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THE CAUCASIAN.

Pure Democracy and White Supremacy.

VOL. IX. CLINTON, N. C., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1891. No. 1.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE To communicate with about ten thousand of the best country people in this section of North Carolina then do it through the columns of THE CAUCASIAN. No other paper in the Third Congressional District has as large a circulation.

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Each of the above-named papers are requested to keep the list standing on the first page and add others, provided they are duly elected. Any paper failing to advocate the Ocala platform will be dropped from the list promptly. Our people can now see what papers are published in their interest.

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Offers his services to the public. Charges moderate and work guaranteed. Office at Dr. Flowers' old stand. my 28—tf

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As good as barber ever gave,
Just call on us at our saloon
At morning, eve or noon;
We cut and dress the hair with grace,
To suit the contour of the face.
Our room is neat and towels clean,
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And everything we think you'll find;
To suit the face and please the mind,
And all our art and skill can do,
If you just call, we'll do for you.
Shop on DeVane Street, opposite Court House, over the old Alliance Headquarters.
PAUL SHERARD,
The Clinton Barber.

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MT OLIVE, N. C.
Cutting and Shaving executed in latest styles. Give me a trial.

THE EDITOR'S CHAIR.

HOW THINGS LOOK FROM OUR STAND POINT.

The Opinion of The Editor and the Opinion of Others which we Can Endorse on the Various Topics of the Day.

The Landmark is, issue after issue urging the Democratic party not to assist the farmers to get the relief they are asking for through the Ocala demands. The editor takes the ground that the party would be "perverted" if it were to do so, and declares that he would rather see the party "defeated than perverted" thus.

Hall's 2nd great(?)National Anti-Sub-Treasury Convention, held in St. Louis, was composed of 72 delegates! Of these ten were from Texas, three fom Tennessee, two from Misippi, one from Iowa one from Illinois and the balance from Missouri.

Since the meeting one of the delegates has been arrested for fraud and committed suicide.

How blind are they who do not wish to learn. The Wilmington Messenger continues to insist that nothing will satisfy the Alliance but the government ownership of railroads, &c. That paper tried to establish the fact that the Alliance, or rather some of its speakers, was in favor of social equality and when routed from that position falls back on the following:

"The Ocala platform favors a measure—Government ownership of railroads, steamboats, etc.—that is more dangerous if less offensive than even social equality.'

The Messenger has been corrected about this several times and shown that all the Alliance desired was government control of the means of transportation and communication. But the Messenger's trouble, we suppose is, that it is opposed to even the control of these instruments of commerce by the government. We would judge so by its position on the State R. R. Commission. If this is the case, let the Messenger come out and discuss governmental control and we will meet its arguments.

The Philadephia's Record of last Sunday containted an Associated Press Dispach, dated at Raleigh, saying that President Butler of the State Alliance had declared that the Alliance would push the Sub-Treasury as an "ultimatum," &c. It is scarcely necessary to say that the statement is false in view of the fact that Ex-U.S. Senator Norwood of Ga., was invited to the State by the Alliance and that they are considering his new banking plan as set forth in his speech at Raleigh and Atlanta. The Alliance has taken no such position and its President has expressed no such sentiment yet the farmers and laboring people are in terrible earnest and are determined to have relief through some measure let the consequences be what they may. The Alliance will carefully investigate and consider Norwood's plan and all others that may be suggested and stands pledged to endorse and support any measure that may come nearer and in a better manner give the relief desired.

A STATE SUB-TREASURY PLAN.

The new banking plan offered by Ex-Senator T. M. Norwood of Georgia is attracting a good deal of attention. He has for more than a year been a strong advocate of the Sub-Treasury plan as the best means of relief yet offered the country, though has believed all along that a better plan could be devised. This he thinks he has found. His plan was made public for the first time in a speech before the Georgia Legislature in Atlanta about two weeks ago. He presented the same plan in a speech in Raleigh on last Friday. Though a sub-Treasury man yet he offers it as the "something better." His plan honestly stated provides for the issuing of legal-tender notes (except for import duties) by the government, sufficent added to the money already in circulation to make, say $50, per capita. This money is to deposited in sub-Treasurers in the various States pro rata according to population less the amount per capita already in circulation in each State. This would make practically an even distribution over the country and his plan provides for keeping the distribution even. Each State shall provide for the lending of this money on long time at a low rate of interest on land, cotton, wheat, core, tobacco, securities and etc., as may be determined by Legislative enactment. We haven't the time or space to discuss this plan or go into its details now, but our readers will see that it is along the idea of the Alliance (national) sub-Treasury plan. The plan has many excellent points that strike straight home for justice and a fair monetary system. Listen for opposition from Wall Street and the East. The Alliance in its honest search for truth and determined fight for justice will gladly and carefully consider Norwood's plan and all others that may be proposed. Let no more time and statesmanship be wasted in opposing and ridiculing us, but rather aid us in finding the best means of relief.

ANOTHER ONE NAILED.

(Progressive Farmer.)

Notwithstanding the fact that The Progressive Farmer has published two letters from reputable citizens—one from a citizen of Charlotte, the other from a citizen of Mecklenburg county, the lie that the Charlotte Chronicle started, and repeated by the News and Observer, some of the papers still harp about it. Read this.

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 20, 1891.

Hon. S. B. Alexander, Charlott, N. C.

Sir.—On the occasion of the recent visit of the Hon. Jerry Simpson to your city, did he, or did he not express himself, in any speech he made, as being in favor of negro social equality? Your kind answer will oblige yours

Truly and sincerely,
L. L. POLK.

Newton, N. C., Oct. 2, 1891.

Col. L. L. Polk. Dear Sir and Brother. In reply, would say that I heard the speech of the Hon. Jerry Simpson at Charlotte, and certify that he made such statement as contained in your letter, and I do not believe a single man who heard him would make such a statement over his own signature.

Fraternally,
S. B. ALEXANDER.

I heard the above speeches; I was sitting within ten feet of Mr. Simpson, and concur in the above.

W. A. GRAHAM.

FALSE NEWS AND SLANDER.

Lying is becoming too general in journalism, more especially daily papers. Why don't the dailies that wish to print the true news, and not sensational 'fakes' and lies, make complaint to the association or associations that supply them with the press dispatches? For instance the report of Col. Polks ridiculous talk recently in Kansas are undoubtedly false, and all such as this does a great deal of harm. It has come to such a pass now that a person can't tell whether to place credence upon almost anything he sees in the press dispatches; therefore even when the truth is told it is doubted.

Most of the daily papers are filled with sensational press dispatches concerning Alliance leaders and measures, some of which, at least, has the appearance of being wilfully false. It looks very much as if there is an organized effort to ruin the Farmers' Alliance by sending false news about it all over the country, especially by slandering its leaders.—Kinston Free Press.

TRUE.

Ex Gov. Chas. M. Stedman in a speech before the Confederate Veterans near Ashville, said:

"Everywhere is peace, prosperity and plenty save where the brutal, coarse, and insolent tyranny of money has made even liberty a mockery, and home a ghastly unreality."

To you who will say Maj. Stedman is after the farmer's vote: Maj. Stedman is out of politics. He has repeated several times, lately that he would not be a candidate for any office, so that motive did not influence him. Read that above again, and see how true it is, and you will see that any true man will endorse it, as too true, and sad a truth.

MORE CAUSES THAN ONE.

"The Wilmington Star says. "Here is a simple question in arithmetic. If, under the protective policy of the Republican party, the money power of the country has in twenty five years gobbled up one-fourth of the homes owned by the people in this country how long under the same policy would it take it to gobble up the remaining three fourths?"

The evil results are terrible, and are growing, but to count them we must be sure of all the leading causes. From our standpoit the national banking system has been a factor certainly no less powerful than the tariff in bringing about the direful results.

WHICH PAPER IS LYING.

This Third party trick is nothing but a scheme to gobble up the Democratic vote of the South and elect a Republican President.—Atlanta Constitution (Dem.)

Kansas Republicans should feel that the sole purpose of the Third party cranks is to elect a Democratic President in 1892.—Topeaka Capital (Rep.)

Query: Are either of the above papers in favor of giving the people relief? One thing is certain one of them, if not both, are lying.

THE NEW YORK CAMPAIGN

The interest in this campaign is increasing.

Gov. Hill says: "We have carried every State election for years, and the issues in this campaign are the same as those upon which we have won an unbroken line of victories. So far as the issues relate to my administration, I am willing to stand upon them, and I think that the Democratic party is willing to stand upon them. This campaign is one of the people against aristocracy. I am pleased with the ticket, and it is one which should please all good Democrats. The prospects for victory were never brighter. Our party is united, and that means success.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength, by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure.

Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by druggists at 75 cents.

PLAIN MISS BARSTOW.

"What nonsense it is for me to stand here gazing into the glass in hope of discovering one good feature in a face every one calls plain! Ah me! I wish I could learn to listen without a pang to the many remarks made on my personal appearance. I am a perfect foil to Emily, and people notice my ugliness because my sister is such a beauty. I see her sought after and admired, while I"—

Lucille Barstow stopped speaking, and, dropping her head in her hands, burst into tears. She did not heed the length and luxuriance of the chestnut hair which enveloped her like a veil. In her opinion Emily's hair was far lovelier than her own. And she was unconscious of the symmetry of her small hands and feet. To their beauty she attached no importance, and thought only of the plain face on which so many of her acquaintances remarked.

She had passed the evening at a ball, and while dancing a quadrille had heard a gentleman in the next set say:

"Isn't the lady in blue and white the one we heard sing so divinely at Mrs. Springer's?"

The reply of his partner came distinctly to Lucille's ears:

"Which young lady? It was the plain Miss Barstow we heard sing. Yes, she is dressed in blue and white, I see. She is the same."

How well Lucille remembered every word! She could sing. No one ever denied the sweetness and strength of her voice, and she had sung her best at Mrs. Springer's. No wonder Geoffrey Wayne had remembered it. Few could forget the beauty of that clear voice, but Lucille would have willingly bartered her voice for a lovely face.

At last the weary girl turned off the gas, and went to bed; but it was long before she could find rest in sleep.

Breakfast was nearly over when Lucille appeared in the dining room the next morning. Her grandmother and sister were just rising from the table.

"Mercy, sis!" cried Emily, "how swollen your eyes are, and you look like a ghost! It doesn't improve your appearance very much to look so woe begone."

"I am not always studying my appearance," answered Lucille, taking a seat at the table.

"Lucille, Geoffrey Wayne spoke to me last night of the excellence of your singing at Mrs. Springer's," said Mrs. Barstow.

"Yes, I heard him speak of it," said Lucille, with a bitter smile, for she remembered that she had also heard the answer of his partner in the quadrille.

"But don't let his praise cause you to have hopes of fascinating him," laughed Emily, "for I have entered the lists, and naturally you will have no chance."

"Naturally, of course," said Lucille.

"Emily, don't fret Lucille this morning. She looks half sick," said Mrs. Barstow, with a fond look at the beauty, whom she idolized.

"I am wholly sick," said Lucille, pushing away her coffee cup. "I wish there was some place on this earth where I could go with the certainty of not hearing the changes rung on my ugliness."

"I am afraid there is no such blissful spot," said Emily. "But I must be off to dress, for Geoffrey Wayne is to call this noon. This is November. I will wager a pair of gloves to you, Lucille, that I have a chance of becoming Mrs. Wayne before January."

"I don't doubt it, so I won't run the risk of losing the gloves," said Lucille, leaving the room.

Geoffrey Wayne came at the time appointed, and Emily, beautifully dressed, flitted down into the parlor, and held out one white dimpled hand in welcome to this tall, golden haired fellow who was so sought after in society.

"Where is your sister? I hoped to have the pleasure of hearing her sing," Mr. Wayne said when he at last arose to go.

"She has a headache. Indeed, she is a perfect martyr to all the petty ills to which flesh is heir," replied Emily. "She cares very little for society, and seldom receives morning calls," she added.

That night Lucille came into her grandmother's room, and knelt beside the low chair in which the old lady sat. She did not speak, and her face looked worn and sad.

"What is the matter, Lulie? Has anything gone wrong?" asked Mrs. Barstow, kissing the upturned brow of her granddaughter.

"Everything is wrong, grandma. I am leading a vain, useless life, and I am tired of it. What does it all amount to—this continual round of balls and parties? It brings no peace, no joy to me, and I am sure I bring no joy to any one else. I hear myself spoken of everywhere as 'the plain Miss Barstow.' It is thus that I am distinguished from Emily Let me go somewhere else, dear grandma. Let me try to be happy in my own way."

"Where do you wish to go, Lucille?" asked the old lady gravely.

"You know Amy Winter, my old schoolmate, who lives in Barristown? Let me go there for a few months. She and her mother live very quietly, and I know they would be quite willing to have me board with them. I could cultivate my voice, and—here I am not happy. I am restless, unsatisfied. I want, I really need a change."

"My highest ambition is to make the orphan children of my poor boy happy," said Mrs. Barstow in a sad tone. "I cannot forget that he consigned them to my care with his dying breath. You shall do as you wish, Lucille; but you will be leaving a luxurious home for a very plain one. Emily seems very happy here; why cannot you be so also?"

"Emily and I are very different," replied Lucille. "She thrusts me into the background always. Perhaps she does not mean to be unkind, but the knowledge of her great beauty and the homage it receives make her selfish and overbearing. I shall be happier for having a change, even though it will be only to dull little Barristown."

Lucille wrote to her friend at once, asking if she could have a home with her for a few months, and the answer came by return mail. The Winters were delighted with the idea of her coming, and hoped she would come at once.

Of course Emily was much surprised at her sister's desire to leave the city in the height of the gay season; but Lucille would listen to no reasoning or arguments, and the end of the week found her in Barristown.

At first she was very well contented with the change she had made. She practiced all her old music, read every book which came in her way and did a large amount of worsted work. But after a while time dragged very heavily. The small circulating library was exhausted, and every bureau and mantle in the house was supplied with worsted mats. The days grew weary again, and Lucille began to question whether she was making a better use of her life in Barristown than she had made in her own home. During this season of doubt a letter came from Emily containing great news.

"Congratulate me, dear Lu," so the letter ran, "for I have bagged my bird. Yes, I am actually engaged to that golden haired Adonis, Geoffrey Wayne, and have a solitaire diamond three times as large as the one Will Gorham gave Mollie Prichard. I was undecided at first between Geof and Count Lasone—do you remember him? Oh, such dark, languishing eyes and such a thrilling voice! But he is poor, and I am not adapted for love in a cottage. It would not suit me even with the count as worshiper. If his old aunt in France would but die conveniently and leave him a fortune! But she won't, of course, and Geof is richer than she is anyhow. He is madly in love with me. Won't you like him for a brother-in-law? When I am married you and grandma can live as humdrum as you please; and you needn't vegetate into the country to avoid being overshadowed by me. The count told me last night that I had a face like a falling star. Wasn't that pretty? Oh, dear, how I wish he were rich! Geof is too dignified to say such things. Send me your congratulations, little plain face. Your turn may come some time. Love in a cottage might suit you admirably; but for heaven's sake don't marry one of those Barristown pumpkins Amy used to tell about."

"What a different letter I should write to her if I should become engaged!" murmured Lucille, allowing the epistle to fall in her lap. "But then Emily and I are not at all alike."

Then she drew her chair to the center table, opened her desk and began the congratulatory letter required of her.

When it was finished she took it to the postoffice herself, for she felt the need of a brisk walk. On her way home she bought a newspaper, and when she reached her own room again threw herself on a comfortable lounge, and began to read. Almost the first thing her eye fell upon was an advertisement for a governess:

"Wanted, a governess for two small children. House in the country. Good salary. English branches only required. None but homely women need apply. Address Mrs. Julia Lamotte, Wildwood Park, Queenstown."

Over and over again did Lucille read this singular advertisement. She knew that none but foolish women ever inserted such strange productions, and wondered what kind of a person Mrs. Lamotte could be.

"She must be jealous of her husband, and won't throw temptation in his way in the shape of a pretty governess," Lucille thought. "I wonder if I would prove homely enough to suit her. I hardly think she would be jealous of 'the plain Miss Barstow,'" and the girl glanced in the long mirror which hung opposite her. "At any rate, I mean to try for the situation. I am tired of the dull monotony of my life here, and yet I can't go back to the old one, only to go through that dreary round of pleasure seeking and dissipation. What an experience it will be to go out as a governess! I will tell Amy at once."

Of course Lucille met with opposition from her friends. They thought she would find the life of a governess very irksome, and that her grandmother wouldn't approve of the plan at all.

"But I can leave the place whenever I please, and I don't intend to tell grandma a word about it. You can forward all her letters to me, and I will send all my letters to you to post here. She will never know that I am not with you, and I am bent on being Mrs. Lamotte's governess if Mrs. Lamotte will have me. So don't try to stop me."

Mrs. Winter and Amy at length ceased to oppose the wishes of their guest, and Mrs. Lamotte's answer to Lucille's letter having been favorable, she found herself a week later on her way to Queenstown. A carriage drawn by a pair of handsome bays was in waiting for her at the station, and she was driven rapidly toward Wildwood park.

So anxious was Mrs. Lamotte to see whether the homeliness of her new governess was as pronounced as she wished it to be that she came herself to the hall door when the carriage arrived, and after one glance into Lucille's face gave her a cordial greeting and led the way to a handsome parlor.

"Do you admire my home?" she asked when Lucille had divested herself of her traveling wraps.

"I think it beautiful," said Lucille heartily, "and it shows to advantage in this fresh springtime, with the green grass springing up everywhere and the trees putting forth their young leaves and buds."

"You are enthusiastic," said Mrs. Lamotte, "and I feel sure I shall like you. Draw your chair nearer, and I will tell you in confidence why I advertised for a homely governess."

(Continued Next Week.)

Mr. J. Lane, General Manager Georgia Southern and Florida Railroad, says: "I was entirely relieved of headache by Bradycrotine in fifteen minutes. It is the only thing that relieves me after the pain commences."

Every man has in his own life follies enough; in his own mind trouble enough: in his own fortune evil enough, without being curious after the affairs of others.

Malaria

Literally means bad air. Poisonous germs arising from low, marshy land, or from decaying vegetable matter, are breathed into the lungs, taken up by the blood, and unless the vital fluid is purified by the use of a good medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla, the unfortunate victim is soon overpowered. Even in the more advanced cases, where the terrible fever prevails, this successful medicine has effected remarkable cures. Those who are exposed to malarial or other poisons should keep the blood pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Stout Grasp of Faith.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE NECESSITY OF A MORE EARNEST BELIEF.

This Age of Infidelity Will Pass as Others Have Passed and the Bible in Its Entirety Will Remain.

THE IN RING EXAMPLE O ELEAZAR.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 11.—Among the vast audiences which crowd the Brooklyn Tabernacle at every service are large numbers of young men, many of whom are theological students. Dr. Talmage's sermon this morning had a special interest for them. At this time when so many are giving up the Bible, or holding the truth less firmly than before, the eloquent preacher put himself on record so clearly and forcibly that no one who heard him could have any doubt as to his attitude. His text was II Samuel xxiii, 10, "And his hand clave unto the sword."

A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowards fled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. "Fall back!" shouted the commander of the Philistine army. The cry ran along the host, "Fall back!" Eleazar having swept the field, throws himself on the ground to rest, but the muscles and sinews of his hand had been so long bent around the hilt of the sword that the hilt was imbedded in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop this sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel, and we want more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enough for them to drop their swords, but Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

HALF HEARTED CHRISTIANS.

Oh, my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two edged sword of the truth. It makes me sad to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the New Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of those nambypamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade.

The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but it always comes back to its own shape. Think of it! A book written eighteen centuries ago, and some of it thousands of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than twenty thousand copies every week, and more than a million copies a year.

I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divinely kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the five books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the store, or the shop, or the factory, or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible, but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip, hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and heaven.

THE CONVICTED INFIDEL.

I see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. An eloquent writer recently gives an incident of a very bad man who stood in the cell of a western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict, standing there at the window of the cell, the writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be gathered there, 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent writer says, "Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say. "If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said, 'He is a liar.'"

This Bible is the sworn enemy of all this wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on to it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it isn't." Is the Bible true? "Well, perhaps it is, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the Apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing; from which it will come to judge nothing.

I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the communion of nothingarians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen!" That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazer taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I came to the conclusion that we ought to take a stonter grip of God's eternal truth, the sword of righteousness.

ABSOLUTE DEVOTION TO TRUTH.

As I look at Eleazer's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go never so deeply into the palm of his hand, it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into Christian conflict with the spirit of self abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us! What do we care for misrepresentation or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this! Let us forget ourselves. That man who is afraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory! Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazar did not think whether he had a hand or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in worldly achievement. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacle. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anaesthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him and he said, "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes during the awful pangs of amputation he moved not a muscle nor dropped a note, while he played some sweet tune. Oh, is it not strange that with the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pang, and all sorrow and all persecution and all perturbation?

We know what men accomplish under worldly opposition. Men do not shrink back for antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood, he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and yet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand and there is blood on the sword!" while Eleazar, with the hilt imbedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas!

DEVOTED SUFFERERS FOR TRUTH.

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake! We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in baskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they sang:

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death. Oh, how much others have endured for Christ, and how little we

(Continued on Second Page.)

A STATEMENT FROM L. L. POLK.

In Regard to the Charge That He Acted the Coward in the War.

Raleigh, N. C., Oct. 5.

Editor News and Observer.

It has been charged through the public prints that I skulked the battle of Winchester, Va., on the 19th of Sept. 1864, and as your paper has been prominent in giving willing aid to this charge, I ask that you publish the following:

THE CHARGE.

Letters have been written from Raleigh to certain papers and have been reproduced in other papers, which are understood to have been written by one Max Gorman, in which appears interviews with I. P. Devereux, charging that I was hidden behind a rock fence on the morning of the 19th of September at Winchester, when my Regiment had gone on and was engaged in battle, that Brigadier General Grimes and himself saw me there and had certain conversation with me—that I claimed to have a chill—that General Grimes called special attention of Devereux to the matter and said with an oath that he intended to court martial me for it, and would summon Devereux as a witness—that for some reason I was not court-martialed but was allowed to resign—that Lieutenant Ellerbee also of our regiment was skulking at the same time and would have been court martialed but for his death, caused by a ball which struck him while far in rear of the line.

WHAT IS THE TRUTH?

I shall not ask you or your readers to believe anything I may have to say about the matter, except this; that Lieutenant Ellerbee at that time, had been buried nearly two months, having been fatally and horribly wounded in the fight and in line of battle, at Buckner's Ferry, Va., on the 18th of July, and died eleven days thereafter.

Now as to myself, I have in my possession the official record of a court martial, which proves on the sworn testimony of Brigadier General Grimes himself and fourteen other witnesses that the above charge contains no more of truth in regard to myself than the one made against Lieutenant Ellerbee.

The official record shows that the charges were: "Misbehavior in the presence of the enemy" and "Absence without leave."

Gen. Grimes makes no allusion whatever, either in the charges or specifications or in his sworn testimony to any lack of duty on my part during the morning nor did he summon Devereux as a witness.

You ask in a recent issue of your paper, if I can prove by my Colonel that I was honorably acquitted? I cannot, because my Colonel was wounded and captured at Gettysburg and had not been released from prison. You ask if I can prove it by the record. Let the record answer.

The record shows that up to the 18th of September, I was acting Adjutant of my regiment, that on that day I received a certificate from the sheriff of my county; showing that I had been elected a member of the North Carolina Legislature. That on that day I turned over my horse, books, etc., to the proper authorities, preparatory for leaving for Raleigh on the next day, the 19th. That the commanding officer of my regiment had released me from duty, and that on the morning of the 19th I had prepared to start home, having previously filed proper application for my release from duty, that finding a battle was imminent, I went to the commandant of the regiment and asked his opinion as to whether I ought to go into the battle; that he said I was under no obligation whatever to go, but suggested that I talk to Gen. Grimes about it. After the line of battle was formed I approached Gen. Grimes and asked his advice as a friend. He advised me to go in, saying that there might be talk about it if I did not. That I told him I would go, that I took charge of Company "H" it having no officers with it. That we advanced and were halted under a heavy fire of skirmishers in our front; that the order to forward was repeated, but for some reason the regiment did not advance until I went in front and called to the color sergeant to follow me; that at that time, in addition to the skirmish line, the enemy had their lines of battle in our front in open ground and a battery infilading us; that I led the charge through open ground for two or three hours under a heavy and destructive fire; that I was the only officer seen in front during the charge, and that I remained in front until the line was ordered to halt, that when ordered to fall back by General Grimes I assisted him in rallying the regiment on a line indicated by him, until Capt. Bell, the commandant of the regiment, who was my former captain, was brought to me near General Grimes, and being, as he thought, fatally wounded, implored me to take him to the rear, insisting that I had no business there, and appealing to me as a brother Mason. I took him from the field and to the hospital. Soon after reaching the hospital one point came that our line had been broken, and that the enemy had got out in rear; but I fought up my pistol and sword and went out and met a man flying, cocked and drew my pistol on the officer and halted and held them until our troops came up. This is the record introduced in court by Major R. G. Badger, judge advocate at the time, and is now in my possession just as he handed it to me about the 1st of December, 1864. The witnesses were Brig. Gen. Bryan Grimes, Assistant Surgeon J. R. Goodwin, 2nd N. C. Battalion; Color Sergeant Wm. T. Barnes Co. "C" 43d N. C. Regiment; Corporal J. N. Henry, Co. "I" 43d N. C. Regiment; Adjutant A. W. Green, A. A. A. G. Grimes' Brigade; R. T. Hall, Capt. Co. "I" and in command 43d N. C. Regiment, J. H. Threadgill, Lieut. Co. "I" 43d N. C. Regiment; Adjutant Wm. S. Barnes, Adjutant 4th N. C. Regiment, aide de camp to Gen. Grimes; John Stallings, Co. "G" 43d N. C. Regiment; A. W. Bridgers, Lieutenant Co. "G" 43d N. C. Regiment, W. L. M. Perkins, Lieutenant Co. "F" 43d N. C. Regiment, J. A. Bogan, Lieutenant Co. "K" 43d N. C. Regiment, S. D. Farrior, Co. D. 43d N. C. Regiment; Cary Whitaker, Captain Co. D, 43 Regiment, J. B. Strachan, Surgeon, 32 N. C. Regiment.

Upon my petition, Gen. Grimes was instructed to try the case before the Division Court Martial and thus was allowed to select the officers who should try the case, and the following officers were chosen:

Brig. Gen. W. R. Cox, President, Col. D. G. Cowand, 32nd N. C. Regiment, Col. W. H. Willis 4th Georgia Regiment;

(Continued on Fourth Page.