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MEMPHIS APPEAL

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GARFIELD AS A STALWART.

The Republican candidate for the Presidency is not the man to heal the sectional dissensions which have so long divided the country. William R. Moore, in his speech on Saturday night, made an appeal to young Democrats to rally to the support of Garfield. But the young Democracy of the south still respect the memory of their sires fathers, and the graves of the Confederate dead, and would scorn to vote for a man for the Presidency who said twelve months ago that he could never clasp the hand of a rebel unless he acknowledged himself a traitor and that the cause for which he fought was treason. The south never had a more bitter and vindictive enemy than James A. Garfield, as the congressional records will abundantly prove. When the proposition was before the house of representatives to submit the fourteenth amendment to the constitution to the respective States for ratification, it contained the following provision:

"Until the fourth day of July, in the year 1870, all persons who voluntarily adhered to the late insurrection, giving it aid and comfort, shall be excluded from the right to vote for representatives in congress, and for electors for President and Vice-President of the United States."

This was before congress in May, 1866. Mr. Garfield objected to this provision. Being the mild, conservative statesman represented by his supporters, the reader would naturally suppose that he opposed this provision because it disfranchised the people of the south for four years. But he opposed it because he wanted them disfranchised forever. Opposing the proposition he said:

Now, Mr. Speaker, if the gentlemen who report this bill will put in a section, that all who participated in the rebellion shall forever be excluded from the right of elective franchise, in all cases relating to national offices, then I will say the proposition will at least be just and one we could stand upon as a matter of principle. Anything is just which excludes from power and place all those who were those who participated in the rebellion. The proposition, without any modification, without any limitation would meet with my approval, as one eminently wise and just, if it could be practically carried out.

The revival of these infamous sentiments inspired by a vindictive hatred of the southern people, will, no doubt, be attributed to that war of slander and defamation with which Garfield is to be pursued; but, in order to show that the APPEAL is simply giving the facts, we would state that the above extract can be found in the *Congressional Globe*, first session thirty-ninth congress, part 3, page 2463. Garfield says that no rebel can grasp his salary-grabbing, bribe-taking hand unless he acknowledges that he was — were traitors in the cause of treason, and yet William R. Moore asks the young Democrats to come forward and vote for the man who calls their fathers traitors and says they fought for the cause of treason. In 1866 James A. Garfield, in the halls of the United States congress, expressed the deliberate opinion that the men who participated in the rebellion were so "*infamous* that they should *forever* be disfranchised, *excluded* from any participation in the government, and William R. Moore now comes forward and insults the young Democracy of the south by intimating that they are base enough to vote for a man who stigmatized their living and dead fathers as "infamous traitors" engaged in the cause of treason, and therefore unfit to exercise the privileges guaranteed to the carpet-bag thieves and the illiterate negro. The young Democrats of the south will rally to the support of a northern Democrat who opposed disfranchisement, reconstruction and defended their fathers from that infamy into which Garfield proposed to consign them. If the policy of the Republican candidate for the Presidency had been adopted the Ameses, the Claytons, the Kellogs, the Spencers, the Wellses and the Houldmans, who, propped up by bayonets, would still be ruling and robbing the disfranchised taxpaying people of the south. Garfield has been a success as a stalwart. No man has contributed more to keep open the old wounds and sores of the war. He is not the man to reconcile sectional hatreds and to give peace and prosperity to the country. Old and young Democrats will unite in keeping the south solid so long as the Republicans propose to elect to the Presidency a man like Garfield, who proposed to disfranchise "the infamous men who participated in the rebellion," and who now says he will never clasp the hand of rebels over any chasm unless they confess that the cause for which they fought was treason. The southern people want peace, a termination of the bickerings between the sections, and a final end to the strifes which hinder the great material interests of the country; but the man who has done so much to engender sectional hatreds is not the man for peace-maker. On the second of November next the southern people will cast their votes, not for the man who advocated the perpetual disfranchisement of "the infamous men engaged in the rebellion," and who now says they were traitors, engaged in the cause of treason, unfit to clasp his hand in a common brotherhood, but for a northern Democrat who has never abused the south; who opposed disfranchisement and defended our people from the abuse and persecutions of extreme men like Garfield; who was ready to give his life for the preservation of the Union and who, as soon as the war was over, offered the olive-branch of peace.

CANADA AND THE STATES—A CONTRAST.

A condition of things is existing in Canada that is of great interest to the people of the United States, and that may probably lead to more intimate connection between the two countries when existing circumstances shall have produced their results. Canada is becoming poorer instead of richer; she is overwhelmed with national and corporate debt and she is still the victim of the "hard times" from which we have so lately escaped. The effect of all the difficulty, debt, and trouble existing in Canada is to cause a perfect tide of emigration to set in to this side the line, a result most threatening to the prosperity of the Dominion. Few of our people have an idea of the extent of the emigration that has taken place, and which is still going on; the Canadians best know what they have lost, and we find the Toronto *Telegram*, of June 9th, stating the following facts: "Statistics show that already one-sixth of the native born Canadians have their homes in the United States. During the eight months alone ending with last May, statistics given by the Port Huron *Times* are verified by the Sarnia *Observer*, show that from that point, one quiet out of the way, fifty-seven thousand one hundred and ninety nine Canadians left for the Republic; the drain toward Manitoba is also immense, and what must the whole emigration of the Dominion be? The maritime provinces are alarmed at the depopulation going on; a large proportion are crossing the line from Quebec; in Ontario almost every township is losing a larger part of their population than new arrivals make up for. The best workmen are saving their money to go to the State towns and cities. In short, Canada, is only a sieve through which emigration from Europe is poured into the United States. The government has tried to keep "Canada for the Canadians," but it has failed to keep the Canadians for Canada. This is certainly a fearful showing for our respected neighbors. Now let us see what J. D. Ferrault, a prominent Canadian, says in a letter, dated June 9th—it will be seen that we are giving the most recent facts in the matter—to the editor of the Toronto *Globe*: The Dominion, this writer says, owns half a continent; it is agriculturally fertile, has coal-fields east and west, mineral wealth, rich timber lands, unsurpassed fisheries, inland rivers and lakes for transportation, thousands of miles of seacoast, a robust, industrious and intelligent population of four million persons that will compare favorably with the population of our neighbor. How do the two countries compare? In one century the United States have become a power of the first rank among nations; they have outgrown all other lands in their increase of population, in prosperity, in development of agriculture, manufacture and commerce. All the world together has not built as many miles of telegraphs and railroads. They are without an enemy, their flag is everywhere respected, yet they have but a small army and navy. They have paid within ten years one billion of dollars of their debt, a fact compared with which the world has no parallel. From these prosperous neighbors Canada is separated only by an imaginary line, a stride and it is crossed. How does the Canada side of the line stand? Within ten years a debt of one hundred million dollars has accumulated; as we are going on there will be a hundred more millions in ten more years. During the same period the province of Quebec has fallen seventeen millions into debt, and has an annual deficiency of revenue of eight hundred thousand dollars. British returns show five hundred millions of Canadian mortgages, on which twenty-five millions are paid out in interest every year, absorbing a large proportion of the savings of the people. So reduced are the Canadian people that firms have been swept off by bankruptcy amounting to a hundred and sixty millions within five years! The present is ruin, in the future there is no confidence! Such is a picture of Canada and the United States, as drawn by Canadian fingers. What remedy do those who see with clear eyes what the States have and what Canada lacks? They propose the only sensible measure possible—absolute free trade between the two countries. Let there be the same oneness of trade between the States and Canada as there is between State and State, and Canada will participate in the activity that makes the States prosperous. The logic is good, what can be opposed to it? Dogged tory prejudice, a fog that may bewilder the short-sighted, but which cannot, essentially, prevent the ways of common sense reaching the minds of the people. We have only to deal justly, and allowing for their old world prejudices, generously toward the Canadian people, and they will slough off the follies of custom, and the two countries will proceed amicably on a career of prosperity, showing to the whole world how liberty can conquer where the old bonds of monarchy and aristocracy only chain, and belittle, and choke, and ruin.

GARFIELD AS A CORRUPTIONIST.

From one end of the Union to the other the Democratic press has opened a concentrated fire upon James A. Garfield, the Republican nominee for President. It has been just one week to-day since Garfield was made the candidate of his party, but during that short period the Democratic press has shown that he is a notorious corruptionist, that his hands are stained with the credit mobilier steal, the Washington ring robbery, and the back-salary grab. Already the Republicans are quailing under the terrible fire which the Democrats are pouring upon their candidate; already have they resorted to the stale device of worsted foes, the snivel about persecution. They hold up their candidate as a statesman, christian and patriot of immaculate purity, and the only reply they make to any exposure of the record of their candidate is the pitiful whine about a campaign of slander and defamation. This is an old subterfuge and it will not protect Garfield from his own corrupt record. The Democratic partisans are not pursuing the Republican nominee with a war of slander and defamation. They charge Garfield with being a back-salary grabber and the originator of the bill which authorized this steal, and they prove it by the records. They charge him with being bribed by the credit mobilier and the Washington ring pavement swindle, and they prove it by the record of sworn testimony. The Democrats charge Garfield with venality and jobbery in legislation, and refer to dates, names and the records of the official record to prove what is charged. The Republican nominee for President has been in congress for many years. He was made the leader of his party, and, of course, made a record, and on that record, which is public property, he must stand or fall. If it shows that he has been weak enough to become involved in some of the worst scandals that have ever disgraced the congress of the United States, the fault is his own, Garfield was chairman of the house committee on appropriations. This position made him master of the situation. It was in his power to frown down or to forward vast schemes of public robbery. But he permitted himself to be bribed, and became the champion of the robbers who engaged in a system of wholesale plunder, which stands unrivaled in the criminal calendar of the Tweed ring.

THE WHEAT CROP PROBLEM.

People interested in the wheat trade are asking a very grave question, and as the wheat question always comes in wherever loaves are devoured, that question has a wide bearing. Reports of the condition of the crops in Great Britain and in France are of a favorable character. There is no appearance that last year's scarcity will be repeated this year. On this side the wheat prospect is also good; not only so, but the high prices last year have caused a much wider area of ground to be planted in wheat this year than last. With a favorable season and a larger acreage, we shall not raise less but more wheat than last year. There is also much of last season's wheat yet on hand in this country—after exporting over a hundred and sixty million bushels, notwithstanding all which, Chicago, on the last week in May, received more wheat than on any former week in its grain history. The whole export from the United States for the season is estimated at one hundred and seventy-five million bushels, and even then a large surplus will be left in the hands of growers and dealers. The question that is of such importance—and an answer to which is worth thinking about—is out as follows by the New York *Public*: "If this country produces as much wheat in 1880 as in 1879, and, on account of good crops in Europe, can find a market for not more than 75,000,000 bushels abroad—which is more than was ever exported in any year prior to 1879—what is to become of the surplus of 100,000,000 bushels or more? And in that case, how far will the price of wheat decline by October next?" And, we may add, what will be the position of the western wheat grower?

In reply to questions as to the strength of the various Democratic candidates in California, Ex-Senator W. S. Given said that Mr. Bayard was highly esteemed, that Judge Field was very strong, that General Hancock was not spoken of, that Mr. Tilden was not considered available, and that Mr. Jewett had no strength. The California delegation stands nine for Field and three uncommitted; the Oregon delegation is five to one for Field, and that from Nevada is uncommitted and uninstructed, but will probably act with California and Oregon. They think that the Chicago nominations will be very weak in California, and that the Californians will be dissatisfied with the Chinese plank in the Republican platform, regarding it as an evasion of the question and an insult to California, which will destroy all hope of carrying the Pacific States for the Republicans.

JUDGE TAFT, formerly a member of Grant's cabinet, and recently a delegate to the Chicago convention from Cincinnati, is not very hopeful of Garfield's election, and he says that "oceans of money were spent there, that all the revenue officers were opposed to Grant. It was, perhaps, the most corrupt convention ever held in this country. Notwithstanding that General Grant was defeated, I am not sorry I was there, as it was a memorable event—one that I can never forget. There never was a convention that approached it but one, and that was the Charleston Democratic convention, when the great split occurred on the slavery question."

PHARISEE AND PUBLICAN.

The Sermon Preached by Rev. Dr. Talmage, in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, on Sunday Last, from the Text, "God be Merciful to Me a Sinner," the Occasion Being

The Uniting of Five Hundred Souls to His Church—Extraordinary Revival Religion—The Lord Has Declared Universal Amnesty for all Repentant Sinners.

[Special to the Appeal.]

NEW YORK, June 14.—The following sermon, preached yesterday in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, was called forth by an unprecedented revival of religion, five hundred and thirty souls having united with the Brooklyn Tabernacle within a few weeks, making the Tabernacle by far the largest Presbyterian membership in the world, namely—two thousand one hundred and twenty—while the attendance is between five and six thousand. Last Sabbath Dr. Talmage baptized one hundred and thirty candidates, and gave the right hand of fellowship to over four hundred.

Opening Hymn:

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live.

Subject: "Pompous Pharisee and Humble Publican."

Text: Luke, xviii, 13: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

No mountain ever had a brighter coronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. Originally the top of the mountain was not large enough to hold an image of butterfly, and therefore a wall was reared six hundred feet high, and the mountain was built out onto it; and it was at that great elevation that Christ was accosted by the devil, and the devil tried to persuade him to jump down the six hundred feet. The nine gates of that temple flashed with silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which was made up of precious stones melted and mixed and crystalized. The temple itself was not so very large, but the courts and adjuncts of architecture made it a half mile in circumference. I look off upon that splendid building. What is the matter? Fire? It looks like a mansion just kindled with flame. Why, it is the hour of morning sacrifice, and the smoke bursting out through the doors and windows of the building wreathes the mountain tops in folds of smoke, through which glitter the precious metals gathered and furnished by royal magnificence. I see through the smoke two men going up the steps of the building. They go side by side, and yet they have nothing in common, have no sympathy with each other. One is the Pharisee, erect, arrogant, pompous, looking down with bitter contempt upon the poor man who happens to be going up beside him. The publican goes up with his head bowed, and he seems to have a world of trouble. Now the two have reached the main auditorium, and they are about to begin their worship. The Pharisee goes to the gate nearest the Holy of holies. He feels he is fit to stand there. He says in substance: "O, God, there are two days in the week when I eat absolutely nothing, and I give a great deal of money to good objects, and I am one of the best of men. I have nothing to do with the common rabble—certainly nothing to do with that poor publican who came up the stairs the same time I did." The publican goes close off to the other side. He wants to get as far away from that gate into the Holy of holies as possible. He does not feel fit to stand there. The bible says he stood afar off, and then—"I think the people of the east to this very day do when they have any great trouble, smiting themselves—he bowed down, striking his breast and crying out: "God be merciful to me, a sinner." The income tax that went up from the high priest's censer that morning was not so sweet as this publican's prayer wafted into the opening heavens, while the exhilarant prayer of the pharisee dies on his contemptuous lip and rolls down into his empty heart. Now I see them again on the stairs. They are going down side by side. The Pharisee cross, sad, wretched; the publican glad hearted, the joys of heaven glowing in his cheek and flaming from his eyes. "For I tell you this man went down to his house justified rather than the other." When I come to analyze the prayer of the publican, I find in it in the first place an appreciation of his sinfulness. He had an honorable office. The publicans were tax gatherers. Cicero says they were the most corrupt class of people. We know they were very unpopular for the reason that people did not like to pay their taxes. It was then as it is now; and I suppose some people, because they do not like to pay their taxes, despise the publican or tax gatherer. But notwithstanding this, the man no doubt was worthy of trust. He proved himself honorable, and there were a great many admirable things about him, and yet he utters this cry of self-abnegation. What was the matter with this man? Had he lost his reason? Had some low, contemptible coward ice seized upon him? Oh, no. For the first time in all his life he saw himself. He saw himself a sinner before God, utterly helpless and undone. At that moment that flashed upon him I know not, but standing there in the court of the temple, surrounded by all the demonstrations of holiness and power, his soul has cried out from the anguish, bitter cries of my text. By what process shall I persuade myself that I likewise am a sinner, and persuade you that you are a sinner. Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your desires, to search the springs in the depths of your soul to see if there is any hydra-headed iniquity there? Oh, no; I shall not do it in that way. Shall ask you to call up all the bad words you ever uttered, and all the bad deeds you ever did, and all the bad thoughts you ever indulged in. Oh, no; I shall not do it in that way. I shall rather point you to the forces which God has brought out for your salvation, and prove to that way you are a sinner. Suppose in the winter time you were a little distance from the beach, and you saw the wreckers hastening down to the beach, putting on their rough jackets, launching their lifeboats, and shooting rockets with ropes clear over the breakers—you would immediately cry out, "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Son of God putting aside His crown and His robe and launching out on the rough sea of human suffering and satanic hate, braving all storms, wading down into the surges of iniquity, I immediately come to the conclusion that somewhere in God's universe there has been an awful shipwreck. When God girds himself for the work, and calls on all heaven to watch and to help, I know there is some great undertaking on foot; I know some great disaster must have smitten God's universe; I know that your sin and mine is so appalling that all heaven has turned out to snatch us away from it; I know that we must be desperate sinners by nature to make Gethsemane and Golgotha possible. Oh, has this thought ever shot an arrow through your soul, my brother, my sister? Has any night been made blacker with such a shadow? Has conscience just twisted one thong and cut a sharp stroke across your bare heart? If you have had none of these feelings, if you do not appreciate any of them, I shall tell you plainly that you must go down and spend eternity with the Pharisee, for this living truth leaps from every chapter of God's word: You are a sinner. Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston, or New Orleans, or Cincinnati, and you paid him his salary regularly, and you found out at the end of the year that though he had been taking your salary he had been giving nine-tenths of his time to some other commercial house. Your indignation would know no bounds. Well, now, God has sent us into this world to serve him, and to serve him with all our strength. And He has paid us our wages. He has fed us, and clothed us, and sheltered us; and lo! it is to be told to-day that some of us have given nine-tenths of our time to "the world, the flesh and the devil." Is it honest? What does the bible say? "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Is there any man in this audience who thinks to escape from that? The bible is full of confessions. What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." What did Job say? "Behold, I am vile." "Isaiah said: "Woe is me, for I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "My transgressions have gone over my head, and my trespass grown up into the heavens." Of all the millions who have gone into glory, not one got there until he first confessed. And are there any in this house who have an idea that their soul is in a healthy condition, when it is rotting away with the leprosy? Oh, that God would open your eyes, that you might see just where you stand, and that pierced by a sense of your heart, with the emphasis of this publican in the text, crying out in an anxious a prayer as the one he uttered. I do not say you have ever committed any outward transgression. You may pay all your debts, you may be chaste in speech and in action, you may be honest in all your dealings among men, and yet God's word bears me out in the statement I make to day, that you are a condemned sinner, altogether gone astray, the moral slush plashed over you, and that unless you repent you must live an unholy life and die an unhappy death, and go to a lost eternity. What I say of one I say of all. Oh, the coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the split hulks of those who would not heed the peril, and who went with their cargo of immortal hopes into the white-tasseled foam of the breakers. I pursue the analysis of my subject still further, and I find in this publican's prayer the fact that he expected nothing except mercy. He might have said: "I am honest in all my dealings. When ten dollars are paid to me for tax, I hand it over to the government. If you look over all my books you will find that right. My life has been upright and respectable." He made no such plea. He comes and throws himself on God's mercy. Are there any in this house who propose, by making their life right, to commend themselves to God? Do you really think you can break off your bad habits? Why, that will be only taking off the scale while you leave the disease rankling within. Are there those who propose to pay their spiritual indebtedness? Come and see if you can do it. Add together all the good words you ever uttered, all the good deeds you ever accomplished, all the loaves you have given to the hungry, all the garments you have given to the naked, all the medicine you have given to the sick—add up the whole line, get a great aggregate of good works, and then hear Paul sharpening his knife, and he will come and slash up all that aggregate as he cries out: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh be justified." O my friends, is there nothing in the justice of God, is there nothing in our own exertions to save us? Where, then, are we to be saved? Is there no balm for this mortal wound of my soul? Is there no light for this arctic night? Is there no hope for a lost sinner? Yes; and that is what I came to tell you about. Mercy, free mercy, pardoning mercy, suffering mercy, infinite mercy, Omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. "Oh," you say, "is not that adding insult to injury, to offer to crime for you to expect from God any such favor?" No. Throughout the bible it seems as if the language had been exhausted and stretched until it broke, and all expressions of height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and magnitude, and infinity, had dropped down dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evangelist, as He tried to set forth this mercy. What a beautiful theme it is—God's mercy. I hat some one said that no sinner ever came to it for refuge and was destroyed. The murderer has come, and, while he was yet washing the blood of his victim from his hands, he looked up for God's forgiveness; and, when his sins were washed clean, his soul was made white in the fountain of God's mercy. The lost one of the street has come back from the very gates of hell to her long-rejected father's home, and put her arms around his neck, her soul radiant with the mercy that pardoned Mary Magdalene. Is there any man in this house who tells me not to open this door too wide? Then I will open it wider, for I have to tell you that, if this whole audience were stretched out side by side, you might march into the gate of eternal life, and so wide is this door of mercy. "Oh," says some one in the audience, "you do not know where I came from to-day; you do not know what my sins have been; you do not know what I have been doing all these past years; you do not know where I was last night." I reply to you, if you have wrapped yourself in the garments of hell; though your feet may have walked every unclean place; though your mouth has spoken blasphemies until lip and tongue refused to do the work of cursing; though your body be festering and putrod with moral death, though your soul be swollen with the viper sting of the worm that never dies; to you I offer mercy, mercy. On there is no limit to God's mercy except it; there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it; no ladders can scale it; no planet can fathom it; angel's wing cannot fly across it; heavenly harps aided by choirs with feet like the sea, standing on the sea of glass, can never pass this harmony. Mercy! mercy! It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gates. It peals in the chanting of the celestial towers. It flashes in the uplifted and down-cast coronets of the saved. It thunders in the tramp of the embannered host and innumerable voices, and it has come back from the failure of harp, and walls and gate, and crown, to set overpassed and undescribed on a throne that overtops all heaven—throne of mercy.

I push this analysis of my text one step further and find that mercy is almost wrong. That mercy would be of no advantage to him unless he plead for it. He did not say, "If I am to be saved, I will be saved; if I am to be lost, I will be lost; there is no use for me to do." He knew that a thing worth having is worth asking for, and, therefore, he makes the agonizing cry of my text. Mark you, it was an earnest prayer, and if you look through the bible you will see that all the prayers that were answered were earnest prayers—the blind man's, "Lord that my eyes may be opened;" the leper's, "Lord if thou wilt thou canst make me clean;" sinking Peter's, "Lord, save me, I perish;" the publican's, "God be merciful to me a sinner." If you come up to the door of God's mercy and give a small tap with the ends of your fingers you will not get in. You must come with the earnestness of a warrior who has been pursued and defeated, and dismounts from his lathered steed, and then with gauntleted fists pounds away at a palace gate. You must have as much earnestness as the man has who wakes up at midnight in the fourth story with a sense of suffocation, and finds the house in flames and rushes to the front window and calls out to the firemen beneath, "Help!" For if you really see the perils that are above, and the perils that are beneath, and the perils on either side, it would not be necessary for me to urge you to earnestness, but it would be necessary for me to command silence in the auditory, because your outcry would drown the preacher's voice, and we would have to pause midway in the service. O, my brother, it is because you do not understand the perils that you are not this very moment crying out: "Mercy! mercy!" But, mark you this, the publican's prayer was not only earnest, it was humble. The Pharisee looked up; the publican looked down. You cannot be saved as a philosopher. You cannot be saved as a metaphysician. You cannot be saved as a rhetorician. You cannot be saved as an official. If you are saved at all, you must be saved as a sinner. I remark further, there was a ringing confidence to that prayer. It was not a cry of despair. He knew that he would get the blessing if he asked for it, and he did get it. "I tell you this man went down to his house, justified, rather than the other." And why cannot all the unforgiven souls in this house find the same mercy now? Is there any man here who feels that he has sinned away his day of grace? Is there any one who feels that he has crossed the line between God's mercy and his wrath? Let me tell you, cry to God for mercy and you will get it, and get it now. Why not? It God has provided a salvation, will He not apply it to you? If a man builds a bridge across a river, will he not allow men to walk across it? If a physician puts up a subscription for a sick man, will he not allow him to take it? If a contractor builds a house, will he not allow people to live in it? And if God makes redemption for all who want it, will he not allow you to possess it? He will. It is my business to stand here to-day and say it is your will. It is my business to stand in this house, either sitting or standing, one self-righteous man, who feels that what I have said does not touch his case, for he is all right, let me say there is no gospel for you, no pardon for you, no life for you, no heaven for you, and I will not preach to you to-day. If there be in this assembly those who feel that they are not at all right; if there are those here longing for something better; if there are those here weary with the world and weary with sin, and who want God, and want a blessed future, to them I come with a glorious message—a message that thrills my body and my soul while I stand before the throne to declare it; and I shall do my pleading for you—I will first show you where to kneel, and then I will tell you what to say. You want to know where to kneel? Kneel at the foot of mercy. You want to know what to say? "God be merciful to me a sinner." My uncle, Rev. Dr. Samuel K. Talmage, of Augusta, Georgia, was passing along the street one day, and he met a black man, who stepped out into the street, leaving the pavement, took his hat off, and bowed very low in the presence of my uncle. My uncle said to him: "Why do you stand there and make such a bow to me?" "Oh," he replied, "Massa, I owe more to you than anyone on earth." "Why," inquired my uncle, "what do you mean?" "Well," said the man, "I was going along the street the other night and I had a heavy burden on my back, and I was hungry and sick, and I saw your church was lighted, and thought I would just stand at the door a minute and listen, and I put down my burden and listened, and I heard you say: 'God be merciful to me a sinner.' And you said that any sinner could come and utter that prayer from the heart could get to heaven, and I shouldered my burden and I went on home, and I went in the house and I sat down and folded my hands and said: 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' but I felt no better; I felt worse; and then I got down on my knees as I said it again, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' I felt no better. It was darker than it was before. And then, Massa, I threw myself down on my face and cried out: 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and I kept on crying that, until after a while saw a light a good ways off and it came nearer and nearer to me, and it got all bright, and I felt very happy, and I thought the next time I saw you coming down the street I would bow very low before you, and I would stand out of your way, and I would tell you how much I owed to you?" Oh, is there not some one in this house humble enough, earnest enough, confident enough to say that same prayer? God is waiting for a good many of you. He is looking out of the window of heaven expecting you to come. He has declared universal amnesty to all those who will take the oath of divine allegiance. Does not your pride begin to bow? Does not your soul begin to breathe out the prayer:

"God be merciful to me a sinner"? Will you all make that prayer? Will you make it now? I ask at this moment, to see if you will make it now, every one saying within himself: "God be merciful to me a sinner." I do not ask that you make it audibly. I ask that you make it in silence. Have you all uttered that prayer? Ah, there is one in this house who has not uttered it yet, and so I pause one instant longer, until that unforgiven soul shall put up the same petition for himself or herself and say: "God be merciful to me a sinner." Have you all uttered it? Then I will say it for myself, for I need to say it as much as any one to whom I preach: "God be merciful to me a sinner."

GARFIELD

Repudiated by a Convention of His Own Party in 1876 in the District which he Represented—Honest Republicans Who Refused to Fellowship with

A Perjurer—They Denounce Him as the Champion and Tool of Rings and Monopolies and for his Corrupt Connection with the Credit Mobilier and DeGolyer.

On the seventh day of September, 1876, the Republicans of the nineteenth congressional district of Ohio opposed to the return of James A. Garfield to congress met in convention at Warren, Ohio, and organized by electing Dr. C. W. Essign, of Lake, for chairman, and L. D. Brown, of Portage, and George E. Poinc, of Lake, secretaries.

On motion, G. N. Tuttle and J. B. Burrows, of Lake; B. F. Berry, of Ashtabula; L. D. Brown, of Portage, and C. D. Crary, of Lake, were chosen a committee on resolutions, and H. H. Hine, William E. Hulett, P. Bosworth, J. S. Casement, B. F. Perry and R. M. Murray were appointed a committee on conference on representative.

This committee on resolutions made a report, which was adopted. In their report, after a long whereas, the committee said:

Therefore be it by this independent convention of the Republicans of the nineteenth congressional district of Ohio, resolved:

First—That dishonesty, fraud and corruption have become so common, so obvious and obvious in the administration of our national government as to be not only humiliating and disgraceful in the estimation of every honest and patriotic citizen, but to imperil the prosperity of the people, if not the stability of the government itself.

Second—That this deplorable condition of the administration of our national government is largely due to the election to office and continuance therein of corrupt dishonest and venal men.

Third—That it is useless and hypocritical for any political party to declare for reform in its platforms, papers and public addresses while it insists on returning to high official place and power men who have been notoriously connected with the very schemes of fraud which render reform necessary and urgent; that to send those to enact reform who themselves need reforming to make them honest, is worse than setting the blind to teach the blind.

Fourth—That there is no man to-day officially connected with the administration of our national government against whom are justly preferred more and graver charges of corruption than are publicly known and abundantly sustained against James A. Garfield, the present representative of this congressional district, and the nominee of the Republican convention for re-election.

Fifth—That since he first entered congress to this day there is scarcely an instance in which rings and monopolies have been arrayed against the interests of the people, that he has been found active in speech or vote upon the side of the latter, but in almost every case he has been the ready champion of the rings and monopolies.

Sixth—That we especially charge him with venality and cowardice in pensioning Benjamin F. Butler to attach to the appropriation bill of 1878 that ever to be remembered infamy the salary steal; and in speaking and voting for that measure upon its final passage. And charge him with corrupt disregard of the clearly expressed demand of his constituents that he should vote for the repeal and with evading said demand by voting for the Hoblitzelle amendment.

Seventh—That we further arraign and denounce him for his corrupt connection with the credit mobilier; for his false claims thereof before a committee; for a perjured denial thereof before a committee of his peers; his eagerness to taint upon his constituents in circulating among them a pamphlet purporting to set forth the finding of said committee and the evidence against him, when, in fact, material portions thereof were omitted and garbled.

Eighth—That we further arraign and charge him with corrupt bribery in setting his official influence as chairman of the committee on appropriations for five thousand dollars to the D. Golyer pavement ring to aid them in securing a contract from the board of public works of the District of Columbia; selling his influence to aid said ring in imposing upon the people of said district a pavement which is almost worthless, at a price three times its cost, as sworn to by one of the contractors; selling his influence to aid said ring in procuring a contract, to procure which it corruptly paid ninty-seven thousand dollars "blackmail;" selling his influence in a matter that involved no question of law, upon the shallow pretext that he was acting as a lawyer; selling his influence in a manner so palpable and clear as to be so found and declared by an impartial and competent court upon an issue solemnly tried.

Ninth—That we arraign him for the fraudulent manner in which he attempted in his speech delivered at Warren, on the nineteenth day of September, 1874, to shield himself from just censure in receiving the bribe before named five thousand dollars, by falsely representing, in said speech, that the congress of the United States was not responsible for the acts of a steamboard, nor the United States liable for the debts created thereby, which in truth and in fact, as he then well knew, the said board of public works and the officers of said district were but the agents and employees of congress and the United States was responsible for the indebtedness.

Tenth—That we arraign him for gross dereliction of duty as a member of congress in failing to bring to light and expose the corruption and abuse in the sale of post traderships, for which the late secretary Belknap was impeached, when the same was brought to his knowledge by General Hazen, in 1872, his immediate superior, by "the corruption funds then by him just received and in his own purse.

Eleventh—That the law of 1875, known as the act demonetizing silver, was enacted in the interest of gold rings, bondholders and capitalists, and against the interest of the taxpayers, and without their advice or knowledge. That this act, by a single blow, has seriously impaired our ability to resume specie payments or pay our national debt in coin. That no sufficient reason has yet been given for this legislation, so dishonest and palpable in its discrimination in favor of the small creditor class and capitalists, and against the great debtor class and the industrial interests of the country. That James A. Garfield, during the last session of congress, was the conspicuous defender of this crafty attempt to sacrifice the interests of the people to bondholders and foreign capitalists. That when it was proposed to restore the old silver dollar to the place it had held during our history as a nation as a legal tender for all debts, public and private, he denounced the attempt as "a swindle on so grand a scale as to make the achievement illustrious," and as a "scheme of vast rascality and colossal swindling."

Twelfth—That neither great ability and experience or eloquent partisan discussion of the dead issues of the late war will excuse or justify past dishonesty and corruption, or take the place or guarantee of integrity and purity for the future.

Thirteenth—That believing the statements in the foregoing resolutions set forth, we cannot, without stultifying our manhood and debasing our self-respect, give our support at the polls to the recent Republican convention of this district for re-election, nor can we, without surrendering our rights as citizens and electors, sit silently by and see a man so unworthy again sent to represent us in the National legislature. That, strong in the conviction of right, we call upon the electors of the district, irrespective of former party attachments, who desire honest government, to unite with us in an honest, faithful effort to defeat the re-election of General Garfield, and elect in his stead an honest and reliable man.

FIRE, CRIME AND ACCIDENT.

Planing Mill Burned.

MUSCATINE, IA., June 14.—Cadle, Mulford & Co.'s planing mill and sash and door factory, has been burned. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $10,000. Several firemen were hurt but none seriously.

Cut his Wife's Throat.

LOUISVILLE, June 13.—Elijah Pendegrast, cut his wife's throat from ear to ear today, at her home in "California," the suburbs of the city. They have been separated for some time on account of jealousy. Pendegrast escaped.

Cut her Throat from Ear to Ear.

NEW YORK, June 13.—Mary Dean, a young colored woman, living in a tenement-house on West Twenty-sixth street, who had deserted her husband, was brutally murdered by her paramour, Augustus Lytton, who cut her throat from ear to ear.

Horrible Attempt to Murder.

CHICAGO, April 14.—It is learned that last Friday night Mrs. Campbell, wife of James Campbell, a farmer living near Hindsboro, Illinois, became deranged, and while her husband was in bed attempted to dispatch him with an ax. She succeeded only in wounding him badly, disfiguring his face and causing him to nearly bleed to death. She then fled with her bloody weapon, going toward a neighbor's house for the purpose of killing him also, but she fell in a ditch from exhaustion and was secured. She is the mother of six children.

The Titusville Conflagration.

BRADFORD, PA., June 13.—The fire at Titusville is under control. A tank made an overflow at three o'clock this morning; a desperate struggle followed, but the flames were finally subdued. The total loss is $1,500,000. The principal losers are: Acme oil company, 1 million refined oil, etc., $650,000; Keystone and Pickering, acid chambers, with stills, tank and oil, $50,000; Tideout and Titusville pipe line, five tanks and oil, $120,000; David Emery, tank and oil, $10,000; Pittsburg, Titusville and Buffalo railroad bridge, $8000; Franklin and Perry street bridges, $7000; thirty dwellings and buildings, $20,000. The insurance is comparatively nothing.

Explosion and Fire.

MILWAUKEE, June 14.—At six o'clock this morning a boiler in Waldeck & Wirtz distillery exploded, and twenty minutes later a second boiler exploded. Dave Hanson, the fireman, was instantly killed by the first explosion, and J. Schandeim fatally injured. The building took fire and was partially destroyed. Loss, $20,000; insurance, $10,000. The explosion was caused by low water in the boiler.

The total loss by the explosion and fire will reach twenty five thousand dollars. The boiler was inspected yesterday and pronounced safe. Besides Hansen, killed, and Scanlan, fatally injured, there were in the boiler-room Engineer Keoch and Diedrich Sieshoff. Croeger was badly scalded, and Sieshoff was blown fifty feet, but was entirely uninjured.

Explosion at the Millers' Exhibition.

CINCINNATI, June 14.—A shocking accident occurred at half-past nine o'clock this morning by which two visitors to the Millers' international exhibition were seriously if not fatally injured. It was the explosion of a six-inch steam service-pipe, which was put into use to-day for the first time to take the place of the regular eight-inch pipe that was needed for the test of automatic engines. The thimbles connecting the sections of the pipe were of cast iron, and were too weak for the pressure; pieces of the pipe were thrown forward a distance of forty feet, the steam filling the building causing a temporary panic among the visitors but without serious results. The injured men are Alfred Osborne, of Palmyra, Harrison county, Indiana, and L. Becker, from Galveston, both millers. Osborne was struck in the chest by a piece of pipe, and, in falling, cut his head. Becker had a very bad gash in the back of the head, and general indications of serious if not fatal injuries.

Mysterious Murder or Terrible Accident.

COLUMBUS, O., June 13.—Word reached here after midnight last night that a mysterious murder or terrible accident causing death had occurred at Georgesville. The story is that while David Williams, of Commercial Point, and Miss Kate Turner, of Georgesville, were seated in a grove near Georgesville, during the afternoon, some one fired a shot, which took effect in Williams's breast, killing him instantly. There are three theories regarding this shooting. One is that the shot was fired by Joseph Turner, father of Miss Turner, and it is claimed that just after the shot was fired a man resembling Turner was seen about fifty yards away; another story is that the shot was fired by a jealous rival; while still another theory is that Williams's death was caused by an accidental shot from a gun carried by a party of boys hunting in the neighborhood.

Execution of William Binns.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., June 13.—William Binns was hung at Warren, Bradley county, on the eleventh instant, for the murder of Thom