THE MEMPHIS DAILY APPEAL.

ESTABLISHED 1840. MEMPHIS, TENN., SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1879. VOL. XXXVIII---NUMBER 116

CLOSING RATES

Yesterday of cotton: Liverpool cotton, 5-8d; Memphis cotton, 12 1-2c; New Orleans cotton, 12 5-8c; New York cotton, 12 1-8c.

WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WAR DEPARTMENT, OFFICE CH. SIG. OFFICER, WASHINGTON, May 18, 1 a.m.

For Tennessee and the Ohio valley higher pressure, variable and northerly winds, warmer, clear, or partly cloudy weather, except in the former local rains, and possibly followed in the upper portion of the latter by falling temperature.

WEATHER OBSERVATIONS.

WAR DEPT., SIGNAL SERVICE, U. S. ARMY, SATURDAY, May 17, 1879, 10:38 p.m.

Place of Observation.	Bar.	Ther.	Wind. Dir.	Wind. Force.	Weather.
Galveston	29.96	77	S.	Fresh.	Clear.
Indianola	29.96	77	S.E.	Fresh.	Fair.
Brownsville	30.00	68	S.	Gentle.	Clear.
Corpus Christi	30.02	70	N.W.	Light.	Clear.
Brenham	30.01	66	W.	Gentle.	Lt. rain.
New Orleans	29.98	76	S.	Gentle.	Fair.
Shreveport	29.99	73	E.	Light.	Clear.
Vicksburg	30.05	70	N.E.	Gentle.	Clear.
Eutaw	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

GEO. H. ROHR, Sergeant, Signal Corps, U. S. A.

THE NEW POSTOFFICE.

Brief Sketch of the Different Departments—The Officials and Employes—How the Work of Removal was Completed in a Day.

Yesterday afternoon and last night the post office was removed from the corner of Second and Union streets to the Masonic building, at the corner of Second and Madison streets. The removal is a big piece of work for the principals and employes, but it was accomplished in a rapid and quiet manner—so quiet in fact that but few citizens were aware of the important fact. Mr. Frank Pickwont, assistant postmaster, conducted the removal, and to-day citizens can mail and receive letters and papers at the new office, just as they did at the old office on yesterday. The management of the new postoffice is simply perfect. It is an immense improvement upon the old office, on the corner of Second and Union streets. The following are the officials who govern things in office, and the employes who assist them: Postmaster—A. H. Thompson; assistant postmaster—Frank Lamont; stamp clerk—A. J. C. Knowlton; order clerk—Walter A. Jones; assistant order clerk—M. J. Claverie; register clerk—W. W. Luff; assistant register clerk—N. J. Jones; superintendent of money-order department—J. Benton; paper-clerk—L. Jennings; distributing clerks—Charles Stewart, Lee Trout and Frank Hinkle; superintendent of carriers—S. C. Pease; general delivery clerk—P. J. Shilds; carriers—No. 1, W. R. Chandler; No. 2, Benj. White; No. 3, Thomas Moore; No. 4, M. O'Reilly; No. 5, Alexander Cox; No. 6, J. P. Rogers; No. 7, L. McCoy; No. 8, Plummer; No. 9, John Hagan; No. 10, T. T. Gage; No. 11, W. Washington; No. 12, Austin W. Williams. A different department is to be established, and have been arranged with a view to the convenience of the public. The office open to the public is good and well-ventilated, and printed notices appear everywhere to instruct the citizens. The offices of assistant postmaster, stamp clerk, general delivery clerk, superintendent of mails, special agents, money-order clerk, stamp clerk, etc., are located in convenient manner. The new postoffice will be found a great convenience to all citizens. It opens to-day for the transaction of regular business.

THE NEW RABBI

Of the Congregation Beth El Emeth, Rev. E. E. Jacobs—His First Sermon—The Crowning Virtue of Charity.

The congregation Beth El Emeth has been fortunate as to secure the services of an eminent divine, in the person of Rev. B. E. Jacobs, formerly of New Orleans, and latterly of London, England. We give below a synopsis of his sermon, delivered yesterday morning at the synagogue. No doubt our readers will be edified by reading it this morning:

Psalms xli, 1—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."

Foremost in the rank of the numerous virtues that make humanity the crowning virtue of charity. Itself of divine offspring, it further begets many other admirable traits of character, which give the pre-eminence over the creation, and makes men of us contributes to the well being of society. We instinctively attribute dwell more or less in the breast of every man; for there is not a human being born earth totally devoid of a spark of charity. The sweet object and shameless beggar, the human species are animated by it at times, and claim, by its exercise, their common parentage and relationship. But, charity consisted in alleviating only, myriads of the poor would be excluded from exercising this divine virtue, for, alas, the poor are not favored enough to receive. Therefore has God taught us in His wise statutes that charity is not confined to eleemosynary relief, but grounds over a much larger sphere, including tenderness, kindness, love, sympathy and sympathetic joy, and, last but not least, peace. And, in His mercy, the Lord has enacted laws, equally practicable for the poor as well as for the rich, for the exercise of these, the human species, and in thought that embodying quality. While the gift of charity, however liberal, would not be accepted unto God without the genuine spirit of benevolence, in shunning ostentation and delicately soothing the pain to the afflicted, but honorable recipient, the poor on the other hand are enabled, by the grace of God, to manifest good will and love unto their fellow creatures, and to show forth their benefactor. It behooves us to understand the proper sense of the duties of charity, and to exercise it in all its bearings, not only to give, but to think charitably. We should be impressed with the idea that charity is not confined to the wealthier and richer classes of society, but for all mankind, as so eloquently expressed by the royal bard: "Thy faithfulness is unto all generations, thou hast established the earth and it abideth. They continue this day according to Thy ordinances, for all are Thy servants." Charity is the tribute for this day sacrificed with thoughts of the poor. After enjoining honesty in dealing, and righteously dispensing justice in business (which we read in the twenty-second chapter, and fourteenth verse, "And if thou sellest aught unto thy neighbor, or buyest aught of thy neighbor's hand, ye shall not oppress one another"), the humane legislator commands: "And if thy brother waxen poor, and fall in decay with you, then thou shalt relieve him." To bestow charity upon the needy in general was enjoined in verse 11 under date of Exodus, xxii, 25, where he speaks of the most noble of charities, that of relieving the man who has become poverty-stricked "unto decay" the man who feels the pangs of poverty more keenly because he was not always poor, but who has been reduced to poverty unexpectedly, and accepting relief by turn of the wheel of fate to which we are all liable. But there is a great deal more delicacy required in relief given to a decayed merchant or tradesman than to that afforded to one to whom the acceptance of alms is a second nature, and, unless the support rendered to such a man we act with discretion and consideration, the charity partakes more of an offence than of a virtue. Much depends upon the manner in which we bestow our charity, and it has been well observed by a member of the Talmud: "He who boasts of his liberality offends God and man." We sometimes see an individual whom misfortune has reduced from affluence to distress receive a gift from the wealthy; but the offensive and harsh address which accompanies the donation calls forth a deep sigh from the object thus reduced, and he, in his family, is compelled to accept it, else he would have spurned it willingly. The pensive, thoughtful mind, and the text, "Blessed is he who considereth the poor," which signifies that consideration for the poor man's feelings which prompts charity, will be found the virtue that is little. Such a donor is promised, "the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." But Moses goes still more minutely into the subject, and, in his wisdom, he enjoins on us to relieve by a direct gift, "his fellow (Vahachazkahs bo, "thou shalt support him." There are other ways of relieving the decayed man that of almsgiving. We may, for instance, assist him, though our influence with our friends, to re-establish himself in business, and thus become independent. We may purchase something of him and recommend him to others; and we may also relieve him by soothing words of comfort. Such a man has the spirit, lest he sink under the heavy calamity of poverty and the humiliation of the world, to "relieve him." The interpretation of the text is given in the Sichrah by a certain Rabbi Jonah, but that rabbi did not publicly promulgate his opinion in the poor, he also performed it. It is rel ted of him that he knew a wealthy merchant who became reduced in poverty. The rabbi was aware that he was useless to offer him any relief in the shape of charity, as he would rather starve than accept it; he therefore went to him one day, when the man was in great distress, and said to him: "I have heard that you will engage for some days through a legal request abroad. I therefore lend you this sum, which you may return as soon as you shall gone and succeed in your business." The unfortunate man having accepted it, Rabbi Jonah said: "Now that you have received it, it does not matter whether you return it or not; I pray you not to grieve about it." Let it not, however, be considered that the giving of charity is a palpable poor. The humane legislator continues, "Yes, though he be a stranger or a sojourner, that he may live with thee"—a direct intimation of the honors of the present day, who will only give to the stranger "to go away." Moses tells us that we shall give to him, "that he may live with us." We also read of the celebrated Hillel, that he was several times insulted, but he maintained his serenity, and his reply always was: "To relieve a guest at home." One day, when he made the same answer, the disciple said: "Rabbi, hast thou also a guest at home?" The pious Hillel replied: "Remember the proverb of Solomon: 'The merciful man does good to his own soul;' and is not my soul a mere guest, which is here to-day and may depart from me to-morrow? Thus is the proverb to whom I do good when I act mercifully toward my fellow creature." We think that the time has arrived when every fellow creature, irrespective of creed or nationality, comes under the denomination of "brother." It behooves us, therefore, to carry out the spirit of our text. To consider the poor, also needy, distressed or oppressed—this is our mission on earth. The Lord will deliver us in time of trouble. Amen.

The Hip Pocket in Prominent Circles.

ST. LOUIS, May 17.—A Sedalia, Missouri, dispatch says: "A fatal shooting affray occurred seven miles north of Sedalia this morning, between Clab Lowery and Bard Smith, two young men, sons of prominent citizens in that vicinity. Bad feeling existed between the parties, and meeting on the road, Smith in a wagon and Lowery on horseback, Smith jumped from the wagon and fired five shots, one of which passed through Lowery's body, another through his leg, through the saddle and into the horse. Lowery returned two shots, that missing Smith, who jumped into his wagon and drove off. Lowery is not expected to live through the night."

Iowa Crop Reports.

BURLINGTON, May 17.—The *Hawkeye* will publish on Sunday morning a special crop report from over one hundred points in Iowa. They show an increased acreage of wheat and corn, and that both of these crops are in excellent condition. The season has been dry, which has enabled the farmers to plow lands that were not tillable in the wet season. In a few instances the drought has done some damage, but as a rule the recent rains came in time to save the situation and to insure a good crop. Another rain will be needed within a week or ten days to insure the crops in good condition. Oats and barley are out of the field and looking well. Grass is green and pastures good.

The Memphis Daily Appeal

OUR HEROIC DEAD.

The Soldiers of the South Perpetuate the Memory of their Fallen Comrades, and Revitalize the Story of their Campaigns and of the Cause

For which they Laid Down their Lives—An Immense Concourse of Women and Children Present—The Victims of the Yellow-Fever Remembered.

At Elmwood cemetery, yesterday morning, the ladies and gentlemen of the floral committee were at work, under the supervision of the president of the committee, Captain Tobin, who was zealous in the discharge of the troublesome but important duties incumbent upon him. Long before the hour (two o'clock) announced as the time when the ceremonies incident to the celebration of Decoration day would commence, Elmwood cemetery was covered with flowers. Not only the graves of the Confederate dead, but the graves of the dead of the yellow-fever epidemic of last year, and the graves of many others, bore floral tributes to departed worth from the hands of relatives and friends. The Confederate monument was, of course, the center of attraction.

THE MONUMENT.

It stands in the spot where the fifteen hundred Confederate soldier dead lie buried. It towers above the grassy hillocks, which are only marked by a headboard containing the number of the grave. They lie there close and think together, just as they stood during the battle in which they bled, fell and died in serried ranks. In life they stood shoulder to shoulder, and in death they rest side by side, peacefully sleeping until resurrection day, when the gray and the blue will meet on the common plane above to answer for deeds done in the body, and whatever that verdict may be the soldiers of both armies will clasp hands and wish each other godspeed. The beautiful monument points upward to heaven, but yesterday it was covered with wreaths and bouquets of flowers. The motto on the shaft, *Deo Vindice*, was surrounded by a flowery kingdom, while on the other side another array of floral tributes surrounded the Latin motto, *Illis victoriam non immortalitatem fata negaverunt*, which freely translated is as follows: "The fates of gods who denied them victory will not refuse them immortality." From the apex to the base of the monument a mass of flowers could be seen. The monument was crowned with a floral cross, from which festoons of leaves and flowers fell along the shaft at each corner. The base of the monument was a mass of flowers, composed of roses, magnolias, pansies, lilies, etc. Each face was decorated with a wreath, and a floral decoration resembling the flag of the "stars and bars" of the old Confederate government was conspicuously displayed. At the north side of the shaft wreath attracted attention, and above it appeared a card bearing the following inscription:

"In memory of Fred Roper, a member of Forrest's Cavalry."

On the north side of the monument hung a red-board containing the following stanzas, from the pen of Miss Frazer, of our city:

A TRIBUTE TO OUR DEAD.

Sleep on, true braves; your quiet sleep,
Oh, none you have disturbed!
Memories of you are green and fresh as when
Strewing with your blood were red.
Sleep on, ye unknown warriors, we will strew
Though male, they'll round you breathe
Their fragrance, and we'll garlands twine
That love alone can wreathe.

Sleep on, ah! many a gentle hand
Will deck your narrow home,
To many an eye unused to weep,
A silent tear will come.
Ah, many a mother now will bow
Upon her humed joy,
Unsolicited tear drops fast will fall
When thinking of her boy

Ah, many an aching heart will swell,
But strive to still its moan,
By long and weary years proved true,
In silence and alone.
As true as when in maiden years
She gave her heart away
As when that last sad farewell o'er,
Ye swelled the ranks of gray!

Oh, many a loving sister's tears
Will moisten your cold dust
And gentle hands with love will twine
Fair flowers for their dead.
Oh, many an aching heart-strings will come,
A friend, a brother dear,
No longer bearing sword or gun,
But to scatter a tear.

The thoughts of you will never grow old;
Memorial hearts give;
With tears and love we'll lilies weave,
Your memory to keep alive.
Sleep, then! in corridors of time
Your names shall echo, when
Your history unwritten, shall renew
The noblest, truest men.

May 17, 1879. A SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

The ladies' floral committee certainly deserve the highest meed of praise for the decoration of the monument. Among those to whom the greatest meed of praise is due for the actual work of decorating the monument are Mrs. T. J. Latham, Miss Florence Bagg, Mr. Thomas Cocke and Mr. Jesse Graham.

THE GENERAL DECORATION.

There are over twenty-one hundred Confederate soldiers' graves at Elmwood, some fifteen hundred of which are around the Confederate monument. Each of these graves was decorated by the floral committee and by private parties. Where a cross or anchor could not be secured, a bouquet of rare flowers rested on the little mound of earth, which covered up the remains of the dead soldier who lay beneath the sod.

The following graves were decorated:

General Forrest's—A lot of flowers, bouquets, wreaths and crosses covered the grave. At the head of the grave was a fine photograph of the grand "wizzard of the Saddle," the man without fear and without reproach, who rests in the sleep of the brave. To his grave and his brother, General Patton Anderson, on the hill opposite the Confederate graveyard, were covered with flowers. The speakers' stand was located near by to these graves.

The grave of General John C. Fiser was elegantly decorated—a tribute to a gallant gentleman well known in our community.

The grave of Lieutenant Phill Allin, of the Bluff City Grays, Forrest's old regiment of cavalry, was covered with floral tributes, as was also the grave of Joel J. Clayton, near by. The roses and wreaths on these graves were charming.

The grave of Charles G. Fisher, president of the citizens' relief committee during the epidemic of 1878, was most attractive, the rarest flowers being spread above it; a card at the head was inscribed as follows: "A soldier, an honorable citizen and a life for his country, but it was reserved for him to die in a more heroic manner than by the sword; he gave his life to alleviate the suffering of his fellow man."

The floral tribute contained many elegant floral decorations, especially the grave of Annie Cook, who died during the yellow-fever epidemic, while ministering to the wants of the sick and suffering. The graves of the physicians and many of the nurses who sacrificed their lives in the fall of 1878, during the epidemic, were adorned with floral wreaths, crosses, arches and bouquets of roses and lilies.

The grave of Dr. John Erskine attracted no little attention. The heroic health officer of 1878 was remembered, and his grave bore floral tributes to his memory—crosses, wreaths, cut-flowers, anchors and bouquets were spread in profusion over the breast of the gallant physician who bore the brunt of the yellow-fever epidemic, and who fell at last down like a soldier when the call was made from the high court above. The grave was visited by hundreds of people, and many a tear dropped upon the grass and flowers which covered the earth beneath which the scholar, gentleman, soldier and physician, rests forever and ever.

The Masonic and Odd Fellows lots were also decorated. A gentleman informed our commissioner that his colored drayman yesterday morning brought him an immense bouquet and said: "I'm an Odd Fellow; please put this bouquet on the first Odd Fellow's grave you come to." The bouquet was placed by his white employer as directed. The decorations of private graves was elaborate.

THE CELEBRATION.

At half-past two o'clock the general celebration commenced. Colonel W. D. Duff, chairman of the committee on stand and seats, had provided a good stand and seats for one thousand people in front of the Confederate monument. At the hour appointed, General W. Y. C. Humes, after a solemn dirge had been played by the band, stated the objects of the day, as follows:

GENERAL HUMES'S INTRODUCTION.

We have assembled to pay our annual tribute of love and admiration to the memory of our heroic dead. I will not restrain your impatience nor mar the pleasure that you are to have in listening to the address of Colonel Finlay, who has been selected to pronounce the eulogy of the occasion. The proceedings will be opened by prayer from the Rev. Dr. Boggs.

DR. BOGGS'S PRAYER.

"Oh! Almighty Ruler of heaven and earth, accept our thanks, we pray Thee, for the privilege of being permitted to meet once more our many dear friends who are still spared to us on earth. We thank Thee for the opportunity that calls us together again, though it be mingled with sad memories, and we beseech Thy gracious blessing on all assembled together in this place, and we pray Thee, O most merciful God, that we, who love the departed, and who were privileged to be associated with them in days gone by, may never so live as to give them shame or pain, e'en were they with us. We beseech Thee, O most merciful God, that in all your great goodness, that the widows and orphans who are left in the world and bereft—we beseech Thee to fill our hearts with charity and love toward them, and grant, O God, that we shall never be so unworthy of the past and present as to neglect the opportunity we have to aid them. We thank Thee for the privilege of being permitted to strew a few flowers on the graves of our heroes. We beseech Thee to bless those in charge of this institution, who have watched over the graves of our dead, and all here present. Grant this, O Lord, for Christ's sake. Amen.

General Humes then introduced Mr. W. A. Collier, who read the following resolutions as to the Confederate dead:

WHEREAS, The hand of death has swept from our companionship within the last twelve months an equallingly large number of our noble comrades who were accustomed to meet with us on occasions like this, it presents itself to us that more than a mere passing allusion should be made to them. In that brief space of time the earth has gathered to their last resting-place our former comrades and brothers:

Dr. John H. Erskine,	Charles G. Fisher,
Dr. W. H. Hodges,	Dr. B. W. Avent,
Dr. Wm. J. Armstrong,	Dr. Paul Gray,
Major William Wills,	Dr. S. H. Chester,
John A. Holt,	Julian A. Simmons,
Major James C. Tindall,	C. D. Steinkuhl,
Robert L. Hammock,	Levin H. Cox,
Gen. Gideon J. Pillow,	Gen. Charles W. Adams,
Major John P. Trezevant,	Capt. John H. Mitchell,
W. Barnett Parker,	F. D. Stockton,
Major W. O. Woodson,	Dr. Frank Rice,
L. A. Wardlaw,	W. L. Warshaw,
Horatio J. Ward,	T. P. Holland,
Patrick J. Malvihill,	James C. Ward,
John B. Taylor,	Capt. Thos N. Johnston,
James S. Hatcher,	R. B. Clarke,
William Henry Lake,	Edward Worsham,

and a score of others whose names cannot now be recalled; therefore be it

Resolved, That it is with the deepest sadness we point to this long list of honored dead, named and unnamed, who have, since our last assemblage in Elmwood, fallen in almost as startling rapidity before the dread scourge of disease as the musket and cannon at Shiloh, Perryville, Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Franklin and Nashville, mowed down those who went before them, and now rest beneath the shadow.

Resolved, That our knowledge of these whom we have named, and those to whom we refer, who died at their posts of duty during the past twelve months, entitle them to a high niche in the monument of honor and grateful memory as those who sleep near them in their shot-riddled uniforms of mouldering gray; and be it further

Resolved, That especially do we desire to make honorable and tearful mention of four last comrades whose lifeless forms lie in these grounds before us, who since the custom of strewing flowers on the graves of our dead heroes had soldiers was inaugurated, have never failed to be first, foremost and most active in all the ceremonies of this sad day. We allude to Will O. Woodson, Thomas N. Johnston, James S. Hatcher and C. D. Steinkuhl.

Respectfully, W. A. COLLIER,
L. B. MCFARLAND,
F. B. BERRYMAN,
W. A. COLLIER,
GEORGE R. PHELAN,
Committee on Resolutions.

THE ANNUAL ADDRESS.

General Humes then introduced Colonel Luke W. Finlay, the orator of the day, in the following short speech:

I have now the honor and pleasure of introducing to you Colonel Luke Finlay, the orator of the day. I need hardly remind the citizens of Memphis that at the battle of Shiloh he was as conspicuous as any other southern hero. He commanded a regiment coming on every battlefield of the western army, and his conduct since has been marked by an integrity and elevation of character equal to his courage as a soldier.

Colonel Finlay's Oration.

The following is but an abstract of the eloquent oration delivered by Colonel Luke W. Finlay, but it gives the sentiments expressed by the gentleman, and many of his most eloquent and soul-stirring passages:

We miss to-day from our midst my fellow-countrymen, many brave spirits, whose animating presence and words lately spoken gave us a happy our public gatherings, and filled to overflowing our hearts at our fireides and in our homes. Many are gone from us, and these silent stones recall the stirring times, the smoke and dust of battle, and the brilliant record they made in their country's history. The last twenty years, with all their varied incidents, with all their rich store of suffering and joy, of defeat and victory—their great volume of passages in human life and upheavals of human society—with all their great and wondrous phenomena in the past, and further fruitful in indefinite for the historic page. The great storm has raged in Europe almost without ceasing for centuries, and again we are busy in the works and arts of peace. These great struggles in the advance of civilization are not from the immediate or at once people, nor do they fail to serve a useful purpose. The philosopher, the poet, the worker and toiler in every humanitarian sphere, the world at large, all on this great storehouse, and profit by recalling the great lessons they teach. A severe but a just critic, the Saturday, he said in the life of time none so foil of incidents, so worthy of our attention, none so profitable in practical lessons they teach, since time first dawned on man. The war in Israel, the Wars of the Roses in England, and that between the Moslem and the Christian, all have left their own country, all teach great lessons, and show that temporary defeat, or temporary triumph, are the measures of loss and profit in the destiny of nations, not but where is the real victory in the history of the world, when the dust and smoke of battle have passed away the smoke and dust of battle and peace has cooled the hot passions of war. But are we to regale to or ourselves all that is great and historic. Both sides come in for their proper share in the elimination of the great principles involved, and the quickening impulse to human thought and human effort in every work of life. In the midst of revolution, the circulation of the blood may be discovered, and medical science may step forward with giant strides, guided by the hand of one of the defeated and proscribed Irish Catholics. When that Charles was moving to the scaffold—and yet, decided by his profession, consoled by his patriotism, the commonwealth in the price of its power, the great Harvey lives in the annals of the world, and the name of the parliament, one of the great leaders of that party, when the commonwealth went down and restoration came in poverty, in disgrace, and in blindness, gave to the world the great epic poem that will live while for man there shall remain a literature, and inspire the heart of the lofty and the noble, and shall "unbar the gates of light." In war the same struggle gave him of Westminster Abbey—the brewer's son—before whom kings bowed and in whose hands trembled the nations—the man of original, unequalled capacity, the great Cromwell. Our late struggle, among others, raised up from private station and comparative obscurity one who became in the field the inspiration of our army, inspired his followers with daunting courage, and gave to history a character grand in its simplicity and wonderful in its leadership; that simple, plain man, of matchless capacity for war—General N. B. Forrest. But, my fellow countrymen, we are not here to-day to philosophize on human passion, nor to outline the great struggles of history, nor to recount the great triumphs or humiliations of the past. We are here to criticise the statesmanship that led to war. But we have gathered here to honor our dead, who sleep not in grand mausoleums, and for whom no marble shaft lifts itself to heaven at our own city's expense. But there are hillsides in our state like those that mark the grave of Washington and Jackson—not costly sense, aphe like those of Pittsburgh—but point the traveler to the illustrious dead, but their deeds do unto a monument for them in human hearts and in the depth of a people's love. Does some one ask why we gather here? Knows he not they were our fellow citizens who counted the cost of their State? Dreams he not they were our friends who did their lives offer that we the heritage of freemen might enjoy? Yes, they were our friends, our hearts went out with them when they left their homes. We who endured the hardships of military service, and dared the gallant fight under Albert Sydney Johnston, who shared the privations of Cobb's Legion, Phillips' Legion, Hood's Brigade, the dangers of the Kentucky expedition, who withstood the terrific encounter at Murfreesboro, who shared with the unparalleled heroism and endurance of the Georgia campaign, can you not annually gather here to honor these gallant dead? They sleep quiet by here, and year by year the great and the lowly, one by one are gathered in to the city of the dead. Reed, and Dodge, and Strange, and Pinson, and Forrest, and Fizer, and Anderson, with a long list of noble ones, followed them to the grave, for life's journey is like that of a brief winter day, and its course is run, whether we avail ourselves of its progress or no. Thus it is most fitting that we, year by year, should gather here to honor the noble dead who fell in the defense of a cause they believed to be just. How then shall we worthily honor them? Shall we say nought every one has done a noble deed in that eventful drama—was faithful in life—and deserves the laurel wreath for his heroic death? This we say is true. But more—he shoulders his musket and willingly encounters the hardships of a soldier's life in defense of what he believes to be his country's cause. See him in the long and weary march, how he bears up with his soldierly courage. See him in the battle, with what good cheer he welcomes the soldier's life. See him in the burning sands of the dreary winter's cold, as he walks to and fro the sentry's beat. See him with what promptness he responds to roll-call at the command is given to "fall in and be ready to move at a minute's notice. See him as he nears the enemy's lines, and the quick recurring shots of the skirmish line tell of the near approach of battle. See him as the dread shot and shell sweep with destroying force, mowing down his comrades, with what order he moves forward in the glorious charge on Shiloh's bloody field, or the charge to the death at Franklin. See those silent stones, my countrymen, there before you so thickly set. With heads uncovered, in silence drop a tear, for each grave there marks some sanctified dead. Who described—some Banks, or Winn, or Mosby, or Locke, in one of the many noble, gallant, brave, generous, self-sacrificing soldiers who laid their lives in obedience to their State's command. Yes, my fellow-countrymen, let us not forget them, for they were brave and gallant and true, and with matchless courage offered up their lives in defense of the cause they believed to be just. Now must we say they died in vain. Had they done a nobler more than left this grand heritage of endurance, self-sacrifice, patriotism and matchless heroism, well might we say their lives were glorious; well might we erect monuments to their honor; well might we annually gather here to pay these tributes of affection to them. But, my fellow countrymen, they did a grander work than this. They have taught this nation lessons that it would have taken generations of peace to learn, if ever. Never before in the history of our country were the principles of our government so well understood by the great masses of the people. The great doctrine of homerule, of self-government, of local self-government, has been chrystalized into the hearts and affections of our people both north and south. The storm and smoke and dust of battle are clearing away, and the mad passions of war are giving place to our national interests, and everywhere by all men, that corner-stone of American institutions, that great principle for which these men fought, has been recognized the grand element of civil liberty, of American liberty, and of constitutional liberty. While we do this let us be just to those on the other side, and admit they fought nobly for a principle, though not one of civil liberty, yet one of constitutional government, of American nationality. For these, then—their soldierly qualities and manly virtues—and for their defense of this element of civil liberty, we do annually gather here. We do not build monuments to our fallen dead. We may be unable to honor them thus. But we may recall their virtues, recount their heroic lives and honor their illustrious deaths. Ye mothers and daughters of the south weep not. They died not in vain. Their works live after them. It is said of Margaret of Angou, when lamenting her dead, that she said: "Ill-to-morrow's sun could place me once more on the throne of England; could it give back to me what I have lost? I speak not of wealth or power—they are as nothing in the balance; I speak not of the hosts of noble friends who have fallen in the defense of me and mine—Somersets, Pevers, Staffords, Cliffords—they have found their places in fame, in the annals of their country. * * * Thy arthur lives, but alas, my Edward, born under the same auspices, fills a bloody grave." Lament not, then, your dead. Lament not your Jacksons and Johnstons, your Strahls and Cleburnes, your Banks and Mosbys and Winns. They fill heroes graves, but they have given us a heritage of character and liberty, and will find a place in fame in the annals of their country. The roundhead and the cavalier met in the fury of the fight; yet the roundhead and cavalier both contributed to the glory and honor and the grandeur of the English nation, and helped each other to put their country on a basis of healthful permanence. And yet the gallant survivors of these fallen heroes were not. They left you a good example. Be faithful to your country and her institutions. Shadow forth in your lives and conduct that noble and chivalrous, that heroic patience, that glorious energy, and that fidelity to principle that marked these your fallen countrymen. The great Justinian left for generations to come two great monuments to his memory, for, besides the *Lous and Justitia*, he erected that great church at Constantinople. Supporting the dome of that church are eight beautiful jasper columns. These once adorned a temple of the Jupiter. The christians, unmolested, worshiped for generations in that church and under that dome. In the early part of the sixteenth century this great edifice fell a prey to the Turk, and from that time to this the Moslem has consecrated it's worship in that church; but, during all this time, those beautiful jasper columns have been the support of Italian, Greek, Christian and Turk. And let us remember that local self-government is one of the marble columns that support the great temple of civil liberty, for the defense of the grand dome of American nationality. Let us remember that both mutually assist each other. Space, my friends, permit me to say one word to the gallant survivors of that grand struggle. In that temple built by Justinian were the sculptors and carvers and architecture of christian work. When the Moslem captured the Golden Horn, he caused the christian devices and christian work to be erected in his temple. It is yours by heritage. And if rude hands undertake to spoil the temple, rush to the defense. Remember the patriot dead. Let the grand principles of local self-government be sacredly preserved, and remember that it is essential with American nationality. This is your home and mine; this is our country. Make yourselves its worthy defenders. Let the dead, by spreading flowers, by reunting their soldiery qualities, by guarding sacredly the great principles of civil liberty, for which died not in vain. At our feet flows the great river planted by the Almighty of Days. It flows the clear waters of the beautiful Ohio. With its images in its sparkling depths of a thousand streams, and upon its bosom bear the commerce of a people, and the commerce of the nation. It floats on to the sea. Such a stream is the great current of American nationality. From the sources of the Pilgrim Fathers it stately race, distinctly marked by many virtues. From the south comes a race imbued with the spirit of liberty that is as marked in its generations. The great principle of self-government, our local self-government, its people have maintained to war and peace. For this great principle these noble dead died. From a thousand graves around us the sweet memories that make up the grand whole. Then let it not be said the southern cause is lost; that her valor is silent; that the flag has fallen; that she has no country. We go as annually gather here to honor these, our gallant dead, and gather new hope and a new inspiration from their memories. We go to renew the pledge to an unsullied honor to remember their soldiery qualities and the great principle of civil liberty, and the cause they died. And instead of a lost cause, let us say, with their fidelity to principle, we will hold fast the faith, and make it the corner stone of a American nationality, or our sublime work.

Colonel Finley, at the close of his eloquent address, read Miss Frayser's poem, which is given above, and also referred to Colonel Lenow and the members of Elmwood cemetery association, who did everything in their power to advance the celebration of Decoration day, and to make it a success. After one hour by the band the celebration closed with the following prayer by Rev. Dr. Landrum:

"Oh! God, our refuge and our strength, our help in every time of trouble, we return Thee our thanksgiving for all the influences Thou hast brought to bear upon us on this occasion. Bless, we pray Thee, the people in us, and make us a better people. Oh! cheer us with the love and glory and the hope of a life to come. Oh! in your tender mercy, of comfort, bless Thou the wounded hearts present. Oh! cheer the widowed hearts and bless Thou the orphan children. Thou knowest while our own hearts still must bleed, oh! grant us the hope of meeting those who have fallen, either by war or pestilence, in the bright and blessed land. May the great God leave upon us the light of his countenance, and when the end comets, may we be ready, and be found in our places before the throne, where sickness and sorrow, and death and parting are unknown. Hear us, O God, for Christ our Redeemer's sake. Amen.

Secretary John M. Gaut, of the board, read the lengthy report from which we condense the following principal points:

FINANCIAL CONDITION.

Cash receipts	$27,497 42
Disbursements	27,294 06
Balance on hand	$203 36

Assets	$57,503 23
Liabilities	13,043 62
Estimated receipts from periodicals and publications:	
Chanberlinad Periodicals	$12,385 00
Sabbath-School Gem	4,260 00
Sabbath Evening	2,128 00
Our Lambs	1,109 00
Theological Medium	630 00
Sales on hand	500 00
Job work and press work	2,000 00
	$22,122 00
Disbursements	18,886 00
Net profits	$3,236 00

The general condition of the newspaper and other publications is stated as follows:

Chanberlinad Periodical Gem.—This paper has now 5760 subscribers, of which about 600 are to ministers at 25 cts. and a very few gratuitous to exchanges, advertisers, and those unable to pay for them. As will be seen, the list is below the average right at 97. This is a very serious matter, and a loss of a better nature and more remunerative than they have been for several years.

Sabbath-School Periodicals.—The lists of these periodicals are as follows: *Sabbath-School Gem*, 1,120; *Sabbath-School Evening Bells*, 1,000; *Our Lambs*, 1,000. This is a falling off in the lists of all save the *Lambs*. The growth of the latter has probably probably taken up the subscribers of others.

As to the merits of all of these papers, and the causes of the decline in their lists, you are perhaps better judges than myself. If the board has left anyone anything which would tend to remove these causes, I am sure they are not aware of it, and they would gladly receive it from any assembly, or other sources, a suggestion as to what it is.

The Theological Medium.—This periodical now has about 630 subscribers. Strong efforts have been made during the year to procure for it 1800 subscribers at one dollar per year, but only about 600 were obtained. The expense of its publication will be at a pecuniary loss to the board, but of course we will offer any information which the general assembly may give in regard to it.

The *Book-Store*.—As has been explained above, and for the reasons there given, it was deemed best to purchase and sale of miscellaneous books should be discontinued. Such stock of this kind as remained on hand has been sold to Messrs. Harris and Young, who worked off at wholesale and retail, and some of the most remarkable sales have been made in consequence. The amount on hand is small. The sales of our church books have not been large. We have contracted for the publication of a new hymn book, and are in process of erection, in this city, for three years, at two hundred dollars a year, where our business and editorial work will be. The stereotype plates of our books, the bulk of the stock being perhaps kept stored in the printing office.

The report concludes with the following report of the general outlook of the board of publication: "I am free to say that without more activity in our behalf upon the part of the ministers and other workers in the church, the outlook is a gloomy one. On the other hand, if the ministry do their duty, in my opinion even one-half of that activity which, from the action of the former assemblies we all the right to expect, would enable us in twelve months to pay everything we owe, and put us upon a basis of substantial prosperity. It is hard for us to inform you without a very considerable increase in patronage we cannot run the business through the summer months, and I feel it my duty to call your special attention to the fact that our liabilities are large. Most of our debts are necessarily made payable in bank. We cannot continue to be so, and be indebted to our employes. The forbearance of men who believe in the cause of publication necessarily has a limit. That limit has, in our case, been very nearly reached. I do not intend to alarm, but knowing, as I do, what has been the experience of the last six months, I can well judge what will be the result of the next six, with diminished subscription-lists and no hope of voluntary contributions. The business ought to run itself without the aid of donations, and the periodicals ought to pay not only their expenses, but a fair profit independent of what we make on job-work and outside press-work. These latter expenses, and our profits ought to be exclusively used to enlarge our work instead of paying current expenses. But when all together will not pay these expenses, then it is clear to the church it behooves us consider whether it will give its publishing work a respectable support or bring it to a decent and authoritative winding up."

At the conclusion of the reading of the report, a communication was received from W. M. Ward, president, and Messrs. John Frizzell, John M. Gaut, W. C. Smith and T. H. Manlove, composing the board of publication, tendering their resignations.

The report and the communication were referred to the committee on publications.

Revs. S. R. Shull and J. H. White, and Elder W. R. Shaper were appointed a committee to consider and report on the death of Alcholic beverages.

By consent of the assembly the judiciary committee was permitted to withdraw its report recommending negative action on the question of the power of the presbytery to dissolve a congregation.

Adjourned to nine o'clock Monday morning.

The Dartmouth College Insubordination Trouble.

HANOVER, N. H., May 17.—The students of Dartmouth college have sent a written apology to the faculty for their recent conduct. President Bartlett informed them to-day that the expelled students would be restored to their regular standing; but unless the young men who were held under the pump threaten the criminal prosecution of their assailants if the faculty does not inflict punishment.

Chief Moses Gets his Back up Again.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 17.—A Walla Walla dispatch says that in the trouble at Walla Walla on the steamer Northwest, between Moses and other Indians and General Howard and Governor Ferry, Moses said that the reservation lands are protected him in is not the one he asked for and was given him; yet his own map showed where he marked out the place himself that he desired and was given him. M'Bean, the interpreter, says he agreed in every particular to accept the reservation laid off for him between Okanagon river on the east, and Cascades mountains on the west. Moses says he wants the Colville reservation, for that is what he went to Washington for. Secretary Schurz has