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THE
PARLOR VISITOR.

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NO. 1.

For the Parlor Visitor.

THE CASKET AND ITS JEWEL.

BY H. FAUNTLEROY.

IN this similitude we may contemplate the human form and the distinguishing principle of our immortality, the mind.

As the crowning act of Jehovah's power in His work of creation, man was developed of the very elements he was to control to the purposes of his destiny. With the signet of Divinity upon his brow, bearing the glorious image of his Great Maker, he was placed in dominion over all the creatures of earth. As the special object of God's bounty, and for whose sustenance, comfort and happiness, the laws of Nature were ordered, he was clothed with a "form Divine," and endowed with a wonderful physical adaptation to all the necessities of his being. That he might fulfill his mission to "subdue the earth," and by the appliances of art, carry out the powers of his intellect—to accomplish its desires, and provide for the multifarious wants incident to its possession,—required a physical organism as superior to all other animal natures as his intellect is to mere instinct. The relation between his wants and necessities and his powers of effort and labor was perfectly established, and the anatomy of the human system reveals great superiority of organism, and displays the wisdom and goodness of God in thus making the intellectual and physical powers co-equal. Man was truly "fearfully and wonderfully made," and the deepest lore cannot fathom this human "mystery of mys-

teries." A like congruity was wisely observed in investing him with suitable beauty and comeliness of person. No object on earth presents itself to him to dispute his claims to absolute supremacy. His own fancy cannot conceive of images of greater attraction and loveliness than those of his fellow beings that fill his eye with satisfaction. Hence the exercise of all those affections that preserve the human race and human society. Had man a rival of personal excellence in the gallery of nature, his reverence, love and respect for his own kind, would rapidly decline, and he as rapidly degenerate in the scale of being. However, having no competitor in his perfections, and preserved in his high estate by the consciousness of undisputed earthly sovereignty, he looks up only to his God with the homage of inferiority. Thus was this human Casket most wisely ordered and fitly adapted as the repository of the Jewel that shines with a borrowed ray of Divinity. Most wonderful and incomprehensible association of mind and matter! Spark of immortality encased in the corruptible mould of earth! O! proud man, to be made the possessor of this Celestial Jewel, whose radiation extends to the limits of creation. The mysterious laws of the remotest planetary system are revealed in its illumination, and reflected in the telescope and the orrery; and even before some distant planet has ever

sent a beam of light to earth, its exact locality is designated and its orbit assigned. The lightning's flash is not more brilliant than the light of the mind that conducts its bolt with a point of steel in a harmless passage to earth. The electric spark is not quicker in its coruscation than the Divine light in the human mind to train it as a postal of its thoughts. The phosphoretic wave of old ocean finds a superior light has designed charts of its currents and fathomed its depths. The glow of the livid coal is vanquished by the glow of genius, and confined to services of utility; and the watery and fiery elements are brought into angry antagonism, and their very rage made a subserving power in the departments of mechanism and art. O! ye winds, cease your roar, for even your trackless pathway is revealed, and it is known "whence you come and whither you go." The opaque earth shuts not out the penetrating rays of mental light, but her buried treasures are brought to view—her fossil chroniclers of time are revealed, with all the agencies and causes of the deep seated agony that convulses with such mighty throes the bosom of our mother. And the sweet face of nature, how beautifully illumined it is by human intelligence. The seasons, as they advance to deck her brow, find their periods recorded—and man ready to despoil them of their fruits. The

forest is unable to conceal in its dark "contiguity of shade" the varieties of its green clad sentinels,—but moans to have its sanctuary invaded and every twig, shrub and tree noted in classification. No wild animal, by the savage terror of its name can prevent the discovery of its most secret haunts and habits. The sweet carolers of nature's music in their leafy bowers, the finny tribes amid the pearl and coral of the sea—every object of vitality, to the minutest animalcule,—exist, act and move by laws and instincts familiarly illuminated by the mind of man. Thus does he carry the crown Jewel of sovereignty and dominion over Nature's broad expanse. Proud, aspiring and presumptuous, he would push the empire of mind even beyond the bounds of finitude. But lest he abandon his legitimate sphere to seek after the higher mysteries of Deity, God wisely veiled his most glorious majesty until man's mission be accomplished. When mortality shall have fulfilled its destiny, and the secret spring of the human Casket shall be touched, and its bright Jewel returned to Jehovah's Diadem, then its mingling rays shall fully expand in unclouded celestial light, in delightful perception of the ineffable glories of the Infinite and the design and wisdom of the Creator.

THE SOUND OF BELLS.

THE nearer bells are hung to the surface of the earth, other things being equal, the farther they can be heard. Franklin has remarked that many years ago, the inhabitants of Philadelphia had a bell imported from England. In order to judge of the sound, it was elevated on a triangle, in the great street of the city, and struck, as it happened, on a market day; when the people coming to market were surprised on hearing the sound of a bell at a greater distance from the city than they ever heard any bell before. This circumstance excited the attention of the curious; and it was dis-

covered that the sound of the bell, struck in the street, reached nearly double the distance it did when raised in the air. In air, sound travels at the rate of from 1130 to 1140 feet per second. In water, 4708 feet per second. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land.

NO MAN can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

LET us learn upon the earth those things which can call us to Heaven.

THE LITTLE COURTESIES OF LIFE.

RECIPROCITY.

THE little things of life have far more effect upon the character, reputation, friendship and fortune, than the heartless and superficial are apt to imagine. There are few indeed, however rough by nature, who are not touched and softened by kindness and courtesy. A civil word, a friendly remark, a generous compliment, an affable bow of recognition—all have an influence—while surliness, incivility, harshness and ill-temper, naturally enough, produce an effect exactly the reverse. The American people, as a whole, are perhaps not remarkable for courtesy. They are so actively engaged in the bustle of life, in the onward movements of commerce and trade, that they have little leisure to cultivate and practice these polished refinements, which are the results of education, of travel, and of enlarged intercourse with society. Nevertheless, we are not a discourteous people, and in the great cities the proprieties of manner, and the civilities of form are attended to with a commendable degree of exactness.

Lady Emeline Stuart Wortley, who some time since travelled in this country, describes the citizens of the United States as "particularly courteous and obliging." But a lady of refinement and accomplishments, and travelling as well for information as for pleasure, could scarcely gather another opinion, for the commanders of our steamboats, and the conductors of our railroad cars, are proverbially polite; while in intelligent circles, everywhere throughout the Union, a reputable stranger would of course receive marked and kindly attention. Still, we are bound to confess that we are deficient in many of the little courtesies of life, courtesies that are admirably calculated to sweeten the intercourse of society, the interchange of friendly feeling, and the general communion that takes place from day to day, between neighbors and companions. The excuse with the many is, that they have not time to practice the civilities to

which we refer—that they are too much engaged in more important matters. Thus a friendly visit will not be repaid, a polite note will be left unanswered, a neighbor's call will be disregarded, a pleasant smile will be met with a cold look of indifference, and a cordial grasp of the hand will be responded to with reluctance, if not surprise. All this may mean nothing, and yet the effect upon the mind and heart is chilling and painful.

The mistake that too many of us make is, in supposing that the courtesy is to be all on one side, that we are to *receive* every kind of attention, and *return* nothing. And this is an error which prevails in many phases of life, and to a greater extent than people are apt to imagine. The affairs of this world should be reciprocal. A person may be willing to confer an obligation again and again. But unless there be some manifestation of gratitude and appreciation—unless indeed, the disposition be apparent to do something in return—the party that confers favor after favor, will in the end grow weary of well-doing, and seek out some more grateful or more sympathizing object. We are all more or less selfish, and that description of selfishness which exacts an acknowledgment by word or by deed, either for friendship extended or affections lavished, is, perhaps, as little censurable as any of the infirmities of poor human nature—if, indeed, it may be called an infirmity. We have some where met with the remark that there is no such thing as unrequited love—that love which is not requited will soon cease to exist, inasmuch as the very nature of the passion renders mutual regard essential to its continued existence. In the general sense this theory may be correct, but there are of course exceptions. If, therefore, in grave matters of the heart, matters in which our all of earthly happiness may be said to be involved, reciprocity or a kindred feeling is absolutely essential, how

much more will the doctrine apply to the little courtesies of life! A friendship of many years standing, has often, as we have reason to know, been chilled into indifference, coldness and restraint, by some petty neglect or hasty remark. Distrust has been excited—~~a~~ doubt, a suspicion has been engendered, and the unwavering confidence that existed for years, has thus been broken, at once and forever.—*Phil. Inquirer.*

For the Parlor Visitor.

I A M D Y I N G.

BY J. R. A.

I know that icy touch, this heavy coming breath, these damps upon my brow. It is death, to claim his own.

My years are told, my course is spent, and I must hence to the untried bourne. Dying? Dread thought! What means this fluttering of the heart—this gathering gloom? Why should I fear to die? 'Tis but the common lot. Every thing of life must fade. Myriads since the world began have passed away, as I do now. 'Tis but a twinkling, and the chord that binds me here is snapped. This poor, withering frame will take no note of its decay. The worm shall feed upon its beauty, it will heed it not. And what though I part from earth. It has been to me a couch of thorns, and I would fain lie down in sleep that knows no dream or waking. True, here I have lived and loved. I have gazed on the matchless, unmarred works of God. I have worshipped at that shrine, not built with hands—watched the stars out in the hush of night—tracked the ocean—heaven's unfathomable deep—outreached the clouds on the mountain top—and gathered wild flowers on the craggy ledge.

The winds have hummed sweet melodies in my ear—and sights of loveliness waked raptures in my heart. Yet they could not still the restless spirit, nor fill the soul's great void. Why then should I care to quit these scenes? This cannot be my home. The boundless outgoings of my being speak of a life more glorious, of a world where change

comes not. All I have loved has withered. Beauty no sooner buds than 'tis pressed by the finger of decay; but I hear of a fairer clime where the flower fades not and loves never die. Even now it breaks upon my sight,—I may not tarry here.

O! let me away to my spirit home.

World, vain world, farewell. Your heart is treacherous, your friendships cold. Too long I have tried your surging waves, and felt your blighting airs. O, why this enmity to the happiness of man?—why sinks the soul beneath your hopeless waves? Spare, O spare these ventures on your stormy sea.—Rest your heaving billows.—Lay bare your hidden shoals—drive back those heavy clouds,—ah, vain petition! The master spirit of the storm is the foe, the bitter, deathless foe of all human kind. He laughs in mockery at the fruitless cry, and exults in triumph when the ship goes down.

Glad thought, my bark is safe. My God has kept me through all the wrathful strife, and now I come to port.

Father, forgive thine erring child, I have wandered oft and long in the devious paths of sin. Yet I have loved thee. Hope of rest on thy dear bosom, and sight of my loving Lord, has cheered my lone way. I am wearied with my pilgrimage and scorched with the burning heat. Holy Father, now come I to thee. The light of earth is fading. Heaven opens to my view. It is thy angels come, thy chariot to take me home.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF FAMILY RELATIONS.

INFIDELITY and Socialism have expended much of their strength in attempting to overturn the Domestic Relation, and scatter to the winds its hallowed ties. They have failed, because that relation is divine in its origin, heavenly in its aims, and holy in its tendencies. See how such a master intellect as that of the French Prime Minister Guizot, views this topic. Read the following noble and exquisitely just and appropriate views :

"The family is now, more than ever, the first element and last rampart of society.—Whilst, in general society, everything becomes more and more personal and transient, it is in domestic life that the demand for permanency, and the feeling of the necessity of sacrificing the present to the future, are indestructible. It is in domestic life that the ideas and virtues which form a counterpoise to the excessive and ungoverned movement excited in the great centres of civilization, are formed. The tumult of business and pleasure, temptation and strife, which reigns in our great cities, would soon throw the whole of society into a deplorable state of ferment and dissolution, if domestic life, with its calm activity, its permanent interests, and its fixed property, did not oppose solid barriers throughout the country to the restless waves of this stormy sea. It is in the bosom of domestic life, and under its influences that are private, the basis of public morality is most securely maintained.—There, too, and in our day, almost exclusively, the affections of our nature, friendship, gratitude, and self-devotion—all the ties which unite hearts in the sense of a common destiny, grow and flourish.

The time has been when, under other forms of society, these private affections found a place in public life ; when devoted attachments strengthened political connections. These times are past, never to return. In the vast and complicated and ever moving society of our days, general interests and principles, the sentiments of the

masses, and the combinations of parties have the entire possession and direction of public life. The private affections are ties too delicate to exercise any powerful influence over the conflicts of that pitiless field. But it is never without serious injury that one of the vital elements of human nature is uprooted out of any of the fields of human action ; and the complete absence of tender and faithful attachments in that almost exclusive domain of abstract ideas and general or selfish interests, has robbed political life of a noble ornament and a great source of strength. It is of incalculable importance to society that there should be some safe retreat in which the affectionate dispositions—I would almost say passions—of the heart of man may expand in freedom ; and that, occasionally emerging from that retreat, they may exhibit their presence and their power by some powerful examples in that tumultuous region of politics in which they are so rarely found. But these social affections must spring from family affections. Home, the abode of stability and morality, also contains the hearth at which all our affections and all our self-devotion are kindled ; it is in the circle of the family that the noblest parts of our nature find satisfaction they would seek elsewhere in vain ; it is from that circle that, when circumstances demand, they can go forth to adorn and bless society."

* * *

A GOOD MAXIM.—The more quietly and peaceably we get on the better for us ; the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the wisest policy is, if a man cheats you, quit dealing with him ; if he is abusive, quit his company ; if he slanders you, conduct yourself so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is generally to let him alone, for there is nothing better than this cool—calm, quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

For the Parlor Visitor.

LIFE INSURANCE OF MINISTERS.

DOCTOR JONES:

Dear Brother:—In the February number of the "Parlor Visitor" I noticed an article under the above caption. It is a subject on which I have spent but few thoughts, and do not recollect when (if ever) I have seen or heard any thing of it, until I read the above named article; so I can say that all my thoughts are made up on the "spur" of the moment.

You seem to imply censure to the brother of the "Western Recorder" for calling it a "Noble Example" *i. e.* the fact of the Walnut street church, raising a fund to make their Pastor, his widow and orphan children independent, or above want for the necessities of life, after he is gathered to his fathers and is not able to help them, by having "his life insured." Now, my brother, what is there in it wrong or censurable? There is something revolting to the mind of a christian to depend on human inventions and human means when it is brought *against* those of the Creator. But inasmuch as you have called for the "proof, scripture proof" to sustain such an act in a church or body of christians, allow me to suggest the want of "proof," or even good reason, *against* the position. Although we are a "thus saith the Lord" sort of people," yet there are many things we now do, which is regarded fair and honest by the best of men, for which we cannot find any positive scripture proof, except from analogy or its moral bearing. I would ask what is there immoral or unchristian-like in the members of a congregation raising a small fund, annually, out of their own earnings, to secure a competency to the widow and orphan of *any* man?"

You say "leave them in the hands of the Lord." So say I. But this admits of considerable argument as to the duties of the survivors, who are to lend a helping hand in providing for them, for you will hardly assume the position that the Lord will, (as

in the days of old) rain down manna from heaven, for their relief. When one of those orphans comes to your door asking relief, I hardly think you would say to him, "you are 'left in the hands of the Lord,' go, and be thou fed and clothed." No, my brother, you know as well as I do, that God's graces are generally preceded by means, especially, as to the feeding and clothing of widows and orphans. And I fancy, the only difference between us, is, as to what are the best means. Now I hold, that mutual insurance companies, as generally conducted, are of the most benevolent and moral kind, of not only protection against loss by fire, tempest, &c., but by death. Not that I advocate the moral tendency of leaving a child *rich*, but I do think where it can be done legitimately, honestly and morally, we should leave our children above want for the necessities of life. Agur's prayer (I think) was, that he should neither have poverty nor riches. Not poverty, lest he might steal. Would you think it desirable to leave a child in such a condition that he would be tempted to *steal*; or can you suppose the children of the present generation so much better by nature, than in the days of Agur, that they would sooner starve than steal. This I do not think you believe.

To come more directly to the point of what I conceive to be the difference of opinion between us, (which is as to the means of providing for the widow and orphan); you would probably say, let them be supplied as their necessities demanded, by donations from A. B. and C., or sent to the poor house, provided in each State or county, for such persons. Now, my brother, does not your feelings recoil at the idea of your child or relative being supported in that way, and would you have your Pastor's children labor under the same humiliation. I can't believe it. Although they would feel more independent if supported upon the Insurance principle, yet there is no differ-

once in its moral bearing; for if sustained upon the principle I assumed for you, (and I could think of no other) would they not be supported by the charity of the people, or their taxes, which is the same thing, only gotten up in a different form, or under a new name from that of life insurance. In the latter case, it is but the taxing of a member by their own volition, to sustain the unfortunate and needy.

I could say much more on the subject, but deem it unnecessary.

Yours, with esteem,

A. B. LAWTON.

STATION, GA., April 24, '54.

FRIENDSHIP is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clear do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

ALL CLOUDS of sorrow are but the voices of angels, which are attuned to the deaf in ear and the hard in heart, that they may touch and make vibrate the chords of the inmost soul.

For the Parlor Visitor.

NIGHT.

[*Fragment from a MS. Poem.*]

BY ARIAL.

* * * * *
Scarcely had Night assumed his reign,
Dark'ning each valley, hill, and plain,
Scarce had he ceased to deck his brow
With stars, whose calm and flick'ring glow
Gives a sweet grandeur to the gloom,—
When o'er the orient peered the moon,
Empowered by Sol's reflected ray,
Successful to dispute his sway.

At first, far glimmering thro' the trees,
Like fire stirred by the nightly breeze,
While o'er, as smoke, the light clouds play,
All sportive in her early ray;
Then gradual up the vault she sped,
And radiance pure and mellow shed
On rippling brook—on lake serene—
On mount, and plain, and valley green—
Far o'er the sea's reflecting tide,
And o'er the starry concave wide,
Dimming those bright orbs in her glow,
Like flowers half mantled o'er with snow.
Cloudless she rode—her pure white ray
Far lovelier than the blaze of day.
But while she thus pursues her path,
Detached, dull clouds the sky o'ercast,
Seeming like ravens in affright,
Taking their troubled, dubious flight—
Passing anon athwart her beam, -
Half quenching oft her light serene.
But still, all reckless of their sway,
Proudly she holds her steady way,

Leaving the wavy clouds behind,
Like ship that skuds before the wind,
Leaps o'er the waves' opposing force,
Then bounding on in statlier course.

Now murkier columns fill the sky,
And chased by winds, rush swifter by;
While thunder, mutt'ring from afar,
Presages soon aerial war.
The welt'ring moon her half-merg'd form
Shows but anon, as rent by storm
Some struggling vessel lifts its prow
Scarce o'er the blacken'd depth below;
One gleam, and then as in despair
She plunges 'neath the waves of air.

Oh, conquering Night! thou rulest again
With frowns, thy vast and dark domain!
No spangling stars surround thy throne,
But thy black flag waves there alone,
Whose shadow flings on all beneath
A gloom, as in the vale of death.
Now thunders roll across the heaven,
As thou wert in thy chariot driven,
With awful voice and vengeful brow,
To revel o'er thy vanquish'd foe;
While lightnings follow in thy train,
Like golden chains—or flash amain—
Drawn flaming from their dusky sheath
And brandish'd o'er the world beneath.

* * * * *

DOING GOOD.

THE article on the next page we take from the Baptist Banner. It will be read with interest and improvement, because it exhibits "opportunities of doing good," such opportunities, too, as are within the power of every one. To it we wish the attention of the young gentlemen of the church particularly directed.

The time was when poor pious young men could not, with any degree of convenience, obtain an education preparatory to engaging in the christian ministry, and many who in all probability would have been useful, were deterred from compliance with duty: fearing the criticism of men more than the displeasure of God. Now, however, all such persons are without excuse; and we hesitate not to express the belief, that it is the duty of christian parents to encourage their sons who are converted, and have becoming zeal for the prosperity of the church and the glory of God, to engage in this holy calling. We would for no consideration be the means of influencing the unregenerate to take a position of such solemn and fearful responsibility. Nor yet would we influence any one to seek the office of a bishop that he might thereby gain fortune and fame.

But there are hundreds of young men who ought to preach, and our colleges in Tennessee and Kentucky are ready to educate the poor gratuitously; indeed they are already preparing many who have not pecuniary ability without such aid, and still there is room. And after graduating in the full or partial course of either of those colleges, or shall have acquired equivalent mental culture, at home or elsewhere, they have tendered them at the Covington Institute, "not only tuition but also board," free of charge. And an earnest desire to engage in the Baptist ministry, proper religious character, and pecuniary inability, will as surely secure an education as would a California fortune. Such may therefore come without money and without price.

And why do they not come by scores?

If there is any one position more dignifying to man—if any more beautiful, and morally sublime—if any affording purer joys on earth, and promising more delectable pleasures in Heaven—if any more transcendently useful to men and honoring to God than all others, it is the position of the christian minister. Not the blood-stained warrior, whose life has been spent in his country's cause, and whose

"Bruised arms are hung up for monuments;" nor he, in Congress hall or Senate chamber, nor even a President, can compare with him who fitly fills the office of a Bishop. See the young man whose entire energies are consecrated to the service of his Creator and Redeemer; the sanctified ambition of his soul is to do good—to save men—to honor God.

The brave soldier—the honorable Senator—and the more honorable President, are like other common frail men, and must die, and it is no where said they shall not be damned. Not so, however, with the truly christian minister. He points his fellow-men to a Savior; a Savior who tasted death for every man; a crucified, risen and ascended Savior, who, while on earth, said come unto me all ye ends of the earth and be ye saved, and who now, and ever liveth, as our advocate in Heaven. He, the humble minister of Jesus Christ, points to Heaven and leads the way. He finally rests from his labors and his works do follow him, and having been instrumental in winning souls to God, it is said he shall shine as the stars forever and ever.

Before dismissing this subject, we intended to say that there is one intolerable practice contracted by most students of Theological schools, i. e. reading sermons. If this habit is the invariable result of Theological education, then we are opposed to it. Other things being equal, the minister who preaches is much more efficient than one who reads sermons. Almost any man can write and read sermons, but it takes a spiritual minded

man to preach off-hand and preach acceptably.—EDITOR:

OPPORTUNITIES OF DOING GOOD.—Never in any age, were christians furnished with so many facilities for doing good, as in this. They now have opportunity to do good unto all men. But a while ago, and the true Church was in bondage. The “man of sin” sat in the temple of God. A spurious Christianity—a burlesque upon the precepts and principles of our holy religion—was substituted for the faith once delivered to the saints. The whole world wandered after the beast. And mystical Babylon reeled intoxicated with the blood of saints. But the Church is now free. The yoke of her oppression has been broken. She has come up out of the wilderness. And simultaneously with her emancipation, those nations heretofore closed, were thrown open to the reception of the gospel. Floods of celestial refulgence may be poured over all the dark places of heathendom.

And the people of the Most High have the means within their grasp to possess the world. The Bible has been translated in all the important languages of the earth.—Presses are ready to print it. The churches, by merely contributing of their abundance, could easily furnish funds sufficient to circulate the Scriptures in all the lands. Any one, for a few cents, can impart a knowledge of the truth, in the language of holy men of old, to any man in the world, to the Chinese or Burman, or poor Indian of the forests, or to a dweller upon the islands of the Sea. There are many ministers of the gospel, too, who are willing and anxious to go and bear the news of salvation to the lost everywhere, who are saying to the churches, “here are we; send us to bear ‘the lamp of life’ to those sitting in the regions of the shadow of death.” And we have the opportunity of sending them. Shall they be sent? This is a question which comes to the heart and conscience of every christian. Let him answer it as he expects to meet God and his fellow men at the judgment seat!

Every member of the church may now engage in sending out the gospel. He may, in effect, preach it himself. He can sound out the truth in all lands, among all people

by means of the Bible and Missionary. He has thus virtually the gift of tongues, and in all “the languages of babbling earth,” may proclaim the way of life and salvation.

We cannot disregard these opportunities of doing good without incurring great guilt before God. We have no right to put our light under a bushel. It is the betrayal of a great trust, to withhold the word of truth from those who are perishing for the lack of knowledge. To Christians are committed the oracles of God. Out of the church is to shine the light which is to dissipate the moral darkness of the human family. God has appointed his people to preach the gospel in the world, and to every creature. He might have chosen other instrumentalities. He might have inscribed all the works of his life, in lines of living light, on heaven’s blue archway. He could have commissioned the thunder to make known his will. The winds might have been taught to whisper the story of salvation; and the roar of the ocean’s waves might have been fashioned unto celestial music; and her billows might have been made to break upon the shore, in anthems of redeeming grace and dying love. But it has been ordained otherwise. We have been appointed to this work. If we fail to perform it, we prove recreant to God and the souls of men.

The wonderful inventions of the age—the facilities for printing—the rapidity of traveling—the lightening being made a medium for the communication of thought; all these can be used, *and ought to be used*, to subserve the interests of religion. For this purpose, God has permitted them to be made. If they are not used by people to further the great purposes for which they are left on the earth, their inventions, so wonderful and so useful, will prove a curse instead of a blessing.

Christians do not generally reflect upon the amount of good they might accomplish. They usually suppose that their influence is circumscribed to a particular neighborhood or section of country, within the circle of their acquaintances. This, in part, may have been the case once, but is not now. To every christian the field is the world. He can make his influence bear upon any and every part of it. Nor does he cease to

do good even when laid in the grave. His labors then terminate, but his works do follow him. The influence he exerted while living, continues to be felt after his death. Time may be compared to a harp, with one end of its strings fastened to the world, and the other end to the throne of the judgment. Every man who comes into the world strikes a string, producing tones of moral music, such as angels use; or else horrible discord, grating harsh thunder upon the ears of mankind, until drowned in silence by the louder voice of the archangel and the trump of God, calling the dead to judgment. The least and the greatest of the human family,

thrown upon the ocean of time, produce waves and ripples which will widen and spread, until they break upon the eternal world at the last day!

What motives do these considerations present, to stimulate christians to engage in every good work? How great and how glorious appears his vocation! An ambassador of heaven, commissioned to beseech men to be reconciled to God. And now furnished with means and opportunities so successfully to discharge his duty, will he not be up and doing? Will he not, while he may, let his sound go out into all the earth, and his words unto the end of the world?

For the Parlor Visitor.

DEAF AND DUMB.

BY MARY D.

HAVING just returned from Danville, after a visit of two weeks at the residence of Mr. Jacobs, the superintendent of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, I fancied a description of the buildings, the inmates of the institution, and the manner of instruction, would form an acceptable contribution to the "Visitor." The subject is one particularly interesting to myself, and one which I should think would be to all who feel any concern for the character of our national institutions.

The buildings which are appropriated to the mental instruction of the mutes, consist of two large edifices, (Grecian style of architecture,) situated on a slight eminence, in a beautiful part of Danville. The yard is large, and ornamented with a variety of evergreens; gravelled walks wind amid groups of beautiful trees, making altogether a spacious and delightful place for exercise.

The number of pupils having increased very greatly within the last four or five years

the private residence of the superintendent was found too small for the accommodation of the female pupils; on account of which, an appropriation was recently made by the State, of twenty thousand dollars, for the erection of a magnificent building, by which, in the arrangement of the house, the young ladies of the Asylum will be cut off from all communication with the gentlemen, and at recess hours be under the direct supervision of the superintendent's family, by whom they are taught to sew, and instructed in the various employments and departments of house-keeping and culinary matters.

The first Sabbath morning after my arrival, I was invited to the school room, where Sunday school was held. Upon entering the apartment, I found the pupils all seated, the males and females separated by a wide aisle running between the seats. They were all neatly dressed and looking remarkably cheerful and happy. I was particularly struck with the bright, intelligent expression of

their countenances, and the general neat and tidy appearance of their persons. The superintendent accompanied me, and immediately after his entrance, took a position about the center of the room. With a waive of his hand, the school arose; he then folded his arms across his breast and bowed his head in silent prayer; the movement was followed by a similar one on the part of each pupil, and I never was, in the whole course of my life, more solemnly impressed than at this moment. No voice gave utterance to the deep feelings of love and gratitude which fill our hearts upon such occasions, for, alas! none could hear;—no solemn intonations of the human voice, pleading for mercy, thrilled upon their hearts to awaken new and holier purposes of life, for the portals of entrance were closed to its sound; but each in silence turned his thoughts to heaven, and breathed in wordless prayer the desires of his heart.

After prayers, the morning lesson (history of Joseph,) was written upon the blackboard. The superintendent pointed to each word, and explained by signs its signification. He then related the history of Joseph in the sign dialect, frequently recurring to the blackboard as he proceeded in the narrative; and while relating the various misfortunes to which Joseph was subjected by his brethren, he shewed them picture representations of each important epoch of his life, by which they were enabled to have a more correct understanding of the interesting story. After the instructions were ended, the superintendent asked questions upon the lesson, and although I was not initiated into the science of Dactylology, yet I observed from the intelligent faces of the pupils, and the affirmative nod of the instructor, that they understood what had been communicated.

Very great improvement has been made within the last few years in the method of instructing deaf mutes: Instead of the natural sign dialect hitherto used in these institutions, they have now a systemized science, by which those grammatical parts of speech are designated which have no objects in nature to convey to the mind of the pupil an adequate conception of their meaning.

I held a written conversation with several

of the more advanced pupils, and was amazed to find them so intelligent. They expressed their ideas beautifully, and often poetically. Mr. Dickens, however, in his "Household Words," places them in the lowest class of rational beings, because of the impossibility of giving them the ordinary access to abstractions. He thinks their pretty similes and sentiments are signs without the thing signified, and sentimental phrases without the radical feeling under it. It may be they are precluded from a *connected chain* of thought and reasoning. But I addressed some questions to an assistant teacher, (a deaf mute,) which were answered with such sense and judgment as *seemed to indicate* that they thought and reflected as we do, and arrived at conclusions by the ordinary process of reasoning. The questions proposed were of such a nature as that the answers could not possibly have been stereotyped upon the mind by any previous instruction, which led me to suppose, (perhaps erroneously,) that they were very little, if any, inferior to those possessed of all their senses.

Some of the pupils of this institution converse by motion of the lips; they understand each other quite as well as by the use of signs, and seem to enjoy this imitation of speech more than any other method of communication. I witnessed a conversation of this kind, carried on by three or four of the older pupils with some of their friends who were visiting them. I did not admire it as much as the sign language, for the reason their signs furnish them an opportunity of displaying to advantage the graceful movements of the body, for which a few were remarkable, and also because their signs are accompanied by a varied and animated expression of face, which is wanting in the lip language. All the emotions and passions of the mind seemed to me legibly written upon the face—as each was felt, so each was portrayed: joy and grief, anger and resentment chase each other in as rapid succession as the clouds and sunshine of an April day.

Idiotic deaf mutes have been brought to this institution for instruction, some of whom have been retained, and so far reclaimed as that they can converse a little in the sign

dialect, and by careful training are rendered able to take care of themselves. "One of the little girls whom I saw, and who was only able to learn the alphabet in twelve months by the most assiduous and labored efforts on the part of the teachers, looked as intelligent as some of the girls of her own age; her disposition, which was peevish and fretful, is changed to one of kindness and amiability. A boy, also, who at the time he was brought to the institution was an helpless dependent, unable to feed or cloth himself, can now do both, and has been taught to hoe and spade in the garden; his intellec-

tual faculties, however, still remain dormant, notwithstanding the untiring efforts made to develop them. But even this improvement in the condition of this most unfortunate class of human beings was a few years ago considered impossible; and slight as it may seem to the indifferent observer, yet, to the parents of these afflicted children, what a priceless treasure! and to the noble philanthropists in charge of them, what an enduring monument of their inestimable labors!

LOUISVILLE, May, 1854.

INFLUENCE OF CRISTIANITY ON MEDICAL SCIENCE.

EVER since Jesus suffered, wrought miracles, healed the sick, stilled the ocean, and showed his control over rebellious nature—by bringing it back again into order,—man has gained by degrees a great mastery over all things, as if then humanity had received a new impulse; and in proportion to his Christian light, (I do not say Christianity is the cause, but it certainly is a coincidence,) has been his civilization; and in proportion to that, the gradual authority which he seems to be regaining over that nature, the reins of which he lost in Paradise, but which Jesus has now partially, and will again completely put into his redeemed and sanctified hand. It is to me a most delightful experience, to see any one discovery in science or in art, which restores to man, however slightly, the mastery over created things. Is it not true that since Jesus healed the sick, there has been a greater impulse to curative science than ever was felt before? Is not medicine with all its defects, with all the obloquy cast upon it, because it cannot do everything! progressive? Is it not true, that some diseases, once thought incurable,

are now almost extirpated? Smallpox is now not only curable, but almost banished from our land. And was the discovery of this mode of cure simply chance? Will you say it was accident? I believe it to have been as much an inspiration of the God of providence as the Bible is an inspiration of the God of grace. Is it not a fact that man's life is longer than it was? If you do not believe me ask the Insurance Societies, and they will tell you it is so by some six years. It is much longer than this if we remember, that the sickly and delicate infant which was lost before, while only the strong ones survived, is now spared, and under the blessing of God, and by the appliance of art grows up to manhood. Is not all this gain? Is it not progress in the direction in which the miracles of Jesus lay, and in reversal of that curse which "brought death into the world and all our woe?" Is it not also true, that operations once thought perfectly impossible, are now performed by our surgeons with safety and success? Is not that recently wonderful discovery, chloroform, one of most providential blessings God has given

us? I look upon it as a most significant instalment of the reversal curse stilling the groans and travail of the creature, an inspiration from God; and connected with the special curse pronounced upon Eve and her daughters, and read in the light of that curse, it is to my mind, a beautiful earnest of what will be—a forelight of the approaching dawn—an augury of millennial days, when there shall be no more pain, nor tears, nor sorrow, nor crying.—*Rev. John Cumming.*

FRIGHTENING A SQUATTER.

BY S. L. C.

About thirteen years ago, when the now flourishing young city of Hannibal, on the Mississippi river, was but a "wood yard," surrounded by a few huts, belonging to some hardy "Squatters," and such a thing as a steamboat was considered quite a sight, the following incident occurred:

A tall, brawny woodsman stood leaning against a tree which stood upon the bank of the river, gazing at some approaching object, which our readers would easily have discovered to be a steamboat.

About a half an hour elapsed, and the boat was moored, and the hands busily engaged in taking on wood.

Now, among the many passengers on this boat, both male and female, was a spruce young dandy, with a killing mustache, &c., who seemed bent on making an impression upon the hearts of the young ladies on board, and to do that, he must perform some heroic deed. Observing our squatter friend, he imagined this to be a fine opportunity to bring himself into notice—so, stepping into the cabin, he said:

"Ladies, if you want to enjoy a good laugh, step out into the guards. I intend to frighten that gentleman into fits who stands on the bank."

"The ladies complied with the request, and our dandy drew from his bosom a formidable bowie-knife, and thrust it into his belt: then taking a large horse-pistol in each hand, he seemed satisfied that all was right. Thus

equipped, he strode on shore, with an air which seemed to say: "The hopes of a nation depend on me."

Marching up to the woodsman, he exclaimed:

"Found you at last, have I? You are the man I've been looking for these three weeks! Say your prayers!" he continued, presenting his pistols, "you'll make a capital barn door, and I shall drill the key-hole myself!"

The squatter calmly surveyed him a moment, and then drawing back a step, he planted his huge fist directly between the eyes of his antagonist, who in a moment was floundering in the turbid waters of the Mississippi.

Every passenger on the boat had by this time collected on the guards, and the shout that now went up from the crowd speedily restored the crest-fallen hero to his senses, and as he was sneaking off towards the boat was thus accosted by his conqueror:

"I say you, next time you come around drillin' key-holes, don't forget yer old acquaintances!"

The ladies unanimously voted the knife and pistols to the victor.

RIGHT.—Humanity taketh such a hold on the multitude of men, that you can move mankind more easily by unprofitable courtesies than by churlish benefits.

For the Parlor Visitor.

NOVEL READING.

BY J. B. T., JR., OF VIRGINIA.

THIS is a subject of universal interest and intimately concerns and interests us all. There can be no doubt in the mind of every sober, reflecting person, that the habitual perusal of novels is productive of great evil. Mrs. Hannah Moore thus pertinently refers to this subject: "Many works of fiction may be read with safety; some even with profit: but the constant familiarity, even with such as are not exceptionable in themselves relaxes the mind, which wants hardening; dissolves the heart, which needs fortifying; stirs the imagination, which wants quieting; irritates the passions, which want calming; and above all disinclines and disqualifies for active virtues and for spiritual exercises. Though all these books may not be wicked, yet the habitual indulgence in such reading, is a silent mining mischief. Though there is no act and no moment, in which any open assault is made upon the mind, yet the constant habit performs the work of a mental atrophy—it produces all the symptoms of decay; and the danger is not less for being more gradual and therefore less suspected."

The person who is in the habit of reading novels or works of fiction contracts a taste for books of this character, thus excluding a fondness for those of a different nature and graver turn, such as History, Rhetoric, Philosophy and others of a like character, and will, in time, become so engrossed in them that he cannot relish any other kind of reading. He takes no interests in reading the history of other nations, of their laws, their inhabitants, customs, &c. He finds no delight in perusing works calculated to cultivate and adorn the mind, but all his affections are confined within the narrow sphere of novel reading, of reading of things which never occurred and were originated in the fanciful brain of the author. Books of facts and books of principles should constitute by

far the greater portion of a person's reading; and works of fancy and fiction be resorted to only as mental recreations, or the means of improving the taste. The first are essential to the formation of his rational mind; they contain the food by which it is nourished, and from which it grows into maturity and vigor. If instead of this kind of reading mere fiction be resorted to, a puny intellectual growth will be the consequence, and instead of the soundness of true mental force and discrimination, there will be only the weakness of a trifling sentimentality. The novel reader is apt to and does unconsciously take as truth all that he reads, and enters as much into the spirit of the narration as if the things therein related really occurred. This is one of the evils of novel reading, its effects and influences upon the mind, which it leads captive at its will, and it is one greatly to be feared. In speaking of fiction, I of course allude to it in a general sense. I do not intend to define the terms *novels* and *romances*, because their popular acceptance is sufficient for my purpose. Nor is it necessary to inquire whether there may not be exceptions to the charges preferred against them because the objections lie against the general character of a whole class of writings, and grow naturally out of this general character. In the words of another "it would be strange indeed, if there were no gems of intellect, no fine sentiments in the deluge of productions emanating from the exuberant imaginations of novel writers. But to attempt to separate the precious from the vile, would be like diving into a common sewer to hunt for pearls." A judicious writer has said respecting the fictitious works of the last century that if we should divide them into a *thousand parts*, five hundred of these parts must be at once condemned as so contemptibly frivolous as to render a perusal of them

a criminal waste of time. *Four hundred and ninety-nine* of the remaining five hundred parts, he pronounces positively corrupting in their influence. He describes them as full of representations which can have no other tendency than to mislead, corrupt and destroy those who habitually peruse them, and especially those who give them a favorable reception. Many, very many objections and weighty ones too, might be urged against the reading of fiction did space admit. A few of the principal ones however must suffice.

Novel reading has a baneful influence in producing an undue development of the imagination, as well as a morbid appetite for excitement; this all know, either by painful experience or by observation. Reading works of fiction promotes a sickly sensibility, and is apt to give erroneous views of life. In the words of a distinguished historian: "Novel reading strenghtens the passions, weakens the virtues and diminishes the power of self-control."

Multitudes may date their ruin from the commencement of this kind of reading; and many more who have been rescued from the snare will regret to the end of their days its influences in the early formation of their character. The novel writer having no higher object than to amuse the reader, and and being deficient in moral principles appeals to the imaginations and the passions as the readiest way of access to the heart. And the young, in particular, does the novel writer endeavor to please and captivate; a love affair of some sort is indispensable to this kind of writing.

Another and excellent reason against novel reading might be urged: *It is a great waste of time*, and the time that is literally thrown away on this trashy stuff might be much better and more profitably employed. It is related of Napoleon Bonaparte that he had all novels banished from the circle as he inveterately abominated every thing of the kind. If he happened to find a novel in the hands of any attendants at the palace, he unhesitatingly tossed it into the fire, and soundly lectured the reader upon the waste of time.

Again it is a very serious item of expense. The writer was told the other day of a lady

residing in the city of Norfolk, Va., who spends all her time and money in reading and purchasing novels, and her apartments are said to resemble a book store. Every novel that is issued she is in a fever of impatience until she has purchased and perused it. During last year she spent over *seventy five* dollars in novels alone. What a criminal waste of time and money, for — nothing! Yet she read her *first* novel; and thus commenced and continued to do so, until she has become so overpowered by their enchanting influence that like the charmed bird—she cannot resist them. Let us take heed lest we also fall into this snare which alas, overcomes too many!

"Novels" says Mr. More, "which chiefly used to be *dangerous* in one respect, are now becoming mischevious in a thousand. They are continually shifting their ground and enlarging their sphere, and are daily becoming vehicles of wider mischief—sometimes they concentrate their force and are at once employed to diffuse destructive politics, deplorable profligacy, and impudent infidelity."

The influences of novel reading upon our juvenile population is vast and pernicious. Such works as Jack Shappard, Dick Turpin and like novels tell with fearful effect upon the youthful character. Let us refrain from these engines of Satan as we would a loathsome disease, having for our motto—*Touch not, Taste not, Handle not*. Novel reading may well be considered the *most dreadful* and *most to be feared* of any calamity that ever has or ever will oppress our nation.

And in closing, the writer would appeal to the youth who may read this article: Let them *beware of Novel reading*. For the time will come when if they have persisted in this pernicious habit, they will bitterly regret it. Oh! that all looked upon this subject in the proper light, and as they will one day.

NATURE loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

"Act considerately," is the practical version of "know thyself."

DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

We find the following on the death of Washington in the N. Y. Courier and Enquirer, which cannot fail to be of interest to the reader :

Proceeding further over a very bad road, we came suddenly in view of the Potomac ; and Mount Vernon, with his mansion-house, and smooth green lawn, before us. Having sent in our address, we received permission from the courteous branch of the family who now held the estate, to enter, and survey the interior. We were struck with its extreme simplicity, the lowness of the walls and ceilings, and the bare floors which were waxed—not as with us, carpeted.

Passing through the great hall—ornamented with pictures of English hunting-scenes—we ascended the oaken stair-case, with its carved and antique balustrade. We stood at the door ; we pressed the handle—the room and the bed where he died were before us.—Nothing in the lofty drama of his existence, surpasses the grandeur of the final scene.—The cold which he had taken from exposure, in overseeing some parts of his grounds, and which had resisted the earlier domestic remedies that were applied, advanced, in the course of two short days, into that frightful form of the disease of the throat, *laryngitis*. It became necessary for him to take his bed.

The valued friend, Dr. Craik, was instantly summoned, and assisted by the best medical skill of the surrounding country, exhausted the means of his art, but without affording him relief. He patiently submitted, though in great distress, to the various remedies proposed, but it becomes evident from the deep gloom settling upon the countenances of the medical gentlemen, that the case was hopeless ; advancing insidiously, the disease had fastened itself upon him. Looking with calmness upon the sobbing group around him, he said :—"Grieve not, my friends ; it is as I anticipated from the first ; the debt which we all owe, is now

about to be paid ; I am resigned to the event."

Requesting Mrs. Washington to bring two wills from the escutoire, he directed one to be burnt, and placed the other in her hands, as his last testament, and then gave some final instructions to Mr. Lear, his secretary and relative, as to the adjustment of his business affairs. He soon after became greatly distressed ; and as the paroxysms which became more frequent and violent, Mr. Lear, who was at his side, assisting him to turn, he with kindness but with great difficulty articulated—"I fear I give you great trouble sir,—but—perhaps, it is a duty which we all owe to one another—I trust that you may receive the same attention when you require it."

As the night waned, the fatal symptoms become more imminent—his breath more labored and suffocating and his voice soon failed him. Perceiving his end approaching he stretched himself to his full length, folded his own hands in the necessary attitude upon his chest—placing his finger upon the pulse of his left wrist and thus calmly prepared, and watching his own dissolution, he awaited the summons of his Maker. The last faint hope of his friends had disappeared. Mrs. Washington, stupefied with grief, sat at the foot of the bed, her eyes fixed steadfastly upon him ; Dr. Craik, in deep gloom stood with hands at the fire ; his faithful servant, Christopher, the tears uncontrolled trickling down his face, on one side took the last look of his dying master ; while Mr. Lear in speechless grief, with folded hands bent over his pillow on the other.

Nothing broke the silence of his last moments but the suppressed sobs of his affectionate servants collected on the stair-case ; the tick of the large clock in the hall as it measured off with painful distinctness, the last fleeting moments of his existence, and the low moan of the winter wind, as it swept through the leafless snow-covered trees

The laboring and wearied spirit drew nearer and nearer its goal; the blood languidly coursed slower and slower through its channels—and the noble heart stopped—struggled—fluttered—the right hand slowly slid

from the wrist, upon which his finger had been placed—it fell at the side—and the manly effigy of Washington was all that remained upon the death couch!

TELL YOUR WIFE.

"Yes, the only way is, to tell your wife just how you stand. Show her your balance-sheet. Let her look over the items. You think it will hurt her feelings. No, it will not do any such thing. She has been taught to believe that money was with you, just as little boys think it is with their fathers,—terribly hard to be reached, yet inexhaustible. She has had her suspicions already. She has guessed you were not so prosperous as you talked. But you have so befogged your money affairs, that she, poor thing! knows nothing about them. Tell it right out to her, that you are living outside of your income. Take her into partnership, and I'll warrant you'll never regret it. There may be a slight shower at first, but that's natural.

Let her see your estimate; when you come home again she will show you that you have put her bills too high. True, she had rather a costly bonnet last winter, but it is "just as good as ever; a few shillings will provide it with new strings, and refit it a little—the shape, she says, is almost exactly as they wear them now." And you will be surprised to see how much less expensive she can make your own wardrobe. She will surprise you with a new vest—not exactly familiar, somehow, looking as if in another shape you had seen it before,—yet new as a vest, and scarcely costing a dollar, where you had allowed five. Old cravats will experience a renovation in her hands, coming out so rejuvenated, that nobody but those who are let into the secret

would suspect that they are old friends in new shapes. The dressing gown that you were going to buy—out of what forgotten chest she has gathered the materials you cannot imagine—but there it is comfortable and warm, and just the thing that you wanted for the long winter evenings that are coming on as fast as the almanac will let them.

You will find a wonderful change in her tastes and appetites. Whereas, she always fancied what was a little out of season, or just coming into market—now if beef is dear, she thinks boiled mutton is delightful—as tender as chicken. If lamb rises, and fish are plenty, she thinks a "striped bass, or a fried sole good occasionally."

Before you have thought much about it, you will find yourself spending most of your evenings at home—and such evenings too, so full of Domestic enjoyment, and fireside pleasures, that you will look with wonder on the record of last year's expenses, and marvel that you found time or relish for the costly entertainments that so seriously taxed your pocket. If, like too many, your outgoes threaten to exceed your incomes, be sure and tell your wife of it. Not in a tone or manner that will lead her to think you don't want her to buy what is really necessary for winter, but just as if you wanted a counsellor in the day of your trouble. And if she does not come up, heart and soul, and most successfully, to your relief put me down for no prophet."—*Ex.*

FANNY FERN.

A New York correspondent of the Buffalo Republic says :

"Woman literature is all the rage now. Our authoresses certainly have the public by the ear—yes, and by the heart and pocket too. There is Fanny Fern, for instance. What a success her's has been ! Not two years since she was living in poverty ; herself and children subsisting on bread and milk ; with none to aid or counsel, or sympathize with her ; nursing her sick little one day and night, and wearily writing at intervals while it slept ; and now she is wealthy ; her name has become a household word in thousands of families in both hemispheres, where she is known by her works, and admired and loved for her brilliant genius, her womanly tenderness, and her unmistakable goodness and purity of heart. I sometimes meet this lady in Broadway, and it may please your readers to hear what manner of woman she is like. Well, then, she is a little above medium height ; her figure is perfectly symmetrical, and her bust and shoulders, and the setting and lift of her head,

would excite the envy of Venus herself. She has a delicate, beautiful, florid complexion ; glossy golden hair ; an honest, handsome face, a keen, dauntless, loving blue eye, and a hand and foot of most juvenile dimensions.—Her carriage is graceful ; her step firm and elastic ; her mein commanding and indomitable, yet winning ; in short, she looks just like Fanny Fern. She dresses in perfect taste, generally wearing black, and sweeps along Broadway with a grace, *abandon* and self forgetfulness, characteristic of the accomplished lady of society and nature's gentlewoman—two characters which are seldom united in the same person. Her real name, by the way, has never yet been given to the public. Of this fact I have been assured, both by her publishers and her lawyer. She limits her acquaintance to a small and select circle ; and to gain an introduction to her, or to obtain her autograph, is one of the things that may be classed among the serious difficulties—I know by a most unsatisfactory experience.

BALL-ROOM BELLES.

UNDER this caption, the New York Evening Mirror judiciously and truthfully remarks, that it seems to be the highest ambition of the most beautiful woman to be known as the "Belle of the Ball." To achieve this vain distinction she dresses and undresses with the sole aim of showing off her finest points without regard to comfort, not to say modesty. Charms, which nature intended as domestic secrets, "sweet and precious," are publicly exhibited in all their naked loveliness ; and profane eyes and tongues are permitted to revel in unmuslined mysteries sacred to poetic reveries and

lover's dreams. This extreme decolte fashion of dress—this baring of the bosom to the breeze of public breath, is a desecration of the highest form of beauty which the Divinity has yet revealed to man. It robs woman of her ethereal charms, by cheating the imagination of its divinest illusions. The enchantment vanishes as the reality becomes transparent, and the goddess no longer floats in roseate robes of clouded splendor, but sinks from "high Olympus to the plains," a mere flesh and blood shepherdess of common life and common clay.

THE CHRISTIAN.

THE Christian enjoys in common with other men, all the real pleasures of this life; and when as a man and disciple of Christ, he has "done what he could," he leaves himself and all to God, tenderly trusting in His Providence.

If he be rich, he remembers how sacredly he is charged to "be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate; laying up store for himself, a good foundation that he may lay hold on eternal life." If poor, he feels blessed rather than cursed, because not subjected to the dangers and temptations of the rich and a "snare of the devil." And having learned charity and benevolence from God and nature, he practices them in his daily conduct and conversation; he feels that he is not his own, that he was created and preserved to honor and glorify God, in the accomplishment of some good work, and if so fortunate as to live to do the good he desires, at the close of life, he may say as never but Christ, well and truly said, "it is finished." And whether he be an occupant of a hovel, cottage or throne, may exclaim with Paul, "to die is gain." And it is really very immaterial where such an one shall die, whether on the land or on the sea—at home in the bosom of his family, or in a foreign land among strangers,—though no brother should be near

to minister to his wants—though no sinner "to see how a christian can die"—though neither wife, sister, or mother, with gentle soothing voice and the tender assiduities of love and sympathy shall be there, Heavenly intelligences, guardian angels "encamp round about him," and having intimate affinity with mind, that immortal, invisible, active essence, the soul, they wait for its release, then leave their watchful posts, and clad in celestial armory, spread their pinions for brighter, a happier world, and saint and angels return to God, and He becomes the guardian of the Christian's dust.

Let us think of all the most exquisite pleasures of earth, and then remember that "eye hath not seen, ear heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive of the glories in reservation for the righteous." Let us remember that each of us exert an influence over the minds of our fellow-men, which, for weal or woe, will be perpetuated long after we are dead, and remember also :

"As the aloe is green and well liking, till the last best summer of its age,
And then hangeth out its golden bells to mingle glory with corruption;
As a meteor travelleth in splendor, but bursteth in dazzling light;
Such is the end of the righteous: his death as the sun at his setting."

[Ed.]

THUS IS LIFE.

If we die to-day, the sun will shine as bright and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow. Business will not be suspended for a moment, and the great mass will not bestow a thought upon your memory. "Is he dead?" will be the solemn inquiry of a few, as they pass to their pleasure or their work. But no one will miss us, except our immediate connexions; and in a short time they will forget us, and laugh as merrily as when we

sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now active in life, pass away. Our children crowd close behind us, and they shall soon be gone. In a few years not a single being can say, "I knew him." In another age we lived and did business with those who have long since slumbered in the tomb. Thus is life! How rapidly it passes! O, blessed are the who are held in everlasting remembrance

For the Parlor Visitor.

HOME SECRETS.—NO. V.

BY MRS. MARY H. EATON.

IN the pleasant town of C. stands a palace-like residence, which towers, by a whole story, above all the dwellings that surround it. If you enter the spacious hall, hung with costly chandeliers, you will see a tall gentleman, apparently in middle life, pacing to and fro, with a hurried step, and with visible marks of anxiety and distress upon his countenance. As you move forward you will pass the open door of a richly furnished apartment, through which you can discover a lady, wringing her hands and weeping in a paroxysm of uncontrollable grief, while around her stand a group of terror stricken children, vainly striving to comprehend the scene.

That gentleman is Henry Elton, and the lady is his wife. In order to understand their present position, it will be necessary to trace a little of their previous history.

Henry Elton was the son of poor but highly respectable parents, who spared no pains to form his character upon the basis of integrity and virtue. They taught him, both by precept and example, the value of time, and from his early boyhood, every hour witnessed the accomplishment of some desirable result, either in the way of mental improvement, or useful occupation. He was never seen in the company of the idle and the vicious, and by the time he was old enough to enter business, his habits and his character were so well understood that the best situations in his native town were inviting his acceptance. Such were his industry and economy, that besides assisting in the support of his parents, and the education of younger brothers and sisters, he found himself, at the end of ten years, the owner of a small capital, invested in trade, and also of a handsome and neatly furnished residence.

As he had carefully shunned every form of dissipation, and cultivated a taste for the quiet pleasures of domestic life, it was with

no ordinary anticipations of happiness that he introduced into his own house a mistress, whom he believed capable of rendering it to him an earthly paradise. He had taken to his heart and to his home the daughter of a widow, who, having been much restricted in her expenditures, he supposed would be prepared to sympathise with him in his early struggles, and whose habits of economy he thought well suited to one, who like himself, was obliged to make his own way in the world. He did not distinguish between that economy which is the result of enlightened principle and that which is compelled by necessity.

Mrs. Elton was an ambitious woman: not ambitious to render her home the happiest place on earth to her husband—not ambitious to train the children which were springing up like olive plants around her table, for usefulness and for Heaven. Such an ambition would have rendered her a blessing to the world. But she was ambitious to outshine her neighbors in external decorations—ambitious to be considered fashionable, and regarded as among the leaders of the town—ambitious to appear as wealthy as the more highly favored of fortune. Of all objects which human ambition ever proposes to itself, this is the most unsatisfactory. "In great attempts, 'tis noble e'en to fail;" but failure in this, brings contempt and ridicule upon the aspirant while success promises no other reward than the envy and ill-will of those who have been out-stripped in the race, and the ungracious toleration of those who have been overtaken. Yet, how many sacrifice the enjoyment of home and the comfort of competency and independence upon the altar of this foolish ambition!

This arises from the mistaken idea that persons are respected in proportion as they are supposed to be wealthy, than which

nothing could be more false. Not a single emotion of genuine respect was ever felt except for *mind* and its attributes. As well might we think of subjecting the immortal spirit to the laws of gravitation, as of extorting from it the homage respect to gold or any other material object. True, the possession of wealth, where it has been accumulated by the owner, is sometimes an evidence of his possessing industry, perseverance, energy and skill, and these are attributes of mind which command our respect, even though we feel that they have not been directed to the attainment of the highest objects. But where the possession of wealth is merely accidental, the show of respect which it procures is nothing but pretence, prompted by hollow-hearted and designing selfishness. The jewelled hand may be pressed with a great display of cordial kindness, but if there is nothing in the character to command respect, it is impossible that it should be felt. But this is a digression from our history.

Mrs. Elton soon found that the furniture, though tasteful, and every way comfortable and convenient, was a little too antiquated, and must therefore be sold at a sacrifice, and be replaced by that which is fashionable and expensive. When Henry returned fatigued from the business of the day, it was not to find repose in the bosom of his family, and enjoy the quiet of his own fireside and converse unreservedly with those dearest to his heart. It was to find a gay circle in his own parlor, or be dragged to some other point where company assembled. This manner of life did not coincide with his preconceived notions of domestic happiness, but as his wife assured him that his ideas were altogether obsolete, he tried to persuade himself that they had better be abandoned. Though in health, Mrs. Elton thought it necessary to spend the months of July and August with her children at some fashionable watering place, for all the wealthy families of her acquaintance did the same, and if she should remain at home, somebody might suppose that she could not afford to go. She often said she regarded it as a duty to keep up appearances, and try to move in the highest circle of society, for the sake of the future prospects of her children.

Mr. Elton's business habits and known integrity secured for him unlimited confidence, and he availed himself of his well-earned credit, to enlarge his business operations, hoping that his increased profits would enable him to meet the necessary expenditures of his family.

Mrs. Elton's acquaintance had now become so extensive, and she was compelled to make such large parties, and to entertain so much company, that their house was altogether too small and inconvenient to answer their purpose any longer. It was built simply for a home, without any reference to the requirements of modern society or the improvements of modern architecture, and now their own standing and the future respectability of their children require that they should have a new one. And as the new house was to be a thing for life, it was best, even at a sacrifice, to have it built with a view to their prospective increase in wealth and importance. It must be such a house as they would wish to have when their children were grown, and beginning to take their positions in society. So said Mrs. Elton, and accordingly a lot was purchased in the most aristocratic street, and the dwelling erected into which our readers have already been introduced.

The furniture and style of living must of course be suited to the residence, and Henry Elton found himself in much perplexity to meet his pecuniary obligations. He devoted himself with almost sleepless intensity to his business, until he became pale, haggard, and care-worn, in the hope that some favorable turn in his affairs would enable him to bring things out right in the end. But the knowing ones whispered that there must come a crash, and the prudent ones pressed him for the payment of their dues, until on the day on which we have introduced them to our readers, he has just informed his wife that he has been obliged to resign every thing into the hands of his creditors, and that they are thrown homeless and penniless upon the world. Nor is this the worst. As his property will sell at a sacrifice it will not cover his indebtedness by several thousand dollars, and as the business men who had loaned him funds had taken care to secure themselves to the full amount, the loss must fall on widows and orphans

who have confided their all to him, as to the keeping of a friend. This thought is the most bitter ingredient in the cup of his affliction. How can he meet the reproachful looks of those who so confidently placed their whole living at his disposal? If Mrs. Elton was a true woman, she would arouse herself in this emergency, instead of assailing her husband with the language of reproach, she would hasten to his side with words of comfort, and strive to soothe his agitated feelings. She would assure him that this reverse is naught to her—that she cares nothing for the frivolities of fashionable life—that in some quiet little home, which his industry and skill can yet procure for them, they will still be rich in each others affections, and in its peaceful seclusion they will live more for each other and for their children, and be far happier than they were in the glare of prosperity. Then

would the hopes of early manhood revive in his heart. Then would his arm be nerved for a fresh struggle in life's combat. But, alas! she has offered all the incense of her heart upon the shrine of wealth and fashion: she has none left for the domestic altar. And what consolation does she now receive from those whose favor she has struggled so hard to gain? Mrs. Parveum says that she has always known them to be vulgar people, and she is glad for her part to see them come down to their proper level. Mrs. Envious says that she expected to see pride have a fall, for she had long thought the Eltons were carrying their heads too high. And these were the friends for whose entertainment Mrs. Elton had planned and labored, and for whose approving smile she had sacrificed the happiness of her husband and the best interests of her children.

MURFREESBOROUGH, May 30, 1854.

"GOD, LOVE AND POETRY."

God, Love and Poetry is the inscription which Lamartine wishes his friends to put upon his tomb, if he shall ever merit a tomb. "God, Love and Poetry" are worthy the contemplation of every christian. If we would expand and strengthen our intellectual faculties, we should think often, think much of the Infinite, Omnipotent, Omnipresent Jehovah, the Creator and Preserver of the boundless Universe, and the harmony pervading all things. If we would be happy—if we would be useful, we should love God—love the church—love our fellow-men, and attend to all the gentle duties which love dictates. We should study the true Poetry of nature, as presented in the delicate flowers of the garden and the variegated tints of the rainbow—in the crystal dew-drop and in the majestic cataract—in the cloud-capt mountains of earth and in the brilliant con-

stellations of Heaven. We should learn that happiness consists in doing good—in ministering relief to the distressed—in visiting the afflicted—in raising up the bowed down. The flower pressed to earth by adverse winds, repays in fragrance the hand that lifts it up; and will man be ungrateful?—ED.

PASSING AWAY.—There were 531,791 soldiers engaged in the revolutionary war. Of this number, there are now less than fourteen hundred living, whose ages must average nearly ninety years. Seventy-three have died during the past year. A few years more and these venerable octogenarians will only be known in the pages of history.

MEDICAL MORALS.

In a Review of a work upon Homœopathy in the Southern Journal of Medical Sciences, speaking of the appeals of medical delusions to religious enthusiasm, &c., the writer, Dr. Wood, makes the following remarks:

"Nor do appeals like these stop here. They address themselves to a religious principle—or superstition be it called—an innate consciousness implanted in human nature, striking a responsive cord, and seizing at once upon the minds of the credulous of all classes. The physician's high calling—ministering to the sufferings and afflictions of mankind, where the highest, tenderest, holiest affections and sentiments are displayed, standing between life and death, between the hopes of the one and the consolations of the other—suggests itself as a hallowed calling, closely allied to that having to do with our spiritual nature, and looking from life present to life to come, from time to eternity. Medicine is by nature, and ought to be, the handmaid of Religion. This is felt by mankind, It forms a part of intuitional belief, which nothing can eradicate.

This is a point, which, in its bearings, our author appears to have overlooked, but which, while suggesting a philosophical explanation of the spread of a delusion, and the means for its overthrow, in the affections of perhaps the weak and credulous, but the upright and honest in heart, and indeed the best portion of community, suggests also a lesson of practical import, which it would be well to heed. While then the errors and hypocrisy of false systems in medicine are exposed, let the true be pervaded by the high and sacred influences of religion, or at least be characterized by a respect for religious faith and sentiment. For if medical authors and practitioners manifest a want of moral rectitude, cherish infidelity, or disregard the elevated spirit of true religion, it cannot be expected but that medical frauds and delusions, wearing the garb of sanctity, should successfully invade the hallowed ministry.

And is not the present tendency of the medical mind operating to the prejudice of the profession in this respect? Is it not to be feared that in the zeal to secure more extended practice and respectability, that elevated tone which should prevail is giving place to pecuniary considerations, and those nobler plans for concert of action, to utilitarian conventionalities—an '*esprit de corps*'—looking, to perhaps more comprehensive and harmonious, but still to selfish ends? Would it not even seem to be considered by some a disparagement, rather than otherwise, to be subject to any rules of ethics but those having the interests of the profession, as a craft, in view? thus conveying to the world the notion of a sort of systematized, 'honorable' charlatanism, operating upon a grand scale!

Witness also the want of virtuous principle sometimes observed, where we might expect examples of moral excellence. We do not allude to those overt acts of turpitude and recklessness, which require peculiar circumstances to render their justification, or even palliation, tolerable, and the most extraordinary occasions and appliances to make the pretext of hostility and persecution available for enlisting sympathy, and only then where the weight of influence, and a sense of self-interest is brought to bear as adjuvants, with gracious airs and words of melting eloquence. We only speak of those more frequent obliquities observable and countenanced in those having weight of character. The love of notoriety not uncommonly leads to the display of conspicuous vices—the more startling, the better for advertisement—and such vices we sometimes see countenanced, and even turned to 'capital,' as inseparable from, and, *ergo*, *prima facie* proof of genius; and it is to be feared the notion that great faults bespeak great minds, may yet find favor with some as sound logic!

But granting the highest morality, and we believe as a class the medical profession may justly claim it, yet while many of its

prominent lights cast their influence, and occupy a ground in opposition to the dictates and faith of the Christian religion, whose province joins, partly includes, and only stretches beyond, that of medicine, the same atmosphere, darkened with fear and sorrow, or brightened with hope and promise, pervading both, is it to be wondered, that the deserted precincts of the one, should be invaded by those professing to belong to the other—that honest-hearted fanaticism, or smooth-tongued hypocrisy, should find temporary favor in the sacred vocation of Healing the Sick?

We would not seek to incorporate Medical Science with systems of Theology—to interpret science according to revelation, or revelation according to science. All we claim is, that the religious instincts of man's nature, as enlightened by revelation, should be respected, and above all, by the medical profession. And this we are now contending for, merely on the ground of expediency. For if the legitimate cultivators of medicine desert their true position, it is easy to see that others will rush in to fill the vacuum. Neither will a hollow-hearted sanctity suf-

fice, for the cheat will be detected and repudiated. A divine or theologian might be expected to urge higher motives, but as we have no right to trench upon ecclesiastical ground, clerical or laical, we will add only this, in the full persuasion of its truth: The teaching of revelation is the proper basis of all ethics, its religion, true philosophy; and as medical practitioners should be sound moralists, and true philosophers, they ought to be governed by the rules, and actuated by the spirit of revealed religion. Besides, the efficacy of religious ministration is not to be lost sight of as a *therapeutic agent*; for the calm and soothing influences of genuine religion, timely dispensed, may, through their salutary effects upon the mind, enable it to sustain and rally the sinking energies of the body when all other medicines fail.

Certain it is to our mind, that a want of this elevated morality and philosophy, where it is rightfully looked for, is calculated to favor a delusion so plausible and insinuating as the one under consideration, and to encourage and give foot-hold to any other that may succeed this, with address and pretensions equally prepossessing."

A POINTED SERMON.

MANY a discourse of an hour's length is not as impressive as the following from an eccentric English divine:

"Be sober, grave and temperate."—TITUS i, 9.

I. There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms:

1. Your wife.
2. Your stomach.
3. Your conscience.

II. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:

1. Infidelity.
2. Domestic misery.
3. Premature death.

To make these points clear, I refer you:

1. To the Newgate calender.
2. To the hospitals, lunatic asylums, and work houses.
3. To the past experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered in mind, body, and estate.

E d u c a t i o n a l .

S L I G H T E D S C H O L A R .

CASES like the one I am about to relate are much too frequent in our country, and they are such, too, as should be guarded against by all who have an interest in education. The incident was brought to mind by hearing a complaint made by the parent of a poor boy, who had been grossly neglected by the teacher of the village school, neglected simply because he was poor and comparatively friendless.

Many years ago, when I was a small boy, I attended a school in the town of——

Among the scholars there was a boy named George Henry. His father was a poor drinking man, and the unfortunate boy had to suffer in consequence. George came to school habited in ragged garments—but they were the best he had; he was rough and uncouth in his manners, for he had been brought up in that manner; he was very ignorant, for he had never had an opportunity for education.

Season after season, poor George Henry occupied the same seat in the school room,—it was a back corner seat, away from the other scholars, and there he thumbed his tattered primer. The ragged condition of his garb gave a homely cast to his whole appearance, and what of intelligence there might have been in his countenance was beclouded by the “outer covering” of the boy. He seldom played with other children, for they seemed to shun him; but when he did, for awhile, join with them in their sports, he was so rough that he was soon shoved off out of the way.

The teacher passed the poor boy coldly in the street, while other boys, in better garbs, were kindly noticed. In the school, young Henry was coldly treated. The teacher neglected him, and then called him an “idle blockhead,” because he did not learn. The boy received no incentive to study, and consequently he was most of the time idle, and idleness begat a disposition to while away

the time in mischief. For this he was whipped, and the more he was whipped the more idle and careless he became. He knew that he was neglected by the teacher simply because he was poor and ragged, and with a sort of sullen indifference, sharpened at times by feelings of bitterness, he plodded on his dark, thankless way.

Thus matters went on for several years. Most of the scholars who were of George Henry's age had passed on to the higher branches of study, while he, poor fellow, still spelled out the words of one and two syllables, and still kept his distant seat in the corner. His father had sunk lower in the pit of inebriation, and the unfortunate boy was more wretched than ever.

The look of clownish indifference which had marked his countenance, was now giving way to a shade of unhappy thought and feeling, and it was evident that the great turn point of his life was at hand. He stood now upon the step in life from which the fate of after years must take its cast.

At this time a man by the name of Kelly took charge of the school. He was an old teacher, a careful observer of human nature, and a really good man. Long years of guardianship over wild youths had given him a bluff, authoritative way, and in his discipline he was strict and unwavering.

The first day he passed in the teacher's desk of our school was mostly devoted to watching the movements of the scholars, and the studying of dispositions with which he had to deal. Upon George Henry his eye rested with a keen, searching glance. But he evidently made little of him during the first day, but on the second he did more.

It was during the afternoon of the second day that Mr. Kelly observed young Henry engaged in impelling flies upon the point of a large pin. He went to the boy's seat, and after reprimanding him for his idleness, he took up the dirty, tattered primer.

"Have you never learned more than is in this book?" asked the teacher.

"No, Sir," drawled George.

"How long have you attended school?"

"I don't know, sir. It's ever since I can remember."

"Then you must be an idle, reckless boy," said the teacher, with much severity. "Do you realize how many years you have thrown away? Do you know how much you have lost? What sort of man do you think of making in this way? One of these days you will be too old to go to school, and then, while your companions are seeking some honorable employment, you will be good for nothing. Have you any parents?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, in a hoarse, subdued voice.

"And do they wish you to grow up to be an ignorant, worthless man?"

The boy hung down his head and was silent, but Mr. Kelly saw two great tears roll down his cheeks. In an instant, the teacher saw that he had something besides an idle, stubborn mind to deal with in the ragged scholar before him. He laid his hand on the boy's head, and in a kind tone he said:

"I wish you to stop after school is dismissed.—Do not be afraid, for I wish to assist you if I can."

George looked up wonderingly into the master's face, for there was something in the tone of the voice which fell upon his ear that sounded strangely to him, and he thought, too, as he looked around, that the rest of the scholars regarded him with kinder countenances than usual. A dim thought broke in upon his mind that, from some cause, he was going to be happier than before.

After school was dismissed, George Henry remained in his seat till the teacher called him to the desk.

"Now," said Mr. Kelly, "I wish to know why it is that you have never learned any more. You look bright, and you look as though you might make a smart man. Why is it that I find you so ignorant?"

"Because nobody never helps me, sir," replied the boy. "Nobody never cares for me, for I am poor."

By degrees the kind-hearted teacher got

the boy's whole history, and while generous tears bedewed his eyes, he said:

"You have been wrongly treated, George—very wrongly; but there is time for redemption. If I will try to teach you, will you try to learn?"

"Yes—O yes," quickly uttered the boy in earnest tones. "Yes—I should love to learn. I don't want to be a bad boy," he thrillingly added, while his countenance glowed with unwonted animation.

Mr. Kelly promised to purchase books for the boy as fast as he could learn to read them, and when George Henry left the school room, his face was wet with tears. We scholars, who had remained in the entry, saw him come out, and our hearts were warmed towards him. We spoke kindly to him, and we walked with him, to his house, and his heart was too full for utterance.

On the next day George Henry commenced studying in good earnest, and the teacher helped him faithfully. Never did I see a change so radiant and sudden as that which took place in the habits of the poor boy.

As soon as the teacher treated him with kindness and respect, the scholars followed the example, and the result was, that they found in that unfortunate youth one of the most noble-hearted, generous, accommodating and truthful playmates in the world.

Long years have passed since those school-boy days. George Henry has become a man of middle age, and in all the country there is not a man more beloved and respected than is he. And all is the result of one teacher's having done his duty.

You who are school-teachers, remember the responsibility that devolves upon you. In this country of free schools, there should be no distinction between classes. All are alike entitled to your care and counsel, and the more weak the child, the more earnest should be your endeavor to lift him up and aid him.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, at the age of twenty-five, discovered the new principles of the reflecting telescope, the laws of gravitation and the planetary system.

Monthly Reviews and Notices.

"THE LIFE AND THOUGHTS OF JOHN FOSTER:" By W. W. EVERTS, author of "Pastor's hand-book," "Bible Manuel," etc. Published by Cornish, Lamport & Co., Pearl St., New York: 1851: pp 314.

This is a book with which we are much pleased, and we imagine it pleases others, as it has already reached its third edition. It is really what it purports to be—"The Life and Thoughts of Foster,"—whose life of itself, is intensely interesting, and whose unequalled thoughts are singularly original. He must have been, in the language of Robert Hall, a "man of the most extraordinary genius."

It seems to us from the casual reading which—only—we have had time to give the work, that Elder EVERTS has brought the reading community under lasting obligations for the preparation of this interesting volume, presenting as it does, at one view, the literary and religious character of a great and good man. As we expect to take occasion to refer frequently to this book in future, we conclude this brief notice by tendering our thanks to the author, and commending it to the favorable consideration of our readers. For sale by Toon, Nelson & Co., No. 44, Union St., Nashville, Tenn.

We have received, and with pleasure notice a new visitor to our table—*The United States Magazine* of Science, Art, Manufacture, Agriculture, Commerce and Trade: New York; Vol. 1, No. 1: By A. Jones & Co; \$1 per annum, bi-monthly—32 pages quarto, in each number. The present number contains some half dozen engravings, neatly executed; and the original and selected articles of the Magazine are of the highest order. Contents of present number are in part: New Theory of Astronomy of Samuel E. Cones, Dr. Kane and the Polar Ocean, Despair (Poetry); The Last days at Mount Vernon; Constantinople and the Turks; Philosophy and cure of Intemperance; Female Beauty in Old England and

New England; Polarized Light—Its utility; Russia; New York Theatres and the "Moral Drama;" The Ohio and Mississippi vallies; India Rubber, &c. &c. &c.

We have omitted heretofore, unintentionally however, to speak a word in praise of "*The Student and Family Miscellany*:" N. A. Calkins, Editor and Publisher. New York,—monthly, at \$1 per annum. As its name purports, it is equally adapted for the students room, and for the Family circle; and well calculated by its high moral tone, and the useful character of its monthly readings to make TRUE MEN AND TRUE WOMEN of its young readers. We think of "the apples of gold in pictures of silver" when we take it up.

"THE BIENVILLE TIMES."—We heard an Editor say a few days since, that this was one of his best exchanges. And he is a man of critical acumen too. If Bro. Lee be as well sustained as he deserves, we shall be gratified.

A few northern newspapers and periodicals have come to our address, in which the Editors have kindly informed us that they were "favored with an oppressive list of exchanges," but intimating—as probably a favor to us—if we would publish their prospectus a time or two, they would be pleased to exchange. We carefully laid away their papers intending on some suitable occasion to notice them as they each deserved, and regret now that for this specific purpose we want them, they are missing. We, however, take it for granted when a paper is accompanied by such a request, that the Editor knows it to be wholly destitute of the merit which would entitle it to attentive perusal, much less to unsolicited respectable notice; and for our single self, we are happy to say we have enough exchanges without such. Editors, therefore, may do themselves a favor and oblige us, by henceforth governing themselves accordingly.

Monthly Periscope.

"THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST,"—J. R. GRAVES, Editor. This able expounder, and fearless defender of primitive christianity, has grown with the growth, and strengthened with the accumulating strength of christian principle throughout this great valley, until in popularity, Typographical appearance, size, and circulation it compares most favorably with any similar paper in America, or the world. And for able, earnest, importunate and effective advocacy of Bible truth, it has not, and never had a superior, within the sphere of our observation or reading.

With the enlargement of the *Tennessee Baptist*, commenced a discussion between its distinguished Editor and the renowned Alexander Campbell, of Va. Here then are two of the most talented men of our country engaged in the discussion of a question, which, of all others, is most important. It is of vital, ah! eternal interest, to all our race. We wish every American citizen could take this paper.

"*That Press*" is at length here, and doing good service. The friends of the Baptist every where, will regret to know that A. B. Shankland, Esq., retires from the concern. To be fully appreciated, Mr. S. should be known intimately, as we know him. He is one of the most untiringly persevering, and at the same time one of the most honorable, whole-souled, true-hearted, ingenuous gentlemen, we have ever known. There are few men in our church or city, whose departure would be so generally and justly regretted. Prof. MARKS takes the position vacated by Mr. Shankland.

"THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL."—The 7th No. of the 2nd Vol. of this beautiful and interesting monthly, published in New York, has been received. It is just what we want, and we will feel obliged to the Editor for back numbers.

"THE CHARLESTON MEDICAL JOURNAL AND REVIEW: Edited by Drs. Cain and Porcher, and published in the City of Char-

leston, we are happy to say, is a work of such very superior merit, that every high-toned Medical gentleman in America ought to take it. It is immeasurably superior to many of our indigenuous medical periodicals, in that its ample pages, are uniformly filled with purely Scientific matter, and never desecrated by the dissemination of infidel sentiments, or soiled by the portrature of wanton scenes. Price \$4. Address, Charleston Medical Journal, Charleston, S. C.

"THE CHRISTIAN REPOSITORY."—The May No. of this valuable monthly is before us. The mere mention of Jno. L. Waller and S. H. Ford, as Editors, would, to most of our readers be sufficient guaranty of the sterling character of the work. Elders J. M. Pendleton, S. Baker, and other eminent-ly distinguished theologians are contributors to the "Repository," and if it is as well sustained as it deserves, we congratulate the publishers.

"THE BIBLE MANUAL:" Comprising selections of Scripture arranged for occasions of private and public worship, both special and ordinary; together with Scripture expressions of prayer, abridged from Matthew Henry, with appendix, consisting of copious classifications of Scripture text, presenting a systematic view of the doctrines and duties of Revelation. By W. W. Everts, Pastor of the Walnut street church, Louisville, Ky. Pp 479. For sale by Toon, Nelson & Co., Union Street, Nashville, Tenn.

We neglected in our last to mention the reception of Mr. FILLMORE. Ex-Gov. Neil S. Brown having been appointed, delivered a very interesting address, to which Mr. Fillmore most felicitously responded. Probably no gentleman ever visited Nashville with whom the people, without distinction of party, were more generally pleased. He bears about him the impress of one of nature's noblemen—a man in EARNEST.

THE MOTHER A TEACHER.—During the progress of a protracted meeting, to which we made reference some months ago, a number of Ministers, and other persons, alluded to the early religious influences exerted upon their minds by parents, and especially dwelt upon the influence of their pious mothers.

One of the ministers said he was impressed when a small boy, with the dignity and importance of the religion of the Savior, from witnessing its peculiarly soothing, and tranquilizing influence, so uniformly, and visibly depicted upon the face of his mother, who, in those hours of sorrow and affliction, so common to us all, invariably sought her place of private devotion, and always returned with a happier expression. This example, seen in early life, taught the boy to love the God that comforted his mother.

Another minister, who according to his own showing, was, in his youth, a "bad boy," and delighted in resisting every religious influence, was awakened about the hour of midnight by the prayers and earnest entreaties of his Mother, that God would convert her son and bless him as an instrument to the promotion of His kingdom.

To the christian influence of one of these Mothers upon her son *alone*, the people of Kentucky and other States are probably indebted for hundreds of the best sermons they ever heard; for "*Three reasons why I am a Baptist*," for Tracts, for Reviews, and other religious publications almost innumerable. To the influence of the other, for much Missionary service; many valuable books and doctrinal tracts, together with the present as well as the last eight year's widely extended,—healthful and unprecedented influence of the "*Tennessee Baptist*." Who can estimate the silent—home influence of these two christian mothers? And nothing prior to the developments of the eternal world can adequately reveal the circling, and ever permeating influence of their children, both of whom are, even yet, comparatively in their youth, and have but, as we trust, fairly entered upon their sphere of usefulness. Would to God that American mothers would think of these things, and act in view of what they may and ought to do.

[EDITOR.]

INFIDELITY.—Some months ago, in view of the fact that infidelity is rearing its deformed head, in almost every department of the Natural Sciences, we took occasion to say through the "*Southern Journal*," that if the battle of the evidences was to be fought through the medium of Medical Journals, and upon the field of the Physical Sciences, we should buckle on the armor and prepare for the conflict.

The "*Buffalo Medical Journal*," published in New York, noticed our views, and thought there was no occasion for their expression. In a recent number of the same Journal, however, the learned Professor seems to entertain quite a different opinion from that formerly expressed. He again alludes to the remark of the *Southern Journal* as an event not improbable, and says some pointed things too, and of the clergy, which some of them would profit by reading. In a future number we may give extracts from the article, though we by no means endorse the *whole* of it.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.—That a Southern Methodist Conference should have selected Nashville as the point at which to locate their mammoth publication establishment, is to our mind but a faint, though favorable omen of the future of our city as a publication centre, for *all* the South. In less than five years, we expect to see a half a dozen large and prosperous publishing establishments here; and if energy and enterprise can accomplish anything, a car, freighted with Baptist interests, will be seen to move on.

At a public meeting of the citizens of our City, they generously resolved to buy, and present to the Methodist Church, South, a suitable lot, within the corporate limits, upon which to erect buildings for the "Book Concern."

If any of our readers suppose Bro. Lawton has answered our article on Life Insurance, we hope they will refer to, and carefully read that article.

The Parlor Visitor.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, JULY, 1854.

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITIES.

TO MANY of our readers we imagine it would be both amusing and instructing to see the questions propounded to us from time to time; and it would afford us pleasure to notice them in the order in which they come, if, in doing so, we could satisfy the reasonable demands of other readers.

Some of our subscribers wish to know if we endorse all that is published in the PARLOR VISITOR—whether we are responsible for the sentiments of our contributors, etc. To which we may truly say, our own unavoidable responsibilities have troubled us more than every thing else in the world; and unless for the decided good of mankind, we do hope the weight of our accountability to God or his creatures will not be materially increased. And while we do not claim to be more original than other men, we scarcely remember ever to have seen, or heard, anything of a dozen pages, or an hour's length, all of which we could endorse: and it occurs to us as a thing somewhat remarkable that any one should suppose we endorse every thing we print. We are responsible in any and every way for the Editorial matter, and also for the GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE PARLOR VISITOR. And we trust this will be satisfactory, (and that our patrons will not expect us rigidly to account to them for every "sentiment" occurring in other and miscellaneous contributions. And in addition, we are happy to say our contributors, without a solitary exception, are "honorable men and women," and responsible too. We, however, assume the responsibilities devolving upon our female contributors. And this brings us before our readers as the defender of one of the thoughts of a pure and noble heart—a cultivated mind—a chosen friend. But before entering upon the defence, we must be permitted to say, we cannot, and would not

if we could, bind any one to abide our judgment or decision with reference to their peculiar views. Any point, therefore, which we may now, or hereafter, yield, or defend, is from our own—and not another's—conviction of truth and duty.

In the course of the following inquiry, by MARY D., of Kentucky—"Do departed Spirits return to earth?"—the subjoined sentence occurs:

"The Bible being true, the ministration of angels is no ideal picture, it is a delightful reality, the truth of which is unquestionable. The belief, however, that spirits redeemed by the blood of Christ, return to earth, has been held by individuals through the long successive ages of time, and is still entertained by many highly intellectual christians; by some it has been regarded as a vague sentimentalism of the Bible, uncertain and intangible, by others a beautiful and blessed truth. And as the belief existing in the heart cannot be productive of evil, why not retain it? why not cherish it? if not as a reality, if not in accordance with sound philosophy, then keep it as a beautiful dream, a pure and lovely ideality, and in our sober, sad and reflective moments, we can retire within the private sanctum of our own hearts and shield ourselves from the outer world by the drapery of this beautiful belief, and there hold communion with the

"Millions of spiritual creatures who walk the earth unseen."

Upon the foregoing extract bro. —, in a private letter to us, comments somewhat lengthily, and after taking very different premises to those assumed by Mary D., comes to the conclusion that she is in error, and asks, "Is not the belief of any thing not in accordance with the teachings of the Bible productive of evil?"

We can but imagine that the estimable

brother misapprehends the idea to which Mary D. made reference. She regards, in common with "many highly intellectual christians," the belief that redeemed spirits return to earth—"not as a vague sentimentalism" merely, but as a truth, "a beautiful and blessed truth;" if you please, a Bible truth. The question is not, therefore, as our brother would have it, May we or not disbelieve the teachings of the Bible? But what are the teachings of the Bible with reference to disembodied saints becoming the messengers of Heaven? Mary D. believes they are "as the angels," and assumes that the belief of it "cannot be productive of evil," and asks "why not retain it? why not cherish it?—if not in accordance with sound philosophy, then keep it as a beautiful dream—a lovely ideality?"

These are questions which our brother, as well as any one else, may answer, and in all frankness we say to him, we might have done the same, but instead of denying the belief to any body, we honestly know no good and sufficient reason why the belief may not be most conscientiously retained. Why not?

Our brother, without attempting any *positive* proof of the correctness of his own conclusions, is probably more at fault than Mary D., for from the connection of his question with his own conclusions in regard to the belief, one would be led to suspect he had absolutely proven the error of her position, whereas he in fact only *assumes* that her belief is erroneous, which it may or may not be. We are inclined to think it is no error of hers. What though the idea may not accord with the at present recognised rules of "sound philosophy?" The philosophy of the present day needs regeneration quite as much as its authors; and when rightly and soundly converted, every lineament will corroborate the truth of the Bible—it cannot be otherwise: the God of the Bible is the God of nature.

We believe the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him. We believe that christians have celestial messengers, and that "their angels do always behold the face of our Father which art in heaven," and as to be absent from the body, is, to be present with the Lord, and as in

the resurrection "*all are as the angels*," we see not why it should be regarded a thing incredible or unscriptural that spirits of departed friends should become the messengers of God to kindred spirits. We believe, indeed, that it is in keeping with the economy of grace which provided for fallen men, the advocacy of Christ in Heaven.

As to the direct question, of our estimable brother—"Is not the belief of anything not in accordance with the teachings of the Bible productive of evil?"—we have but one response: Yes, unquestionably! for since God has "from the beginning *chosen* men to salvation through sanctification of the spirit, and belief of the truth," it would remain an awful, a solemn *reality*, even if not so stated by the Savior, "in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." How important that the doctrines of the Bible should become the recognized standard of Theology!

But to recur to the subject—for we have wandered off amazingly: We cannot say how much of our belief in the return of departed spirits, we have imbibed from the *desire* to believe it. In our youth we were surrounded by all the relations which cluster about and make home a paradise, and looking from that stand point through the intervening vista of time, we pictured in beautiful perspective the joys of coming years—associations of our *manhood*; but these joys were denied us,—the associations early severed, and failing to find, in contact with the world, that concord of association incident to spiritual relationship, we have perhaps sought to believe it promised from the courts of Heaven.

Why come to us in hours of darkness and temptation the prayers and tears of a mother? Why so oft in dreams live we o'er again the happy days of youth? And why this longing after the communion of saints, if indeed there be no such communion?—Why not in the chaste and beautiful language of Mary D., keep the thought, if not as "a blessed truth," "as a beautiful dream?" And why not delight us in the "pure and lovely ideality," that

"Oft in the still night,
When slumber's chain has bound us,
Kind spirits bring the light
Of other spheres around us.

They whisper soft of joy and peace,
 Our dreams of heaven inspiring;
 Their vigils o'er us never cease,
 They're constant and untiring;
 Thus in the stilly night,
 When slumber's chain has bound us,
 Kind spirits, pure as light,
 Are hovering gently round us.

And when the noisy scenes
 Of busy life allure us,
 From ills, to us unseen,
 They're watchful to secure us;
 Unconsciously we feel their power,
 Their warnings, timely given,
 Unseen, they guide, at every hour,
 Our onward way to heaven."

TAKE NOTICE.

Hundreds of persons have written to us within the last six months, enclosing money for the Parlor Visitor, and said never a word about their Post office address;—under this state of things, we have always referred to their Post office stamp, but occasionally have been utterly unable to decipher them, and consequently have been compelled to wait the reception of a complaining letter, which, when received, was probably as unintelligible as the first. It is by no means improbable that many of those letters were mailed at other offices than those to which the Visitor should have been sent, and it may be that some persons have failed to get their No's., and are disposed to charge us with neglect; it however, has been our earnest desire to avoid all the difficulties to which we have from time to time alluded, and to do so in future, it is only necessary that correspondents shall be *brief* and *explicit*. Send the money.—Tell us who wants the Visitor, and where to address them,—all of which you may do without any obscurity or indefiniteness whatever. If every subscriber will induce a neighbor to make the *experiment* we shall feel under renewed obligations.

NEW VOLUME.—With the present issue—of between five and six thousand numbers,—we begin the 2nd Volume of the Parlor Visitor.

To our friends—the friends of the enterprise, we confidently look for continued evidences of favorable consideration. And having declined enlarging the work at present, we must, consequently, ask some of our Contributors to wait patiently the appearance of their articles.

COMPLIMENTARY NOTICES.

"THE PARLOR VISITOR.—This periodical is meeting with unparalleled success. Its editor writes with ease. He touches gracefully every subject, and while reading his articles you feel that there is immense power in reserve."—*Gospel Banner*, (St. Louis, Mo.)

"THE PARLOR VISITOR.—A Monthly Periodical of which we have received the first two numbers. We can recommend it to the Ladies of the South, as containing matter that is useful and improving, and which excludes the trashy literature so vitiating to the tastes, and pernicious in its influence on the minds of the young."—*Christian* (Ga.) *Index*.

"Dr. JONES shows himself a superior writer and a skilful editor. He has many excellent contributors. His subscription list is increasing with a rapidity unparalleled by Western or Southern publications. The day, we hope, has come when our Southern people will look to their own country for their periodical literature. Nashville is doing something towards supplying them, and we look upon the day as not far distant, when this city will be the great publishing centre of the South West."—*Banner of Peace*.

To the "*Christian Age*," published at Cincinnati, Ohio, we are indebted for the following notice:

"DR. W. F. JONES, of Nashville, Editor of the "*PARLOR VISITOR*," is a neat, genteel man in appearance; grave, respectful and dignified in his deportment, and, we should think, a man of fine taste and good sense. He is a fine writer, and edits a useful and interesting paper. From our limited acquaintance, we were highly pleased with him, and wish him God-speed."

"THE PARLOR VISITOR.—We have given to this excellent monthly a careful perusal and find it in every way a magazine of superior merit. The articles are of that valuable kind which convey instruction and admonition, while they excite and amuse, and cannot fail to exert a salutary influence wherever they are read."—*Marshall* (Va.) *Advocate*.