AT THE TABERNACLE.

DR. TALMAGE STARTLES THE COUNTRY BY HIS REPORT ON RUSSIA.

A Defense of Russia Which Set All New York and Brooklyn Talking Before Night—Russia Our Friend in 1861-5. Many Calumnies Refuted.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 20.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today fulfilled his promise that he would again speak of his visit to Russia and correct many wrong impressions concerning that empire and its ruler. After an exposition of Scripture and congregational singing he took for his text II Peter ii, 10, "Presumptuous are they, self willed; they are not afraid to speak evil of dignities."

Amid a most reprehensible crew Peter here paints by one stroke the portrait of those who delight to slash at people in authority. Now we all have a right to criticise evil behavior, whether in high places or low, but the fact that one is high up is no proof that he ought to be brought down. It is a bad streak of human nature now, as it was in the time of the text a bad streak of human nature, that success of any kind excites the jealous antipathy of those who cannot climb the same steep. There never was a David on the throne that there was not some Absalom who wanted to get it. There never was a Christ but the world had saw and hammer ready to fashion cut a cross on which to assassinate him. Out of this evil spirit grow not only individual but national and international defamation. To no country has more injustice been done than to our own in days that are past.

Long before "Martin Chuzzlewit" was printed the literature of the world scoffed at everything American. Victor Hugo, as honest as he was unequaled in literary power, was so misinformed concerning America that he wrote: "The most singular thing is the need of whittling, with which all Americans are possessed. It is such that on Sunday they give the sailors little bits of wood, because if they did not they would whittle the ship. In court, at the most critical moment, the judge, whittling, says, 'Prisoner, are you guilty?' and the accused tranquilly responds, whittling, 'I am not guilty.'"

Lord John Russell called us "a bubble bursting nationality." But our country has at last recovered from such caricature, and there is not a street in any city of Europe or Asia where the word "America" will not win deference. But there is a sister nation on the other side of the sea now going through the process of international defamation.

There is no country on earth so misunderstood as Russia, and no monarch more misrepresented than its emperor. Will it not be in the cause of justice if I try to set right the minds of those who compose this august assemblage and the minds of those to whom, on both sides of the ocean, these words shall come? If the slander of one person is wicked, then the slander of one hundred and twelve million people is one hundred and twelve million times more wicked. In the name of righteousness and in behalf of civilization, and for the encouragement of all those good people who have been disheartened by the scandalization of Russia, I now speak. But Russia is so vast a subject that to treat it in one discourse is like attempting to run Niagara falls over one mill wheel.

Do not think that the very marked courtesies extended me last summer by the emperor and empress and crown prince of Russia have complimented me into the advocacy of that empire, for I shall present you authenticated facts that will reverse your opinions, if they have been antagonistic, as mine were reversed. I went last summer to Russia with as many baleful prejudices as would make an avalanche from the mountain of fabrication which has for years been heaped up against that empire.

You ask how is it possible that such appalling misrepresentations of Russia could stand? I account for it by the fact that the Russian language is to most an impassable wall. Malign the United States, or malign Great Britain or Germany or France, and by the next cablegram the falsehood is exposed, for we all understand English, and many of our people are familiar with German and French. But the Russian language, beautiful and easy to those born to speak it, is to most vocal organs an unpronounceable tongue, and if at St. Petersburg or Moscow any anti-Russian calumny were denied the most of the world outside of Russia would never see or hear of the denial.

What are the motives for misrepresentation? Commercial interests and international jealousy. Russia is as large as all the rest of Europe put together. Remember that a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale. Go into any neighborhood of America and ask the physician who has a small practice what he thinks of the physician who has a large practice. Ask a lawyer who has no briefs what he thinks of the lawyer who has three rooms filled with clerks trying in vain to transact the superabundant business that comes to him. Ask the minister who has a very limited audience what he thinks of the minister who has overflowing audiences.

Why does not Europe like Russia? Because she has enough acreage to swallow all Europe and feel she had only half a meal. Russia is as long as North and South America put together. She has twenty-five thousand miles of seaboard. "But," says some one, "do you mean to charge the authors and the lecturers who have written or spoken against Russia with falsehood?" By no means. You can find in any city or nation evils innumerable if you wish to discourse about them.

I said at St. Petersburg to the most eminent lady of Russia outside of the imperial family, "Are those stories of cruelty and outrage that I have heard and read about true?" She replied: "No doubt some of them are true, but do you not in America ever have officers of the law cruel and outrageous in their treatment of offenders? Do you not have instances where the police have clubbed innocent persons? Have you no instances where people in brief authority act arrogantly?" I replied, "Yes, we do." Then she said: "Why does the world hold our government responsible for exceptional outrages? As soon as an official is found to be cruel he immediately loses his place."

Then I bethought myself, Do the people in America hold the government at Washington responsible for the Homestead riots, or for railroad insurrections, or for the torch of the villain that consumes a block of houses, or for the ruffians who arrest a rail train, making the passengers hold up their arms until the pockets are picked? Why then hold the emperor of Russia, who is as impressive and genial a man as I have ever looked at or talked with, responsible for the wrongs enacted in a nation with a population more than twice as large in numbers as the millions of America?

Suppose one monarch in Europe ruled over England, Scotland, Ireland, France Germany, Spain, Italy, Austria, Norway and Sweden. Would it be fair to hold the monarch responsible for all that occurred in that mighty dominion? Now you must remember that Alexander the Third reigns over wider dominion than all those empires put together. As a nation is only a man or a woman on a big scale, let me ask, Would you individually prefer to be judged by your faults or your virtues? All people, except ourselves, have faults.

The pessimist attempting to write your biography would take you in your weaker moods, and the picture of you on the first page of your biography would be as you looked after some meanness had been practiced on you and you were tearing mad. Now, as I am an optimist, I give you fair warning that if I ever write your biography I will take you as you looked the day your dividends came in twenty per cent. larger than you ever anticipated, or the morning on your way to business after your first child was born, or the morning after your conversion, when heaven had rolled in on your soul. The most accursed homunculi of all the earth are the pessimists, who, whether they judge individual or national character, and whether they wield tongue or pen, are filled with anathematization, and who have more to say about the freckles on the cheek of beauty than of the sunrises and sunsets that flush it.

It is most important that this country have right ideas concerning Russia, for among all the nations this side of heaven Russia is America's best friend. There has not been an hour in the last seventy-five years that the shipwreck of free institutions in America would not have called forth from all the despotisms of Europe and Asia a shout of gladness wide as earth and deep as perdition. But whoever else failed us, Russia never did, and whoever else was doubtful, Russia never was. Russia, then an old government, smiled on the cradle of our government while yet in its earliest infancy. Empress Catherine of Russia in 1776 or thereabouts offered kindly interference that our thirteen colonies might not go down under the cruelties of war. Again, in 1813, Russia stretched forth toward us a merciful hand. When our dreadful civil war was raging, and the two thunder clouds of northern and southern valor clashed, Russia practically said to the nations of Europe, "Keep your hands off and let the brave men of the north and the south settle their own troubles." Prince Gortschakoff, the Russian statesman, diplomatist and prime minister, during that war looked earnestly into the face of Bayard Taylor, our minister plenipotentiary to Russia, and said: "Russia alone has stood by you from the first, and we will continue to stand by you. You know the sentiment of Russia. We desire, above all things, the maintenance of the American Union as one indivisible Union. We cannot take any part more than we have done. We have no hostility to the southern people. Russia has declared her position and will maintain it. There will be proposals for intervention. We believe that intervention could do no good at present. Proposals will be made to Russia to join in some plan of interference. She will refuse any invitation of the kind. Russia will occupy the same ground as at the beginning of the struggle. You may rely upon it, she will not change."

I rehearsed some of those scenes to the emperor last July, saying, "You were probably too young to remember the position your father took at that time," but with radiant smile he responded, "Oh, yes; I remember, I remember," and there was an accentuation of the words which demonstrated to me that these occurrences had often been talked of in the imperial household.

I stood on New York Battery during the war, as I suppose many of you did, looking off through a magnifying glass upon a fleet of Russian ships. "What are they doing there?" I asked, and so every one asked. "What business have the Russian warships in our New York harbor?" Word came that another fleet of Russian warships was in San Francisco harbor. "What does this mean?" our rulers asked, but did not get immediate answer. In these two American harbors the Russian fleets seemed sound asleep. Their great mouths of iron spoke not a word, and the Russian flag, whether floating in the air or drooping by the flagstaff, made no answer to our inquisitiveness. William H. Seward, secretary of state, asked the Russian minister at Washington the meaning of those Russian ships in American waters and got no satisfactory response. Admiral Farragut said to a Russian officer after dining in the home of the eminent politician, Thurlow Weed, that maker and unmaker of presidents, "What are you doing here with those Russian vessels of war?"

Not until the war was over was it found out that in case of foreign intervention all the guns and the last gun of these two fleets in New York and San Francisco harbors were to open in full diapason upon any foreign ship that should dare to interfere with the right of Americans, north and south, to settle their own controversy. But for those fleets and their presence in American waters, there can be no doubt that two of the mightiest nations of Europe would have mingled in our fight. But for those two fleets the American government would have been today only a name in history. I declare before God and the nation that I believe Russia saved the United States of America. Last July I stood before a great throng of Russians in the embarrassing position of speaking to an audience three-fourths of which could not understand my language any more than I could understand theirs. But there were two names that they thoroughly understood as well as you understand them, and the utterance of those two names brought forth an acclamation that made the city hall of St. Petersburg quake from foundation stone to tower, and those two names were "George Washington" and "Abraham Lincoln."

Now is it not important that we should feel right toward that mighty, that God given friend of more than one hundred years? Yea, because it is a nation of more possibilities than any other except our own should we cultivate its friendship. There is a vast realm of Russia as yet unoccupied. If the population of the rest of Europe were poured into Russia, it would be only partially occupied. After awhile America will be so well populated that the tides of emigration will go the other way and by railroads; from Russia at Behring straits—where Asia comes within thirty-six miles of joining America—millions of people will pour down through Russia and Siberia, and on down through all the regions waiting for the civilization of the next century to come and culture great harvests and build mighty cities. What the United States now are on the western hemisphere Russia will be on the eastern hemisphere. Not only because of what Russia has been to our republic, but because of what she will be, let us cease the defamation of all that pertains to that great empire. If Russia can afford to be the friend of America, America can afford to be the friend of Russia And now I proceed to do what I told the emperor and the empress, and all the imperial family at the palace of the Peterhof I would do if I ever got back to America, and that is to answer some of the calumnies which have been announced and reiterated and stereotyped against Russia.

Calumny the First—The emperor and all the imperial family are in perpetual dread of assassination. They are practically prisoners in the winter palace, and trenches with dynamite have been found dug around the winter palace. They dare not venture forth, except preceded and followed and surrounded by a most elaborate military guard.

My answer to this is that I never saw a face more free from worriment than the emperor's face. The winter palace around which the trenches are said to have been charged with dynamite, and in which the imperial family are said to be prisoners, has never been the residence of the imperial family one moment since the present emperor has been on the throne. That winter palace has been changed into a museum and a picture gallery and a place of great levees. He spends his summer in the palace at Peterhof, fifteen or twenty miles from St. Petersburg, his autumns at the palace at Gratschna and his winters in a palace at St. Petersburg, but in quite a different part of the city to that occupied by the winter palace. He rides through the streets unattended, except by the empress at his side and the driver on the box. There is not a person in this audience more free from fear of harm than he is. His subjects not only admire him, but almost worship him.

There are cranks in Russia, but have we not had our Charles Guiteau and John Wilkes Booth? "But," says some one, "did not the Russians kill the father of the present emperor?" Yes, but in the time that Russia has had one assassination of emperor America has had two presidents assassinated. "But is not the emperor an autocrat?" By which you mean, has he not power without restriction? Yes, but it all depends upon what use a man makes of his power. Are you an autocrat in your factory, or an autocrat in your store, or an autocrat in your style of business? It all depends on what use you make of your power, whether to bless or to oppress, and from the time of Peter the Great—that Russian who was the wonder of all time, the emperor who became incognito a ship carpenter that he might help ship carpenters, and a mechanic that he might help mechanics, and put on poor men's garb that he might sympathize with poor men, and who in his last words said: "My Lord, I am dying. Oh, help my unbelief!"—I say, from that time the throne of Russia has, for the most part, been occupied by rulers as beneficent and kind and sympathetic as they were powerful.

To go no further back than Nicholas, the grandfather of the present emperor. Nicholas had for the dominant idea of his administration the emancipation of the serfs. When it was found that he premeditated the freedom of the serfs he received the following letter of threat from a deputation of noblemen: "Your Imperial Majesty—We learn that the council and senate of the empire have before them for deliberation, with your sanction, the plan to abolish serfdom throughout the Russian empire. We are perfectly willing to abide by your majesty's decision in this matter and to loyally support your will, but there are in Russia a large number of small owners of serfs who are dependent for actual subsistence on the labor of those serfs, and who consequently will be left wholly penniless and without any resource by the operation of emancipation. They will then undoubtedly resort to desperate measures, and in the extremity of their despair will put the life of your majesty in jeopardy." The emperor replied in words that will last as long as history: "Gentlemen, if I should die because of my devotion to such a cause, I am willing to meet my fate." When, under an attack of pneumonia from exposure to severe weather in the service of his people, that emperor put down his head on the pillow of dust, Russia lost as good a monarch as was ever crowned.

Then came Alexander the Second, the father of the present emperor. Amid the mightiest opposition and innumerable protests he, with one stroke of his pen, emancipated twenty million serfs, practically saying: "Go free. Be your own masters, and this is for you and your children forever." On the day he was basely assassinated (and I will parenthetically say that I saw his carriage in splinters as it looked when he stepped from it, not to save himself, but to look after some poor people in the street who had been hurt, and I saw the bed on which he died, the mattrass yet crimson with his life's blood)—on the day he was assassinated he had on his table, found afterward, a free constitution that proposed to give the right of suffrage to the people of Russia. If it had not been for the assassination he would have soon signed that constitution, but that horrible violence put things back as violence always does. What a marvelous character of kindness was Alexander the Second, the father of the present emperor, so that the present emperor, Alexander the Third, inherits his benignity. Alexander the Second, hearing that a nobleman had formed a conspiracy against his life, had him arrested. Then the eyes of the criminal were bandaged, and he was put in a carriage and for some time traveled on, only stopping for food. After awhile the bandage was removed, and supposing that he must by that time have been almost in Siberia he found that he was at the door of his own home. But this punishment was sufficient.

The same emperor, having heard that a poet had written a poem defamatory of his empress, ordered the poet into his presence. Expecting great severity, the poet entered the palace and found the emperor and empress and dukes and duchesses gathered together. "Good morning," said the emperor to the offender. "I hear you have written a most beautiful poem, and I have sent for you that you may read it to us and we may have the pleasure of hearing it." The man cried out, "Send me to Siberia or do anything with me, but do not make me read this poem in your presence." He was compelled to read the defamatory poem, and then the empress, against whom it was aimed, said: "I do not think he will write any more verses about us again. Let him go." And so he was freed. And now comes in Alexander the Third, doing the best things possible for the nation which he loves and which as ardently loves him. But what an undertaking to rule one hundred and twelve million people, made up of one hundred tribes and races and speaking forty different languages. But, notwithstanding all this, things there move on marvelously well, and I do not believe that out of five hundred thousand Russians you would find more than one person who dislikes the emperor, and so that calumny of dread of assassination drops so flat it can fall no flatter.

Calumny the Second—If you go to Russia you are under severest espionage—stopped here and questioned there and in danger of arrest. But my opinion is that if a man is disturbed in Russia it is because he ought to be disturbed. Russia is the only country in Europe in which my baggage was not examined. I carried in my hand, tied together with a cord, so that their titles could be seen, a pile of eight or ten books—all of them from lid to lid cursing Russia—but I had no trouble in taking with me the books. There is ten times more difficulty in getting your baggage through the American custom house than through the Russian. I speak not of myself, for friends intercede for me on American wharves, and I am not detained. I was several days in Russia before I was asked if I had any passport at all. Depend upon it, if hereafter a man believes he is uncomfortably watched by the police of St. Petersburg or Moscow, it is because there is something suspicious about him.

CONCLUDED ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

Charles M. Gale. Custis W. Woolford.

Chas. M. Gale & Co.

(Successors to Harry Meginniss.)

MEN'S FURNISHERS,

30 and 32 Pratt Street (Under Maltby House),

BALTIMORE, MD.

A full assortment of Underwear, Neckwear, Collars, Cuffs, Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, Hosiery, Gloves, Studs, Scarf-pins, etc.

We call particular attention to our large line of Shirts--ready made in White, Percale and Flannel--all sizes, embracing every variety, style and price.

Shirts Made to Order Our Specialty.

Chester River Steamboat Co

—CHANGE OF SCHEDULE—



Beginning Monday, October 10, 1892,

STEAMER EMMA A. FORD

will leave Chestertown for Baltimore at 8 o'clock a. m., every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, stopping at Rolph's, Booker's, Quaker Neck, Queenstown Kent Island, and intermediate landings.

☞Will leavs Queenstown at 9.45 a. m., Returning will leave Pier 7, Light Street Wharf at 11 a. m., Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for the above named landings.

STEAMER GRATITUDE

will leave Centreville at 8 o'clock a. m., every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Baltimore, stopping at Bagles', Jackson Creek and Rock Hall. Returning will leave Pier 7, Light Street Wharf at 11 a. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the above named landings.

STEAMER CORSICA

will leave Crumpton at 12 o'clock noon Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday for Baltimore, stopping at Spay's, Deep Landing, Buckingham, Round Top, Chestertown, Rolph's, Booker's Quaker Neck, and intermediate landings. Will leave Chestertown at 5 p. m., on Tuesday, and Thursday, and at 3 p. m. on Saturday. Returning will leave Pier 7, Light Street Wharf at midnight on Monday, Wednesday and Friday for the above named landings.

GEO. WARFIELD.

Oct. 13, 1892. President.

FINE GROCERIES!

BUYERS

Looking to their own interest will examine our stock and get our price on

GRAPES, RASINS,
MINCE MEAT,
COCANUTS,
CURRANTS,
CITRON,
CRANBERRIES.

A full stock of fresh confectionery, and taffies of all flavors. Fresh pickles by the dozen or one. Prime Oysters shucked to order and a stew prepared while you wait.

JAMES PARK.

TWO UNUSUALLY GOOD OFFERS.

Real Christmas Gifts.

FIRST—The great Holiday No. (enlarged to 256 pages, of that brightest of quarterly publications.

"TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS."

Out December first, all news and book stands and railway trains, price 50 cents will be

SENT FREE

To all who send $1 for 3 months subsciption TO TOWN TOPICS.

The largest, raciest, strongest, most varied and entertaining journal in the word.

SECOND—To all who will send $1, will be sent Town Topics and "Tales from Town Topics" from date to January 1, 1894, covering 5 Nos. of the inimitable quarterly (regular price $2.50) and 14 months of the greatest of family weeklies (regular price $4.00 per year)

Take one or the other offers at once and remit in postal notes, orders, or New York Exchanges to

TOWN TOPICS, 21 W. 23d St. New York.

1-10 s

ROBERT J. JUMP,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

Denton, Maryland.

STATE'S ATTORNEY FOR CAROLINE CO.