A Dollar and a Half Paper for a Dollar and a Half per Year, and worth every cent of it.

THE WASHINGTON GAZETTE.

"THE OLD NORTH STATE FOREVER."

COMPETITION DEFIED IN JOB - WORK, — BOTH IN — WORKMANSHIP, PRICES AND MATERIAL.

Diploma at the New Berne Fair

VOL. XIII. WASHINGTON, BEAUFORT CO., N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1890. NO. 2.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low tests, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans by the ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, New York. For sale by NO. E. SLAUGHTER.

DIRECTORY.

STATE AND GOVERNMENT.

Governor, Daniel G. Fowle, of Wake.
Lieutenant-Governor, Thomas M. Holt of Alamance.
Secretary of State, William L Saunders of Wake.
Treasurer, Donald W Bain, of Wake.
Auditor, George W. Sanderlin, Wayne.
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Sidney M Finger, of Catawba.
Attorney General, Theodore F Davidson, of Buncombe

STATE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

Commissioner, John Robinson.
Secretary, T K Bruner.
Chemist, Herbert B Battle.
Agent Immigration, P. M. Wilson.

SUPREME COURT.

Chief Justice, Wm N H Smith, of Wake.
Associate Justices, J J Davis, of Franklin; Augustus S Merrimon, of Wake, James E. Shepherd, of Beaufort and Alfonzo C. Avery, of Burke.

JUDGES SUPERIOR COURT.

First District, George H Brown, of Beaufort.
Second District, Frederick Philips, of Edgecombe.
Third District, H G Connor, of Wilson.
Fourth District, Walter Clark, of Wake.
Fifth District, John A Gilmer, Guilford.
Sixth District, E T Boykin, of Sampson.
Seventh District, James C McRae, of Cumberland.
Eight District, R T Armfield, Iredell,
Ninth District, M F Graves, of Yadkin.
Tenth District, John G Bynum, Burke.
Eleventh District, W M Shipp, of Mecklenburg.
Twelfth District, James H Merrimon, of Buncombe.

REPRESENTATIVES IN CONGRESS.

Senate, Zebulon B Vance, of Mecklenburg; Matt W Ransom, of Northhampton.
House of Representatives, First District Thomas G Skinner, of Perquimans.
Second District, H P Cheatham, col., of Vance.
Third District, C W McClammy, Pender
Fourth District, B H Bunn, of Nash.
Fifth District, J M Brower, of Surry.
Sixth District, Alfred Rowland.
Seventh District, J S Henderson, Rowan
Eighth District, W H H Cowles, Wilkes
Ninth District, H G Ewart, Henderson

COUNTY.

Sheriff and Treasurer, R T Hodges.
Superior court clerk, G Wilkens.
Register of Deeds, M F Williamson.
Surveyor, Mayo L Waters.
Coroner, Wm H Gaskins.
Commissioners, Dr W J Bullock, ch'm; D M Gaskill, F P Hodges, F B Hooker, T I Waters, J. H. Small, Attorney.
Board of Education, P P Wilkinson, ch'm; P H Johnson, F B Guilford.
Superintendent of Public Instruction. Rev Nat Harding.
Supt of Health, Dr W A Blount.

CITY.

Mayor, Jos. G. Chauncey.
Clerk, J A Burgess.
Treasurer, J B Sparrow.
Chief of Police, J. G. Griffin.
Councilmen, J G Chauncey, Jno Havens, S H Williams, H B Mayo, J D Gordon, A J Brown, W A Bridgers.

MAILS.

Northern due daily at 8p m. Closes at 10 p m.
Greenville, due 12:50, closes 1:30
North and South side river due daily at 6 p m; closes at 6 following mornings.
Office Hours, 9 a m to 5 p m.
Money Order and Registry Department, 9 am to 5 p m. G E Buckman, P M. S. R. Carrow, Ass't.

CHURCHES.

Methodist, Rev W R Ware, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and evening. Sunday School at 3 p m, A W Thomas, Superintendent.
Presbyterian, Rev E Mack, pastor. Services every Sunday morning and night. Sunday School at 3 p m, Jas L Fowle, Superintendent.
Episcopal, Rev Nat Harding, Rector. Services every Sunday morning and night. Sunday school at 3 p m. Edmund Alexander, Superintendent.
Y M C A, meets every Thursday night. Prayer meeting every Sunday at 9 o'clock p. m. Hall over Brown's Bank.

TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

Reform Club, Regular meeting every Tuesday night at 8 at Town Hall.
W C T U, Regular meeting every Thursday, 4 p m at Town Hall
Club and Union Prayer meeting every Sunday, in Town Hall at 2 30 p m.
Band of Hope meets every Friday.

LODGES.

Orr Lodge, No 104, A F and A M meet at Masonic Hall 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights of each month, E S Hoyt, W M; R T Hodges, Sec.
Phalanx Lodge, No 10, I O O F, meets every 1st and 3rd Friday night at their hall, C M Brown, N G; W J Crumpler, Sec'y.
Washington Lodge, No 1,490, Knights of Honor, meets 1st and 3rd Thursday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, T J Carmalt, Dictator; Arthur Mayo, reporter; J R Ross, F Reporter.
Chicora Council, No 350, American Legions of Honor, meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, C M Brown, commander; W M Cherry, collector.
Pamlico Lodge, No 715, Knights and Ladies of Honor, meets 2nd and 4th Monday nights at Odd Fellows' Hall, W M Cherry, Protector; T P Brown, Secretary.
Excelsior Lodge, No 31, O G C, meets 1st and 2nd Tuesday night at Odd Fellows' Hall, Dr S. T. Nicholson commander, Dr H Snell, Secretary.

SPEECH

Of Mr. Jonathan Havens in Washington on Memorial Day.

LADIES OF THE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—More than three score years have passed over my head since my eyes first beheld God's sunlight on the banks of this bright, beautiful and historic river, Pamlico. In its pellucid waters I have sported; on its glassy surface, "while the rude wintry winds wildly raved around me," I have swiftly glided; on its bosom when lashed into fury by the howling tempest, I have been safely rocked; amid the venerable groves that then clothed these banks, my youthful footsteps have often strayed, as the evening shades gathered around me, when no sounds were heard, save the soft sighing of the wind, the gentle rippling music of the moonlit waters upon the glistening sands, and the shrill notes of the mocking bird, chanting its evening song of praise in the rustling, waving canopy of green, while every leaf vibrated with melody. Since then, my eyes have seen nature in her wildest moods, her grandest forms, and in all the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, but never, never, from those days down to the present time, have I ever beheld a scene so bright, so beautiful and so dear to me, as this matchless and historic river, then appeared to my youthful eyes, as bright and as beautiful as it was on the day it rolled from the hands of its Great Creator. Little did I then think, that ere "I took my chamber in the silent Halls of Death" that I should see the wild waves of Fanaticism and Sectional Hate sweep over these plains of Fair Delightful Peace; that this mighty continent would rock to and fro with the tramp of contending hosts; that I should see this glorious South riddled by shot, scorched by fire, and baptized in blood, and that I should hear the sounds of woe and wailing, "Rachel mourning for her children, and refusing to be comforted because they were not." As I look around me upon this vast assemblage of the people of this fair county and beautiful town, very many of them the widows, wives, sons and daughters of the friends of my youth, who have assembled here today to lay their offerings of bright and beautiful flowers mingled with tears upon the monument, erected by loving hands and hearts, and consecrated by woman's love to the memory of the departed Heroes of Beaufort county, who fell in the grandest, noblest cause for which men ever laid down their lives; I feel, that this is the proudest moment of my life, that I should have been selected on this occasion to commemorate the virtues, the patriotic endurance, the heroic bravery and the love of country displayed by these gallant sons of Beaufort county. "They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle. No sound shall awake them to glory again."

"Though they have crossed the river and now rest in the shades of immortality, their forms seem gliding before us," and shall we not fellow citizens, while assembled around this monumental link that binds us to the glorious past, scatter flowers upon this sacred spot, and proclaim to the rising generation the great love of country that animated these departed Heroes.

The gallant men whose memory we celebrate have made history. From the earliest settlement of this State, love of country, and State pride have been the predominent elements in the character of every North Carolinian. Nowhere in the records of time, can be found a more enduring and earnest patriotism than has been exhibited in the history of our beloved State. In the days "that tried men's souls" when the tocsin of cruel war was sounded by the Royal Governor, North Carolinians, while arming against enemies within her borders fed out of her abundance, the starved people of beleagured Boston, and those much needed supplies, passed down this beautiful river, and ere a century had rolled away, the people of Massachusetts returned the kindness with muskets in one hand and lighted torches in the other, and this beautiful town was laid in ashes.

The bones of her dead bleached upon nearly every battle field of the Revolution; the rocky heights of Stony Point, the plains of Saratoga, the field of Brandywine, the suffering encampment of Valley Forge, the battle ground of Germantown, of Princeton, of Monmouth, of Long Island, of Eutaw, of Guilford Court House, of Moore's Creek, of King's Mountain, of Alamance, and the Harbor of Charleston, all attest the enduring valor and love of country of the patriotic citizens of the colony of North Carolina; and upon several of these battle fields were representatives of this fair county.

The same love of country that animated our forefathers, has been transmitted to their decendants; and now, fellow citizens, we have arrived at the grandest and the most terrible period in American history, the late war between the States, or, as it is the fashion to stigmatize it as the "Great Rebellion;" I accept the term, though it is used as a term of reproach; and oh! what a glorious nimbus of names cluster around the word, "Rebel"—Washington, Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson, Stuart, Leonidas Polk, a consecrated servant of Christ, Albert Sydney Johnson, Pender, Branch, Pettigrew and a host of others, many of them North Carolinians, whose names shall burn on

"Fame leaf and angel leaf."

It was a great rebellion, a rebellion of right against might, the weak against the strong, constitutional truths against political error, States right against centralization; if this were not so, in vain were the teachings of the Fathers of the constitution, and in vain, was the blood shed by our ancestors on the battle fields of the revolution.

I have no apologies to make, the cause was a great and glorious one; the South followed the teachings of the Fathers of the constitution; she re-asserted the right to resume the authority she had delegated to the General Government; when that authority was in the hands of a party, openly, flagrantly, and boastfully hostile to the South, and also pledged to continue their hostility to the South by further legislation. These are facts as clear as the noonday's sun. The results of the war were, the restoration of the Union, and the exclusion of the system of slavery; and it closed on a spectacle of ruin, such as the world has not seen in modern times. It is true that our hands were laid waste, many of our homes, together with our Temples of God, reduced to ashes; but there are glorious memories of the South, that the war did destroy, and we are yet the same people, with the same distinctive individuality intensified, and the same political scholarship; to the scholarship of Washington, Jefferson, Madson and others, this county has been always indebted for her greatness and prosperity. Deny this, who can? Yes, I repeat, that there are glorious memories of the South, that the war did not destroy;—said the great Catholic Poet, Father Ryan, "A land without ruins is a land without memories, and a land without memories, is a land without liberties."

"Yes, give me a land where the ruins are spread,
And the living tread light on the hearts of the dead;
Yes, give me a land that is blest by the dust,
And bright with the deeds of the down trodden just:
Yes, give me a land that hath legends and lays,
Enshrining the memories of long vanished days:
Yes, give me a land that hath story and song,
To tell of the strife of the Right and the Wrong."

Now, fellow, citizens, as to the part taken by North Carolinians in this "Great Rebellion," so called; the rebellion of the creator against the created, the States against their servant, the Federal Government. History relates no greater devotion to a sacred principle, than that shown by the people of this State; true to her revolutionary teachings, her sons, from the everlasting hills to the mighty Ocean, sprang to arms. They came from the plough, from the mechanics shop, from the Judge's bench, from the merchants counting room, from the Editors sanctum, from the lawyers studio, and God's Ministers came from the sacred altars. The fair haired stripling with the down upon his chin, and a mother's kiss upon his lips, and a mother's blessing upon his head, the stalwart young man and the gray haired sire, all with hearts devoted to their country and each with an eye single to her welfare. The first victim of the war was a gallant Pitt county boy, and the last battle charge was made by North Carolinians, under the brave noble and lamented Grimes; a man without fear and without reproach.

North Carolinians have made history, while others have written it; her sons were too modest to boast of their achievements. In the language of a distinguished jurist and a North Carolinian, "Her chivalrous soldiers for four long and weary years bore the fortunes of the Confederacy upon the points of their bayonets" and oh! with what anxiety did we watch them, and how our hearts did go out in glorious exultation when victorious

"They swept across the field of Mars,"

and in the roll and surge of the battle tide, victory often perched upon their banners; they seldom suffered defeat. Though in rags, without shoes, and often without bread, they met the Cohorts of the enemy gleaming in purple and gold, and hurled them, crushed by defeat, across the Potomac. They left more dead upon the battle fields of Virgia, than did Virginia herself. In the terrible cange of Pickett up the blood stained Heights of Gettysburg, they covered themselves with undying renown. "The Great Napoleon, the Great Frederick, nor Marlboro, nor Hannibal nor Cæsar," ever led such troops as those North Carolinians," who,

"Mid storm of shot and shrieking bursting shell,
That ring for serried ranks the fatal knell,"

emerged from that valley of Death and scaled those heights on that terrible day. History records no grander battle ever made.

From the swelling tide of the Potomac to the everglades of Florida, the sheen of their muskets was seen and their "rebel yell" was heard on every battle field. As long as time shall last, their deeds shall be told, and their names will live in song and story. Nations gazed and wondered much at such self sacrificing devotion and bravery. God bless old North Carolina, said the great Lee.

"Grand old State, fair land, thy dead died bravely for the right,
The folded flag is stainless still, the broken sword is bright,
No blot is on thy record found, no treason soils thy fame,
Nor can disaster ever dim the lustre of thy name."

It has been too much the custom, fellow citizens, among the popular orators of the present day in speaking of the gallant men who defended the Constitutional rights of the South as men fighting for a cause that they thought was just and right. I ask you fellow citizens, could that cause have been all wrong on the side, that produced such men as Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and many others, whose names and "deeds of daring high" have gone sounding down the aisles of time? I answer, no; the civilized world does not believe it and I never will. The South was right.

North Carolinians gave their lives for the success of the cause of the South, and expending millions from generation to generation will hold them in grateful rememberance. The light that led them shines in the traditions of the Hebrews in the dawn of the world's creation; in the histories of republican Greece and Rome; in the great Magna Charta wrung from the tyrant John at Runnymeade; on the Alpine Heights of Switzerland, in the rocky glens of Scotland, and on the vine clad hills of sunny France. The light that shone in the lion-like courage of Wickliffe, of Huss, of Jerome, of Prague, of Ridley, of Cranmer, of Latimer, of Sir Thomas Moore, of Calvin, of Luther, of Melanthon, and of Knox. The light that shone in the career of William the silent in his terrible conflict with Spain for the independence of Holland; the light that played around the white plume of Henry of Navarre at the battle of Ivry, the light that led the great Hampden to his glorious death, the light that encircled as a halo the signers of our Declaration of Independence; and from clouds of witnesses in all ages of the world.

The mental training of the South has always been of the kind that led men to enquire strictly into the true principles of our government. For more than a half century they governed the country in accordance with Constitutional principles. The whole tendency of their thoughts and actions, was to preserve the union in its integrity; the union as the Fathers of the Constitution intended it to be. It was under their guidance that this country rapidly advanced in wealth and prosperity and to be a colossus among the nations of the earth; and in no period of her history, did she make such rapid strides to power and dominion as when Southern minds ruled in her councils. It was under the Southern leadership of the immortal Washington, in the days that tried men's souls, when the clouds of adversity hovered over us, and the storm came down, and the billows of conquest threatened to overwhelm us, that these colonies emerged from the contest and took their place among the nations of the earth. On the borders of Canada a Southern man led the Stars and Stripes to battle and to victory. In the South and under a Southern leader, a North Carolinian, its meteor glories burned above the sulphurous canopy and the choicest troops were scattered as chaff before the wind. On the Plains of Mexico and in her lofty Cordilleras, Southern men and under Southern leaders, "with Freedoms banner streaming over them," marched to victory and to conquest, and though contending against three fold odds, broke in pieces and destroyed the forces opposed to them. Southern men first spread its starry fold to the balmy breezes of the Land of Gold, and California was annexed to this Great Republic. In its march over the mountain wave, Southern men stood under its azure robe, amid "the broadsides reeling rack;" aye! and should the hand attempt to obliterate a single star, Southernmen men will rally to its protection, and they will come

"Like the winds when forest are rended,
Like the Ocean when navies are stranded."

In the Senate of the United States, just before the "Great Rebellion," so called, said a distinguished Senator in the Congress of 1860, "It can never be forgotten, it is written on the brightest pages of human history, that we, the slave holders of the South, took our country in her infancy, and after ruling her sixty out of seventy years of her existence, we shall surrender her to you, without a stain upon her honor, boundless in prosperity, incalculable in her strength, the wonder and admiration of the world. Time will show what you will make of her, but no time can diminish our glory or your responsibility. This fellow citizens, is as true as proof of Holy writ. The South ruled this great country from her infancy and guided her safely through the breakers, quicksands and rocks of Sectionalism, and finally surrendered her into the hands of those who, during her entire existence, had oft times threatened to bring about, on every accession of territory, a dissolution of the Union. This can be proven by the irresistible logic of facts. The intellect of the South rules this country now. She is geographically, politically and intellectually, the keystone of the arch of this Great Republic. To rule a country like ours requires the highest efforts of Statesmanship, where the masses in one section are largely composed of elements without political education, and who sometimes act in a feverish manner, and political faith with them is a thing of convenience, as has been demonstrated in one section, they are ready to scatter to the four winds of Heaven all Constitutional obligations, and surrender their liberties faster than ambitious men can pick them up; and history teaches us, that in all civil commotions, it is the most violent party, whose aim is rule or ruin, that gains ascendency in council and rides upon the storm and directs the whirlwind. This is the plain syllogism of facts, and they should be impressed upon the minds of the rising generation.

The only security for the perpetuity of this Great Government is a strict observance on the part of the North of the Constitutional obligations. The Constitution is the Pharos that should guide the ship of State through the storms and breakers of Factions into the Ports of Peace and Prosperity. In the language of our Governor, Daniel G. Fowle, "The Constitution is the Union, and the Union is the Constition."

Now fellow citizens, Peace, blessed Peace, like the Peace of God, that passeth all understanding, rests upon the country, and the bright effulgence of her rays has brightened up the land with joy and gladness, and the passions and animosities of the war are passing away, our waste places are being built up, school houses are multiplying, temples are being erected to the Living God, the Blue and the Gray have exchanged fraternal greetings, and we can now, exclaim "Ours are the Plains of Fair Delightful Peace, unwarped by party rage to live like brothers."

Fellow citizens, this is a great country, the freest and greatest the sun rises and sets upon. Yet she is in her infancy. Such is the the extent, that yonder luminary, when he first sheds his morning rays on the one side of it, the other side is clothed in midnight darkness, and five hours will have elapsed, ere he lights up with wondrous glory the great inland seas, the mighty mountain ranges, the valleys, the vast plains, and the great rivers.

Said a recent writer in substance as follows: The busy hum of industry, the sound of her spindles, the wash of her steamers, the whistle of her locomotives, is heard from the rolling surge of the Atlantic to the mighty Pacific, from the icy regions of the great lakes of the North to the palmy groves that border the blue waters of the Mexican Gulf. The greatest rivers of the world rise and empty within her borders. She has more miles of railroad and telegraph than the whole world combined, more wealth than Great Britian by three hundred millions of dollars: more school houses and newspapers than any other nation; population is pouring in at a rate unprecedented in the history of the world; it is now over 60 millions, at the end of the century it will be 80 millions; she has more large cities and more fine buildings and dwellings, and a better fed and better clothed population than any other country: the fruits and cereals of all countries grow within her borders. She excels all countries in mineral wealth; railroads are penetrating in all directions, followed by a rolling tide of humanity. Wrote the good Dean Berkley, of the Church of England, afterward Bishop, nearly two centuries ago, amid the shady groves of Newport, Rhode Island, his celebrated poem, so oracular as to the future destinies of America.

"Westward the course of empire takes its way,
The first four acts already past:
The fifth shall close the drama of the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

Aye, westward and also southward, the course of empire is now taking its way, and our noble South has put on a new life, risen like Phœnix from her ashes, and is girding her loins for the great race of prosperity and power. The rush of population is rapidly increasing; the tide is swelling and rolling on

"I hear the first low rush of waves
Where soon shall roll a human sea,"

And our glorious South, great in her extent, great in her prosperity, great in her achievements, will manifest to the whole world that

"Time's noblest offspring is the last."

This continent is to be the great seat of population, and is the last refuge of human liberty on earth. It is here that the great problem of the human race is to be worked out. Under the starry banner are assembled representatives of all the nations of the earth: as far as the ken as human wisdom reaches, this great gathering of mankind appears to be the workings of the Divine Mind in carrying out the great future of this country. But, fellow-citizens, there are clouds on our horizon pregnant with future trouble, and are only to be dispersed by the illuminating beams of Christianity and education. The Bible, the Constitution and common schools must go hand in hand over this entire continent, and the rays of the sun of righteousness reflect over every portion of it, and then, and not until then, can we exclaim, all is well with us. The danger to the political stability of this country is the vast immigration of the scum of the nations of southern Europe now pouring upon our northern shores. This tide of infidelity and ignorance, enemies of the laws of God and man, whose only idea of liberty is an unrestrained license to destroy all rights to property, and to reduce society to chaos, and who are now plotting the destruction of all the safeguards thrown around every well regulated community. This tide must be met and turned into the peaceful channels of industry and Christianity, lest they become a nucleus around which will gather all the terrible elements that enter so largely into our heterogeneous population, and lest oh! people of the North, they become thy Pretorian guards.

The most painful legacy the late war has left to the world, is the turpitude of the so-called historians of that epoch; they have flooded the country with what are called histories. A very brief examination of them by any intelligent person, will show that they are replete with misstatements and glaring falsehoods. It is an impossibility to find in any of them a fair account of any battle fought; they have, in every instance, underrated the strength of the forces of the North, and overestimated the strength of the Southern forces: I am willing to be charitable in my opinion of them, and will allow all that charity can ask, and say, that these glaring misstatements are made from ignorance. Since the capture of the archives of the Confederate government, the truth of the strength of the Confederate forces has been made known to the world. Their roster shows that their greatest force in the field was 600,000 thousand men of all arms, and it is a well known fact that when the Northern armies were paid off, their numbers exceeded 2,300,000. With these facts patent to the world, Northern writers still persist in asserting that their armies fought against a great preponderance of numbers. The intelligence of the civilized world are of the opinion that had there been anything like an equality of numbers, the results would have been different; and and such is the opinion of military men. Do you remember, fellow citizens, in your school days, your school histories related how atrocious the conduct of Great Britian was deemed in hiring Hessian troops to subjugate these colonies? The act was censured by the best element in England's political circles, and so atrocious was the act deemed that the Great Frederick refused to let them march through any portion of his dominions for the purpose of embarkation, unless they paid toll as cattle, they, he said, being hired as such. Yet the North, despairing of raising men enough from her native born citizens, ransacked Europe for armies, and Mr. Lincoln's Secretary of War, Mr. Staunton, (a man born and brought up to manhood in North Carolina) made the humiliating confession, that had it not have been for the timely aid of 200,000 negroes, the South would have conquered; and first and last there were 400,000 Southern troops in the Northern armies. It may not be known to you all, that the heaviest blows the South received were from the hands of those who were born on her soil. Thomas, of Virginia, saved the day at Chicamauga. Frank Blair, Canby, Crittenden, Alexander and Nelson were Kentuckians. Nelson saved Grant from destruction at Shiloh, So say Northern writers. Newton and Cook were Virginians; Ord and Sykes were Marylanders; Dupont was a citizen of Delaware, and Goldsborough was a Marylander; and their most successful naval commander, Farragut, was a Tennesseean.

The South came out of the war with the proud consciousness that they have won by their heroic deeds and military prowess the admiration of the world, and that there was nothing wanting but a change of circumstances to have made them the victors. Said a distinguished Virginian: "To deal with a sentiment like this, requires the highest efforts of statesmanship and the most delicate offices of magnanimity and kindness."

Since the passions of the saddest hours in the history of our country have subsided, every unprejudiced mind can now clearly see that evil counsels, prejudice and sectionalism ruled the Congress of the United States in 1860. Proposition after proposition was made to avert the dreaded calamity of war; every thing was done that an honorable people could do, but every proposition looking to a peaceful solution of the terrible trouble was treated with scorn and contempt. There is nothing truer than this assertion; had the people of the North known the people of the South as well as the Blue and the Gray now know one another, there would have been no war. History shows no such magnanimous record as is now often exhibited by the battle-scarred veterans of the greatest armies the world ever saw, who, after four years of bloody strife, meeting on battle-fields and exchanging fraternal greetings. It is a sublime spectacle, and one over which there is rejoicing among the angels of Heaven, and it teaches a lesson to which politicians should take heed. Fellow-citizens, it would be well to speak of the causes that led to the "Great Rebellion," so-called. They were co-existent with the first settlement of the country. The colonies were peopled by a sprinkling of several of the nations of Europe, but a very large majority of the early settlers were from Great Britain, and it might be said that they were religiously and politically hostile, and the religious and political difficulties of Great Britian, soon after the tide of emigration had set westward, culminated in civil war, which led to a still further and increasing emigration. As the colonies increased in population and wealth, a sense of common danger brought them together; this danger was an attempt on the part of Great Britian to tax them by oppressive and onerous legislation. War ensued, followed by independence. In framing the present constitution of the country, then the jealousies that had been smothered by a sense of peril, broke out; there was then an antagonism of feeling on the part of the Northern leaders, that has continued to the present day. Said antagonism of that day was only controlled by the overshadowing influence of the great Washington. The independence of the country had not been achieved for more than three decades before threats of dissolution were made by New England statesmen, followed by hostile legislation. On the part of the South, the Union, from its inception, was one of affection; they regarded it as the palladium of their liberties, and a precious legacy left by Washington and his cotemporaries. Many of us were of the opinion that a great majority of the North had the same reverence for our Union and Constitution; that the same spirit that animated their ancestors to lend their talents to accomplish its foundation, would pervade the minds of their descendants; little did many of us suppose that sectional jealousy would ever be so great among them, that the teachings of their best minds would be to pervert the Constitution from its true meaning, and make it a means under forms of law, to tyrannize over a weaker section. True, alas! too true; but then,

"Children were we in simple faith."

The South guarded the Constitution with fidelity and jealous care, through storms of faction and hostile legislation as long as there was any hope of its being preserved in its integrity, and not until this hope expired did she attempt to throw off the oppressive chains that bound her to a section whose people were bitterly hostile to her, and who elected a President and Vice-President upon a principle hostile to the institutions and polity of the other; neither of them received in all of the fifteen Southern States an electoral vote. They told us that the election was conducted according to the forms of the Constitution, and that we should not take any exceptions to the fact, when they utterly refused to be bound by that Constitution, and held it up to us "as a bond to secure us from defending our property and lives against their oppression." From your speaker's earliest remembrance, the iniquity of the South has been a favorite text with New England clergymen, and their political rallying cry was, that our Constitution was "a covenant with the devil and a league with hell;" and in wrath we were told that we must be scattered as leaves before the angry wind, it must not be to return to peaceful and contented homes, we must find poverty at our fire-sides, and see privation in the anxious eyes of mothers and rags of children. The whole coast of the South from Delaware to the Rio Grande must be made a desert. In the Peace convention held at Washington previous to the breaking out of the war, the most conservative and best element of the South was represented; they were for peace, peace at any price save dishonor, a peace that would insure them tranquility, a peace that would keep armed ruffians from missions of violence; but the boon was not granted, and not a single proposition came from the North that an honorable people could accept. The South in her attempt to carry out the experiment of a separate Confederate government, asserted the right expressed by Abraham Lincoln upon one occasion, in a very important debate. Now listen, fellow citizens, and learn what political summersaults weak but ambitious men can turn, when led by the talented and corrupt political demagogues. He said: "any people, anywhere, being inclined and having the power, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government and form a new one that suits them better. Nor is the right confined to cases where the people of an existing government may choose to exercise it; any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize and make their own, or so much of their territory as they inhabit. More than this, a majority of any portion of such people may revolutionize, putting down a minority intermingled with them or near about them, who may oppose their movements." Such were the words of Abraham Lincoln in one of the most important debates ever held in the Congress of the United States; and it is well known that such were the sentiments of the founders of this Great Republic, and I will further assert that such were the sentiments of the larger portion of the great minds of the North before the commencement of the war. But, fellow-citizens, in this, as in all civil commotions, it was the most violent element that got got control of the government; every constitutional obligation was swept away by the torrent of fanaticism that rolled over the North. The great writ of Habeas Corpus was only regarded as so much waste paper. Thousands of citizens, whose only crime was freedom of speech and a regard for the true meaning of the Constitution as its makers taught in their day and generation, were, at the touch of Mr. Seward's "Little Bell," torn from their families and immured in dungeons, without a reason being given, or without the form of a trial. Every newspaper that did not approve of the war and indorse the administration, was suppressed. Modern history records no people so ready to surrender their rights as were the people of the North during the administration of Abraham Lincoln. The reign of terror was over the entire North, and the sentiments of the rulers were, that the safeguards thrown around the people by the Constitution protecting them "in their persons, houses and effects against unreasonable searches and seizures," were to be held in abeyance as long as the war lasted.

Fellow-citizens, the whole theory of the United States government hinges upon the question, whether the government is a compact between the States, or a government set up over and above the States. The 7th article of the Constitution reads as follows: "The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution BETWEEN the States so ratifying the same. The entire South believed it to be a compact between the States. Washington referred to it as a compact, Madison called it a compact, New Hampshire so declared it in her act of ratification, so did Massachusetts. Chief Justice Marshall said the union of the States was a league. Such were the opinions of Hamilton and Jefferson. The Supreme Court of the United States has often decided that it was a compact, in a word, such was the opinion of every man who assisted in framing the Constitution, and it can be truthfully said that there was not a dissenting voice; but when Mr. Lincoln and his followers wished, to use his own language, "to run the machine upon the principle that this is a government set up and above the States, and that the States derived their powers from the general government, then the true theory of the Constitution was perverted, and purposely so, to secure sectional aid to carry on a wicked war. These are plain, simple truths, and the rising generation should be taught them, and when we are passed away and the places that now know us shall know us no more forever, to them will be committed the destinies of this great State, and they in their turn will commit them to others. Teach them that the cause for which the South fought was just, and that nothing was wanting to gild it in the eyes of the world as the grandest and most sacred cause for which men ever laid down their lives, save success: also teach them that the cause for which the South fought is a never dying principle—dynasties may crumble, nations may pass away, but the right of self-government remains as immutable and as firm as the foundations of the earth itself.

And now, ladies of the Memorial Association, a word with you: To your untiring energy and love for a sacred principle are the citizens of this beautiful town and fair county indebted for the erection of this graceful monument to the memory of our fallen heroes of Beaufort county. Would that you could gather their remains together and enshrine them beneath this sacred monument on the banks of this beautiful river, as relics of sainted patriots, while those murmuring waves, on their way to the mighty sea, are chanting their requiem. Well do I remember in those dark, dark days of the late war, the unceasing devotion of the women of North Carolina to the cause of the South; how with tearful eyes and broken hearts they sent their husbands, sons, brothers and lovers to the battle field and bid them come back with their shields or upon them. Well do I remember the sacrifices they made, their prayers to the Great Being for the success of our arms. How these sacred memories "come back in the night time of sorrow and care." Southern men were noble. Southern women were nobler. Such tenderness and kindness, such truthfulness, bravery and heroic self-denial on the part of the women of the South was never before witnessed. The whole world sounded their praises. How often the invocation of King David came from their lips and hearts: "God is our refuge and strength, an ever present help in time of trouble, therefore we will not fear though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be cast into the sea, the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." The South was weak and was defeated, but our glorious men rises remain. The war brought to the surface and opened to the eyes of an astonished and admiring world the Spartan heroism, the self-denial and the wondrous love and faithfulness to a sacred principle of the women of the South. As long as the world shall admire this grand display of the highest attributes of human nature, so long will the memory of their noble deeds live and their praises be told.

God bless the women of the South.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS CARD

HOTEL MERRIAM,
WASHINGTON, N. C.
First class accommodations for Ladies. Cars leave Hotel 6 a. m.; arrive 9 p. m. Through to New York in 24 hours. Up-river Steamers stop at the Hotel.
Headquarters for Hunters. Best shooting in North Carolina. Dogs and horses furnished. Ticket office and Express office in the Hotel. Telegram for rooms.
J. E. MERRIAM, Proprietor.

THE ORTON,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Best appointed Hotel in the State

SWINDELL HOTEL,
SWAN QUARTER, N. C.
W. B. SWINDELL, Prop'r.
Refitted and refurnished.—Best Hotel in Hyde county.—Table well supplied.—Servants attentive.—In every way better prepared to accommodate the public than ever before. may23tf

HOTEL ALBERT.
NEW BERNE, N. C.
All the Modern Conveniences.

THE KING HOUSE,
GREENVILLE, N. C.
MRS. SHERIFF KING, PROP'TRESS
Pleasantly situated in business part of the city. Large addition to buildings. Every comfort the Traveling Public can wish. The best table the market will afford. Stop at the King House, and you will Stop Again.

AMERICAN HOUSE,
WINDSOR, N. C.
Free hack at all steamers. Telegraph office attached. Livery stables. Give us a call when passing through or stopping at Windsor, and if you don't have a good time and want to go there again the gray mule is yours.
J. R. MOODY, Prop.

EDMUNDSON'S NEW EUROPEAN HOTEL,
GOLDSBORO, N. C.
American and European Plan. Waiting rooms free. Porters meet every train. Baggage handled free.

BAY VIEW HOTEL,
EDENTON, N. C.
Terms Reasonable. Hack meets every train and boat. No charge for conveyance.

EDMUND ALEXANDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND REAL ESTATE AGENT
WASHINGTON, N. C.
Will be at Aurora every 1st and 3rd Wednesday nights, and at Pantego every 2nd and 4th Wednesday nights.
nov15-1y

W. Z. MORTON, JR.,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WASHINGTON, N. C.
Will practice in the Courts of the District and in Martin county.
Special attention given to the collection of claims and conveyancing.
☞ Office formerly occupied by the late C. U. Hill.

ISAAC A. SUGG,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.
Late of Rodman, Sugg & James.
GREENVILLE, N. C.
Office old stand of Rodman, Sugg & James. Will attend the Courts of Greene and Beaufort counties. Practices in State and Federal Courts.

J. H. SMALL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WASHINGTON, N. C

S. T. BECKWITH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
WASHINGTON, N. C.
Feb. 6, '90.

A. B. PENDER,
TONSORIAL ARTIST,
MAIN ST., WASHINGTON, N. C.
Dibble's Old Stand.