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CLINTON A. CILLEY,
Attorney-At-Law,
Lenoir, N. C.
Practice in All The Courts.

THE FARMER'S LIFE.

BY CAPT. J. W. T.

The farmer leads no E Z life,
The C D sows will rot,
And when a' E V rests from strife,
His bones all A K lot.

In D D has to struggle hard
To E K living out,
If I C frosts do not retard
His crops, there'll B A drought.

The hired L P has to pay
Are awful A Z too:
They C K rest when he's away,
Nor any work will do.

Both N Z cannot make to meet,
And then for A D takes
Some boarders, who so R T eat
And E nq money makes.

Of little U C finds this life,
Sick in old A G lies,
The debts he O Z leaves to his wife,
And then in P C dies.

A LITERARY ADDRESS.

By Judge C. A. Cilley, of Lenoir, before
the Literary Society of Catawba Col-
lege, Newton, May 20 1886.

After receiving and answering your very kind invitation to appear before you to day, and as I began to think upon what subject to speak to you, and in what way to treat it, so that what should be said might be both useful to you, and possible for me to utter, it became, and was very plain to me that I had assumed, a task for which I was peculiarly unfitted. The habits of a lifetime were against me. A lawyer's twenty years training in talking to juries, careless of the effect of his argument upon the bystanders, and indeed, often knowing that his words fell upon the ears of a crowded audience hostile to his cause, has the same effect on him that the cutting of a single facet upon a diamond would have upon the gem. The solitary spot would sparkle, no doubt, but the rough unpolished surface of the rest of the jewel would leave it a very different thing from the full orbed brilliant it ought to be, to blaze before an assembly like this.

I remembered it had never fallen to my lot to prepare or deliver what is commonly known as a literary address, and reflected how absurd it would be for me, used only to one manner of public speaking, to try to arm and deck myself with the splendid panoply of an orator. I should rather, it seemed, do as David did, put away Saul's armor, because he had not proved it, and trust only to the weapons of my calling.

And so, casting about how I might treat you as a jury, and be somewhat at ease in your presence, that marvelous trick of the mind, "association of ideas" they call it, brought to me Longfellow's famous poem, "A Psalm of Life," or "that the heart of the Young man said to the Psalmist." And, lo! there before me was the material for a trial. The parties, plaintiff and defendant, the one asserting—the other denying—the truth of a certain issue, are known and read of all men. The Royal Poet of Israel, who, in his thirty ninth Psalm, as he was musically, and the fire burned, spake with his tongue, and sang of a man at his best estate, as altogether vanity, as walking in a vain show, and disquieting himself in vain; and the gentle poet of America, dear to our households and hearths, who denies what David said and answers:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream.
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem."

Life is real: Life is earnest;
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul."

There was the issue. Do we tread this ball bloodless, hopeless ghost—life a dream, a vain show and after it—silence? Or is life real, earnest, worth the living, and do we walk upright as men, a heart within, and God overhead?

And where could a jury be found, better selected, better fitted to try the issue than the members of your society? Lovers of learning in right of your name and your training, and in the first flush and bloom of youth, the sanction of what oath, however awful, can more strictly bind you to render a verdict or true word, in this dispute, than do your faith and your hopes, your manhood and your education?

Be our future what it may I shall never argue, you will never confront a more tremendous issue. Upon its decision, upon the next words that may fall from your lips, and the next deliberate action you may do, depends something more solemn and weighty than the juries of our courts of justice have ever had given them in charge. They decide questions about money, character, life even. But on the verdict that you may register hangs what is rarer and dearer more exquisite than gold, dearer than honor—better and more enduring than poor human life.

You have entrusted to you an immortal part, call it what you will, whose future is to be settled, not by any judgment or will other than your own, or moved by you, whose history from now, on and on, unchanging still, is to be made bright or dreary, as you find the truth to be written in the ancient or the modern song.

Remember then gentlemen, your free lineage, and of what blood you come, think of those whose love and care have placed you here, and the duty you owe to them, the dear ones at home, who, so long as they shall live, will watch your course with a devotion as pure, and a hope as unwavering as that of the star gazers of old, who night after night from their towers by the rivers of Babylon followed the path of the Pleiades and the stately march of Orion through the skies until the splendor of the constellations faded in the glory of dawn.

And so, keeping these things well in mind, give yourselves heart and soul to the decision of the question.

And first what can be urged in behalf of the Psalmist? In a word, this: That if we may judge of the beliefs of the nations of the elder world by their literature, there was, until near the beginning of the Christian Era, no people among whom the doctrine that David taught was not almost universally accepted.

It was not a part of their creed for they had no creed, it was not discussed, for it had no opposer. It lay at the bottom of each man's heart, undisturbed, unexamined, imparting its somber tinge to his whole being, the basis of his philosophy, a bar to his speculation. Most men of that time never thought of such things at all; to those who did think life began and ended in sleep, and, while it lasted, was a dream.

Among the Jews, even, the only race having communion with, and a knowledge of the true God, the theory was accepted, and it was endorsed by almost every writer in their sacred canon.

Poet and historian, prophet priest and king, all lent their voices to swell the chorus of David's psalm, and taking his words as a refrain, they sang them to the mournful music of his despairing harp for near a thousand years. Beginning with the wise women of Tekoah, whose utterance in behalf of Absalom was accepted by his royal father, we find it rehearsed as a part of the wisdom of the Jews, that "We are as water spilt on the ground, that cannot be gathered up again." The author of the drama of Job, as to whose identity and date the best authorities are at variance, harps often on this theme. It is almost the burden of his poem, "As the cloud is consumed, and vanisheth away, so he that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more." "Man dieth, and wasteth away, yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? Man lieth down and riseth not; till the Heaven be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." "My life is a wind." "Our days upon earth are a shadow." "I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and to the shadow of death." "My days are vanity." "If a man die, shall he live again?"

As might be expected, such sayings are plentiful in the Psalms. Life is there spoken of as "A wind, that passeth away, and cometh not again." "The children of men * * * are as a sleep." "Man is like to vanity, altogether lighter than vanity." "Wherefore hast thou made all men in vain?" asks he. In death there is no remembrance of thee. Shall the dust praise thee? Shall the dead arise and praise thee? "Free among the dead." Werc these words a prophecy, or a prayer? In all his life David had never been free. In youth, subject first to his father and his haughty brethren, then to the stern prophet who appointed him, and to the fierce king whose love was as cruel as his jealousy, later, and when acknowledged monarch, under the influence of counselors, priests, prophets, and the terrible sons of Zeruiah, breaking out at times, and having his royal will, but as often repentant or humbled by the rebuke of some one of his guides or advisers, it seemed to him as if he should never enjoy that perfect liberty he had dreamed of when a shepherd lad, and fancied he had attained to when crowned and robbed as king. And so, stung by disappointment, and impatient of restraint, he seizes his harp, his only confidant and consoler, and to the triumphant swelling of its bolder notes, or the passionate wailing of its minor chords, utters, it may be a hope, it may be a prediction, that, bye, and bye when the wicked cease from troubling, the weary are at rest and he at last, be "Free among the dead." Following the maxims of his father, the wisest of men and the greatest of kings wrote, as we all know, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity," and adds, "The living know that they shall die, the dead know not anything."

Another monarch, in his hymn of thanksgiving for his miraculous delivery from death, as given by Isaiah, says, "The grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee, they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth." "All flesh is grass," also asserts the same prophet, while Jeremiah laments that "Our fathers have sinned, and are not, and we have borne their iniquities," arguing that as the parents are free among the dead, they can no longer be punished for sin.

So marked, indeed, is the absence of mention of a future state in the Old Testament, especially in its earlier books, that William Warburton, bishop of Gloucester, England, one hundred and fifty years ago published a book, then hailed and since regarded as a prodigy of learning, entitled, "The Divine Legation of Moses," in which he lays down these propositions:

1st, That to inculcate the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is necessary to the well being of civil society.

2nd, That all mankind have concurred in believing and in teaching this doctrine was of such use.

3rd, That the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is not to be found in, nor did make part of, the Mosaic Dispensation.

From these clear and simple propositions he goes on to his conclusions: "That, therefore the law of Moses is of divine original, and proceeds to prove it by the following syllogism:

1. Whatsoever religion and society have no future state for their support, must be supported by an extraordinary providence.

2. The Jewish religion and society had no future state for their support.

3. Therefore they were supported by an extraordinary providence.

No one has confuted, and it may be said, with deference to better dilecticians than myself, no one is likely to confute the great Bishop's 3rd proposition.

His whole argument then, that the Mosaic dispensation and laws were of divine origin is based upon an irreproachable fact that in the Jewish scripture was to be found no trace of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, and that, so far as we are concerned in this discussion, David was warranted by every authority in teaching that life is but an empty dream.

But says some earnest believer, what will you and your Bishop do with these famous words in Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, &c." Warburton devotes a chapter to them. He ascribes the authorship of the book to Ezra the scribe, and applies the quotation to the expected delivery from captivity. Others, notably a learned divine of our own day, interpret these words as the strong cry of a deep yearning hope, not the expression of a belief, and certainly to give them any more pointed meaning would be to put them apart from, if not in opposition to the whole tenor of contemporaneous utterances.

And now, if you are not weary of the Bible, let us consider the conduct of another jury, convened and met to discuss this same question, near two thousand years ago. Such a tribunal shall never again but once be seen in the history of earth or heaven.

There were Philip and Bartholomew, the sons of Zebedee. Peter, Iscariot and the rest, and there, presiding over, informing, instructing them, was the Master of life, and law. They had heard, and were familiar with, the proposition He laid down. In answer to Job's despairing question, "If a man die shall he live again?" in rebuke of his great accuser's querulous complaint that life was but a dream, He who led them had promised that after His death He would rise and live again, and had assured them that He *was* the life. To prove this promise and assurance to be true they depended on no testimony of frail human witnesses, they had heard no tale of facts at second hand. They were themselves chosen to be both witnesses and triers of the cause, as our ancient juries were in the days of Alfred the truth-teller. They had to judge from what they had seen with their eyes and handled with their fingers. They had seen what power he showed of being able to fulfill his word; they had known the whole course and order of great nature, stop, move backward, and begin again at his command. The sap in the veins of the ungrateful fig tree had been sent back to the secret cells of the dust, so that it was withered to the roots, an exercise of such awful power over the imperial laws of gravitation and attraction that, extended a hair breadth further, it might have reduced the forests of the world to blasted trunks, or untied the chain which binds us to the sun.

The incurable poison of leprosy had been turned into a vehicle of gracious health and cleansing; the scanty meal of their little group had grown in His wonder-working hands into meat for the thousands; the shifting waters of Galilee became under His feet as firm as the marble courts of the temple; the orphan of Nain had been restored to the widow and childless mother; the daughter of Jairus had left her death bed for other refreshment than the tomb, and the sheeted figure of Lazarus had stalked forth from his sepulchre, dumbly beseeching to be loosed.

In the teeth of all this, and of more, how did this jury find? So imbued were they with the prevalent belief of their race, so tintured with aduocism, that after the burial of our Lord they lost both faith and hope, betook themselves to their several callings, abandoned their mission and could not even see their risen Master, until He, by a miracle almost as great as his own resurrection, burst the bonds by which they and their nation were fettered, and let their first free glance acknowl-

edge the advent of a new and loving creed.

Leaving sacred literature, we may search the libraries of the past in vain for any conviction that life was anything but a breath, a spiritus, and then never the breath of a living God. Not to multiply instances, the thought of the elder world has been regarded as fitly summed up by the great Poet of all time, but who nowhere sings of life beyond the earth, he who, like those Gods of the Greek mythology, sat on his heights, pensive and alone, and watched far beneath him the hundred-hand play of his genius. In the Tempest Shakespeare says:

"Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into this air,
whence the base form of their vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

But throwing aside what men have said, let us see what they have done to show their belief in the Dream Theory. Follow the life of any average man, of any average nation, for they are curiously identical, as reported in ancient history and see if you cannot find, may remark if you are not forced to notice evidence of the abounding fruits of this belief. We are at once struck with the fact not to be searched out but obtruded upon that fierce adventure, strife, desperate battle, was almost the only business of men and races. History is a mere register of crime and war. Close on creation followed the murder by the altar. Between Jew and Canaanite was perpetual feud. In every fenced city of Syria's plain, and on every crest of her embattled hills the exiled descendants of Abraham kept alive the memory of the wrongs done their fathers. Wherever the banner of the Tribes advanced towards the promised land the wars were met, with the armed hatred of their kinsmen Ishmael still flew at the throat of Isaac and Red Esau still rained arrows upon the buckler of Jacob—the Supplianter—the wars of Greece with Asia, from Troy to Arbela, the war waged by Rome with the world until its subjugation, these make up the annals of the past. And the same conditions existed in private as in public. No man valued life but as a means of enjoyment. At the first breath of disaster, the first touch of pain, he fled away from life to escape its ills, and in the forefront of battle he gave, or in seclusion he took, what had been to him a burden, that he might lie down and be at rest, free among the dead. Can there be but one cause to which to attribute this? Had men believed our life not to "be rounded with a sleep?" they would not have left for our condemnation such ghastly memorials of cowardice, under the masquerade of courage. Assuming then, that it is true, that up to the reign of Tiberius Caesar, David's position was admitted to be correct, let us see what has happened since to justify the Modern Singer in his bold challenge and denial of the Psalmist.

You will anticipate me, and point at once to the story of the New Testament, to the history of Christendom, to the faith alike of Catholic, Protestant and Mohammedan, as evidence full and satisfactory of the truth of his words. There can be no doubt that the belief he voices so beautifully has long been accepted by the majority of the men of modern times. So far as mere formal belief goes, no argument is needed to induce you to agree with him, and if that were all that I aim at, I ought never to have begun this discussion, or having begun, should have staid here. It is admitted, every thinking man says, that Life is real, that a future follows, awaiting us. Why tease us then with evidence when we are ready to give up the point? But do we give it up? Do we fully believe as we ought to do, with even a moderate measure of that faith, which were it absolute, could work, aye, has worked many a miracle. Believing our existence to be what it is, God-given, eternal, its present and future, both true and real, not dreams, do we obey the laws of our being? If not then is our faith vain, and our life vain, a dream within a dream, whereof the waking will be doubly bitter.

What is the law of our being? To illustrate, a few months ago Emperor William of Germany, with Prince Bismark and Count Von Moltke, visited Krupp's iron works at Essen, in Prussia. Presently they came to where the steam hammer called Max was at work, dealing quick fifty-ton blows on a huge steel ingot, blazing from the furnace, and rudely beating it into the fashion of a shaft for an ocean steamer, the heaviest forging ever attempted. The shaft withdrawn, the party drew near and questioned the hammerman as to the capacity of his portentous engine. Respectfully asking the Emperor for his watch, he placed the costly jewelled affair on the anvil and touched a lever. Down came the vast mass, with resistless rush, another touch, and the skillful craftsman, with difficulty slipping a thin card between the arrested hammer and the toy, restored it unbroken to its owner. Reading this not long ago, I mused over the striking instances there collected of obedi-

ence to law. The dainty watch, with its tiny wheels and microscopic fittings, kept accurate note of time for its master, because the will of its maker, that it should keep the hours, had been impressed upon every rack and pinion, every cog and spring of its substance, and the almost sentient metal worked over his will. The monstrous hammer smote with the force of an avalanche, or touched with the lingering lightness of a kiss, because the builder had blended and made it so to do, and the blind dumb Titan ever worked his majestic will. Bismark, the man of iron, Von Moltke, the man of blood, relentless to build or destroy, made empires or pulled them down, because their master, he who had chosen and placed them where they stood, had made them so to do, and these men, forces more silent and exact than the time-piece, more dreadful than the hammer, worked ever their imperial master's will.

All he, the Kaiser, mightiest of all, son of that father whose kingdom had been divided, of that mother whose heart had been broken by the first Napoleon, who had laid under tribute the treasury of his hereditary foe, what was he other than the rest, the doer of his Maker's will?

The law of our being then is to do our Maker's will. Made in his image, our duty is to be like him, in such of his qualities as we may reverently copy.

Do you remember the famous anagram on Christ's interview with Pilate? In the vulgate, or Latin version, Pilate's question is "Quid est Veritas." The ingenious monk rearranged the letters and gave the marvellously appropriate answer, "Est vir qui adest." What is truth? said the Roman. The man who is before you, said the anagram. The Governor turned and did not wait for an answer, but it is written, for all the world, and for us as part thereof, to read and ponder.

Made in the image of Truth, then, let us be truthful, to the core, and our lives shall be real and earnest, and the poem shall be our history. These things, reality, zeal, earnestness, follow truth, come forth from truth, are by her, and of her, but she is the Mistress still.

But you will say, I have no doubt you thought it half an hour ago, you are not giving us a literary address, you are preaching us a sermon. We had one sermon it makes me feel as if I were obtaining goods under false pretenses to have you listen to me at all, but I cannot help it. I never could make up an address, or an argument. The speech must make itself—and will, if I have anything to say. This has grown bit by bit as I thought it out, to what it is; my heart is full of it, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. You may think there is no need of this warning to be true to the end of your creation. Look about you in every European country, and in our chief cities of America. There you will find, thinly veiled under Greek and Latin names, garments they did not wear two thousand years ago, when their nakedness did not make them ashamed, two kindred errors, (beliefs I cannot call those which believe are none) that steadily grow in strength and prominence, that aim, and indeed threaten to take the same control of the mind and the property of mankind that they did in ages now happily past. In the Nihilists, who believe nothing, who deny everything, who demand of every ruler that he shall abdicate, of every property holder that he shall give all away, and who propose nothing in exchange for our government or our property, we have the same fierce and blinded class that formed the mobs of Athens, Rome and Jerusalem, whose excess and ignorance finally hastened the ruin of those States.

The Agnostics are gentry who deny nothing, but simply say we do not know, who aver that the existence and person of a God as well as a future state, are subjects upon which we are ignorant, and must be content to remain so. Their most distinguished leader, Mr. Herbert Spencer, thus sums up their tenets.

The proper object of religion is a something which can never be known, or conceived, or understood, to which we cannot apply the terms emotion, will, intelligence, of which we cannot affirm or deny that it is either a person, a being, a mind, or indeed anything else.

2. All we can say of it is that it is an inscrutable existence, or an unknowable cause; we can neither know nor conceive what it is, nor how it came about, nor how it operates, it is, notwithstanding the ultimate cause, the all being, the creative power.

3. The essential business of religion, so understood, is to keep alive the consciousness of a mystery that cannot be fathomed.

4. We are not concerned with the question what effect this religion will have as a moral agent, or whether it will make good men and women. Religion has to do with mystery, not morals.

What is all this summary but the same dreary answer that some effeminate young noble of Rome, ignorant of Jehovah, incredulous of Jove or Pluto, would have given had he tru-

ly replied to some question as to his faith? One of those patricians, who with the rest of his class, sat idly in their palaces, while the mob sold the Empire to one purchaser after another, until the rumor of the vices of the seven hilled capital reached the border of the frozen sea, and the slumbering sword of the Northmen awoke, and executed the vengeance of God upon city and nation.

So between agnostic and nihilistic fell the great powers of the past. Let us, the heirs of all the ages, wisely profit by the warning of their ruin.

What sharp remedy is needed for the howling nihilist who insults our laws, denies our right to rule ourselves, and threatens to burn, steal and slay, and for the luckadisaical agnostic who dallies and protests he does not know, and cares naught for morals, and dearly loves a mystery, and so, dawdling, perishes. What touchstone shows in an instant both nihilist and agnostic as followers of Moloch and Ashtaroth and puts them in their true place, thousands of years behind us, so well as truth? One mild beam of her clear radiance, and the heathen stand confessed.

And now, how shall you best be true? You have failed in taking advantage of your opportunities at this excellent seat of learning, and of the privileges of your society, if you cannot answer this for yourselves. Educate, or as you will at once define the word from its etymology, draw out, every sense you have to the utmost of which it is capable. This you may do by reading, by writing, by the habit of debate, by work at any employment or craft, to some extent by thought and meditation, but never by persistent and lazy habits of idle reverie, by some miscellany of these physical or mental exercises will put anything into you. There is nothing new under the sun, "The thing that hath been, is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done," saith the preacher. Everything exists within your body and brain which need to make up Caesar or Charlemagne, Bacon or Shakespeare, Clay or Webster.

No orator, poet or sophist, can give you a single thought. Some new trick of daintily putting words together may attract you for a space, but you will find the thought to be one whereof the germ has been known to you since you began to study your own hidden treasures. I make no doubt, but that while I have been speaking more than one of you, near the beginning of a phrase or a sentence has been able to outleap my words, and meet my thought, and know it also for his own. And so, to be true, by which is meant far more than correctness of the speech, you must, like some careful gardener, note each plant springing up in the soil of your being; the seeds are there, they have been there since the morning stars sang together. A few handfuls of earth shaken from the foldings of a mummy were not long ago watered and placed in a vessel at a sunny window, and lo! there in time came up strange growths, herbs such as the eye of no man then living had ever rested on, having rare odors, and filling the soul with dim suggestion of the east. The plants which bore these seeds thus fruitfully dipped their leaves in the lapping waters by the banks of Old Nile, the pods which shed them were trodden in the dust, worthless husks, while Israel was yet in bondage to forgotten Kings.

Note the plants then, pinch back some, root up others, dig about, nurture, educate, many. If so, for which you have no taste, grow fair and tall, transplant them to your neighbors' land, who perhaps has failed with them, but needs them. Exchange gifts each with the other. Find out which promises the best, and then, not neglecting the humbler ones, give generously of time and skill to that. Allow no doubts to grow, out with them, every one.

Some enemy hath sown them. No good thing can come by cultivating them. You may as well hope to reap golden grain from the tossing fields of the unplanted sea, as to garner a harvest from doubts.

In this way, and in ways like this, for these are mere hints, you will readily think of other modes of drawing out what is within, strive to shape, not to create, to develop, not collect, to direct, not to copy, and so your whole life *teretis ac rotundus*—will grow to be a stately and polished pillar in our great Temple of the World. Earnestness has been likened to Fire—"Fervens in spirit," quoth the apostle. *Ardens existit ad aethera virtus*, chanted the Sibyl, and it was a flaming chariot which whirled the prophet to the zenith. We all have the fire kindled within, let it burn truly. That of the Nihilist burns downward, destroying all foundations. That of the Agnostic smoulders, he can neither see beyond, nor be seen within its choking smoke. The true altar fire should blaze white and clear, pointing ever to its source.

None of us despite a modest competence, won by labor. But there are better things than money to reward our earnest life. A man esteemed good as men go, once waited on his pastor and complained that his religious zeal had waxed cold.

(Continued on Fourth page.)