Staunton Spectator.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 1887.

"The New South."

The publishers of the *Manufacturers' Record*, of Baltimore, are true and valued friends of the South in furnishing through the wide-extended circulation of that journal the progress which is going on in material development. They have claims upon the South for more than that.—Through the editors and many correspondents the hidden sources of our wealth have been brought to light and capital and enterprise and capable men have been solicited in our behalf, and in the great strides forward in several States of the South a large share of credit may be accorded to them for the immense capital and the splendid qualifications of investors which are now of the solid wealth, and the increased citizenship of our "New South." Continuing to develop the fields of new knowledge and its opportunities, the *Record* publishers have caused to be prepared with great care a volume by Mr. M. B. Hillyard, a thoroughly equipped writer who has discharged his office by means of his own researches through close investigation, which appear in this complete book entitled "The New South"—sketching the resources and the attractions of our fair and beautiful land. The letter press, paper, and binding in Russian leather, with gilt edge, and title, are all of superior style, and are fit ornamentations to the freshly-gathered knowledge of the wonderful "New South." Price $2.50, to be obtained by addressing the *Manufacturers' Record*, Baltimore.

The Jackson Monument.

The Lexington *Gazette* says the Ladies' Jackson Memorial Association are just now at a loss to know how to raise additional funds for the proposed monument. It also discusses the question as to what the memorial shall be—a monument over the grave, a memorial chapel, or library.—There are three funds which, if consolidated, will begin to approach $25,000, the amount generally considered the least necessary to the attainment of the object in proper proportions. One fund is that of the Association of which Gen. G. W. C. Lee is President; another in the hands of the Ladies Association; and the third held by Gen. F. H. Smith, which now amounts to $6,000. The amounts raised by the two Associations first named, are not stated.—The *Gazette* concludes that a memorial building on the grounds of the Virginia Military Institute would, under all the circumstances, be the most appropriate. We think this was General Smith's view when he organized the neuclus at the Institute for raising a memorial fund. Whatever the memorial to the hero shall be, upon the Institute grounds will be the appropriate place to erect it.

THOEBE DECLINES TO CONTEST CARLISLE'S SEAT.—Mr. Thoebe declines to contest Carlisle's seat in Congress. The Washington *Post* says that "under the law he had ninety days after serving notice of contest in which to take evidence. The ninety days expired a few days ago, and with the mass of testimony he had taken Thoebe was only able to call into question five votes, and as he had a majority of over 800 to overcome, he gave up the task as hopeless. Speaker Carlisle will in a short time go on a visit to his sons at Wichita, Kan., where he expects to remain during most of the summer, unless an extra session of Congress should be called."

Since the above was put in type we observe that a Louisville dispatch to the *N. Y. World*, dated 7th inst., says that Mr. Thoebe, who is contesting Mr. Carlisle's seat in Congress, said last night that he had not abandoned the contest. He intends to file his papers in a few days and expects to get the seat.

THE PRESIDENT IN THE SOUTH.—At a largely-attended meeting of the Cleveland democracy of Buffalo, N. Y., Saturday evening last, a letter was read from Mr. Henry W. Grady, editor of the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution, in which he says: "As a stanch supporter of Grover Cleveland before his nomination and after, and of his administration since he became President, I am in hearty sympathy with you. The South is more than satisfied with his record, and there will not be a division of sentiment in any State from Virginia to Texas on the question of his renomination. He will carry every State in the South into the convention, and will not lose half a dozen delegates. In the electoral college he will not lose a single vote from the South." The reading of this statement was followed by hearty applause.

Horace Greeley was the author of the following directions, which comprise a good deal in a few words: "If you want to keep a town from thriving don't erect more buildings than you can occupy yourselves. If you should accidentally have a building vacant and anyone should want to rent it, ask three times the value of it. Demand a Shylock price for every foot of ground God has given you stewardship over. Turn a cold shoulder to every business man and merchant who seeks to make a home with you. Look at every new comer with a scowl. Run down the work of every new workman. Go abroad for wares rather than to those who seek to do business in your midst. Fail to advertise, or in any way support your town newspaper."

WORST SNOW-STORM OF THE SEASON.—At Hancock, Michigan, last week the snow was thirty-four inches deep, and drifted badly. The Hancock and Calumet railroad was blocked. The Marquette train was delayed several hours, and it took the Mineral Range train seventeen hours to go thirteen miles from Calumet to Hancock. For the first time for the season all traffic on the street was stopped.

The New York *World* says: "Col. W. C. Beecher denies that his father, the late Henry Ward Beecher, wrote the poem 'If I Should Die To-night,' which appeared in Haggard's novel, 'Jess.' Col. Beecher does not believe that his father ever wrote a line of poetry."

SNOW COVERED WITH DUST.—A dispatch from Augusta, Wisconsin, says that about an inch of snow fell there on Tuesday night, the 5th inst., the surface of which was covered with what seemed to be dust or ashes. That whole section was covered with the same yellowish snow.

Thirty-three hotels are to be erected in Los Angeles county, California, this season. The cost of these establishments will range from $30,000 to $600,000. That country is now crowded with health- and pleasure-seekers from the East and Northwest.

Mrs. Annie J. Phoebus has purchased the Hygeia Hotel, at Fortress Monroe, Va., for $352 500.

Settling the Debt Question—the Position of the Republicans.

As the Lynchburg *Virginian* says, if there is one question, for the final settlement of which in some creditable and satisfactory manner the representatives of both parties should agree to sink partisanry and work cordially together, it is the debt question. It has been worked for political effect until it is no longer of any force as a campaign issue and its continued agitation is calculated to handicap both parties, whereas its settlement would leave them free to divide on more rational and essential questions of public policy.

But that the Republicans are already tacitly committed to the desperate and discreditable policy of re-opening the debt question as a partisan issue is plainly shown by the obstructive action of their representatives in the General Assembly with reference to the appointment of a Commission. There were several honorable exceptions, it is true, but the animus of the party was reflected by the filibustering contingent, which was in a large majority on that side of the house.

Whether the debt conference is a success or a failure, the Democratic party can afford to take the responsibility. An honorable effort to relieve the Commonwealth of her existing embarrassments cannot involve any possible reproach or political disadvantage. If it fails, the party will be no worse off in any respect than it is now. If it succeeds in effecting a compromise, even though the terms of the compromise necessitate a partial abandonment of the terms of the Riddleberger bill, the party would be in a position to defy any attempt of Gen. Mahone's to repudiate the settlement thus effected as a means of returning himself to the United States Senate. He would be effectually "forestalled."

SENATOR RIDDLEBERGER AND JUDGE BOND.—A Washington special to the Whig of last Friday states that Senator Riddleberger criticised Judge Bond's decision in the Royall *habeas corpus* case in terms of the strongest indignation. He says that it was the most flagrant and wicked usurpation of power known to this country within the last half century; that in the first place, Bond had no authority to issue the writ of habeas corpus which took Mr. Royall from the custody of the State officers. The Senator announced his purpose of devoting the remaining two years of his term to an effort to procure Congressional investigation of Judge Bond's action preparatory to his impeachment.

JEFFERSON'S BIRTHDAY.—The New Orleans Association of the Alumni of the University of Virginia has determined to celebrate in proper style the birthday of Thomas Jefferson. The celebration will be had on the evening of the 13th inst., [today] by an address from Hon. W. M. Burwell, to which the public are invited, in Tulane Hall, to be followed by a dinner elsewhere, at which the members of the association will renew the memories of their college days. Mr. Burwell, who is a native of Bedford county, Va., was a student at the University during the lifetime of Mr. Jefferson, and is full of personal reminiscences of the great statesman.

LIBEL SUIT IN HIGHLAND COUNTY.—Messrs Wm. A. Gladwell and J. W. Vawter having published a card in the Highland *Recorder* charging Mr. J. W. Colaw with "drinking" and then "lying about it," Mr. Colaw, as soon as the card appeared, instituted suit for libel, placing his damages at $5,000—Messrs Jones and Blakemore being his counsel. The trial will take place on the 3rd of May in the Circuit Court of Highland before Judge McLaughlin. Colaw is a candidate for Commonwealth's Attorney and wishes the trial to be disposed of before the election in May.

RHODE ISLAND DEMOCRATIC.—One of the most wonderful events of these times pregnant with wonders is the fact that at the recent State election in Rhode Island it was carried by the Democrats, who elected the State officers and a sufficient number of the members of the Legislature to secure a majority on joint ballot. It was supposed that Rhode Island was a Republican sun that would never set.

A FAMILY POISONED.—A negro girl, employed as a servant by Dr. J. P. Hunter, a physician of Laurens county, S. C., attempted to kill the Doctor and his family by putting rat poison in their dinner. All who partook of the poisoned food became violently ill, but are now out of danger. The girl confessed, saying she was tired of being bound out and wanted to kill the entire family.

MR. S. BROWN ALLEN'S SURETIES.—The sureties on the official bond of ex-Auditor S. Brown Allen are John A. English, J. E. Hamilton, E. A. Fulcher, W. A. F. Hamilton, Robert S. Hamilton, and Robert S. Harnsberger. All of these were parties defendant in the recently-decided suit against Allen and his sureties for about $5,000.

REV. DR. TALMAGE TO BE IN RICHMOND.—On Friday last, Rev. Drs. Minnigerode and Hoge received telegrams from Dr. T. Dewitt Talmage, of Brooklyn, stating that he would be in Richmond the latter part of this month to deliver the address before the Virginia Bible Society.

CONDON BAILED.—Sandy Condon, who shot, dangerously wounding, Alex. Harlow at Goshen on the 24 inst., was before Judge Houston at the present term of Rockbridge Co. Court on a *habeas corpus* on the 9th inst., and was bailed in the sum of $1,000 to appear at the May term.

About the recent discharge of Mr. Royal by Judge Bond, of the U. S. Circuit Court at Richmond, Riddleberger says if he were the judge of the Richmond Court he would have Mr. Royall re-arrested and held till he paid the fine imposed upon him by the Virginia court.

At the municipal election in Parkersburg, W. Va., Wednesday, the Democrats elected John S. Camden mayor and six out of eight councilmen. This is the first time the Democrats have gained control of city affairs for years. A very large vote was polled.

LOCAL OPTION IN BUCKINGHAM.—The election held at Buckingham Courthouse on the 2nd instant, for the Courthouse District on the question of liquor-license or no liquor-license resulted in a vote of 144 against license and 33 for license.

The Democrats elected their entire ticket at the municipal election at Huntington, W. Va., Thursday. That city has now a Democratic mayor, recorder, and a solid Democratic council.

While shooting at a target at Allegheny City Thursday Florence Park, aged 15 years, accidentally shot and killed Albert Friesel, a 9-year-old playmate.

THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.—The "Pehsach" or great festival of the Passover began with the Hebrews Friday evening at sundown and will last eight days, the first and the last days being observed as solemn holidays. To the Hebrew housewife the approach of the Passover means what spring house-cleaning does to housewives all over this country, and means much more, for the work is greater. There must not be one crumb of bread left in the house, and no food which is to be eaten during the week is to touch any utensil in any manner whatever which has been used during the year. The only food which is to be eaten during the Passover is that made of raw materials, or the raw materials themselves, which have never touched the utensils used during the year. Of course the kinds of food made out of these raw materials are limited. The week is to be one of partial fasting, and, therefore, among other things, milk and butter are forbidden. The peculiar article of food for the Passover is the matzos, or unleavened bread. This prevention of the contamination of the Passover food by the yearly article is what makes the work for the Hebrew housewife. All the dishes, knives, forks, or any other articles used in cooking or eating during the year are put away and another outfit, which has never been in service since the last Passover, is brought in use. All preparations must be completed on the eve of the Passover, and the holiday commences with the evening services called "Sader." The entire family is seated around the table. The father and sons read the service books written in the original Hebrew, or perhaps translated into the German or English. On the table are sweet and bitter food, which are tasted by each one present, to remind him of the trials of their forefathers when they were in bondage and of the joy which they themselves should feel at regaining their liberty. That part of the Bible relating to the event celebrated is read and thanksgiving offered.

EASTER.—It is safe to say that the season in which Sunday, April 10, 1887, stands centrally, is the principal religious epoch of the year in by far the larger number of European States. In America most of the customs of the old country are dispensed with and we have only the eggs, and the habit of the ladies to try and come out with a new suit, or at best, a bonnet that day. Of late years the egg-habit has invaded the candy shops of many cities in America, and enormous sums are now spent on Easter eggs, which are in fact peep-shows put in sugar. The custom of eating and adorning eggs at Easter is thought to be of pagan origin, and is known to have been familiar to the Persians. The Jews originally used the eggs at Purim, the festival of Esther, a recollection of the Persian captivity. The change from Esther to Easter, on account of the odd co-incidence of sounds, is notable. The anniversary of the resurrection is undoubtedly the leading Christian festival throughout the civilized world. While in America Christmas has exceeded Easter in popular recognition, yet this country has but a small portion of the 388,000,000 Christians.

The President's Views on the land question.

A correspondent of the New York *Herald* has had an interview with President Cleveland from which we extract the following giving his views on the land question:—

I said to the President: "Mr. Cleveland, there seems to be a good deal of interest in this land question just now."

"Yes," was his quick answer, "and very properly, I think. It is one of the live questions of the day, and certainly one of the most important."

"The railroad corporations appear to be somewhat greedy," I suggested.

"Well," he said, "a railroad corporation should have its legal rights—no more, no less. But the people should have their rights, also. I believe in the people, I believe in the settlers on the new lands of the far West, and I believe that corporations which become too grasping should be restrained. When a real settler—I don't mean a mere land speculator, but a farmer who builds his little house and sets about the improvement of the acres on which he has settled—when such a man has legally taken possession of his 160 acres he ought to feel that the Government is behind him and that if his rights are ever invaded the Government will stand by him and see that no injustice is done. He has a right to feel that way, and, so far as this Administration is concerned, it is clearly and without reservation of any kind the friend of the people.—While, as a matter of course, the Administration will protect the lawful rights of a corporation as well as those of the people, still I think it should be specially jealous of the rights of the farmers and the working classes. This is a government by the people and for the people, and the people ought to feel always that its full force will be exercised to protect them from any unlawful encroachments. I will go even further than that and say that if by any construction of the law a seeming injustice is done to the humblest farmer in the furthest corner of the land, then the law ought to be changed and changed at once. I am of the people. I believe in the people, and I stand by them and with them—first, last and all the time."

That was nobly said, and I believe it will be nobly done.

Then we rode back to town, and the busy President went to his work again, which keeps him every day until "the wee sma' hours."

[This correspondent had accompanied the President to "Oak View," his country seat.]

MEMORIAL WINDOW.—Dr. A. Z. Koiner, as a loving and reverent testimonial to the graces and virtues of his deceased wife, has placed a memorial window in the Lutheran Church, which attracts much attention by its chaste and beautiful design. Above and below a broken lily in the center are jewels of different colors, which, like it and the crown above all, are embossed in the general frame-work of tinted glass. On either side are calla lilies of lovely white, and beneath them all are the words: "In memoriam of Fanny Simmons Koiner, 1887." The blending of colors is exquisite, and in the soft light of a setting sun its mellow radiance seems reflected in all the beauties of the rainbow, amid the sparkling glow of rubies, pearls and diamonds.—*Roanoke Leader.*

AN ATTEMPT AT INCENDIARISM.—Mrs. Mary Shope who resides about five miles Northeast of this place, made complaint, that Mr. George Tharp accompanied by some one else whom she knew not, attempted to set her house on fire, on last Friday night, April 1, 1887, by starting fire in the garret near the roof. She secured a warrant, and constable T. J. Burke arrested Mr. Tharp on April 5, and brought him to this place. He was tried before C. Shirley, Esq., and convicted. He gave security for his appearance at court.—*Shenandoah Valley.*

How's This?—Mr. J. J. Mays, who lives near Buffalo Forge, is now 60 years of age. Last week he was mauling rails when he saw a grey fox walking leisurely along a piece of bottom land near by. Mr. Mays gave chase, and after some time caught the fox which was so exhausted it could run no further; while Mr. Mays was almost as fresh as when the chase began. Harrah for Tuckahoe!—*Rockbridge News.*

A BROKEN LEG.—Yesterday evening Master Hugh Donnally, son of Mr. Wilson Donnally, aged about sixteen years, employed at the Lewisburg Steam Mill, had the misfortune to break his left leg just above the ankle. It seems that he attempted to kick the band from a wheel while in motion when his leg was caught with the result stated. The broken limb was set by Dr. A. S. Patrick.—*Greenbrier Independent, 7th.*

Insane Asylums.

The Richmond *State* of Monday has a long editorial on the question of the removal of officers of the Insane Asylums of the State, in which it says that "the selection should always be for the sake of experience and skill, never because of personal prejudise or personal favoritism," and adds:

"It is upon these principles that the asylums of Virginia have been conducted whenever the Democratic party has been in power, and upon these principles, and these principle alone, should these asylums be conducted hereafter. We sound the warning now that no other policy should the Democratic party of Virginia support. No other policy can it safely support; no other policy ought it to support.

But the rumor is in the wind that changes, and wholly unneccessary changes, are in contemplation. There are men who, for reasons of their own, are willing to reverse the humane policy of the Democracy, which demands the expert at the head of every asylum, and who would recklessly lay their party open to the charge of subordinating humanity to partisan greed only in order that they might get the places and salaries of capable and efficient officers for their inexperienced friends."

After stating that "when the so-called Republican party of Virginia came into power a few years ago it turned out of the places of Superintendents of the Asylums skilled physicians who had treated the insane for years," and that when the Democratic party came into power again, "it corrected this evil and placed at the head of every Asylum a recognized expert in the treatment of the insane," it concludes its article as follows:—

"These experts have done their duty. They have done as well as it is possible for any successors, even though they were experienced in the treatment of the insane, could do; they have done far better than it is possible for men of less experience or no experience to do. No change can give our asylums fitter men than Black and Barksdale and Conrad and Moncure. Neither personal prejudice nor personal favor should displace them. Their assistants are seconding their efforts with zeal, and are daily learning more of this branch of medical practice. Wherever all other members of the staff of each asylum are doing their duty they ought also to be retained. No asylum office is a perquisite of person or party. Shall such useful men as these be turned out of place merely to gratify the personal whims of this man or that man? No! Humanity demands that the sad homes of the most unfortunate of our fellowbeings shall not be made the subjects of personal or political traffic."

SIR EDWARD THORNTON TO REPRESENT THE FOREIGN BONDHOLDERS.—On Monday afternoon, Governor Lee received the following cablegram:

"*Tremington Market*, April 11, 1887.—His Excellency Governor Lee, Richmond, Virginia. Sir Edward Thornton, who was British minister at Washington, will sail by the steamship Etruria on the 16th of April, duly accredited by the council of foreign bondholders to meet the commission of the Legislature. BOUVERIE."

It is surmised that Sir Edward Thornton will have associates.

A TORNADO IN DAKOTA.—WATERTOWN, DAKOTA, April 8.—A severe wind, which, toward nightfall, culminated in a tornado, lasted throughout the day in this section. This evening the wind-storm was renewed with great force, and the prairie, Southeast of the city, caught fire, and the whole place was in dauger until the wind changed. The mercury stood at 85 during the afternoon.

During the storm this evening freight cars were blown out of the Northwestern yards, and when last heard of were going before the wind down the track toward Garry.

The cause of prohibition is growing apace in the North and West, and from present indications the next Presidential campaign will be greatly complicated by the labor- and liquor-law questions. Four candidates may be in the field, and if so the contest will be delightfully exasperating.—*Norfolk Landmark.*

HORSE KILLED.—A passing train ran over and killed a fine mare near Mouth of Wolf Creek, this county, belonging to Harvey Upton from near Centreville. Mrs. Upton, who had been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Clete Selvy, had just gotten off the horse when the train came along.—*Ronceverte News, 8th.*

Rev. A. M. Cackley and wife arrived in town on Thursday night last. Mr. Cackley preached a fine sermon both morning and night Sunday to large audiences, and from the close attention he received we would say he had made a fine impression upon his congregation.—*Rockbridge News.*

Middlebrook News.

Near this village lives a gentleman by the name of Wm. Glover. This gentleman has in the last few years purchased a very fine farm and erected thereon one of the finest houses in the country—also one of the finest barns in this section. The whole of this work was just completed not long since. The barn was large and capacious. The basement story consisted of the stables and feeding rooms. There was in the barn 47 tons of baled hay, 10 or 12 tons of loose hay, a large lot of fodder, all of his wheat, all of his oats, all of his clover seed, all of his corn, 3 wagons, 2 mowers, 2 wheat-drills, a fine buggy, a fine ambulance, a new clover huller costing $400, a new sleigh, and, in fact, all the farming tools he possessed. It was his great misfortune on Sunday night a week ago to have this very valuable collection destroyed by fire. There is no doubt in the world but that it was done by an incendiary, as he was seen running from the building direct as it was lit. The horses were all haltered in the stables underneath the barn. Parties arrived in time to save 4 out of the 5—the fifth one perished in the flames. The whole community ought to aid in capturing this midnight incendia y, and, if caught, he will most assuredly be summarily dealt with. We don't believe in lynch-law, but in a case like this, when the proof is conclusive, it has a very restraining effect upon all who anticipate committing such dastardly deeds. Mr. Glover's loss is over $4,000.00. Mr. Wm. Mish had between 4 and 5 hundred dollars worth of grain and machinery stored in the barn, which was also destroyed. There was unfortunately no insurance at all on the barn or its contents. This shows that every man having fine buildings ought by all means to have an insurance on them. We learn that Mr. Glover was going soon to have the barn insured, but deferred the matter until the torch of the vile incendiary destroyed, in a few hours, what he had labored so long and zealously to build. Mr. Glover is a very hard-working and honest man. He has no enemies that he knows of, and consequently must be from envy. He has the heart-felt sympathy of the whole community. It would be a grand idea for the farmers and all who have buildings which might be destroyed to raise a fund by contribution and employ a skilled detective and have this fellow hunted up and make an example of him, for the community ought to be rid of such a dangerous character as he is.

There was a "joint" discussion on Saturday night a week ago between the "Jaketown" debating society and the "Windy Hollow" debating society. It resulted in a tie or rather one question was decided in favor of the one, and one in favor of the other. The names of the societies and other information were received by us from an eye-witness. Great bursts of oratory resounded through the woods at Stover's School-house, and, in fact, a regular first-class staked and-ridered good time was had by all who attended this great oratorical feast. These debates, when properly conducted, are very beneficial to the young men, and we are glad to see so much interest manifested in them.

Your correspondent is very sorry to hear that Staunton went "wet" at the election, as the awful temptation of strong drink is set too conspicuously before the young of the present day. The abolition of the liquor traffic cannot be stopped by simply lopping off the limbs, but, in order to kill it, the root of this "All-evil" must be struck. God speed the day when some party will get into power, that has the courage to deal this hideous monster a death blow.

QUIDNUNC.

SERMON OF REV. DR. TALMAGE LAST SUNDAY.

WHEN WE GO OUT OF THIS WORLD WE ARE GOING TO A KING'S BANQUET—WE DO NOT WANT OUR BODIES RETURNED AS THEY ARE NOW—THE THUNDER OF THE LAST DAY WILL BE THE SALVO THAT GREETS YOU INTO HARBOR.

BROOKLYN, April 10.—To-day being Easter Sunday the Tabernacle was profusely decorated with flowers. The pulpit, the pillars and the galleries were one great garden of bloom.—Prof. Browne, the organist, and Prof. Ali, the cornetist, rendered selections from Handel, Haydn and Beethoven, appropriate to the day celebrated. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was, "The Overthrow of the Monster," and his text, Isaiah chapter 25, verse 8: "He will swallow up death in victory." Dr. Talmage said:

About eighteen hundred and fifty-three Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter, until Charles IX. made the year begin at January 1st. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay-roll of Edward I., on which there is an entry of eighteen pence for four hundred colored and pictured Easter eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia, slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met at Pontus, at Gaul, at Rome, at Achaia to decide the particular day, and after a controversy, more animated than gracious, decided it, and now through all Christendom, in some way the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after March 21st, is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The Royal Court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears richer diadem, and sways a more jewelled sceptre, and in her smile nations are tradiated. Unusually welcome this year because of the harsh winter and the late spring, she seems to step out of the snowbank rather than the conservatory, come out of the North instead of the South, out of the Arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox; but welcome this queenly day, holding high up in her right hand the wrenched-off bolt of Christ's sepulchre, and holding high up in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom.

It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter everything valuable in the track. Unwheeled artillery; hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have read of the French falling back from Sedan, or Napoleon's track of ninety thousand corpses in the snowbanks of Russia, or of the retreat of our own armies from Pennsylvania, or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Bethoran with their armies, while the hail-storms of Heaven and the swords of Joshua's host struck them with their fury. In my text is a worse discomfiture. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and malaries and cancers and distempers and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northeast wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave mound. He pitched tent of charnel-house.—Some of his troops marched with slow tread, commanded by consumptions, some in double-quick, commanded by pneumonias. Some he took by long bestegement of evil habit, and some by one stroke of the battle-axe of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sick rooms, and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all the three continents. Forward march, the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commander-in-chief, and all Presidents and kings and sultans and czars drop under the feet of his war chariot. But one Gorliath was in this antagonist was born. As most of the plagues and sicknesses and despotisms come out of the East, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the same quarter. Power is given Him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle.—When Christ shall lead forth his two brigades, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back, and the brigade from the riven sepulchres will take Him from beneath and the brigade of descending immortals will take Him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old braggart that threatened the conquest and depopulation of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his sceptre, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lowly stone of the Arctic explorer, and on the catafalque of great cathedral, written in capitals of azalea and calla lily, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of the triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Blenheim, at Megiddo and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the Medes; at Poictiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the eastern cavern of chiselled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the King of Terrors, and put him back in the niche from which the celestial Conqueror had just emerged. Aha! when the jaws of the eastern mausoleum took down the black giant, death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Styglian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Kenilworth Castle are more in ruins than is the sepulchre. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloak-room at a Governor's or President's levee. We stop at such cloak-room and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overshoes, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing-room. Well my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a King's banquet, and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we met the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue and all their slowness of locomotion. They will be put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child that bounds on the lawn at Prospect Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue Hospital. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, indecorum of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation; the dullest of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very parlor of the universe, the four walls burnished and pannelled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite God in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

This view, of course, makes it of but little importance whether we are cremated or sepulchured. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration let them have it without caricature. The world may become so convinced that cremation may be universally adopted by law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—F. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by persecution at Smithfield; Huley, cremated at Oxford; Pothinus and Blandina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades, cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius—at least a hundred thousand of Christ's disciples cremated—and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has already been built, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for the resting place, but that time has not come. Plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation we shall get that luminous, buoyant, gladsome, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body; you will have it, I will have it. I say to you to-day as Paul said to Agrippa: "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The far-up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle flies, what is it made of? Drops of water from the Hudson, other drops from the East river, other drops from a stagnant pool out on Newark flats up yonder there, embodied in a cloud and the sun kindles it. If God can make such a lustrous cloud out of water drops many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and out of them build a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones and muscles and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of eyescopes should see a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which He originally fashioned, can He not restore? Aye, if the manufacturer of the telescope by a change of the glass and a change of focus can make a better glass than that which was originally constructed, and scatter the former, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye may improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

"Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the material and the earth. Resurrected! Resurrected! The radiant butterfly, where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar? That albatross that smites the tempest with its wing, where did it come from? A senseless shell? Near Bergerac, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block were found flower seed that had been buried two thousand years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up; it bloomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected. A traveller says he found in a mummy-pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there three thousand years ago. He brought them out and on the 4th of June, 1844, he planted them, and in thirty days they sprang up. Buried three thousand years, yet resurrected. "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"

Where did all this silk come from—the silk that adorns your persons and your homes? In a hollow of reed a Greek missionary brought from China to Europe the process of the silk worms that now supply the silk markets of many nations. The pageantry of bannered boat and the luxurious articles of commercial emporium blazing out from the silk worm.—And who shall be surprised if out of this insignificant earthly body, this insignificant earthly life our bodies unfold into something worthy of the coming eternities? Put silver into diluted nitre and it dissolves. Is the silver gone forever? No. Put in some pieces of copper and the silver reappears. If one force dissolves another force organizes.

"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebler and feebler, and then stopped.—They have taken no food, they want none. They lay dormant and insensible, but soon the South wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for our bodies as he does for the wasps and the spiders and the snails? This morning at half-past 4 o'clock there was a resurrection. Out of the night, the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid all the graves?

Ever and anon there are instances of men and women entranced.

A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit departed. People came in day after day and said: "He is dead, he is dead." But the soul that fled returned, and William Tennent lived to write out the experience of what he had seen while his soul was gone. It may be found some time that what is called suspended animation or comatose state is brief death, giving the soul an excursion into the next world from which it comes back, a furlough of a few hours granted from the conflict of life to which it must return. Do not this waking up of men from trance, and this waking up of insects from winter lifelessness, and this waking up of grains buried three thousand years ago, make it easier for you to believe that your body and mine after the vacation of the grave shall rouse and rally, though there be three thousand years between our last breath and the sounding of the archangel's trumpet? Physiologists tell us that while the most of our bodies are built with such wonderful economy that we can spare nothing, and the loss of a finger is a hindrance, and the injury of a toe joint makes us lame, still that we have two or three useless physical apparati, and no anatomist or physiologist has ever been able to tell what they are good for. They are no doubt the foundation of the resurrection body, worth nothing to us in this state, to be indispensably valuable in the next state. The Jewish rabbins had only a hint of this suggestion when they said that in the human frame there was a small bone which they said was to be the basis of the resurrection body. Perhaps that may have been a delusion. But this thing is certain, the Christian scientists of our day have found out that there are two or three superfluities of body that are something gloriously suggestive of another state.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with the rubbish of carpenter and mason's work. The floor was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper-hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house fit to live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested an improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And O, what was his joy when at the end of six months, he returned and the old house was enlarged and improved and glorified! That is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after a while your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burnished and adorned and raised and cupoled and enlarged, and all the improvements of Heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day.—"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Oh, what a day when body and soul meet again! They are fond of each other. Did your body ever have pain and your soul not feel it? or your body have a joy and your soul not re-echo it? or, changing the question, did your soul ever have any trouble and your body not sympathise with it? growing warm and weak under the depressing influence. Or did your soul ever have a gladness but your body celebrated it with kindled eye and cheek and elastic step? Surely God never intended two such good friends to be very long separated. And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" and the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" and the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect heaven. Wonder! Do you wonder that to-day we swathe this house with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most consecrated voice of song that we can invite, and with the deftest fingers on organ and cornet, and with doxologies that beat these arches with the tillows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disapprove of the resurrection.

A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffett, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary: "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" said the cruel chieftain. "Yes," said the missionary. "Then," said the warrior, "let me hear no more about the resurrection day.—There can be no resurrection. I have slain thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than merciful to see whose crimes have never been repented of. But for all others who allowed Christ to be their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightnings will be only the torches of triumphal procession marshing down to escort you home. The burning worlds flashing through immensely will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day you will see deep gashes all up and down this hills, deep gashes all through the valleys, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned sepulchres, with rough ground tossed on either side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillocks, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text: "He will swallow up death in victory."

"Hail the Lord of earth and heaven!
Praise to Thee by both be given;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail the resurrection Thou!"

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