

The Messenger.

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SUNDAY, JULY 17, 1898.

OBSERVANDA

The Atlantic Monthly has an excellent paper on Gladstone. It is calm, fair, in most particulars, lucid and intelligent. It gives the northern estimate of the great statesman, but not the view of narrow and implacable partisans. It is an admirable study in brief of the greatest nineteenth century English statesman and orator.

"The budget brought forward by Gladstone in April, 1853, is one of the recognized masterpieces of national finance, and the speech in which he unfolded it was the first of many that are supreme examples of political oratory in their kind. That no other financier in history so sound in his mastery of principles and so strong in his knowledge of facts, has ever been able to make them a subject of eloquent eloquence, in the degree to which they were made so by Mr. Gladstone, seems beyond dispute."

It says that Gladstone after 1868, exercised over England an influence that grew to be more dominating than any known in English history before, unless the very different influence of Pitt may possibly be compared with it. Towards the close of the admirable review of his work, it says:

"His life-work has been in reforming statesmanship. In that he has had no peer. He has been, we may say, the greatest of those peaceful revolutionists who lift and carry nations forward, out of old conditions into new. Gladstone's place in English history will be high, and it will be quite apart from any other. He will have no near companionship in his fame. It will be, we think, an immense advantage to moral qualities more than to intellectual powers. The very sincerity that his enemies have denied to him will be counted perhaps the loftiest of his claims."

The testimony as to his eloquence is overwhelming. No one but a bitter, blinded partisan ever thought of denying it. All fair-minded contemporaries who had sat under his entertaining power have conceded it, whether Tory or Liberal, enemy or friend. The books and magazines and great literary weeklies are full of it. He was magnetic beyond almost any other speaker and copious and strong. His voice was indeed a trumpet, finer than any other man's voice of his times. Read McCarthy, read James Bryce, read Dr. Curry, and you will learn no little of his great powers in debate and his overflowing, magic eloquence. Says the Atlantic:

"The persuasive witchery of his eloquence will be poorly understood by generations to come. It is not found in the word, the phrase, the argument, or the thought. It came for the most part from a moral spirit that warmed the breath of the man, sounded in his voice, looked out of his eyes. It was personal to him, largely drawn from the moral qualities that seemed to be his greater distinction. No man of his day has had such power of persuasion as he. It may not be too bold to say that no man of any time has surpassed him in that power. Yet he was never logically strong."

Right Hon. James Bryce, M. P. has in an hundred pages made a study of the statesman that is neither defamatory nor eulogistic, but analytical and strong, presenting Gladstone as he appeared through the years to this able, clear-headed, luminous, thoughtful author, whose work on the United States is simply unrivalled, and whose history of the "Holy Roman Empire" is a classic. Mr. McCarthy has written an excellent life of Gladstone, in one volume, recently enlarged and revised. In the New York Forum for July there is an article by him on Gladstone written four years ago. Mr. McCarthy is an able statesman and author of much distinction. His "History of Our Own Times" is capital, one of the most interesting works ever penned. He is also a successful novelist, and has served in the British house of commons for perhaps two decades. He has heard, nearly all of Gladstone's most famous speeches in and out of the parliament. We quote a few sentences from his concluding page:

"I account it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have been allowed to form his personal acquaintance—to have been permitted now and again to look into his great, honest heart. I saw, of course, some of his defects as a leader of Parliaments. He was, as I have said, curiously wanting in the art of managing men. Perhaps, even if he had the skill, he would have despised it too much to make any use of it. He could captivate the house of commons, he could dominate a vast public meeting, he could carry the country with him; but he never knew—or, if he knew, never put his knowledge into practice—the way to manage the men with whom he came in contact. He assumed, apparently, that men were bound to act on principle, as he did himself, and to vote right if they felt right. What history must tell of him is, that, in elevation of character, as well as in political genius and parliamentary eloquence, he was the greatest Englishman of the nineteenth century."

The one discordant, rancorous, deprecatory paper on him appears in New York Bookman, and is from the caustic pen of Professor Peck one of the editors of the monthly. It is a vigorous example of critical blunder-mandments have no application to yourself. They have not been abrogated, and man cannot set them aside. A northern Presbyterian preacher in a sermon of a few years ago said this of the Ten Commandments, and it is as true and positive as clearly and forcefully stated:

"Because God's nature is spiritual and this law is a transcript of His nature, the law is spiritual. It stops not with the consideration of the outward act; it penetrates to the heart and soul. Being grounded in the nature of things, it is not arbitrary, but rational, reasonable, wise and true. It is not temporary. As long as God remains what He is, we shall owe Him the duties prescribed in these commandments. As long as the relations between man and man continue in their present form, so long will these relations be subject to these laws. The decalogue may go out of fashion, but it will never go out of date. It is not local; it is not partial. It makes no class distinctions. There is one law for rich and poor, high and low, kings and princes; although not a few great potentates imagine that they can break the law with impunity which lesser people cannot."

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY

If you were to be accused of narrowness and bigotry and intolerance you would be offended. But possibly you are just all that, and so others see it. "O wad some power the giftie gie us, To see ourselves as others see us."

It is very hard to do right always. It is harder to be broad and just and tolerant and open and brave in opinion. In most of Adam's race human perfectibility is a long way off. The Latins had a saying that "to escape hatred is to gain triumph." To escape a proscriptive habit is harder to attain to. Human nature is overwhelmingly attached to itself and its own ways. It is full of self-love and self-conceit and self-admiration. The race is filled with Know-Alls—men of the owl-wise look and yet blind to the light. Many men who have shouted loudest for liberty have been persecutors. He is indeed a wise, good, considerate man who is really open to conviction, loves sincerely the truth, seeks to be just, and will do right "though the heavens fall." How many of the like do you know in the flesh?

In our literary discussion we gave Thackeray's discussion of a gentleman. Have you ever sincerely thought it out what it was to be a Christian? We mean of the Bible type, and not a pseudo specimen. What can be higher and nobler and more generous? To be a Christian means indeed a very great deal—much more than millions who profess it really understand or believe. What is the Bible's definition? What is a Christian according to the infallible standard and description? What is the character, drawn by the Divine penman and labeled "A Christian?" Search the Scriptures for the answer. We give a little of what is said: He has "a new heart." He is a new creation. He is "born of God." He is "born of God." He has been "renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him." He is "a son of God." He is "led by the Spirit of God." He is "an heir of God through Christ." He lives "separate" from the wicked. He has knowledge of God for he is "begotten of God." He has "life through His name." He "hath everlasting life." He has put on the new man which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness. He is "sanctified" and "justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in the Spirit of God" (Cor. vi. 11, revised version). These are a few of the "earmarks" of a Christian as set forth in the Eternal Truth. Nothing is higher, nay, nothing of earth can be so high out of Christ. To be a son of God, is to be higher in truth than any potentate or statesman or soldier or man of letters. We give two extracts. The New York Observer, Presbyterian, wisely says: "It may be stated as an axiom that no man was ever made a better Christian by being taught a half-way Christianity."

Some one has written, whose eyes have had Divine anointing, and whose spiritual vision is clear, what we have

read with real interest as to what a Christian is. We give only a little for want of space.

"What constitutes a Christian? An important and practical question. Being a Christian requires something more than a creed, however orthodox, as many evil spirits are very sound theologians; more than regularity in attendance upon God's ordinances, as none were ever more punctilious in outward observances than the Scribes and Pharisees whom the Saviour anathematized; more than mere attachment to the person, or the character, or the ministry of a preacher of righteousness, as Herod gladly listened to the ministrations of John the Baptist, yet received the severe judgment of God; more than a simple conviction of sin, as Felix trembled under a guilty conscience, and more than a legal repentance, as Judas mourned his crime and its consequences, yet died without mercy and salvation.

"To be a Christian according to the gospel standard embraces as a prime requisite an acceptance of Christ's atonement as the sole ground of merit before God; and as the only hope of salvation. This alone avails towards the sinner's justification. His own strength is a broken reed; his goodness unavailing. He is a sinner saved by grace. Nor can one be a Christian after the scriptural requirement without making the will of Christ the rule of his conduct. Paul's first question upon his acceptance of Jesus was, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?'

It is the doer and not the hearer who is the Christian.

It takes the same power to repeal a law that it does to enact it. That is a law of theology well understood and ably presented in the standard works. God, for instance, gave the Ten Commandments as the governing law. He has not repealed it and no one else can. This has a wider application and applies to many things done by men in the congress, in state legislation or in church courts or bodies. The Ten Commandments still stand as law. They are found constantly in the life of our own times. God commands and people must obey or take the consequences. Some one has said, "we like His benefits; we resent His commands." God is the author of the law and God has full power to enforce the law in every particular. Do not flatter yourself that the Ten Commandments and political antagonism. It is poor stuff, equally absurd and silly. He either does not know his subject or he is ridden by political dislikes. Perhaps Gladstone's favoring the south in the great war is the difficulty in the way of proper appreciation and sound interpretation. It is the intense, malignant, old-thread-her, Tory view. Even the Atlantic may be influenced some what because of Mr. Gladstone's sympathies with the south, but it is not harsh and deplorably unfair. If you would know the south's estimate of the greatest English public man of our day read the little book of Rev. Dr. J. L. McCurry, who had fine opportunities of knowing the real man he discusses.

London "Literature" is not particularly enthusiastic over the American negro poet, Dunbar. He has received much consideration at the hands of W. D. Howells and other northern men of letters, and has been well received in England by its literati we believe. He has really a clever knack in writing negro dialect. "Literature" recognizes this gift and says of the volume of poems that the author "is the first of his race to regard the race objectively, with a humorous and tender insight for its limitations, and its paths. Unfortunately, more than half of the poems in this volume are written in literary English. They have no definite character and are not interesting." He should "stick to his last," should be content to "blow a little life," and not essay a stronger instrument. "Literature" says well that "he undoubtedly has a gift for negro songs, and everything he writes in his own dialect shows refinement and delicacy, with a touch of the indefinable melancholy of his people."

Did you ever read the great Thackeray's definition of what it is to be a gentleman? He puts the description in the mouth of that immortal character, the dear old Colonel Newcombe: "It is to be gentle and generous, brave and wise, and having those qualifications to exercise them in the most graceful manner. A gentleman is a loyal son, a true husband, and honest father."

George Egerton's last novel is called "The Wheel of God." George is a woman and she is a fantastic writer. Of this last creation of her no specially well balanced brain "Literature" says that it "is written with all her flashing inaccuracy, and abounds with the merits and defects of her animated, but thoroughly untutored style."

Ernest Hartley Coleridge is a grandson of S. T. Coleridge, one of the greatest of all nineteenth century poets. The young poet has a volume of poetry ready, mostly lyrical. If he has any of the rich art of the great grandfather his verse will be well worth considering. He is now editing the Murray edition of Byron's poems.

THE REIGN OF THE DEMAGOGUE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Demagogues is a curse to any State and an offense to all men of high principles and motives. The demagogue is a brawler and a disturber. His mission is to succeed in his ends by moving upon the passions and prejudices of the people, especially the most ignorant, confiding and receptive part. The ends he seeks are not by any means the country's, his God's and his truth's. He is cunning, often resourceful in quips and dodges, and knows how to stir up and to arouse the antagonisms of the "angry multitude." He is like the hawk of the Roman who "always lives in arms." He makes success his all and in order to win, to make capital for himself and his cause or party, he stoops to all manner of sub-sevency and shallow deception and cell-like motion. He is a most reckless sinner. He has no conscience. He has no honor and is a political body-aulous man's confidence placed in him and breaking faith as easy as a snake sloughs its skin.

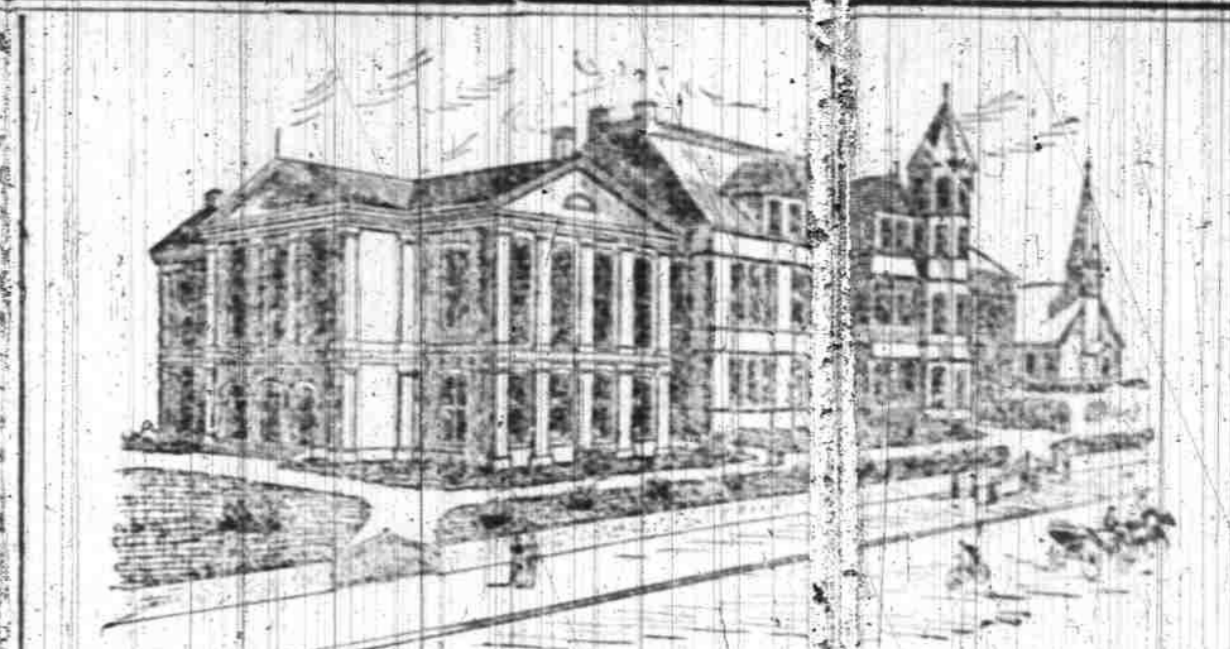
North Carolina is afflicted with men of the low, selfish, demagogue type. They not only bamboozle the ignorant and superstitious, but they make war upon the best interests of the State. They hate prosperity in corporations and envy the rich. With them it is a crying sin to be a man of affairs who succeeds. All the failures and sins and sufferings of those who live poor and always are under a hard struggle are laid at the door of the prosperous. These fretting, worrying demagogues are never so happy as when arraying class against class, and stirring up with their tongue of poison the poor against the rich and labor against capital. Instead of seeking to cure complaints, remove frictions and alleviate suffering they fan the evil passions into a flame, arouse class hatreds, and make an idolatry of cap-trap and humbug. These enemies and parasites these political spies and loaders, these men of duplicity and ignorance and lust are happy only when they coax men to believe that it is a sin against humanity to prosper more than your neighbor.

Take the railroads in North Carolina. They are built by citizens, certainly of a good average character and intelligence as their neighbors, who have money and hope to invest in that way. The railroads of North Carolina, when honestly, fairly managed, have proved a great convenience, comfort, blessing and saving to the whole people. What would North Carolina be without her railroads? She could be in the last century again, all to go from Wilmington to New York would take from a week to ten days in rain and snow and mud traveling every night, sleepless, worn out, miserable. It would cost \$1 for travel or traffic where it costs 20 cents now. But all who are not fools and madmen know all about the difference.

But it is a positive crime among demagogues for a railroad to make money. Men of money and intelligence have invested but they must not make good profits. That is wrong—that is a positive outrage. You may put your money in a farm, in a vineyard, in an orchard, in a mill, in a store, a bank, and make your 10, 20, 30 or more per cent, and that is your right and privilege. But do not on your peril put money in a railroad and make a good dividend. You are a public enemy at once if you do this. What miserable fools are the fellows who act and talk after this sort. A railway is successfully managed by competent, trained men. It makes good dividends—say 8 or 9 per cent. It is made at a great expenditure of time and means and effort. But, hark! you have sinned. You should have been more of a failure. You should have made 3 or 5 per cent, and been content. But if you have by wisdom of management dared to make more than that—more than your neighbor over the way—more than some other railroad, you must be persecuted, denounced, oppressed, robbed by a tax put upon you for your folly. It is a crime to be successful. It is a wrong against the unsuccessful to secure good returns for investment, provided it is in a railroad. The fools are not all dead nor are the demagogues all buried in North Carolina.

Having used three bottles of P. P. P. for impure blood and general weakness and having derived great benefit from the same, having gained 14 pounds in weight in four weeks, I take great pleasure in recommending it to all unfortunate sufferers.

JOHN MORRIS, Office of J. V. McElroy, Druggist, Orlando, Fla., April 20, 1891. Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs: I sold three bottles of P. P. P. large size yesterday, and one bottle small size today. The P. P. P. cured my wife of rheumatism winter before last. It came back on her the past winter and a half bottle, \$1 size, relieved her again, and she has not had a symptom since. I sold a bottle of P. P. P. to a friend of mine, one of the turkeys, a small one, took sick and his wife gave it a teaspoonful, she was in the evening, and the little fellow turned over like he was dead, he next morning he was hollowing away well. Yours respectfully, J. N. McELROY, Savannah, Ga., March 17, 1891. Messrs. Lippman Bros., Savannah, Ga. Dear Sirs: I have suffered from rheumatism, or a long time and did not find a cure until I found P. P. P. which completely cured me. Yours truly, ELIZA JONES, 16 College St., Savannah, Ga.



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