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WILMINGTON, N. C. SUNDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1898.

THE SONNET AND ITS GREATEST WRITER

Our esteemed contemporary, The Charlotte Observer, in some remarks on the "Sonnet" referred to us, in connection with Mr. Marshall, of the Gastonia Gazette, and Mr. Beasley, of the Monroe Journal, as to a certain criticism of Major Ruffner, United States Army, on the "Sonnet." The Observer likes the views presented by the soldier. We read it with pleasure, because of its felicitous style and affluent expression, but without accepting his theory. The Observer handsomely gives its own judgment in this wise: "The sonnet is a marble statue, true poetry is a living song. The sonnet is a beautiful, bloodless face and form in a coffin; a dead poetry is a blushing, breathing, passionate being. When a poem or metre is passed along the line of the Observer's staff for an opinion of its merits, it is dull and leaden."

We confess we are very partial to the "Sonnet." It is a great instrument in great hands. But few poets among the famous are distinguished as sonnet-writers. Some who are so distinguished are perhaps over-rated, and others do not receive their just meed of praise. If we wish to make a test of a man's capability and taste for high poetry, especially in the sonnet form, we would put him to the task of reading five times the 154 sonnets of Shakespeare. If he understood them, read them with delight, nay, with genuine admiration, we would say he had insight into and sympathy with poetic composition of that kind. Of all writers of the sonnet Shakespeare is perhaps the very greatest, unless Petrarch is to be excepted; and of him we have not read much and only in translation. Shakespeare has the greatest lyrical touch of all writers in English who have essayed the sonnet. Above all other poets he has "the hall-mark of genius," and is not behind any, if not better, in the sonnet. His sonnets are the most original, rich and musical of all sonnets in English, and are above all others as love poems, beautiful, inexhaustible and charming. A recent writer in New York "Saturday Review" gives an opinion that Rossetti (Gabriel) surpassed Wordsworth in the sonnet, which will shock the Wordsworthians. He writes: "For my own part, I think the sonnets of Rossetti one of the chief treasures of the English language; and to have loved them early has been my great delight. Shakespeare's sonnets he loved, and he had his reward; but for the rest, they are in the distance with Wordsworth's, if you please, at their head."

The whole sonnet of Wordsworth is fine. The French Boileau said that "one sonnet without a fault is alone worth a long poem." The Irish poet Aubrey, De Vere wrote: "The sonnet is in poetry what the Collect is in devotion." Genial, suffering, gifted Tom Hood, who wrote much fine poetry unheeded by the world, said that a sonnet "in its highest moods" was indeed "an epic in fourteen lines." It is ordinarily the hardest poetry to understand. We doubt if a superb sonnet can be taken well in under less than a half-dozen readings.

Mr. Joel Benton writes admirably, understandingly and entertainingly of the "Sonnet" in New York Saturday Review. At the close he gives a fanciful but beautiful account of the origin of the sonnet, and takes it from Kolbe who writes: "There is a quasi legend about the birth of this perfect solitary stranger. Upon a day Apollo met the nine Muses and the three Graces in sweet sport mixed with interest. Memory, the grave and noble mother of the Muses, was there likewise. Each of the fourteen spoke a line of verse. Apollo began, then each of the nine Muses sang her part; then the three Graces warbled, each in turn, and finally a low, sweet strain from Memory made a harmonious close. This was the first Sonnet, and, mindful of its origin, all the poets take care to bid Apollo strike the keynote for them before they compose one, and let Memory compress the pith and marrow of the sonnet into its last line."

The Weekly copied from has lately had a dozen or so communications on the sonnet, some wise and some quite otherwise. "E. G." began it with a quiz. He writes excellently as to style but absurdly. Mr. Edward Doyle, of New York City, writes penetratingly. He asks: "What, then is a perfect sonnet? It is a poetic thought, or, an noble emotion that finds adequate expression in the space of fourteen lines. It is an organism in that it is the gradual development of an idea to its perfection in beauty and melody without interruption by a false epithet or an imperfect rhyme. More technically considered, the sonnet consists of an octave in which the idea grows from the seed to the bud, and the sestet in which the bud expands to the full blossom. Blanco White's sonnet on 'Night,' and Eugene Lee Hamilton's 'Sea Shell Murmurs,' which every sonnet lover has by heart, are examples."

No man ever wrote a truly great sonnet without "the vision and the faculty divine," and no man ever will so write without it. But space is more than up.

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY

The great Thackeray in a letter written in 1845, to his little daughter Anne, now the gifted Mrs. Ritchie, who was in Europe with her grand parents, said: "Who was born on Christmas Day? Somebody who was so great that all the world worships him; and so good that all the world loves him; and so gentle and humble that he never spoke an unkind word."

The Southwestern Presbyterian writes with proper insight of the modern foolish "fad," in the north, known as "Christian Science." It has nothing to stand on, either reason, philosophy or religion. It is absolutely baseless, a poor, stupid batch of nonsense and blasphemy. We quote from the paper named: "It is one of the most transparent humbugs of an age restless under the restrictions of doctrinal beliefs, and endowed with large ears and itching for novelties. It is, of course, as the slightest examination of the writings of Mrs. Eddy, the female founder and apostle, must convince the honest reader, neither science nor Christianity. As for its so-called science, it has only borrowed the cast off garments of an ancient and exploded system of philosophy, the Idealism of Berkeley, and as for the claim to the other part of its twin title, it is disproved by every page of her works. It is a curious psychological phenomenon, that when one drifts from his sure anchorage, on the Word of God, he is speedily carried about by every wind of doctrine and makes shipwreck of even common sense."

When editing in 1867, we remember to have written a long article on the Mary Magdalene of the New Testament. We cannot reproduce conveniently the article or any part of it, but it was prepared after investigation and important and learned authorities were quoted to show the great injustice and wrong that had been done to one of the best women in the Bible. If you will consult Smith's Dictionary of the Bible and Dr. Giekie's most valuable, learned and interesting "Life and Words of Christ," you will learn something of this vilely slandered woman. He says "the great body of scholars reject the idea of Mary Magdalene having been a 'Magalene.' She lived in Magdala and hence her name—Mary of Magdala. She was one of the women who waited on our Lord, and hence she was a 'suspect' and was slandered 'by the Rabbis.' We quote at some length of Giekie's very able and entertaining work, as it is at hand and is more recent than our former authorities relied upon thirty-one years ago. His work appeared in 1867, in two volumes. We take leave to add that Appleton has published a good edition, large type, in one volume, price \$1.00, a marvelously cheap book. We have read and own six copies of 'Christ, and Giekie's is to us the most valuable. On page 127, volume 2, he says: "A surpassing interest attaches to Mary Magdalene, from her unfounded identification with the fallen penitent who did Jesus honor in the house of the pharisee Simon. There is nothing whatever to connect her with the narrative, for it confounds what the New Testament distinguishes by the clearest language, to think of her having led a sinful life from the fact of her having suffered from demonia-

cal possession. Never, perhaps, did the fragment so utterly baseless obtained so wide an acceptance as that which we connect with her name." Other authorities could be readily cited by consulting a theological library. It is most cruel that a sorely afflicted but pure and good woman should live in Christianity as a fallen woman who repented and was cured of her maladies—that her name should be associated in the "vocabularies of Europe as a synonym of penitent frailty."

A well equipped Episcopal minister of Charleston, S. C., in 1891, published a neatly bound work of 234 pages, entitled "Anthropology for the People: A Refutation of the Theory of the Adamic Origin of all Races." We read the book with much interest. What ever your views it will entertain you. The contention is that the White Race alone is Adamic, and that the Yellow, Red and Black races are not in it, and do not descend from father Adam. It is not new. Many able, learned, even scientific men have so held in the past. Principal Dawson, of Canada, a learned author, has published a large octavo in which he discusses the interesting question at length. It is a good antidote to "mongrelism," to miscegenation, to understand true "Anthropology," and if generally understood it would shut off all pretensions growing out of the widely "accepted dogma of 'one blood.'" The author of the book is raising a "protest against monogamy and evolution." He makes an appeal "for the good of mankind, for truth, religion and God," he says. The book is well worth examining. We give no opinion as to the correctness of the theory—whether or not Biblical—but it is certain that in Europe many men of scholarship and scientific attainments reject the common theory of all the races being Adamic. There is much learning and ability in the book, and able authorities are quoted. In several chapters he discusses the distinctive peculiarities of the negro. He is not built like the white man physically and perhaps otherwise.

KILLING THE FATTED CALF

Let it be emphasized, time and again that a large proportion of the democrats who left their party and united with the populists did so from principle, from an honest belief that the only chance to secure needed changes and reforms was by this course. They were deceived by the men they trusted—the Butlers and Otho Wilsons and Cy Thompsons and Skinners. These "fellows of the baser sort" made for the government, teat and there they have swung and dangled ever since. The bargaining, through these false leaders, with their ancient, unscrupulous, dangerous enemy, the black republican gang, was a most unfortunate and disastrous step. If General Lee at Second Manassas had joined hands, with the Yankee General in command to help save the capitol of the Southern Confederacy and win the independence of the southern people, he could not have made a more fatal and perilous mistake than when the populists followed their leaders into the camp of the enemy, the most vile, corrupt, plundering party that ever cursed any land but the south. It is the leaders who have been faithless, disreputable, desperate in their meanness and who deserve the hatred and the unsparing denunciations of all honest, true white men. They made a most despicable combination by which there was foisted upon the whole state a low, mongrel government, without principles, without honor, without capacity. The result was that the nigger was put in the saddle to drive the team and he has well nigh driven it to the devil. The sort of thing they set up is a disgrace to any age or state, and is wholly unworthy of any country or people but Africa and all blacks. The bargaining was reckless, disreputable and false, and the end reached is calamitous, vicious in the extreme, anarchic, barbaric.

The democratic party is once more where it was, opposed to ring rule, to invasion of states, to outrages upon the people under any plea however plausible and specious and in favor of the money of Washington and Jefferson and the constitution of their country. It is "opposed to monopolies, and trusts that strangle weaker industries and rob the people. It stands on the platform of 1896, that gives all a wise, consistent, honest populist can ask for. The populists are returning to the old camp, to the old home. The fatted calf is killed. The rejoicings have begun. The fires of friendship are brightly burning and the feast of fat things has begun. All are welcome. All have a right to sit down at the old family table and partake. The democrats have no censure for well-meaning, sincere populists, but they heap maledictions upon the treacherous, deceiving, selfish, plotting, promising, ambitious, greedy, bargaining leaders. Their plan is to win by deception and falsehood."

BUMPTIOUS GEORGE AT THE CIRCUS

George White, misnamed, is a candidate for re-election to the United States house of representatives. George is a lawyer and ought to have been named Cicero (not Scipio) Africanus, or some other big name. George is stout and bumptious as we have said of him aforetime. George is only half negro, although claiming to be "one of 'em," a real negro. But that will not go down. He lately went to a circus at Tarboro. He took with him several negro women and children and

Saves hours of labor.—Elastic Starch.

sat among the white people. He steadfastly refused to move to the negro section as good as the whites knew his rights, etc. He did not last, under threats, as we have stated, and took his crowd of whites and children with him, leaving tent. You see the bumptious G rather over estimated himself, whites did not like his company, he did not take the company of blacks. He had forgot his smelly bottle and sweet-smelling he had determined to locate elsewhere among his real supporters in the circus. It was laughable in George's ashamed of his belongings and brother in black. George's "vaunting ambition" he leaped itself for He got in the wrong box. He not sit among the niggers, so he tossed the tent, not standing in order of his going for he rehearsal of Samba.

You may pour, you may wash The mischief you will, But the tent of the darkey Will close round him still.

George's black constituency proudly admired his self-assertion and frontery, pushing himself where was unwelcome, forgetting that he felt above them who followed his George society wants no "niggers" in his tent.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.—Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The Great Southwestern Dispensary, Inc., has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

A GREAT DUTY

The chief duty of a genuine citizen in North Carolina is to put himself in line with the white people in all departments, and in control of all county as a municipal government. But the most pressing part of the duty of a free man of white skin is to control the legislature. We common with thousands of others of the state, are particularly interested in carrying the next legislature in the first, principal, most important duty. All safety, all reforms in the North Carolina have brought here. Fall to get the next legislature and you have a continuance of the present bad government with all its vicious, oppressive, oppressive results, greatly intensified and made utterly unbearable. The pressing duty is to send good, capable men to the legislature. Who you hear that? Then heed and remember that nothing good to the people of North Carolina can come from a perpetuation of blasting, degrading negro government. You have tried it and know it. You are under its thumb. How do you like it? Can any genuine white man be in love with it? Elect all the democratic candidates for the judgeship if you can—that is highly important. Elect all the democratic nominees for solicitor, for any that hangs a little of enforcement of law in the courts. Elect every name date for the federal house. There has been a disgrace long enough in Washington. Send men who are not democrats, who cannot be bought by presidents, by the house of representatives. Important legislation is being had in the way of expansion, public domain, taxation, the robber tariff, and other abuses, that may practice us down to the present stage of government, and transform the United States into a great conquering, high-handed kingdom. Perhaps all the nominees are not precisely the men you would have selected, but they are surely better men, a decided improvement upon the fellows now so grossly misrepresenting North Carolina. Turn the rascals out and elect democrats to your duty earnestly, gravely, patriotically and enjoy a good conscience."

BREVITIES.

The perils of the sea come to small in reading the account of the fearful loss of life on the ocean steamer Mohican. Some 70 human lives were lost in that terrible disaster. How did the man? Samba who he turns soldier is made a colonel falls to measure up. Pawning rife is not a highly military performance in Alabama negro cavalrymen shot and kill the best guard. In the South Carolina negro regiment the colonel pawns rife in North Carolina the negro regiment robbed watermelon patches. The admirers of Sampson and the enemies of Schley are trying to get the former in the fight off Santiago and to shut Schley out of the honors. Schley fought to the finish and the command. Sampson was eight or ten miles away. If the navy department practices that justice it will dash the Rob Schley of his laurels and let Sampson and an injustice which he wrought most despicable. There is a peak on the American flag in Alaska higher than Mount St. Elias, supposed all along to be the highest point. It looks as if The New York Evening Post would like to negroize the south. "I, an English you know" It parades an indictment of southern people in their treatment of the negroes. It does not know the situation and it would do any others as it would be done by it would avoid an error of two.

A Frightful Blunder

Will often cause a horrible burn, Scald, Canker Brains. Buckle's Arnica Salve the best in the world will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Eruptions, Bolls, Piles, Corns, All Skin Affections, Beas Pile cure on earth, only 25 cts. A 5x6. Cure guaranteed. Sold by R. R. Bellamy, druggist.

Elastic Starch keeps linen from yellowing.

Advertisement for Pe-Ru-na eye medicine. Includes a portrait of Mrs. Hamilton and text describing the medicine's effectiveness for various eye conditions. The text includes testimonials and a list of distributors.

Ask any druggist for a free Pe-Ru-na A. manac for the year 1899.

Advertisement for the Peace Institute in Raleigh, N. C. It is a famous school for girls, very thorough and of high grade. Includes contact information for the principal.

THE STATE CAMPAIGNERS

Charlotte News: Mr. L. Propst, for many years one of the most prominent republicans of Mecklenburg county has declared his intention of supporting the democratic ticket in the coming election. Smithfield Herald: Mr. Dockery comes down to Smithfield occasionally to keep his dark supporters in line. While here, it is no infrequent sight to see him button holding two or more negroes the same time. Keep on coming, Mr. Dockery, and your own actions will defeat you. Wilkesboro Chronicle: A life-long republican of sixty to seventy years of age stated here this week that he had never voted anything but the republican ticket since that party has been in existence, but that this time he can't stomach it, that he is a white man and will vote for the white supremacy. Raleigh News and Observer: Little Ollie Office-Hunting Dockery, Junior, the defeated fusion candidate for solicitor, is now beginning to cast significant glances in the revenue department that he gave up soon. The Rev. Major Bayless is giving the people of the Fourth district his reasons for being a populist, and they say he moves them to tears thereby. He doesn't mention the fact of his getting under Governor Russell by the deal. "Though I am a republican in principle, at this election I shall cast my vote for the democratic state and county ticket."—Charles D. Endy, of Charlotte. "I am still a populist, but this year I am bound to vote the democratic ticket."—Neill A. Monroe, of Cumberland. "I have not quit the prohibition party, but the intemperance of negroizing my state demands that I vote the democratic ticket this year."—A Randolph prohibitionist who prefers not to have his name printed. Asheville Gazette: Crawford and Pearson were well tired when they arrived at Bryson City, when they reached by train from Andrews, Crawford abandoning his carriage. An incident of the hardships of campaigning in the localities through which these two candidates fought their way last week was that ex-Governor Jarvis was borne on the back of negroes through the Tennessee, at Franklin, where the approaches to the bridge has gone. And Crawford and Pearson have a dozen speeches yet to make in joint debate. The route to congress is a hard road to travel. I write you this letter to tell you that I am no longer a populist. Four years ago I joined the populist party honestly believing that great good would come of the formation of a political organization by the interests of reform and pure and economic government. I find now that I remain in the populist party and give my voice and vote in endorsement of the present administration of Jones in North Carolina, which is a self-respecting white man (J. A. Hawley, J. E. in Harris county in a letter to Dunn Union. All of you know that I have worked faithfully and earnestly during the last six years for the success of the populist party and the principles it has advocated. Our home is in the democratic party in this fight. We have no interest in common with the republican party. It is the party of trusts and combines, of negroes and bossism. Let the office holder go where they please, but for us, we who believe in a principle, who love party and right, we must stand together with the democratic party.—T. Williams, Madison, N. C. In an address to populists.