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Take each man's censures but reserve thy judgment.—Hamlet. ELIZABETH CITY, N. C., FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1898. NO. 8.

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MURDER GLORIFIED.

REV. DR. TALMAGE THUS CHARACTERIZES WAR'S HORRORS.

The Great Preacher Deplores Strife, but Points Out Its Alleviations—A Sermon of Cheer for a Saddened People—War for Humanity.

WASHINGTON, May 15.—Most pertinent to the exciting times through which we are now passing is this sermon of Dr. Talmage, in which he proposes to cheer the people who are saddened by the horrors of war; text, Psalms xxvii, 3, "Though war should besiege me, in this will I be confident."

The ring of battleaxes and the clash of shields and the tramp of armies are heard all up and down the Old Testament, and you find good soldiers like Moses and Joshua and Caleb and Gideon and scoreless soldiers like Sennacherib and Shalmaneser and Nebuchadnezzar. The high priest would stand at the head of the army and say, "Hear O Israel, ye approach this day unto battle against your enemies, let not your hearts faint, fear not and do not tremble, neither be ye terrified because of them," and then the officers would give command to the troops, saying, "What man is there that hath built a new house and hath not dedicated it? Let him go and return to his house, lest he die in the battle and another man dedicate it. And what man is he that hath planted a vineyard and hath not eaten of it? Let him also go and return unto his house, lest he die in the battle and another man take her." Great armies marched and fought. In time of Moses and Joshua all the men were soldiers. When Israel came out of Egypt, they were 600,000 fighting men. Abijah commanded 400,000. Jeroboam commanded 800,000 men, of whom 600,000 were slain in one battle. Some of these wars God approved, for they were for the rescue of oppressed nations, and some of them he denounced, but in all cases it was a judgment upon both victors and vanquished. David knew just what war was when he wrote in the text, "Though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

David is encouraging himself in stormy times, and before approaching battles administers to himself the consolatory. So today my theme is "Alleviations of War." War is organized atrocity. It is the science of assassination. It is the convocation of all horrors. It is butchery wholesale. It is murder glorified. It is death on a throne of human skeletons. It is the coffin in ascendency. It is diabolism at a game of skulls. But war is here, and it is time now to preach on its alleviations.

Marvelous Providence. First I find an alleviation in the fact that it has consolidated the north and the south after long continued strained relations. It is 33 years since our civil war closed, and the violences are all gone and the severities have been hushed. But ever and anon, in oration, in sermon, in newspaper editorial, in magazine article, in political stump and in congressional harangue, the old sections differ. Hence has lifted its head, and for the first time within my memory or the memory of any one who hears or reads these words the north and the south are one. By a marvelous providence the family that led in opposition to our government 30 years ago is represented at the front in this present war. Nothing else could have done the work of unification so suddenly or so completely as this conflict. At Tampa, at Chattanooga, at Richmond and in many other places the regiments are forming, and it will be side by side—Massachusetts and Alabama, New York and Georgia, Illinois and Louisiana, Maine and South Carolina. Northern and southern men will together unlimber the guns and rush upon the fortification and charge upon the enemy and about the triumph. The voices of military officers who were under Sidney Johnson and Joseph Hooker will give the command on the same side. The old sectional grudges forever dead. The name of Grant on the northern side and of Lee on the southern side will be exchanged for the names of Grant and Lee on the same side. The veterans in northern and southern homes and asylums are stretching their ruminant limbs to see whether they can again keep step in march and are testing their eyesight to find whether they can again look along the gun barrel to successfully take aim and fire. The old war cry of "On to Richmond!" and "On to Washington!" has become the war cry of "On to Havana!" "On to Puerto Rico!" "On to the Philippine islands!" The two old rusty swords that in other days clashed at Murfreesboro and South Mountain and Atlanta are now lifted to strike down Hispanic abominations.

Inspired by Mercy. Another alleviation of the war is the fact that it is the most unselfish war of the ages. While the commercial rights of our wronged citizens will be vindicated that is not the chief aim of this war. It is the rescue of hundreds of thousands of people from starvation and multimillion maltreatment. A friend who went out under the flag of the Red Cross two years ago to assuage suffering in Armenia, and who has been on the same mission, under the same flag, in Cuba, says that the sufferings in Armenia were a comedy and a farce compared with the greater sufferings of Cuba. At least 200,000 graves are calling to us to come on and remember by what process their occupants died. It is the twentieth century crying out to the nineteenth: "Do you mean to pass down to us the power of war against a feeble group of incompetent ships, crawling across the Atlantic to meet our flotillas, which have enough guns to send them as completely under as when the Red sea submerged Pharaoh's

army. It is so in these times, when only a few thousand Spaniards at most can reach our hemisphere, and we go out to meet them with 125,000 armed men, to be backed up speedily with 500,000 more if needed. We do not have to ask for any miracle, but only a fair shot at the ships headed this way and time enough to demolish them. This is one of the cases in the world's history where might and right are shoulder to shoulder.

Another alleviation is in the fact that such an atrocity as the destruction of 266 lives in Havana harbor in time of peace cannot with impunity be wrought in this age of the world's civilization. The question is to who did that infernalism is too well settled to need any further discussion. But what a small crime it was compared with the systematic putting into their graves of hundreds of thousands of Cubans, or leaving them unburied for the buzzards to take care of. If Spain could destroy 200,000 men, women and children, the slaughter of 266 people was not a very great undertaking. But this one last deed will rest in the liberation of Cuba and the driving of Spain from this hemisphere and the overthrow of that government, which will soon drop to pieces if it does not go down under bombardment of insulted nations.

There was danger that the long continued oppression of our neighbors in Cuba might be continued from generation to generation without sufficient protest on our part and the pronounced exhortation of people on both sides of the Atlantic, but that bursting volcano of destruction in the harbor of Havana fired the nation and shocked the whole civilized world. All nations will learn that such a net cannot be repeated without the anathema of all Christendom. As individual criminals must be punished for the public good and we have for them courts of oyer and terminer and penitentiaries and electric chairs and hangman's galleys, so governments committing high crimes against God and humanity must be scourged and hung up for the world's indignation. When in Spanish waters our battleship, looking after our commercial interests and intending nothing but quietude, was hurried into demolition and the men on board, without time to utter one word of prayer, were dashed into the eternal world, the doom of the reigning house of Spain was pronounced in tones louder than the thunder which that night rolled out over the sea.

Another alleviation is the fact that we have a God to go to in behalf of all those of our countrymen who may be in special exposure at the front, for we must admit the perils. It is no trifling thing for 100,000 young men to be put outside of home restraints and sometimes into evil companionship. Many of the brave of the earth are not the good of the earth. To be in the same tent with those who have no regard for God or home, to hear their holy religion sometimes slurred at, to be placed under influence calculated to make one reckless as in most encampments; amounts to no Sabbath at all, to go out from homes where all sanitary laws are observed into surroundings where questions of health are never discussed, to invade climates where pestilence holds possession, to make long marches under blistering skies, to stand on deck and in the fields under fire, at the mercy of shot and shell, we must admit that those thus exposed need special care, and to the omnipresent God we have a right to commend them and will commend them. Postal communication may be interrupted, and letters started from camps or homes may not arrive at the right destination, but, however far away our loved ones may be from us and however wide and deep the seas that separate us, we may hold communication with them via the throne of God.

A shipwrecked sailor was found floating on a raft near the coast of California. While in hospital he told his experience and said that he had a companion on the same raft for some time. While that companion was dying of thirst he said to him, "George, where are you going?" and the dying sailor said, "I hope I am going to God." "If you do," said the rescued sailor, "will you ask him to send some water?" After the death of his companion, the survivor said, the rain came in torrents and slaked his thirst and kept him alive until he was taken to safety. The survivor always thought it was in answer to the message he had sent to heaven asking for water. Thank God we may have direct and instantaneous communication with the Lord Almighty through Jesus Christ, his only begotten Son, and in that faith we may secure the rescue of our imperiled loved ones! Until this conflict is ended let us be much in prayer for our beloved country. Do not let us depend upon the friendship of foreign nations. Our hope is in God. Out of every misfortune he has brought this nation to a better moral and financial condition, and so let us pray that he will lift us out of this valley of trouble into a higher mountain of blessing.

It is a mystery that just as this country was recovering from a long season of hard times so many of our industries should now be halted; that the business men who thought they could use their way to pay their debts and build up more prosperous enterprises and endow their homes with more advantages should have to halt and wait until the perfidious oppressor of Cuba shall be turned back. But individual and national life is always clothed with mysteries, and we may make ourselves miserable by stabbing ourselves with sharp interrogation points and plying the everlasting questions of "Why?" and "How?" and "What?" and "When?" While we must, of course, try to be intelligent on all public affairs, it is a glorious thing to do our duty and then fully and confidently trust all in the hands of God, who has proved himself the friend of

our country from the time when the Spanish government fitted out an expedition to discover it to this time when Spaniards would like to destroy it.

Butcher Must Be Executed. Morning, noon and night let us commend this beloved land to the care of a gracious God. That he answers prayer is a hallucination that your religion is a hallucination if he does not answer it. Pray that in reply to such supplication the farmers' boys may get home again in time to reap the harvest of next July, that our business men may return in time to prepare for a fall trade such as has never yet filled the stores and factories with customers, and that all the homes in this country now saddened by the departure of father or brother or son may months before the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays be full of joy at the arrival of those who will for the rest of their lives have stories to tell of double crop wheat, and narrow escapes, and charges on the parapets, and nights set on fire with bombardment, and our flag hauled up to places from which other flags were hauled down.

Now that we have started on the work let us make that Spanish government get out of this hemisphere. We do not want her any more, with her injustices and barbarism and stilettoes of cruelty hanging around the shores of this free land. She must not breathe her foul breath on our winds; she must not again redden our seas with her butcheries. There bids fair to be a scene on the deeps disastrous to the Spanish flag that which whelmed their armada in 1588. Philip II, king of Spain, resolved on the conquest of Europe, and already in the compass of his dominions, besides Spain, were Naples and Sicily, and the Netherlands, and the East Indies, and the Canary and Molucca and Sunda and Philippine islands, and Mexico and Cuba and some of the most splendid parts of America. All the nations of the earth except England were to her underlings, and the Spanish king resolved that even England must bow the knee. Although the destructive strength of modern battleships was then unknown, the Spanish armada started for the subjunctive of England with about 140 great ships, with 2,600 guns, 4,000 cavalry horses and 32,000 men. The battleships were provisioned with 147,000 casks of wine and six months' provisions. The commanders and officers of these war vessels were dukes and marquises and noblemen. At Plymouth, England, on the 19th of July, the prominent officers of the navy were in a bowling alley, bowling with great glee—Lord Howard, the high admiral; Sir Martin Frobisher, or the thronging experts was Sir Francis Drake, the first circumnavigator of the world—when word came to them that the Spanish armada was advancing. The officers continued at the game of the bowling alley until the game was finished and then went out to investigate the tidings, and sure enough that mighty fleet which was considered invincible, and which was to bombard and overthrow England, was approaching; but the invading navy was destroyed, for the Lord Almighty appeared in the fight.

God Reigns. A storm such as had never swept the coast of England or aroused the ocean, swooped upon the Spanish armada. Most of the ships soon went down under the sea, while others were driven helplessly along to be splintered on the coasts of England, Ireland, Scotland and Norway. Another Spanish armada is crossing the Atlantic and we are ready to meet it. The same God who destroyed the armada in 1588 reigns in 1898. May he in his might, either through human arm or dumb extent, defeat their squadron, and give victory to the old flag of Admiral Farragut and David Porter!

Yet what the world most wants is Christ, who is coming to take possession of all hearts, all homes, all nations, but the world blocks the wheels of his chariot. I would like to see this century, which is now almost wound up, find its peroration in some mighty overthrow of tyrannies and a mighty building up of liberty and justice. Almost all the centuries have ended with some stupendous event that transformed nations and changed the map of the world. It was so at the close of the fourteenth century; it was so at the close of the fifteenth century; it was so at the close of the sixteenth century; it was so at the close of the seventeenth century; it was so at the close of the eighteenth century. May it be more gloriously so at the close of the nineteenth century! "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with his glory." Amen, and Amen.

How to Address a Bishop or an Angel. It is a fallacy to suppose that the title "lord" applied to a bishop, belongs to him only as a member of the house of lords. There is a spiritual hierarchy as well as a temporal peerage, and the one has as much right to a title as the other. Just as a priest was styled "sir," so a bishop is a "lord," and graduates are still called "domini" at the universities. In Elizabeth's time the suffragan bishop of Dover was styled "My lord of Dover." The following extract from a letter written by the Right Hon. R. A. Cross, secretary of state (now Viscount Cross), to the archbishop of Canterbury, May 22, 1874, reads: "There is ample documentary evidence that the predecessors of the present bishops suffragan were, up to the demise of their office in the reign of James I, every whit, whether by right or courtesy, as much 'lord bishops' as the diocesan peers of parliament."

See more in Crookford's Clerical Dictionary, 1896, page 78. Moreover, the angels of the seven churches in Revelation II and III are commonly understood to be bishops, and according to our English Bible, the proper way to address an angel is "My lord." See Genesis ix, 18; Judges vi, 13; Daniel x, 17; Zechariah i, 9; iv, 8, etc.—Notes and Queries.

THE WONDERS OF SCIENCE

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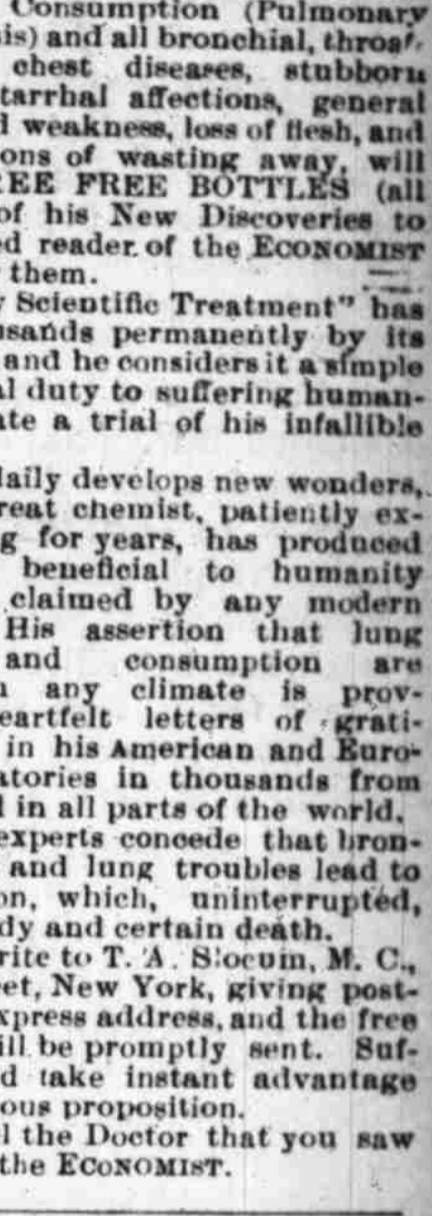
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WINE OF CARDUI

How Sir Henry Irving Takes Pains. During the "Merchant" Sir Henry would coach me up in my part in "The Bells," which we played on Saturday nights to give Miss Terry a rest. The anomaly of Shylock conversing with a servant of Portia did not matter, as the act dropped was down. If Irving be the faculty of taking pains, Irving must be a genius, for if it were the last performance that would improve it he would adopt it. Months after we had been playing the "Merchant" he called me and said, "It would be better, Ganthony, if your spurs jingled a little more as you entered and crossed the stage." I accordingly had two metal disks put in each, the sound from which should have satisfied all the requirements of dramatic art. The company was very prone to say, "Look at the men the gov'nor has to work for him," forgetting that men must be selected like anything else, and what they do must be criticised by a superior intelligence, or a superlative presentment of stage plays is impossible.

When a poacher's hut was set for the first time, with all the windows beautifully painted, Irving rammed a piece of straw into one of them and said, "That's better." The broken window gave character, as did the ornate furniture in the following "set" of the interior of a mansion, the appropriateness of which was as critically examined.—"Random Recollections"

Martin Madan, an English Methodist preacher, in 1780 wrote a book called "Telyphthora," in which he openly advocated polygamy.

It costs some people more to keep up appearances than it does to live.—Chicago News.

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