

JEALOUSY.

It Whispers, it Hisses, it Lies, it Debauches, it Blaspheems, it Damns.

It put a Murderous Weapon in the Hand of the First Boy that was Ever Born.

You will Make Much More Out of Their Successes than Others Than out of Their Misfortunes.

Special to the Gazette.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 15.—The hymn sung by the congregation in the Tabernacle this morning begins:

"No more let woman blow to spite;

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Professor Henry Eyrer Brown rendered the second stanza in E minor by Ritter.

Having expounded passages of Scripture in regard to the behavior of Jacob and Esau, the Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, D. D., preached on the subject of "Jealousy," being taken from Proverbs vi.

"Jealousy is the rage of a man." He said:

Some subjects a religious teacher touches a thousand times, now coming on them from one direction, now from another. But here is a Bible theme that for some reason is left tactically alone.

This morning asking your prayers, and in the strength of God, I want to give you a lesson in an ungodly, heinous, malicious and diabolical, that has for ages whirled and crawled the earth. It comes all that is obnoxious in the races human, quadruped, ornithological, reptilian and insectile, hoarded, tacked, hooded, fagged, stung; the evil of a scorpion, the tooth of an adder, the jaws of a crocodile, the crushing talons of an eagle, the stings of a scorpion, the tongue of a cobra, and the coil of the worm that never dies. It is in every community, in every church, in every legislative hall, in every monetary institution, in every drawing-room level, in every literary and professional circle. It whispers, it hisses, it lies, it debauches, it blasphemizes, it damns. My text is the rage of a man. It is the shadow of the superiority of others; their superiority in talent or wealth or beauty or elegance or virtue or social or professional or political recognition. It is the shadow of other people's success. It is the shadow in our pocket-book because it is not as fat as some one else's pocket-book. It is the shadow on our tongue because it is not as eloquent as some one else's tongue. It is the shadow on our robes because they are not as lustrous as some one else's robes. It is the earthquake under our house because it is not as many feet from and deep as our neighbor's house. It is the thunder of other people's popularity sounding in the ears of our loneliness. It is the father and mother both of our sins of the diabolical and outrageous and detestable and bankrupt and

CRIMES AND WORDS

I was an abolitionist as much as it is a peevishness. I put a rough stick in the hands of the first boy that was ever born and said to him: "Now, Cain, when Abel is looking for his brother, you are to pick up your stone and throw it at him. And Cain picked up the stone as though just to walk with it and while Abel was watching some of the water, down came the blow of the first assassination, which has had its echo in all the fratricides, matricides, uxoricides, homicides, infanticides and parricides of the world. It is the shadow of the passion of jealousy, no disturbed Caligula at the promenade of some of the men of his time, that he cut a much admired cord from the brow of Cincinnatus, and took the embroidered collar from the neck of Turpinus, and had Phileas killed because of his purple robe, which attracted too much attention. After Columbus had placed America as a general name, the Spaniards, to depreciate his achievement, and aroused animosity till the great discoverer had his heart broken. Urged on by this bad passion, Dionysius flayed Plato because he was wiser than himself, and Palkonius because his music was too popular. Jealousy made Korah his about Moses and Saccoth deprecate Gideon. Jealousy made the trouble between Jacob and Esau. That hated Joseph in the pit. That struck the twenty-three fatal wounds into Julius Caesar. That banished Aristides. That drew Anthony against Cicero. That banished a great man because of the fame he had for his beautiful porch, and set a poet for his life's tragedy. That set a rival to a noble name. David. It was jealousy that made the king say: "Saul and David. It seems to me possession of both eyes and makes them flash and glare like two

PORT HOLE OF HELL.

"Saul eyed David." That is he looked at him so much as to say: "You little upstart, how dare you attempt anything great? I will grind you under my heel. I will exterminate you, I will, you miserable human. Crouch, crawl, slink into that hole where you will be safe from my eyes. I will see you there. Instead of Saul he slain his thousands," but David his tens of thousands." When Voltaire heard that Frederick the Great was forgetting him and putting his literary admiration on Baccard d'Arnaud, the old infidel leaped out of his bed and dashed the floor in a maniacal rage, and ordered his swiftest horses hooked up and carried him to the French capital. That despicable passion of jealousy led Napoleon the I. to leave in his will a bequest of 5000 francs to the ruffian who shot at Wellington when the victor of Waterloo was passing through Paris. That stationed a greedy elder brother at the back door of the household when the prodigal son returned, and threw a chill on the family reunion while that elder brother complained, saying: "Who ever heard of giving roast veal to such a prodigal?" Aye, that passion rose up and under the darkest cloud that ever shadowed the earth and amid the loudest thunder that ever shook the mountains, and amid the blinding dash of lightning that ever blinded or stunned the nations, hung up on two poles of rough lumber back of Jerusalem the kindest, purest, loveliest nature that heaven could delegate, and stopped not until there was no power left in hammer or mallet or javelin to hurt the dead Son of God.

That passion of jealousy, it lived, it bubbled, it talked, it raged on, and it now pierces the earth like a fiery diameter and encircles it like a fiery circumference. It wants both hemispheres. It wants the heavens. It would, if it could, capture the palace of God, and dethrone Jehovah, and chain the Almighty in

ETERNAL EXILE.

and after the demolition of the universe would cry: "Satisfied at last, here I am! Aye, the undignified and everlasting I, A. M. E., is satisfied. That says Europe all Europe perturbed, and nations of Germany, of England, of Russia, and those jealous of each other, and all of those jealous of America.

In our land this passion of jealousy knows all the political world about. There is

ere at least 500 people who are jealous of Governor Hill and would like to be his successor, about 5000 who are jealous of Grover Cleveland, and would like to relieve him of the cares of office, and after the nominations of next summer have been made a whole panoply of de-fendants, senators, congressmen, judges, falsehood, profanity and misrepresentation will be turned upon this land. The tariff, about the raising or lowering or reformation of which many of them care nothing except as to its effect on votes, will be discussed from a thousand platforms, and the people of Louisiana will be told that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American sugar, the people of Virginia will be told that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American tobacco, and the people of Pennsylvania will be told that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American iron, and the people of Kentucky will be told that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American whiskey, and the people of Ohio that the tariff must be arranged for the advantage of American wool, while Massachusetts and Connecticut will be promised.

PROTECTION FOR MANUFACTURERS, and all the monetary interests, north, south, east and west, will be told in each neighborhood that the taxes and tariff will be fixed to suit them, irrespective of anybody else; and, the Presidential election over, all will settle down as it was before. If you think that all this discussion in public places has any desire of the welfare of the dear people and not for political effect, you are grievously mistaken.

Go into all occupations and professions as if you want to know how much jealousy is yet to be extirpated, ask master builders what they think of each other's houses, and merchants what their opinion is of merchants in the same line of business in the same street, and ask doctors what they think of doctors, and lawyers what they think of lawyers, and ministers what they think of ministers, and artists what they think of artists. As long as men and women in any department keep down and have a hard struggle, they will be laudably praised and the remarks will be: "Oh, yes, he's a good, clever sort of a fellow." "She is rather, yes, but what else can you expect of a woman?" But let him or her get a little too high and up goes the aspiring head by social or commercial deception.

Remember that envy dwells more on small details of character than on great forces, makes more of the fact that Demitrius amused himself by transfixing flies with his penknives, than of his great conquests, and that it is not the great, but the gutter that is the most detestable; more of Cleopatra's opium habit than of his writing "Christabel" and "The Ancient Mariner," more of the fact that Addison drank too much than of the fact that he was

THE AUTHOR OF THE SPECTATOR; more of a man's peccadilloes than of his mighty energies, more of his defeats than of his victories.

Look at the sacred and heaven-declared science of algebra, and then see Dr. Mackenzie, the English surgeon who prolonged the life of the Crown Prince of Germany until he became Emperor, and I hope may yet cure him, so that he may for many years govern that insignificant German nation, than which there is no greater. Yes, so great are the effects of jealousy that Dr. Mackenzie dare not walk the streets of Berlin. He is under military guard. The medical students of Germany can hardly keep their hands off of him. The old doctors of Germany are writhing with indignation. The fact is that in saving Frederick's life Dr. Mackenzie saved the peace of Europe. There was not a human being on either side of the ocean that did not fear for the result if the throne passed from wise and good old Emperor William to his inexperienced grandson. But when, under the medical treatment of Dr. Mackenzie, the Crown Prince Frederick took the throne, a wave of satisfaction and confidence rolled over Christendom. What shall the world do with the doctor that saved his life? "O my God," cried the medical jealousies of Europe, "destroy him; of course, destroy him."

What a brazen case of jealousy we had in this country when President Garfield lay dying. There were faithful physicians that sacrificed their other practice and sacrificed their health for a time in fidelity to that destined. Doctors Pills, and Hamilton and Agnew went through arduous and toils and fatigues such as none but God could appreciate. Nothing pleased many of the medical profession. The doctors in charge did nothing right. We were did not see the case knew better than those who agonized over it in the sick room for many weeks. If you never saw an intelligent man on either side of my tomb, which seemed to me at the time was worthy all the attention of the entire medical fraternity, had my own ideas as to how the President ought to be treated. And in proportion as physicians and laymen were ignorant of the case they were sure the treatment practiced was a mistake. And when in post-mortem the bullet dropped out of a different part of the body from that in which it was supposed to have been lodged, about 200,000 people shouted: "I told you so."

"There, I knew it all the time." There are some doctors in all the cities who would rather have the patient die under the treatment of their own schools than have them get well under some other pathy.

Yes; look at the clerical profession. I am sorry to say that in matters of jealousy, it is no better than other professions. There are many in all denominations a great many young clergymen who have a faculty for superior usefulness. But they are kept down and kept back and crippled by older ministers who look askance at these rising evangelists. They are snubbed. They are jostled. They are patronizingly advised. It is suggested to them that they had better know their place. If here and there one with more nerve and brain and consecration and divine force go past the seniors who want to keep the chief places, the young are advised in the words of scripture: "Farry at Jericho till their beads are grown." They are charged with sensibleness. They are compared to rockets that go up and then come down with a bang, and the brevity of their career is abjectly prophesied. If it be a denomination with bishops, a bishop is implored to sit down heavily on the man who will not be moulded; or if a denomination without bishops, some of the older men with nothing more than their own natural heaviness and theological avoidings are advised to sit on the innovator. In conferences, prayer meetings, associations and conventions there is often seen the

MOST DAMNABLE JEALOUSY.

Such ecclesiastical tyrants would not admit that jealousy had any possession of them, and they take on a heavenly air, and talk sweet oil and sugar plums and balm of a thousand flowers, and roll up their eyes with a grand air, and they simply mean the destruction of those over whom they pray and snuff. There are cases where ministers of religion are derelict and criminal and they dare not put out. But in the majority of cases, that have witnessed in ecclesiastical circles there is

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