religious fad," that patianity, adopting its name, yet inimical to its interests and of the devil born." He insists that the Eddy exposition is illogical and her theories and doctrines really break down morality. According to him this "Science," so-called, is a denial of the reign of the physical laws governing the human body, and as a consequence, ther is no such thing

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