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ORTHODOXY.

Dr. Talmage's Sermon, Preached Sunday, August 5th, 1888.

TEXT: "Ask for the old paths, where is the best way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—Jeremiah vi, 16.

A great London fog has come down upon some of the ministers and some of the churches in the shape of what is called "advanced thought" in biblical interpretation. All of them, and without any exception, deny the full inspiration of the Bible. Genesis is an allegory, and there are many myths in the Bible, and they philosophize and guess and reason and evolute until they land in a great continent of mud, from which, I fear, for all eternity they will not be able to extricate themselves.

The Bible is not only divinely inspired, but it is divinely protected in its present shape. You could as easily, without detection, take from the writings of Shakespear "Hamlet," and institute in place thereof Alexander Smith's drama, as at any time during the last fifteen hundred years a man could have made any important change in the Bible without immediate detection. If there had been an element of weakness, or of deception, or of disintegration, the book would long ago have fallen to pieces. If there had been one loose brick or cracked casement in this castellated truth, surely the bombardment of eight centuries would have discovered and broken through that imperfection. The fact that the Bible stands intact, notwithstanding all the furious assaults on all sides upon it, is proof to me that it is a miracle, and every miracle is of God.

"But," says some one, "while we admit the Bible is of God, it has not been understood until our time." My answer is, that if the Bible be a letter from God, our Father, to man, his child, is it not strange that that letter should have been written in such a way that it should allow seventy generations to pass away and be buried before the letter could be understood? That would be a very bright father who should write a letter for the guidance and intelligence of his children, not understandable until a thousand years after they were

BURIED AND FORGOTTEN!

While as the years roll on other beauties and excellencies will unfold from the Scriptures, that the Bible is such a dead failure that all the Christian scholars for eighteen hundred years were deceived in regard to vast reaches of its meaning, is a demand upon my credulity so great that if I found myself at all disposed to yield to it I should to-morrow morning apply at some insane asylum as unfit to go alone.

Who make up this precious group of advanced thinkers to whom God has made especial revelation in our time of that which he tried to make known thousands of years ago and failed to make intelligible? Are they so distinguished for unworldliness, piety and scholarship that it is to be expected that they would have been chosen to fix up the defective work of Moses and Isiah and Paul and Christ? Is it at all possible? I wonder on what mountain these modern exegetes were transfigured? I wonder what star pointed down to their birthplace? Was it the North star, or the Evening star, or the Dipper? As they came through and descended to our world did Mars blush or Saturn lose one of its rings? When I find one of these modern wiseacres attempting to improve upon the work of the Almighty and to interlard it with their wisdom and to suggest prophetic and apostolic errata, I am filled with a disgust insufferable. Advanced thought, which proposes to tell the Lord what he ought to have said thousands of years ago, and would have said if he had been as wise as his Nineteenth century critics! All this comes of living away back in the eternities instead of 1888. I have two wonders in regard to these men. The first one is how the Lord got along without them before they were born. The second wonder is how the Lord will get along without them after they are dead. "But," say some, "do you really think the Scriptures are inspired throughout?" Yes, either as history or as guidance. Gibbon and Josephus and Prescott record in their histories a great many things they did not approve of. When George Bancroft puts upon his brilliant historical page the account of an Indian massacre, does he approve of that measure? There are scores of things in the Bible which neither God nor inspired men sanctioned. Either as history or as guidance the entire Bible was

INSPIRED OF GOD.

"But," says some one, "don't you think that the copyists might have made mistakes in transferring the divine words from one manuscript to another?" Yes, no doubt there were such mistakes; but they no more affect the meaning of the Scriptures than the mispelling of a word or the ungrammatical structure of a sentence in the last will and testament affect the validity or the meaning of that will. All the mistakes made by the copyists in the Scriptures do not amount to any more importance than the difference between your spelling in a document the word forty or fourty. This book is the last will and testament of God to our lost world, and it bequeaths everything in the right way, although human hands may have damaged the grammar or made unjustifiable interpolation.

These men who pride themselves in our day on being advanced thinkers in Biblical interpretation will all of them end in atheism, if they live long enough, and I declare here to-day they are doing more in the different denominations of Christians, and throughout the world, for damaging Christianity and hindering the cause of the world's betterment than five thousand Robert Ingersolls could do. That man who stands inside a castle is far more dangerous if he be an enemy, than five thousand enemies outside the castle. Robert G. Ingersoll assails the castle from the outside. These men who pretend to be advanced thinkers in all the denominations are fighting the truth from the inside, and trying to shove back the bolts and swing open the gates.

Now I am in favor of the greatest freedom of religious thought and discussion. I would have as much liberty for heterodoxy as for orthodoxy. If I should change my theories of religion I should preach them out and out, but not in the building where I am accustomed to preach, for that was erected by people who believe in an entire Bible, and it would be dishonest for me to promulgate sentiments different from those for which that building was put up. When we enter any denomination as ministers of religion, we take

A SOLEMN VOW

that we will preach the sentiments of that denomination. If we change our theories, as we have a right to change them, then there is a world several thousand miles in circumference, and there are hundreds of halls and hundreds of academies of music where we can ventilate our sentiments.

I remember that in all our cities in time of political agitation there are the Republican headquarters and the Democratic headquarters. Suppose I should go into one of these headquarters pretending to be in sympathy with their work, at the same time electioneering for the opposite party. I would soon find that the centrifugal force was greater than the centripetal! Now, if a man enters a denomination of Christians, taking a solemn oath, as he will do, that he will promulgate the theories of that denomination, and then the man shall proclaim some other theory, he has broken his oath and he is an out and out perjurer. Nevertheless, I declare for largest liberty in religious discussion. I would no more have the attempt to rear a monument to Thomas Paine interfered with than I would have interfered with the lifting of the splendid monument to Washington. Largest liberty for the body, largest liberty for the soul, largest liberty for the mind, largest liberty for the soul.

Now, I want to show you, as a matter of advocacy for what I believe to be the right, the splendors of orthodoxy. Many have supposed that its disciples are people of flat skulls, and no reading, and behind the age, and the victims of gullibility. I shall show you that the word orthodoxy stands for the greatest splendors outside of heaven. Behold the splendors of the achievements. All the missionaries of the Gospel the world round are men who believe in an entire Bible. Call the roll of all the missionaries who are to-day enduring sacrifices in the ends of the earth for the cause of religion and the world's betterment, and they all believe in an entire Bible. Just as soon as a missionary begins to doubt whether there was a

GARDEN OF EDEN,

or whether there is any such thing as future punishment, he comes right home from Beyrout or Madras, and goes into the insurance business! All the missionary societies this day are officered by orthodox men, and are supported by orthodox churches.

Orthodoxy, beginning with the Sandwich Islands, has captured vast regions of barbarism for civilization, while heterodoxy has to capture the first square inch. Blatant for many years in Great Britain and the United States, and strutting about with a peacockian braggadocio it has yet to capture the first continent, the first state, the first township, the first ward, the first space of ground that you could cover with the small end of a sharp pin. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of the Protestant churches of America were built by people who believed in an entire Bible. The pulpit now may preach some other gospel, but it is a heterodox gun or an orthodox carriage. The foundations of all the churches that are of very great use in this world to-day were laid by men who believed the Bible from lid to lid, and if I cannot take it in that way I will not take it at all; just as if I received a letter that pretended to come from a friend, and part of it was his and part somebody else's, and the other part somebody else's, and it was a sort of literary mongrelism, I would throw the garbled sheets into the waste basket.

No church of very great influence to-day but was built by those who believed in an entire Bible. Neither will a church last long built on a part of the Bible. You have noticed, I suppose, that as soon as a man begins to give up the Bible he is apt to preach in some hall, and he has an audience while he lives, and when he dies the church dies. If I thought that my church in Brooklyn was built on a quarter of a Bible, or a half of a Bible, or three-quarters of a Bible, or ninety-nine one-hundredths of a Bible, I would expect it to die when I die; but when it is built on the entire Word of God, I know it will last 200 years after you and I sleep the last sleep. Oh, the splendors of an orthodoxy which, with 10,000 hands and 10,000 pulpits and 10,000 Christian churches, is

TRYING TO SAVE THE WORLD!

In Music Hall, Boston, for many years stood Theodore Parker battling orthodoxy, giving it, as some supposed at that time, its death wound. He was the most fascinating man I ever heard or ever expect to hear, and I came out from hearing him thinking, in my boyhood way, "Well, that's the death of the church." On that same street, and not far from being opposite, stood Park Congregational church, called by its enemies "Hellfire Corner." Theodore Parker died and his church died with him; or, if it is in existence, it is so small you cannot see it with the naked eye. Park Congregational church still stands on "Hellfire Corner," thundering away the magnificent truths of this glorious orthodoxy just as though Theodore Parker had never lived. All that Boston, or Brooklyn, or New York, or the world ever got that is worth having came through the wide aqueduct of orthodoxy from the throne of God.

Behold the splendors of character built up by orthodoxy. Who had the greatest human intellect the world ever knew? Paul. In physical stature insignificant; in mind, head and shoulders above all the giants of the age. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest poet the ages ever saw, acknowledged to be so both by infidels and Christians? John Milton, seeing more without eyes than anybody else ever saw with eyes. Orthodox from scalp to heel. Who was the greatest reformer the world has ever seen, so acknowledged by infidels as well as by Christians? Martin Luther. Orthodox from scalp to heel.

Then look at the certitudes. O man, believing in an entire Bible, where did you come from? Answer: "I descended from a perfect parentage in Paradise, and Jehovah breathed into my nostrils the breath of life. I am a son of God." O man, believing in a half and half Bible, believing in a Bible in spots, where did you come from? Answer: "It is all uncertain; in my ancestral line away back there was an orang outang and a tadpole and a polywog, and it took millions of years to get me evoluted." O man, believing in a Bible in spots,

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO

when you quit this world? Answer: "Going into a great to be, so on into the great somewhere, and then I shall pass through on to the great anywhere, and I shall probably arrive in the nowhere." That is where I thought you would fetch up. O, man, believing in an entire Bible, and believing with all your heart, where are you going to when you leave this world? Answer: "I am going to my Father's house; I am going into the companionship of my loved ones who have gone before; I am going to leave all my sins, and I am going to be with God and like God forever and forever." Oh, the glorious certitudes of orthodoxy!

Behold the splendors of orthodoxy in its announcement of two destinies.

Palace and penitentiary. Palace with gates on all sides through which all may enter and live on celestial luxuries world without end, and all for the knocking and the asking. A palace grander then if all the Alhambras and the Versailles and the Windsor castles and the Winter gardens and the imperial abodes of all the earth were heaved up into an architectural glory. At the other end of the universe a penitentiary, where men who want their sins can have them. Would it be fair that you and I should have our choice of Christ and the palace, and other men be denied their choice of sin and eternal degradation? Palace and penitentiary. The first of no use unless you have the last. Brooklyn and New York would be better places to live in with Raymond street jail and the Tombs and Sing Sing, and all the smallpox hospitals emptied on them than heaven would be if there were no hell. Palace and penitentiary. If I see a man with a full bowl of sin, and he thirsts for it, and his whole nature craves it, and he takes hold with both hands and presses that bowl to his lips, and then presses it hard between his teeth, and the draught begins to pour its sweetness down his throat, shall we snatch away the bowl, and

JERK THE MAN

up to the gate of heaven, and push him in if he does not want to go and sit down and sing psalms forever? No. God has made you and me so completely free that we need not go to heaven unless we prefer it. Not more free to soar than free to sink.

Nearly all the heterodox people I know believe all are coming out at the same destiny; without regard to faith or character we are all coming out at the shining gate. There they are, all in glory together. Thomas Paine and George Whitefield, Jezebel and Mary Lyon, Nero and Charles Wesley, Charles Guiteau and James A. Garfield, John Wilkes Booth and Abraham Lincoln—all in glory together! All the innocent men, women and children who were massacred, side by side with their murderers. If we are all coming out at the same destiny, without regard to character, then it is true. I turn away from such a debauched heaven. Against that caldron of piety and blasphemy, philanthropy and assassination, self-sacrifice and beastliness, I place the two destinies of the Bible forever and forever and forever apart.

Behold also the splendors of the Christian orthodox death beds.

Those who deny the Bible, or deny any part of it, never die well. They either go out in darkness or they go out in silence portentous. You may gather up all the biographies that have come forth since the art of printing was invented, and I challenge you to show me a triumphant death of a man who rejected the Scriptures, or rejected any part of them. Here I make a great wide avenue. On the one I put the death beds of those who believed in an entire Bible. On the other side of that avenue I put the death beds of those who rejected part of the Bible, or rejected all of the Bible. Now, take my arm and let us pass through this dividing avenue. Look off upon the right side. Here are the death beds on the right side of this avenue. "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" "Free grace!" "Glory, glory!" "I am sweeping through the gates washed in the blood of the Lamb!" "The chariots are coming!" "I mount, I fly!" "Wings, wings!" "They are coming for me!"

"PEACE, BE STILL!"

Alfred Cookman's deathbed, Commodore Foote's deathbed, your father's deathbed, your mother's deathbed, your sister's deathbed, your child's deathbed. Ten thousand radiant, songful deathbeds of those who believed an entire Bible.

Now, take my arm and let us go through that avenue, and look off upon the other side. No smile of hope. No shout of triumph. No face supernaturally illumined. Those who reject any part of the Bible never die well. No beckoning for angels to come. No listening for the celestial escort. Without any exception they go out of the world because they are shoved out; while on the other hand the list of those who believed in an entire Bible and gone out of the world in triumph is a list so long it seems interminable. Oh, is not that a splendid influence, this orthodoxy which makes that which must otherwise be the most dreadful hour of life—the last hour positively paradisaical?

Young men, old men, middle aged men, take sides in the contest between orthodoxy and heterodoxy. "Ask for the old paths, walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." But you follow this crusade against any part of the Bible—first of all you will give up Genesis, which is as true as Matthew; then you will give up all the historical parts of the Bible; then after awhile you will give up the miracles; then you will find it convenient to give up the ten commandments; and then after awhile you will wake up in a fountainless, rockless, treeless desert swept of everlasting sirocco. If you are laughed at you can afford to be laughed at for standing by the Bible just as God has given it to you and

MIRACULOUSLY PRESERVED IT.

Do not jump overboard from the stanch old Great Eastern of old fashioned orthodoxy until there is something ready, to take you up stronger than the fantastic yawl which has painted on the side "Advanced Thought," and which leaks at the prow and leaks at the stern and has a steel pen for one oar and a glib tongue for the other oar, and now tips over this way and then tips over that way, until you do not know whether the passengers will land in the breakers of despair or on the sinking sand of infidelity and atheism.

I am in full sympathy with the advancements of our time, but this world will never advance a single inch beyond this old Bible. God was just as capable of dictating the truth to the prophets and apostles as he is capable of dictating the truth to these modern apostles and prophets. God has not learned anything in a thousand years. He knew just as much when he gave the first dictation as he does now giving the last dictation, if he is giving any dictation at all. So I will stick to the old paths. Naturally a skeptic and preferring new things to old, I never so much as to-day felt the truth of the entire Bible, especially as I see into what spectacular imbecility men rush when they try to chop up the Scriptures with the meat axe of their own preferences, now calling upon philosophy, now calling on the church, now calling on God, now calling on the devil. I prefer the thick, warm robe of the old religion—old as God—the robe which has kept so many warm amid the cold pilgrimage of this life and amid the chills of death. The old robe rather than the thin, uncertain gauze offered us by these wiseacres who

BELIEVE THE BIBLE IN SPOTS.

On July 27, 1814, at 72 years of age, expired Isabella Graham. She was the most useful woman of her day amid the poor and sick, at the head of the orphan asylums and Magdalen asylum, and an angel of mercy in hospital reformation. Dr. Mason, one of the mightiest men of his day, said at her funeral that she was mentally and spiritually the most wonderfully endowed person he had ever met. She was an impersonation of the most orthodox orthodoxy. Her last word was peace. As a sublime peroration to my sermon, I will give an extract from her last will and testament, showing how one who believes in an entire Bible may make a glorious exit.

An extract from a will:

"My children and my grandchildren I leave to my covenant God, the God who hath fed me all my life with the bread that perisheth and the bread that never perisheth, who has been a Father to my fatherless children and a husband to their widowed mother thus far. And now receiving my Redeemer's testimony, I set to my seal that God is true; and believing the record of John that God hath given to me eternal life and this life is in His Son, who, through the eternal Spirit, overcomes without spot unto God, and, being consecrated a priest forever, hath with His own blood entered into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for me. I also believe that He will perfect what concerns me, support and carry me safely through death, and present me to His Father, complete in His own righteousness, without spot or wrinkle. Into the hands of this redeeming God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost, I commit my redeemed spirit.—Isabella Graham."

OUR EXCHANGES.

Mr. J. C. L. Harris, who has been sick for some time, is able to be out.

Greensboro *Patriot*: Internal revenue collections in this district for the month of July were $74,514 91.

Greensboro *Workman*: The Third Party Convention Saturday made the following nominations: Senate, J. Van Lindley; House, W. G. McLean, W. G. Matton; Sheriff, Robert Phipps; Register, T. J. Hodgin; Treasurer, R. C. Rankin; Surveyor, I. H. Stanley; Coroner, W. A. Coe.

Greensboro *Workman*: We regret to hear, just before going to press, of the death of Mrs. A. H. Alderman, which occured at 2 o'clock, p. m. Her illness was severe and of long continuance. Up to some time yesterday her condition had been thought more favorable, but she suddenly grew worse.

Carthage *Blade*: The Danbury iron mines are developing wonderfully. During the last few weeks a surface of 6,000 square feet of iron ore has been made bare, and twenty five "located" mines are yet to be examined. The ore is pronounced to be of as fine magnetic quality as can be found on the continent.

News & Observer: James S. Battle, Esq., revenue agent for Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, was in the city yesterday arranging for the removal of his headquarters here, which have heretofore been at Greensboro. Mr. Battle expects to be permanently established here in a few days and will make his future home here.

Sanford *Express*: The proprietor of the Sanford hotel was certain that Dockery and Devilrow were playing a smutty joke upon him, when "Chumun" Eaves appeared with them at his house. Mr. Devilrow was called upon to explain why Mr. Eaves was colored. "Why, he is Chairman of the State Republican Executive Committee." The proprietor then remembered.

Sanford *Express*: We did not hear "Chumun" Eaves' speech here Thursday evening, but it is said by persons who were present that he told the negroes that it would take fifty years to settle the question of their freedom; that either they or their children would, very probably be slaves again, and that the Democratic party would if they could, bind them in everlasting bondage.

Milton *Advertiser*: We are pleased to learn that our Baptist brethren have met with such success in raising funds for their parsonage as to justify them to begin work. They have purchased the old parsonage place adjoining the lots of Messrs. W. A. Smith and W. P. Ray, on High street, and will erect a very nice house. Mr. G. H. Wash has been given the contract for the carpenters' work and will make a good job of it.

Asheville *Citizen*: Mr. Locke Craig, who has returned from a trip to Black Mountain, reports killing a rattlesnake the other day, which measured five feet in length and three inches in diameter. It had eighteen rattles and a button, and was a "whopper." Mr. Craig had the reptile skinned, and presented his snakeship's dress suit, including the button, to a lady friend at Black Mountain, who will have the same taxidermized, and use it to frighten off tramps and burglars. The fangs of the "rattler" are preserved by Mr. Craig.

News & Observer: Third Party on Saturday made the following nominations, unanimously: Senate, S. M. Parish; House, A. B. Yates, of Cary, A. D. Jones, of Middle Creek, Willis Graves (colored), of Oberlin, T. J. Woodall, of Swift Creek. Mr. Yates stated that he was not at present prepared to state whether he would accept the nomination or not. Register of Deeds, A. R. Weathers; Sheriff, W. N. Snelling; Treasurer, J. H. Scarborough; Coroner, L. A. Scruggs (colored). Messrs. S. J. Betts, J. H. Templeton and Sion Holleman were elected as delegates to the Congressional Convention.

News & Observer: A Raleigh gentleman has collected and preserved an interesting souvenir of war times down South, in the shape of a scrap book, filled with samples of home-made cloth, of every description. The sight of these goods forcibly carries one back to the days when the old time spinning wheel and loom were to be heard in every house. Every grade and color of fabric is represented, from the coarsest copperas check to the finest "silkmixed" which was made by carding minute bits of old silk of any kind, with cotton, about half and half, and then weaving the cloth as fine as possible on a rough hand-loom. It now looks strange that persons of wealth, taste and culture could ever have worn such clothing, but there was no help for it. We did wear it and were proud of our independence. Most of these specimens have a family history of their own, having been preserved by his sisters, cousins and aunts and presented to the gentlemen who placed them in the scrap-book for future generations to see.

Revenue and Glory.

Beeville (Texas) Bee.

The editor of this paper has been frequently asked why he doesn't get a printer instead of doing all the work himself. The fact is printers are rather expensive articles, and with most country papers they get all the money and the publisher gets perquisities—an occasional treat at the bar, a railway pass, free circus tickets and glory. The publisher of this paper, being something of a typo, hired himself and consequently gets both the cash revenue of the office and the editor's perquisities—mostly the latter.

OUR PLATFORM.

Adopted in State Convention at Raleigh, May, 1888.

We again congratulate the people of North Carolina on the continued enjoyment of peace, good goverment and general prosperity under Democratic administration of the affairs of the State which has now been unbroken for so many years; upon the just and impartial enforcement of the law; upon the increasing efficiency of our common school system, and the progress made in popular education; upon the improvement and enterprise manifested in all parts of the State. We again challenge a comparison between this state of things and the outrages, crimes and scandals which attended Republican ascendancy in our borders. We pledge ourselves to exert in the future, as in the past, our best efforts to promote the best interests of the people of all sections of the State. Affirming our adherence to Democratic principles as heretofore enunciated in the platforms of the party, it is hereby

Resolved, That no government has the right to burden its people with taxes beyond the amount required to pay its necessary expenses and gradually extinguish its public debt; and that whenever the revenues, however derived, exceed this amount, they should be reduced, so as to avoid a surplus in the treasury. That any system of taxation which necessitates the payment of a premium of $270 by the government on each $1,000 of its bonds, taken up with the millions that would otherwise lie idle in its vaults, and paid to bondholders who purchased in many instances, at less than par, is undemocratic, oppressive and inquitous and should be refunded. The course of our Democratic Representatives in Congress, in their efforts to give relief to the people from burdensome internal revenue and tariff taxation, meets with the approval of the Democratic party of this State and we respectfully recommend that if they find it impossible to give to our people all the relief demanded, they support any just and practical measure presented in Congress that will afford a practical relief from such existing burden.

Resolved, That while the details of the methods by which the constitutional revenue tariff shall be gradually reached are subjects which the representatives of our people at the national capital must be trusted to adjust, we think the customs duties should be levied for the production of public revenue, and the discriminations in their adjustment should be such as will place the highest rates on luxuries and the lowest on the necessaries of life, distribute as equally as possible the unavoidable burdens of taxation, and confer the greatest good on the greatest number.

Resolved, That we, as heretofore, favor, and will never cease to demand, the unconditional abolition of the whole internal revenue system, as a war tax, not to be justified in times of peace; as a grievous burden to our people and a source of annoyance in its practical operations. We call the attention of the people of the State to the hypocritical pretensions of the Republican party in their platforms that they are in favor of the repeal of this onerous system of taxation, enacted by their party, while the Republicans in Congress are taxing their energies to obstruct all legislation inaugurated by the representatives of the Democratic party to relieve the people of all or a part of this odious system.

Resolved, That the course of the Democratic party in furtherance of popular education, is a sufficient guarantee that we favor the education of the people, and we will promote and improve the present educational advantages so far as it can be done without burdening the people by excessive taxation.

Resolved, That to meet an existing evil, we will accept, for educational purposes, from the Federal Government our *pro rata* share of the surplus in its treasury; Provided, that it be disbursed through State agents and the bill for the distribution be free from objectionable features.

Resolved, That the United States being one government and ours a national party, we denounce the efforts of the Republicans to force sectional issues in Congress and elsewhere, and to promote dissension and ill-will between the people of the different sections of our common country.

Resolved, That it is due to the people of our eastern counties, who have so cheerfully borne their share of our common burdens, that the present or some equally effective system of county government shall be maintained.

Resolved, That the Democratic party is opposed to any further extension of the "No-fence" law, unless such extension shall have first been authorized by a majority of the qualified voters within the territory to be affected thereby.

Resolved, That the Democratic party has ever been the party of the workingman, and has never fostered monopolies, nor have "trusts" or "combinations" or "pools" ever grown up under laws enacted by it. The contest in this country being between aggregated capital, seeking to crush out all competition, and the individual laborer, the Democratic party is, as it has ever been, against the monopolist and in favor of a just distribution of capital, and demands the enactment of laws that will bear equally upon all

Resolved, That as all taxation bears most heavily upon the laborer, it is the duty of the legislator, as a direct benefit to the workingmen, to keep the expenses of our public institutions at the lowest limit consistent with wise and efficient management. The Democratic party opposes any competition between free and conviot labor, but it insists that convicts shall not remain idle at the expense of honest labor.

Resolved, That ours being an agricultural State, it is our duty as well as our pleasure to promote any and all legislation that is best calculated to advance the interests of agriculture; and that in so doing we will most effectually advance the interests of mechanics, manufacturers and laborers.

Resolved, That the Democracy of North Carolina cordially approve the administration of Hon. Alfred M. Scales as honest, patriotic and conservative.

Resolved, That the ability, wisdom, honesty, patriotism, independence, faithfulness to duty and manly courage of President Cleveland have won the odmiration of all good men; and the interests of the country demand his re-nomination and his re-election.

As It Will Be.

New York Herald.

Since the Republican Senators have agreed to report a tariff reduction bill of their own the cry of "free trade" against the Democratic bill has died out to a great degree. The Republican stump speakers must hold up until they see whether their Senators are not going to make tariff reform a party measure.

To enable any workingman in protected industries to see whether the Democratic Mills bill affects his industry let him look over the following list, which is the result of careful comparison of the Democratic Mills bill with the present tariff law. This careful comparison shows that the Democratic tariff bill makes no change at all in the duties now imposed by the present law on the products of these following employments. If the Mills bill were a law to-day all engaged in the industries in this list would be just as highly "protected" as they are under the present Republican tariff:

Basket-makers, bookbinders and finishers, bone and ivory workers, boot and shoe makers, brewers and malsters, britannia ware makers, bronze powder makers, button factory operators, bullion and metal thread makers, candle makers, cement and lime makers, cigar makers, clock and watch makers and repairers, coke makers, comb makers, cork makers, coopers, copperworkers, corset makers, cutlery makers, dairymen (butter and cheese), distillers and ractifiers, fishermen, flax dressers, fur workers, glue, gelatine and isinglass makers, gloves, cotton and woolen cotton; Gillson, gimp and tassel makers, gold and silver workers and jewelers, green and colored glass bottle makers, gunsmiths and locksmiths, harness and saddle makers, hat and cap makers, hemp and jute carpet makers, hosiery and knitting mill operators, lace makers, leather case and pocket-book makers, leather curriers, dressers, finishers and tanners; makers of coal tar dyes, makers of perfumery, makers of coach and harness furniture, saddlery and hardware; makers of gunpowder and other explosives, makers of pipes and smokers' articles, makers of polishing powders, makers of fancy soaps, miners, mirror and picture frame makers, orange growers, organmakers, pencilmakers, pinmakers, pianoforte makers and tuners, plaster grinders, roofing and paving tile makers, scale and rule makers, screwmakers, shirt, cuffs and collar makers; shooks, silk mill operators, straw workers, tiles, common and fire brick makers; trunk, valise and carpetbag makers; stove, furnace and grate makers; umbrella frame makers, varnish makers, wax workers, wire drawers, pulp mill operatives, various farm products—hay, hoops, barley, cattle, sheep, hogs and farm products generally, except wool and vegetables.

Then there are a great number of other employments in which the Democratic bill, having made the raw material free of duty, has somewhat lowered the duties on the product, but still left a "protection" equal to that in the present law.

To call the Mills bill a "free trade" measure is too absurd to go down. Those who set up this cry must think the American workingman a fool.

A Psalm of Trade.

Charlotte Observer.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers,"
Advertising doesn't pay;
For the man's *non compos mentis*
Who would such absurd thing say.

"Life is real? Life is earnest!"
And the man who hopes to rise
To success in any calling,
Must expect to advertise.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the conflict of real life,"
Advertising is the secret
Of achievement in the strife.

"Lives of rich men all remind us
We can make our own sublime,"
And by liberal advertising
To the highest summit climb.

"Let us then be up and doing,"
In this sheet our ads insert;
"Still achieving, still pursuing,"
Business then will be alert.

Goes on Forever.

Chicago News.

It is to be observed that no Sunday saloon has yet taken a vacation for the summer.

The Verdict Unanimous.

W. D. Sult, druggist, Bippus, Ind., testifies: "I can recommend Electric Bitters as the very best remedy. Every bottle sold has given relief in every case. One man took six bottles, and was cured of Rheumatism of ten years' standing." Abraham Hare, druggist, Belleville, Ohio, affirms: "The best selling medicine I have ever handled in my twenty years' experience, is Electric Bitters." Thousands of others have added their testimony, so that the verdict is unanimous that Electric Bitters do cure all diseases of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood. Only a half dollar a bottle at R. Blacknall & Son's drug store.

LATEST BY MAIL.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 6.—Mr. Edward A. Oldham, who spent some time in this city last winter and spring, and who was once editor and proprietor of the Winston *Sentinel*, has accepted the editorship of the "*World's Budget*," a daily paper published in Charleston, S. C. He is now moving his family to that city.

At 5:30 Saturday evening, Senator Vance secured the right to the floor of the Senate when the fisheries treaty shall again come up, at which time he will make a speech. He has returned from his trip to North Carolina, and possibly in his home sickness for the cool breezes of his mountain home, get sarcastic when he talks about the prolonged date of adjournment. He now says it looks to him as if October would find Congress in session.

Senator Ransom has returned from the reunion of the Confederate soldiers at Pittsboro. As one of the managers of the national campaign he will have his hands very full during the coming summer. The Washington *Star*, of yesterday, in speaking of the Senators who are to be re-elected this fall, says: "Senator Ransom is nearing the end of his third term in the distinguished body of which he is a member. There are rumors of rival candidates, but no probability of a serious contest against him. In the first place, he is related to nearly all the influential families in the State. Among the old natives there is scarcely a family that cannot trace some kinship with "Matt" Ransom, and they are just proud enough of him to inform people of the relationship. He was a Major-General in the Southern army, and if any of his old comrades go naked or hungry, it is because they conceal the fact from their former commander. It is gratifying to the people of Washington to learn that the people of North Carolina will send Gen. Ransom back to the Senate; for to him, more than to any other influence, is due the great improvement now in process on the river front here. It was Senator Ransom who procured the appointment of a special committee to inquire into the importance of that improvement in a sanitary sense. His committee examined most of the leading physicians of this city, and the sanitary experts of national reputation as to the deleterous influence of the Potomac flats and the necessity of the abatement of that death-dealing nuisance. That investigation was the legislative and moneyed foundation of the Potomac flats improvement. Senator Ransom did not simply content himself with the inception of the work, but few persons are aware of the energetic persistency with which he has followed it up and of the many difficulties he has had to encounter and to overcome in procuring subsequent appropriations to carry it on. He has been the defender and the preserver of that improvement ever since he procured the first appropriation to put it under way.

The Washington *Capital* of this morning contains a highly complimentary mention of the elegant surf party given to Mrs. Senator Vance, at Morehead City, by Mrs. Julian S. Carr.

William H. Coley, of North Carolina, has been permanently appointed to a $1,000 position in the Surgeon-General's office under the Civil Service rules. Faloona Davidson, of North Carolina, has been appointed, under Civil Service, to a $1,000 position in the War Department.

Weekly Crop Bulletin of the N. C. Weather Service.

RALEIGH, N. C., August 4, 1888.

Rainfall.—In the Eastern and Western districts there was an average amount of rainfall fairly distributed affecting crops favorably. In the Central district there was apparently a slight deficiency although heavy rains are reported from some portions of this district. Raleigh, Wake county, reports a rainfall of 3.70 inches in 3½ hours on July 30th. Crops generally were benefitted.

Temperature and Sunshine.—There was about an average temperature, and an average amount of sunshine in all districts. Crops were generally favorably affected.

Gibson Station, Richmond County.—"The rains of past week have greatly improved all crops."

Haw River, Alamance County.—"Corn and gardens needing rain badly."

Hillsboro, Orange County.—"This immediate section is still in great need of rain. All crops burning up and pastures failing."

Monroe, Union County.—"The rainfall on 30th ult., and on 2d inst., has affected all crops favorably."

Oxford, Granville County.—"All crops are suffering very much for rain, and the outlook is very gloomy."

Pittsboro, Chatham County.—"Corn, cotton and tobacco suffering very much for want of rain, especially corn; gardens dried up."

Raleigh, Wake County.—"Had an elegant rain July 30th. It could not have come in a better time; all the crops have been greatly benefitted; early upland corn too far spent to make a crop."

Salem, Forsyth County.—"Fine rain during the week affecting all crops favorably."

Smithfield, Johnston County.—"Good rain on the 30th ult. and 2d. Cotton plant rather small; corn crop poor."

Wake Forest, Wake County.—"No rain since last report, all crops suffering very much."

Warrenton, Warren County.—"All crops needing rain, especially tobacco, which cannot make a fair crop."

H. B. BATTLE, Ph. D.,
Director.