

THE PARLOR VISITOR.

Devoted to the various interests of the Females of the South and West.

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CHARTER OF THE TENNESSEE PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

THE ACT OF CORPORATION.

Be it enacted, That C. K. Winston, J. H. Shepherd, R. B. C. Howell, J. R. Graves, J. W. King, S. M. Scott, D. D. Bell, H. G. Scovel, A. W. Mea ham, L. H. Milliken, E. Collins, M. W. Mays, E. Sandidge, Jonathan Wiseman, Matthew Hillsman, H. Blackman, and A. B. Shankland, be, and are hereby created a body corporate and politic, and shall be known as such by the name of the Tennessee Publication Society, and shall have the following powers, viz:

POWERS OF THE SOCIETY.

1st. The power to have and enjoy rights incident to corporate succession.

2d. the power to sue, and be sued, defend and be defended, in any court of law or equity in this State, or the United States.

3d. The power to make, and use a common seal.

4th. The power to hold, purchase and convey such personal property, or real estate as may be necessary to complete the purposes of the Society, not to exceed the sum of ten thousand dollars.

5th. The power to appoint such officers and agents as the business of the Society may require, and to allow them a suitable compensation.

6th. The power to make By-Laws for the government of the Society and the transaction of its business, not inconsistent with the laws of this State or the United States.

7th. To receive by gift, grant, devise, or any other way, such sums as may be appropriated or granted for the objects of the Society, and the sum to expend or use in strict accordance with the will of the donors, pursuant to the provisions of this Charter, and the By-Laws enacted by the said Society.

OBJECTS OF THE SOCIETY.

SEC. 5th. The objects of this Society shall be the purchase and publication of Bibles, Testaments, Religious and Sabbath School Books, Tracts, and other publications of a moral tendency, and the same to sell, and distribute gratuitously in the destitute portions of our country, through Colporteurs and otherwise, for which purpose the Society may receive voluntary subscriptions, donations, or bequests, which shall constitute a permanent fund, (to be invested in the purchase and publication of books of the aforesaid character,) bearing lawful interest, which interest shall be appropriated in books, according to the express will of the donors, provided, in case no direction is given, the interest on all such donations shall be applied in the gratuitous distribution of books according to the direction of the Managers of the Society.

F. BUCHANAN,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

J. M. ANDERSON,

Speaker of the Senate.

Passed 2nd Feb., 1848.

F. T. ESTILL, *Chr. Com. En'mt.*

For the Parlor Visitor.

MODERN DANCING.—NO. 4.

BY REV. C. C. BITTING.

I speak as to wise men; judge ye what I say. 1 Cor. 10: 15.

THERE are but two pleas which are entitled to notice as reasons for this amusement. One is, that dancing develops form and promotes grace; another, that it is useful for exercise. Both depend upon the same cause—the development of the muscles—and both are based upon mistaken ideas. Anatomists tell us that dancing develops only a few of the muscles of the body, and those unnaturally. “By such unnatural postures and exercises (as dancing) the foot is made unfit for walking. The walk of opera dancers is neither natural nor beautiful. This may be observed in any of the retired dancers and old figurantes,” (Paley—Bell on Animal Mechanics.) That cannot contribute to the health, beauty, or grace of the human form which destroys its symmetry by unnaturally developing one part, and not affecting another. It is most healthful and most beautiful as God has made it and if we would preserve it thus, all parts must be equally exercised. Dancing does not do this. Instead, therefore, of promoting grace, it actually deforms the body. As an exercise, it is, then, not only not efficient, but is positively baneful.

But, suppose it were not so. There are other equally efficient means of securing the object desired, which are attended by no evil results, and which are not liable to questioning. Is it not a duty to adopt these in preference? Where there are two causes, one of which is admitted to be, at least, doubtful, the other liable to no censure, is it not safer, wiser, and better, every way, to select the latter? If dancing is wrong, then every thing which has a tendency to encourage it, is accessory to evil. It is wrong to teach it, to practice it, however privately,

or to countenance it by example or presence. There is danger in any way it can be patronized.

But may not the non-professor dance?—We reply, No. A worldly man is under as many, and as binding obligations, as is the christian. It is just as much his duty to obey the Scriptures, to regard their teachings in every respect. His moral obligations are the same. It does not release the thief, or the liar, that he has never specifically *promised* to live honestly and truthfully. He is bound without it, and all our laws, human and divine, recognize him as so bound. Every innocent pleasure is permitted to the christian that is granted to the worldly man. He may select from all the round of happiness those enjoyments which are beneficial or purely innocent and only those. If, then, christians have no right to dance, if, as worldly men will generally admit, it is utterly at variance with his profession, it is wrong for all. The gay, giddy dancer, though he or she may endeavor to secure the countenance of the professor of religion and entice him into the dance, yet feels in the depths of the heart an unmitigated contempt for such inconsistency and hypocrisy. This contempt is a proof of the consciousness of wrong, and a warning to forsake the crime. There is no objection which we have named to the practice which does not belong to the non-professor as well as to the christian.

But there is something so utterly inconsistent in the idea of a dancing sinner. He is exposed to God's wrath and dances away his time and his soul together. He must forsake his sins, turn to Christ, or be lost, and he dances away the most hopeful

opportunity and hazards all. A criminal with the axe at his neck—a culprit with the sword at his breast, dancing away his precious hours, and waltzing gleefully into the pangs of eternity!

Shall parents rear their innocent daughters to engage in the dance? Would you deliberately teach them to disobey the word of God—weaken their confidence in one and all of its injunctions, and leave them to wreck their souls and your happiness on the sands of worldliness or infidelity? Would you deliberately take your child and train it to waste its time and health and money in the dance? Would you educate it to dally with voluptuaries, debauchees, and the vicious and profligate who frequent ball-room—train that unsuspecting daughter or son to play with a viper which may string their souls and infuse great drops of bitter in your cup of life? Can you face them at the judgment, after encouraging or permitting such deeds to go unrebuked?

In the city of Philadelphia, there lived in 1848, a widow and her two daughters.—One of them that mother taught to dance. When under deep convictions of sin, that

daughter fled to the ball room and the private dance to dispel her anxiety for her soul. Two years after, when on her death-bed, she requested her mother's attendance. "You," said she, "taught me to dance." "I danced away my convictions, and now I must die a lost sinner." "It grieves me to pain you, mother, but I cannot see you at God's bar without giving you notice of the influence of that instruction." Suppose this had been *your* child. Yet the case may already be yours. I have before me several records of thrillingly affecting deaths in the dance, or at the toilet, of those whose parents taught them to engage in this dissipation. Will you risk the account? It is a fearful record which is made against that parent who uses all the mighty influence which God has given to teach a child how to ruin its prospects of happiness in this life and in that which is to come.

Remember, reader, when you take the next dance, that one hour may see you in another world, and ere you take the first step, think whether it will be into heaven or hell.

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MENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

"There were giants in those days."

MR. TUNIS VAN PELL has now in his possession a much worn document containing the weight of some of the Revolutionary worthies. It is dated West Point, Aug. 12, 1783:

General Washington weighed 209 lbs.
General Lincoln weighed 224 lbs.
General Knox weighed 280 lbs.
Colonel Henry Jackson weighed 238 lbs.
Lieut. Col. Huntington weighed 232 lbs.
Lieut. Col. Cobb weighed 182 lbs.
Lieut. Col. Humphreys weighed 221 lbs.

Lieut. Col. Creator weighed 165 lbs.

Colonel Swift weighed 219 lbs.

Colonel Michael Jackson weighed 252 lbs.

Average weight 214.

It will appear by the above list that these old patriots "held their own," notwithstanding the hard times they were seven years in getting through.

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THERE are four thousand five hundred languages throughout the world, besides the language of the eyes.

From the Christian Repository.

SPIRITUAL DELUSIONS.

THEIR CAUSE AND CURE.

WE closed our last article under this head with a brief description of the delusions that now prevail extensively, from some of the manifold aspects of *materialism*. But there are other forms that deserve a passing notice.

Mormonism recognizes and worships a material God. The illiterate and low-minded Joe Smith, knowing nothing of figurative language, and of the metaphors and poetic imagery of the holy Scriptures, taught his flock that God in person possessed a huge body, like one of the giants of fabulous times, with bodily organs. And he proved it from the Scriptures, as his disciples imagined, by reference to the various members of the human body being used, as every one knows, as figures of speech, to represent the character and perfections of the divine Being. He affirmed, while at Nauvoo, that he went to heaven frequently, and conversed with the Being they worshiped; and described him as a large, fine-looking old man, quite social, and even jovial in conversation. He would laugh and crack jokes, and was as fond of fun and humor as any of the "Latter-Day Saints," on the earth. And materialism, with sensuality of a grosser kind than any we have noticed, lies at the foundation, and enters into their theological system, both here and hereafter.

The Mormon fraternity has not been made up from the low, illiterate, and therefore ignorant class. From the first, there have been men of education and talents in their ranks. Their first gatherings were from the Northern States, and included a fair proportion of the different classes of society. Those who have received more than a common school education, have exhibited minds of a speculative and skeptical turn.

Some had been educated for ministers of the gospel, others were trained for the bar; others exhibited no small amount of mechanical talent and genius. How far the leaders among the Mormons have been influenced by a religious conscience, however perverted, we are not prepared to judge.—We have heard them repeatedly, and been personally acquainted with some of their leading men; have met them in public discussion, seen them baptize converts, and on such occasions have supposed them to speak and act as though they believed their creed, however absurd it appeared. At other times their conduct indicated that they were devoid of any conscience; any conviction of moral obligation, or belief in a future state.

One fact stands out prominent in the meridian of the nineteenth century,—that probably five hundred thousand human beings, in the midst of civilization, have become the victims of this form of spiritual delusion; for were we to regard their leaders as infidels of the grosser sort, the delusion is not the less lamentable, and not less proof direct of the deplorable condition of fallen, corrupt human nature.

The various forms of error already noticed may all be resolved into this proposition: That man is a material, thinking, conscious being, differing in nothing from other organized, living, material substances but in his modifications.

Let us now expose the fallacy of this error.

1. Particles or atoms of matter in their original state have no consciousness, do not think, never *will* any thing, and have no memory. This needs no proof from us, for these are not the properties of matter. Our senses furnish us complete evidence of this negation.

2. If atoms of matter do not possess the properties of spirits in their individual and separate state, then an accommodation of atoms by cohesion cannot give it these properties. A large mass of atoms cohesing together cannot generate consciousness—cannot think, choose, and remember. No instance has ever occurred when such an effect was produced.

3. If atoms cannot think in their original and most elementary state, no change of relative position can turn them into a spirit. If one atom was placed above, beneath, or by the side of another atom, it would not change its nature.

4. No chemical changes in matter can give to it the properties of a spirit. Electricity and magnetism produce chemical changes in a living, organic body, by effecting the relative position of its atoms, and introducing a portion of new matter; but it cannot give it consciousness, the power of thought, will, or memory. Galvanism will effect the muscular and nervous tissue of a dead body, but cannot make it think.

All chemical changes are the result of two simple laws, *attraction* and *repulsion*—that is, throwing atoms of matter farther apart or drawing them nearer together. If none of the properties of a spirit are formed in the original atoms of material substance, and if no chemical combination can give to matter a spiritual nature, then a spirit is not a material being. These deductions are so self-evident that no further illustration is necessary.

It follows, then, that materialism, in every form that speculation has given to it, is a delusion which no rational mind, unless morally depraved, will admit; and nothing but sheer ignorance of ideas and terms can be given as the shadow of palliation.

The very latest form that this species of atheistic infidelity has put on, is the supposed agency of the spirits of the dead in performing physical actions, and holding communications with the living. This multi-form fallacy has been dignified by the term, *Harmonial Philosophy*. This is no new doctrine. Theoretically and practically, it is as old as any other spiritual delusion, and known and believed among all heathen nations from the earliest times. The mystery

about it is, that it should suddenly start up at high noon, in the nineteenth century, in the very center of the purest Christianity found on earth, and carry off hundreds of apparently sincere Christians into one of the most bewitching forms of infidelity. Its very name, *spiritual*, is one of its deceptions.

Rapping or making any kind of noise, writing, moving, and turning over tables, and every other manifestation we have heard of, are all physical acts, and produced by material agencies. The laws of sound are as fully understood by science as any of the physical laws of the Creator. They belong to the science of natural philosophy, which is taught in all our colleges, and in every scientific institution. The character given to the spirits that are supposed to perform these achievements, by those who believe in them, is material. They are fine, subtle, ethereal beings, and, of course, according to the principles laid down in this article, belong to the material world. Not one of the many with whom we have conversed could define a spirit other than as material. When we have charged them with materialism they have denied it, by explaining a spirit as a pure ethereal substance, divested of the grosser parts of matter. The rapping spirits perform operations on material substances. There is one Infinite Spirit, by suspending his own laws, can perform physical actions. This He has done throughout the history of real miracles. Superstition has attributed to Satan an agency beyond his ability as a mighty spirit. He cannot perform physical works.

Disembodied human spirits have no organs to perform operations on material nature. The only instance is the human spirit, directing and controlling his own organized nature in this state of existence. Spirits may produce impressions on other spirits according to their own natures, but not by material agents. The temptations of Satan are supposed by President Edwards to be effective by impressions made on the human imagination, which is probably the medium through which the mind and affections are reached and stimulated to act through motives.

Where the judgment and moral sense are weak, and the imagination is morbidly and easily excited, strange effects are produced. The external senses are deceived, and perform their office unfaithfully, when the imagination is excited. This fact is well known to the skillful necromancer, who, by disturbing the imagination, can deceive the three senses—the eye, the ear, and the sense of feeling. Even all the senses may be deceived when the imagination is in a morbid state.

The believers in spirit rappings, who understand their own theory, are materialists. The spirits they raise, if realities, are all material—composed of matter finely attenuated, quite ethereal in its nature, like magnetism, or some of the gasses; for they all have the properties and perform the functions of material beings. Their heaven is a material heaven, made of “circles,” or concentric spheres. They have borrowed this notion, probably, from the cosmography of the Hindoos, who teach that the universe consists of fourteen worlds, or concentric circles, like the coats of an onion. Seven are above and six beneath the earth.

The vagaries of Emanuel Swedenborg consisted of material notions, the productions of a splendid mind, diseased on the whole subject of religion, but perfectly rational on science and matters of an earthly character. This was one of the most extraordinary instances of *monomania* to be found in the annals of medical literature.—His visions and speculations were just as real to him as if they had been facts and truths in reality. And such of his followers and disciples as we had opportunity of studying, and on whose erratic minds we could make a series of observations, have satisfied us of the same diseased tendencies.

How much palliation the good One, who judges with infinite prescience and equity, may admit in those delusions that spring from a morbid imagination and a diseased nervous system, is not for us to determine. But the delusions themselves are no less injurious, and no less destructive of truth and righteousness to others, than if propagated from unholy motives.

Religious and moral fallacies are the more dangerous when they appear in the garb of

philanthropy and benevolence. Kind-hearted and credulous persons are the more likely to receive them; and it seems to many unkind and unfair to warn the public against such good people.

We might enlarge greatly, and exhibit many more phases of spiritual delusion, that approximate more or less towards the standard of Christian truth, but which, from the fallacies they contain, are the more dangerous. The space already occupied on this branch of the subject, makes it necessary for us to proceed to a few cursory remarks on some of the *causes* of such serious and alarming mistakes, as prevail amongst us in the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century of the Christian era. It may be thought sufficient, if we show that all spiritual delusions have their origin in the sinful nature and perverted constitution of man. The declaration of the prophet, already quoted in our former article, points us to the source of every form of religious deception. “A deceived heart hath turned him aside, that he cannot deliver his soul, nor say, Is there not a lie in my right hand?” Isa. xlv. 20.

But there are often peculiar states of mind, with negative qualities superadded to external agencies, that draw multitudes into that current which bears them farther and farther from truth and righteousness.

1. A religious education and training in childhood and youth being defective, and often neglected; the individual, whose mind is not vigorous and well balanced, will be very liable to spiritual delusions, and carried about with every wind of doctrine.

2. Persons whose judgments are feeble and their imaginations easily excited, will be susceptible of erroneous impressions, and if they do not take special care to repress the one and strengthen the other, they will be led astray by some species of delusion.

3. Some persons have strong sympathies, and a morbid philanthropy, with a feeble sense of justice, and are deficient in reverence to the divine Being. Such persons are very liable to be carried away with fallacious notions.

4. Those who are moved by impulses rather than calm and clear convictions of truth, will be deceived, unless they are very watchful and guarded.

5. Persons who are deficient in moral firmness or decision of character, while their imaginative powers are active, are prone to be deceived by vain speculations.

6. Those called "mediums" by the "spirit-rapping" fraternity, have all the peculiarities of temperaments, both physical and mental, to be deceived in the very things they seek after. Many of this class are under preternatural excitements, at times, that indicate disturbance in the nervous system, and are wholly incapable of judging rightly.

7. Persons known to be partially deranged have the same symptoms, and their unbalanced faculties disclose the same kind of manifestations as those of certain classes of religious persons who are spiritually deluded.

One characteristic of spiritual delusion is the obstinacy of the infatuated person.—The authority of the revelation of God in the Bible, and the voice of reason in man, are alike ineffectual. It is useless, and sometimes really injurious, to reason with and admonish persons who are entrenched in spiritual delusions. Errorists are rarely convinced by argument and remonstrance.—Could we lead their minds off to some other branches of Christian truth and duty, and by kind suggestive influences gain their attention and confidence, we might check their vicious tendencies, and cause them to lose sight of the subjects of their delusion.

9. A vicious curiosity and morbid thirst after forbidden knowledge lead many astray. A class of people have an inordinate desire to know the occult cause of every mysterious phenomenon. They go beyond the lawful boundary of human research—those limits fixed by unerring Wisdom. But the vain spirit of man prompts him to overleap the barriers, and no wonder that he becomes the victim of his unholy speculations. Here are the limitations given: Dent. xxix. 29: "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law."

In this divine declaration, when examined in its connection, is the idea distinctly taught, that in truly religious knowledge the human mind can make no farther ad-

vances than God has revealed in his word. In earthly science there are advances, though there is in these a limitation to human research. The natural world is the field of investigation, and man may make discoveries within this field, but not beyond it. The human imagination is subject to the same impulses, and makes wild speculations in the field of natural science, as in that of divine knowledge. A fertile genius may imagine he has traced out the "Vestiges of Creation," and disclosed the secrets of the Almighty, by a "development" of the question, *How* did God create the world? The boundaries of the field of natural science are limited by such facts as are within the observation of man. The boundaries of the spiritual world are limited to the revelation God has made of himself and that world in his word. And there are very striking analogies between the delusions of the one and those of the other.

We pass on to a few suggestions on the *means of cure*, or rather the *antidote* to spiritual delusions in every form.

1. *Negatively.* Popular preaching or lecturing will avail very little where this moral disease has become seated. We have already intimated the great difficulty, if not the impossibility, of convincing deluded men of their errors. The disease is not mere mistake of the intellectual faculty, that the infusion of a few truths might correct; it is deep-seated, enthroned in the affections, and has a peculiar obstinacy about it that cannot be removed by arguments or illustrations. It has a firm hold on a morbid imagination, with which you cannot reason. Men love darkness rather than light. They take pleasure in unrighteousness, and in deceiving and being deceived.

A deluded man begs you to convince him if he is wrong; he is panting for a season of disputation; and at the same time fancies he is ready to receive the truth in the love of it, if he can but find it. Yet the Scriptures teach and the history of human nature has confirmed it in every age, that men are blinded by the god of this world.

The most hopeless class of the spiritually deluded are those who have been Christian professors, and for a season have seemed to

unbelieving mind is through the mighty agency of the Holy Spirit. But childhood and youth need the same instruction in a form adapted to their capacities and circumstances, for the same purpose as their fathers and mothers should hear the gospel, and for the additional one of *prevention*.

The parental roof is the proper place for this instruction to be given, and it should be a daily exercise. No duty is urged in the Scriptures with more directness and force, than this. It is not merely a New Testament obligation, though it stands out there in bold relief. It lies deep among the moral duties of man, and results from his relationship to God as his lawgiver and judge, and the authority and supervision with which the great God has invested him in the relation of a parent. Ignorance, imbecility, and want of time are excuses that will perish before the judgment seat. Those who are fit to be parents are qualified to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Eph. vi. 4.

By a *religious education* we mean thorough instruction in the doctrines and duties taught in the holy Scriptures, from early childhood to complete manhood.—We have neither time nor space to dwell on this subject, only intending to impress it as an important means of preventive to spiritual delusions *

In this article we shall not say a word in refutation of the objections made against the strictly religious training of children. Whether professor or non-professor, believer or infidel, saint or sinner, we cannot turn aside to expose a series of fallacies, which if brought against any other branch of knowledge would expose the author to the ridicule and contempt of every intelligent person. We have weighed every objection in the balance of truth and found them lighter than vanity.

The Sunday school and the bible class

*We invite some of our editorial compeers, whose leisure and pursuits will enable him to do justice to the subject, and arouse up the ministry to inculcate the duty. Why cannot Rev. Dr. Campbell take hold of this with his strong, intellectual and vigorous pen?

are important *adjuncts*, but should never be made *substitutes* for parental instruction. They cannot lessen or change the parental obligation.

The habitual study of the holy Scriptures, and the cultivation of reverence for the Book of God, is an antidote to all classes of delusions. The views and feelings of many professors, who admit in general terms the divine authority and inspiration of the sacred oracles, are far too low and vague on this subject. The great Baptist Principle, the fullness and all sufficiency of the word of God as a constant and abiding rule of faith and practice, if carried out, practically and conscientiously, would do much to check the delusions that prevail. The law of the Lord is to be practically regarded as a lamp unto our feet and a light to direct our steps. It is the only true guide in a wilderness of error.—It is the antidote to the delusive impulses that prevail.

Persons whose temperaments, as we have described, have a tendency to deception, should avoid all places where error and delusion are taught. The mischievous, not to say wicked perversion of a very simple and plain declaration, "Prove all things: hold fast to that which is good." 1 Thes. v. 20, 21, has done no small amount of injury to a numerous class of persons. It stands in direct connection with the teachings, ("prophesyings,") authorized in the church, where mistakes might be made by good men. It certainly does not authorize nor countenance us in running after every itinerant lecturer, and receiving every new-fangled speculation that may appear clothed with a religious garb. It has been used with a perverted application, the most successfully by those who had some new doctrine to promulgate, and desired to gain proselytes. There was sound practical sense in the old farmer who refused to cut all the ham to determine its unsavory qualities, after he had tasted a single slice and found it was spoiled.

The ministry have much to do to counteract and prevent the errors and delusions that prevail. Their first step is to be es-

established in the truth themselves, and not be "carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." Next they must avoid all speculations, and all questions of "doubtful disputation," and be prepared to exhibit the truths of the gospel in their most attractive form. They should have their minds settled and grounded in the truth. Preaching the gospel in godly simplicity and sincerity, on the testimony of God in his Word, and avoiding all metaphysical speculations, all curious and unprofitable questions, will do much to root out error and establish truth. John Newton said, "Fill the bushel with wheat, and I'll defy the devil to get in much chaff." Some preachers are at much painstaking to fight error, and combat all the delusive speculations they have heard of. It is about as unprofitable labor as to drive the darkness out of the room when the window blinds are closed. A wise man would open the shutters and let in a flood of light.

The Germans are proverbial for philosophizing. The literary men are the most laborious and patient of any class in the investigation of subjects to the remote source. History and philology are dependent on facts, and a German *savant* will trace out those which are the most minute and distant. Though buried under the rubbish of centuries, he will dig them out and expose them to the world. An Englishman or Scotsman would have despaired before he would have penetrated such a dark labyrinth. But the German mind is also speculative. When he deduces results from facts, or draws conclusions from premises, he becomes bewildered in the fog of speculation. He runs into philosophy, "falsely so called." Coleridge calls this state of mind "super-sensuous." There is evidence that this tendency to philosophize or speculate on spiritual subjects is rapidly increasing among Americans. It is most prevalent among the educated classes in the North Eastern States, but it will not stay there. Probably those more immediately interested are not aware of the fact that Andover Theological Institution has

rather encouraged than repressed this speculative temper. Our "Newton" is not entirely free from the German philosophizing spirit. The Theological department of Yale College has indulged largely in this vicious and dangerous kind of speculation.

Our brethren in the ministry need not waste their time and vitiate their spiritual appetites in tasting of every form of spiritual delusion. But they can administer the antidote that will be equally efficacious in all cases. The medical profession have searched in vain for the occult cause of many diseases, while their practice must be governed by symptoms. We may not know the remote cause of spiritual ailments, and yet be successful by administering the remedy.

Our ministers in this valley, as a whole, are more gifted in preaching than in teaching. They are successful in executing the two first branches of the Lord's commission. As the heralds of good news they are successful in making disciples;* and they understand the form which many other preachers who are successful in making disciples do not, the second branch of the commission, "Baptizing them," etc. But in the third branch, expressed by the Greek term *didaskontes*, (instructing,) "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," they are less efficient. Disciples or converts, as they arise from the baptismal grave, should be received by the hand as scholars who have just entered the school of Christ. They need continuous instruction in every Christian truth and duty. In most instances, where the profession is made soon after conversion, are novices in the Christian faith, and are in danger of imbibing a spirit of self-sufficiency, more especially if they are young in years, and have never been thoroughly trained in the Christian faith and duties in early life. They must become rooted and grounded in the faith, or they will remain children, "tossed to and fro and

*Let it be understood once for all, that whenever we use such phrases, the idea is instrumentally, not efficiently. The Holy Spirit is the efficient agent, by whom the gospel becomes the power of God unto salvation.

carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive." Eph. v. 14

But it is not alone the business of the pastor, or even the deacons, who are his conductors. It is evident from Heb. vi. 12, that imparting Christian instruction was not confined to the officers of the church. The individual churches were instituted as so many schools of mutual instruction. The elders and brethren in experience and growth in divine knowledge taught the novices. There are very few churches in America that come up to the apostolic pattern. The church raised up

and trained under the late Dr. Carson, at Tubbermore, in Ireland; the Baptist church at Hamburg, under our excellent brother Oncken, and a few other German churches; with some of the churches raised up by the missionaries on heathen ground, are model churches, and come nearest to the apostolic pattern. No wonder that spiritual delusions prevail. Christian churches ought to be impregnable, not by creeds, rules, and ecclesiastical supervision, but by Scriptural training, godly sincerity, a firm faith, and active benevolence among the brotherhood.

J. M. P.

ROCK SPRING, ILL., March 1.

PULLING OUT THE WATCH.

To do this during the sermon is a mark of ill-breeding—at any rate, if it be done so as to be seen. In an interior town of Pennsylvania, not long ago, attached to the Presbyterian church was a distinguished clergyman, whose nervousness revolted at monotonous interruptions during service. On several successive Sabbaths his attention had been attracted to a young man, in the fulness of pride at the possession of a showy gold watch establishment, deliberately drawing it forth, in ostentatious prominence, to ascertain the hour. This display nettled the divine, who determined to end it. On the last day of its exposure, the preacher was dilating to a rapt audience on the great theme of eternity, and his own feelings and imaginations were lending unusual eloquence to a gifted tongue, when to the horror of the preacher out came the glittering bauble. Fired to abrupt reproof at this stolidity and disrespect, without a pause long enough to at-

tract general attention to the digression he exclaimed, looking full at the offender: "Put up your watch, young man: we are speaking of *eternity*—*not of time!*"

GEN. JACKSON.—When the British fleet arrived off New Orleans, in December, 1814, previous to Packenham landing his army, the Admiral of the fleet sent his compliments to General Jackson, and informed him, that he (the admiral) would do himself the honor of eating his Christmas dinner in New Orleans.

"May be so," replied the old hero; "but I shall do myself the honor of sitting at the head of the table."

ROMANISTS IN CHINA.—By the latest official estimates, it is said there are three hundred and sixty-six churches, under eighty-four European, and one hundred and thirty-five native priests, with three hundred and fifteen thousand native Romanists.

For the Parlor Visitor.

BASHFULNESS.

BY W. L. B.

LORD CHESTERFIELD says that bashfulness is the characteristic of an English booby, and, we may add, of an American booby likewise. This awkward offence against good manners is seldom witnessed among people that are not English, or of English descent. Why it should fasten itself on a race which boasts its superiority over the whole world in elegant literature, in profound learning, in the sciences and in war, is a problem of very difficult solution. It is related of Capt. Bragg, of Buena Vista notoriety, that he would more willingly be the target for a hundred Mexican lancers than have to play the agreeable to a company of his own fair country-women. Why an individual should have the courage to face a parcel of copper-skinned orang-outangs and flee from the approach of the angelic feminine gender, is one of the inexplicable mysteries of nature. It must be that a heavenly halo surrounds the fairest of earth's inhabitants, which has a weakening effect, even upon the boldest of spirits. Thus, Tam O'Shanter could ride a race with Satan himself, but when within the reproving presence of his wife, fear caused his knees to smite the one against another.

It is our purpose briefly to investigate the causes of bashfulness, and, perhaps, to suggest remedies for its removal.

In the first place, then, in most instances, bashfulness arises from the natural diffidence of childhood, and is fostered by the custom of children's being debarred from society. The little dears are considered too troublesome for the companionship of the drawing-room. The reins of parental discipline are too tightly drawn. The child is repressed in every outburst of its natural buoyancy; its native grace of action and freedom of

gesture are stiffened by the cold formalities of its instructor. It is taught demurely to fold its hands; to "speak when it is spoken to;" "to be seen, not heard;" and a hundred other intellectual straight jackets are squeezed around its mental growth. Who can tell the influence of the chilly atmosphere of restraint upon the opening bud of the infantile mind? Who can conceive the misery into which that mind is plunged as it approaches years of maturity?

By this time, we may suppose ourself to have brought the poor child up to its tenth year. We find the unfortunate creature with an awkward body and benighted intellect. As his age increases his clownishness also is waxing stronger; it grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength. He is invited to his first party. Shrinkingly he enters the precincts of the reception-room, and blushing pays his devoirs to his little hostess. She leaves him, to welcome another, and he settles himself in a lonely corner. Thus, at parties, it is often the case that the poor little frightened creatures are ranged on opposite sides of the room, the sexes separated as at the Methodist church; and furtive glances are once in a while exchanged, signifying a desire but want of courage to enter into familiar intercourse.

The evening flies away on leaden wings. Games are proposed in which our hero is compelled, much against his will, to participate. He commits thousands of indiscretions. He gawks, he stares, he treads, upon the ladies' toes.

The next day his mother, (who arrived at 8 o'clock the evening before) calls him aside and gives him a piece of her mind. His awkwardness is made a subject of discourse

at the tea-table. His oldest sister lisps forth. "Why, pa, you just ought to have seen brother last night! I was really ashamed of him." The old gentleman looks at him "with eyes severe." "I am afraid, my son, you will always be a dunce." Is it any wonder that the poor fellow is discouraged? Is it likely he will try again with a bolder heart? Is it a miracle that he stays away entirely from social gatherings?

We have brought our hero to the age of manhood. He thinks a vast amount of the girls, but cannot summon courage to say anything to them. He is now supposed to be a Freshman; and fresh he assuredly is, in regard to the manners of society. One of the village maidens makes a party. Our hero is invited. He thinks he will go! 'Tis the first party he has attended since the disastrous mishaps of the former one. He has been there about a quarter of an hour, (for he purposely arrived late,) when he is called upon to take part in charades. Here is a dilemma. He is afraid to refuse, and dares not consent; the former for fear of displeasing his hostess, the latter, because he wishes not to make a fool of himself. After being greatly importuned, he suddenly becomes conscious of the awful truth that he has yielded. He retires into an ante-room and holds a consultation with several professional charade players. They choose a word. Our hero is made to put on a ragged coat and spectacles. He also attires himself with a tall beaver. Mayhaps, the others think he should increase the rotundity of his figure, which is accomplished by the addition of a pillow. With a walking stick in hand, he enters the room appropriated to the visitors. He is accompanied in his progress by a female with a night-cap on, with her jaws tied up, who pretends she has the toothache. And then the scene begins. Then it is man is constrained to call this life a farce. The fates deliver us from these abominable charades, where one is made to transform himself from a man to a monkey. Our hero feels the ridiculousness of his situation, for which there is no help. He tries to be witty, and is only flat; prompt, but his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth. His countenance partakes of the hue of a boiled lobster. He murders his part shockingly.

He has peculiar sensations at his extremities. It is noised abroad how "green" he is. This report of course reaches his ears, and he is crest-fallen. There is an end to his endeavors to please in a polite way. He disconsolately gives up the trial. In the language of Cowper—

"I pity bashful men, who feel the pain
Of fancied scorn and undeserved disdain,
And bear the marks upon a blushing face,
Of needless shame and self-imposed disgrace.
Our sensibilities are so acute,
The fear of being silent makes us mute;
We sometimes think we could a speech produce,
Much to the purpose, if our tongues were loose;
But being tried, it dies upon the lip,
Faint as the chicken's note that has the pip."

We had thought of giving remedies for this malady, and had prepared a treatise on the subject; but would simply say, "Strike at the root of the evil." Wherein that root lies can be seen by reading what we have already written.

ABBION, NEW YORK.

CHRIST'S TEACHINGS ON UNIVERSAL SALVATION.

ON one occasion during our Saviour's ministry, the question was put to him,—
"Lord, are there few that be saved?" If Christ had been preaching the final salvation of all men, it was strange that such a question should have been proposed to him. Yet he manifested no surprise at it. He did not reprove or correct the inquirer for having dishonored the goodness of God by the supposition that any would be finally lost. He did not refer him to his past teachings to learn that all would be saved.—Nor did Christ then advance the doctrine of universal salvation. Never had he a better opportunity. The question was directly to that point, "Are there *few* that be saved?" What did he answer? Did he say "all men shall be saved?" Did he even say, "*Many*—the great majority of mankind—shall be saved?" Did he say, "A just and benevolent God will never punish any after his life?" His answer was, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate"—agonize to enter heaven by an incessant warfare with sin—"for *many* I say to you will seek to enter in, and *shall not be able!*"

Whoever may preach universal salvation, and upon whatever authority, certain is it that Christ preached no such doctrine.—*Independent.*

From an unpublished Dairy of an Army Surgeon, 1818.

AN INDIAN'S TRUST IN THE GREAT SPIRIT.

It was far on the banks of the Mississippi, that I often heard of an aged Indian woman, who was an oracle among her people, and I thought some leisure day I would pay her a visit.

Through a long and lonely path I wandered, where the forest was still unbroken except by now and then an Indian settlement, and not for many hours from the early rising sun, did I reach the spot I was seeking. When I approached, the aged woman was seated upon a naked log on the shady side of her wigwam, with her arms folded and her head resting upon her bosom and formed a strange looking picture, with her withered features and attenuated form, surrounded by the fresh green of a summer's morning, and the bright forest flowers blooming at her feet.

"Good morning, madam," I said, "it is very warm." After the laconic fashion of the Indian, she answered,

"Yes"

"But I suppose at your age you do not suffer from the heat?"

"No."

"How old are you?"

"I don't know; I am very old. People say I am one hundred and twenty years old. Everybody that I knowed when I was young is dead a great many years."

"You do not, of course, expect to live many years longer."

"No."

"Do you believe there is another world where you will go when you leave this?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a place do you think it is?"

"I don't know."

"What do you think you will be employed about when you get there?"

"I don't know."

I began to despair of hearing anything but monosyllables from her lips, or of awakening any interest or animation in her

mind, but at length I said, "Are you afraid to die?"

Now, for the first time, an expression of surprise lighted up her withered face, and turning her faded but not beaming eye upon me with a peculiarly earnest gaze, she said,

"No; why should I be afraid to die?—The Great Spirit has been very good to me. He has taken care of me all my life, and kept me safe, from harm through many dangers and troubles. He has given me food and every thing necessary for me.—I know I have many times done wrong, but I have been sorry, and am sure he has forgiven me, and now he opens the hearts of all the people to be very good to me, so that though I am too old and feeble to make provision for myself, they are kind to me, and I do not want for anything. I do not know where the Great Spirit will take me, but wherever it may be, I believe his goodness will be continued unto me, and I am willing to go when he calls."

LIQUOR NEWSPAPER.—The New York Journal of Commerce says, "the liquor dealers propose to establish a new daily paper in this city to advocate their peculiar interests; and for this purpose are endeavoring to raise \$100,000. If they contemplate a large daily, like the Journal of Commerce and Courier and Enquirer, \$100,000 will do to begin with, but in our opinion will not be sufficient to bring the paper to a point where it will pay its own way.—*Ex,*

An independent man is one who can live without whiskey and tobacco, and shave himself with brown soap and cold water without a mirror, says a cotemporary.

For the Parlor Visitor.

FASHION.

BY CHARLIE CAY.

THE cry of a great portion of the American people at the present day, is, "Foreign Influence," when only a cursory glance along the streets of our cities would proclaim that a more powerful despot than "The Pope of Rome," holds sway over millions of our citizens. His throne has been erected in Paris, from thence he issues those daily edicts which they obey and even reverence with a devotion, not surpassed by the heathen worship of idols.

"I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a"—thing

By many of our periodical scribblers, this Parisian monster has been portrayed as an insupportable tyrant, unceasingly forcing his subjects to all the irregularities of a life of dissipation, and scandalizing society by costumes which should cause the blush of modesty to flush the cheek of every American lady and gentleman. Nothing can be more true than this. It is not necessary to know this despot. It is sufficient to have seen one of his subjects, but for a few moments, to be convinced of the truthfulness of the assertion. Whether or not "The latest styles" are becoming to our different complexions, statues and tastes, we must obey the periodical edict and embrace the "style" and then go upon our way, marked by a characteristic too servile for any American. Not to a want of common sense are we to ascribe this singular choice of dress. That Parisian despot demands that when a new style is unfolded to our national eye, it shall belong not to ourselves but to him to say who shall wear it.

"Shall we resign
Our hopes, renounce our rights, forget our wrongs,
Because an impotent lip beneath a crown
Cries, 'Be it so?'"

If it then be true that fashion has an undue and ever tyrannous sway in our land, it must be conceded that we have secured but one part of our liberty—that which insures us from oppression by the government. If the nobler freedom, that of thought and its untrammelled expression be not ours then we have indeed much yet to do. We have done "some things," and we know we can do "others." The best course to pursue, we believe, is to please *ourselves*—and then, with a sort of independent, don't-care itiveness, just snap our fingers with resolute indifference in the face of fashion, for

"Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., July, 1855.

WEIGHT OF MEASURES.

The following table of the number of pounds of various articles to a bushel, may be of interest to our readers.

Of wheat, sixty pounds.
Of shelled corn, fifty-six pounds,
Of corn on the cob, seventy pounds. ✕
Of rye, fifty-six pounds.
Of oats, thirty-six pounds.
Of barley, forty pounds.
Of potatoes, sixty pounds.
Of bran, twenty pounds.
Of clover seed, sixty pounds.
Of timothy seed, forty-five pounds.
Of flax seed, forty-five pounds.
Of hemp seed, forty-four pounds.
Of buckwheat, fifty-two pounds.
Of blue grass seed, fourteen pounds.
Of castor beans, forty-six pounds.
Of dried peaches, thirty-three pounds.
Of dried apples, twenty-four pounds.
Of onions, fifty-seven pounds.
Of salt, fifty pounds.

A SCOLDING WIFE.

Got a scolding wife, have you? Well, it's your own fault, ten to one. Women are all naturally amiable, and when their tempers get crossed, it's the men that do it. Just look at yourself as you came home last night! Slamming doors, and kicking everything that laid in the way right and left—because—well you could not tell for the life of you what it was for. Suppose you had been laying your face embargo all day for those who cared nothing for you, smiling and nodding, hemming and hailing, and wanting to get where you could enjoy a superlative ill-humor.

No wonder your wife was cross, getting supper with the baby in her arms! Why didn't you take the baby, and trot and please? "Room was all in confusion"—why didn't you put it to rights? "You want a little rest?" So does your wife, and she gets precious little, poor woman. You are at your shop—walking briskly through the sunshine this bracing weather—reading the paper—meeting friends and acquaintances—sitting cosily in the office. She is at home with clinging arms about her neck loving but still wearisome at times. She is dependant upon the call of a neighbor for a little break up in her monotonous life, or the opening of a window upon a stunted yard for what fresh air comes.—Wake up, man alive and look into the matter. Put on your best smiles the moment your foot touches the door step.—Treat the room to a broad grin. And your wife to a kiss. Give the baby some sugar plums, and little Bobby a new picture book to busy his bright eyes with. Tell that tired-looking woman you're going to stay at home of evenings. Our word for it, apologies will be plentiful, supper will come on like magic, everything will have an extra touch. At times there will be something very much like tears in the good woman's eyes, and her voice will be

quite husky, when she asks you if your tea quite suits. Of course it will be a charm.

It may be a little silent that evening.

You miss the complaining tone and scolding and fault-finding. But your look is her gain; she is thinking of the long past, but considers upon the whole that she is a happier woman to night than she ever was in her whole life before.

Give the new plan a fair trial. Gradually as you return you will find the house in perfect order. Old dresses will be remodelled, and your wife will appear as good as new. Home will grow more pleasant, and the brightest smile upon your features during the day will be reflected on the thought that evening is coming with its pleasant charm of your wife and little ones.

Scolding wife indeed! If you men did as you should, wouldn't such a wife be an anomaly!—*Olive Branch.*

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

THE mother should cheerfully interest herself in the sports and amusements of her children and lend her aid in aught that contributes to their happiness and innocent entertainment, as far as is consistent with her cares and duties,—and should make any sacrifice or denial on her own part, than they should feel uncared for, unloved, or a burden on her time and attention.—They should be made to realize that they are cherished within her heart "of hearts," and that their comfort and well-being are the object of her daily solicitude, the main-spring of all her acts. Thus feeling, they will have little or no desire for resorts of pleasure beyond the fireside; and as they advance in age, will be protected in a great measure from the temptations of the world and out-door life, and in long after years will look back upon that mother's tenderness as the safe-guard from many sins.—And if that mother should have gone to rest, there will be a halo round her memory, that will light them on through many a dark-some path, incite them on to many good deeds and keep them free from vice

LIVE TO LOVE.

"Thou wilt not love to live, unless thou live to love."

Those who live to any honorable purpose in this life, must be pleased with something—take delight in some department of business—must live to love; and to be eminently happy, and useful, must live to love God, with all the heart, soul, and mind, and their neighbor as themselves. To do all of which, is but reasonable service, and the more reasonable, in view of the fact, that He who requires this, has of grace capacitated human nature to love, just as he requires—with heart, soul, and mind. Indeed it is utterly impossible not to love something, and the pure, and holy, love God: both because He first loved them, and because He is the sum and center of all excellence.

But apart from divine things. Men, who succeed, love their chosen pursuits. The Geologist loves his department, and talks of the structure, and mineral constitution of the globe, with impassioned eloquence.

The Physiologist loves to contemplate the laws of life. But the poet more ardent and versatile than either, beholds and loves, the beautiful throughout the vast domain of nature, and at discretion brings it into sweet subjection, and feels himself, as he truly is, heir to all things. There is scarce any department of the natural world, known by him, the beauties of which, he does not comprehend, and an imagination hold in full survey. He delights himself in contemplating the varied face of nature, and,

"Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers; *his to enjoy,*
With a propriety which none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired,
Can lift to Heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And, smiling, say, *my Father, made them all.*
Are they not his, whose eye they fill,
With tears of holy joy? whose heart with praise,
And whose exalted mind, with worthy thoughts
Of that unwearied love that planned, and built,
And still upholds a world, so clothed
In beauty, for rebellious man?"

Truly, God, in a temporal point of view, has been good to his creatures, and such as have observed patiently, the disclosures of the natural world, and traced, as emanations of wisdom, power, and benevolence, the laws with which He has invested materiality—will upon the lovely, the beautiful—oft in imagination ascend from nature to its author's throne on high.

But how few and feeble are the students and interpreters of nature. Who knows or cares how winter, by lapse of days, is turned to spring? or how the clouds that once "lowered upon our house, are in the deep bosom of the ocean buried?" A large majority of men upon the face of the globe care for none of these things—they "do not consider," but go from the cradle to the grave as "dumb-driven cattle"—and sustain very much such relation to those of cultivated talent, as the ox upon the threshing floor to his merciless driver, and as dumb and uncomplainingly receive the order—

"Hie along oxen,
Get along faster,
The straw for yourselves,
But the grain for your master."

Such men are ordinarily considered as mere sensual utilitarians, and while in the field or in the ditch, should storm or rain come on, they instinctively seek a shelter, but not to theorize with reference to either, or to exercise the mind upon any thing, save perhaps to congratulate themselves upon temporary exemption from toil, and the prospect of an increased harvest. The comparatively thoughtless school girl, just entering upon the inviting parterre of nature, might teach philosophy to half the world. To her there is no mystery in the storm, all its features are interesting and beautifully explicable. She loves to behold the intermingling drops of rain, and delights herself and others by reference to the harmonious concert:

"Millions of tiny rain-drops
Are falling all around;
They're dancing on the house-tops,
They're hiding in the ground.

They are fairy-like musicians,
With anything for keys,
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees.

A light and airy treble
They play upon the stream,
And the melody enchants us
Like the music of a dream.

A deeper base is sounding
Where they're dropping into caves,
With a tenor from the zephyr,
And an alto from the waves.

Oh, 'tis a shower of music,
And Robin don't intrude
If, when the rain is weary,
He drops an interlude.

It seems as if the babbling
Of the birds in all the bowers
Had been gathered into rain-drops,
And was coming down in showers.

The blossoms all are bathing
In the liquid melody,
Breathing thanks in sweetest odors,
Looking up into the sky."

Live to love! He does not live, but
breathes, who sees in, all around, above, and
beneath him, nothing to elicit admiration,
and inspire love.

How unenviably such an one contrasts
with the author of the following:

"The Summer dawn's reflected hue,
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kissed the Lake, just stirred the trees;
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled, but dimpled not for joy;
The mountain shadows on her breast
Were neither broken nor at rest;
In bright uncertainty they lie,
Like future joys to fancy's eye."

Is there no pleasure in thoughts like these?
and yet how few indulge in such, or can?
Who has not seen at dawn the light of sum-
mer reflected upon a placid lake? But
whose feelings were ever stirred as Scott's?
Few indeed are gifted with such delicately
beautiful appreciation as was he; and fewer
still, endowed with such descriptive powers.
He loved the beautiful and described it
well.

EDITOR.

INFLUENCE OF THE PHYSICIAN.

How many thousand faces must have pas-
sed before the doctor's eyes; how many pit-
iable tales of woe must have been poured in-
to his ears; what awful secrets must find a
repository beneath that black satin waist-
coat! We may lie to the lawyer, we may
lie to the confessor, but to the doctor we
cannot lie. The murder must out. The pro-
digal pressed for an account of his debts,
will keep one back; the penitent will hide
one sin from his ghostly director: but from
the doctor we can hide nothing, or we die.
He is our great master here on earth. The
successful tyrant crouches before him like a
hound; the scornful beauty bows the knee;

the stern worldly man clings desperately to
him as the anchor that will hold him from
drifting into the dark sea that hath no lim-
its. The doctor knows not rank. The mu-
tilated beggar in St. Celsus' ward may be
a more interesting case to him than the sick
duchess. He despises beauty—there may
be a cancer in its bloom. He laughs at
wealth; it may be rendered intolerable by
disease. He values not youth; it may be
ripe for the tomb as hay for the sickle. He
makes light of power; it cannot cure an
ache, or avert a twinge of gout. He only
knows, acknowledges, values, respects two
things—Life and Death.—*Household Words.*

From the Augusta Chronicle and Sentinel.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY—LORD BALTIMORE.

TO THE HON. A. H. STEPHENS:

Sir:—In a speech recently made by you in the city of Augusta, I perceive that you refer to Lord Baltimore, the Catholic founder of Maryland, as having been the first to establish a government on the principle of religious freedom, on this continent.

I beg leave, respectfully, to join issue with you on this statement, and that for two reasons: First, because it gives credit to one who does not deserve it. Second, because it takes away that credit from one who does deserve it. Lord Baltimore was not the first to found a free government, but he never founded such an one at all, nor did any of his successors who inherited his titles. The pioneer in the cause of religious liberty, was not a Catholic, but a Baptist; not Lord Baltimore, but Roger Williams, the founder of Rhode Island.

"Whatever might have been the intentions of Lord Baltimore or the favorable disposition of the King, there was no guarantee in the charter, nor indeed the least hint of any toleration in religion not authorized by the law of England." Hildreth's U. S., vol. 1., p. 208. Nor was the earliest legislation of Maryland at all more creditable. The "vaunted clause" for liberty, extended only to professed christians, and was introduced by the proviso, "that whatsoever person shall blaspheme God, or shall deny or reproach the Holy Trinity, or any of the three persons thereof, shall be punished with death."—Bancroft's U. S., vol 1, p. 256. From this we perceive that Jews, now a numerous and respectable portion of our population, and Unitarians who constitute perhaps the controlling element in New England Society, to say nothing of our Chinese citizens, of whom there are now some thousands, were all liable, under this boass-

ted free government, to the penalty of the axe, or of the halter. Says the historian first quoted: The first four sections of this celebrated act (the so-called Toleration Act) exhibit but little of a tolerant spirit. Death, with forfeiture of land and goods, is denounced against all who shall *

* * * * * deny our Savior Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, or shall deny the Trinity. Fine, whipping and banishment, for the third offence are denounced against all who shall utter any reproachful words or speeches concerning the blessed virgin Mary, or the Holy Apostles or Evangelists." Hildreth vol. 1., p. 347. This is contained in an act "derived in substance if not in very words from Lord Baltimore's drafts," *ditto supra*. This act "did, indeed, but carry out a policy coeval with the settlement of the colony"—Hildreth vol. 1, p. 347, and was confirmed by the oath administered to the first governor, which provided for the religious protection of none but those who believed in Jesus Christ. Bancroft vol. 1., p. 248. This was in 1619. A few years later, their legislation was even more intolerant; in 1663 those who refused to have their children baptized, were subjected to a fine of 2000 pounds of Tobacco. Hildreth vol. 1., p. 519. And even as late as 1714 persons expressing certain religious opinions, were liable to have their tongues bored through and be fined £20. Hildreth vol II., p. 324 True, the examples last quoted are matters with which the first Lord Baltimore had nothing to do, for he died very early in the history of the country: but they serve to illustrate the spirit of Maryland institutions and are not incompatible with the original charter.

It is worthy of remark furthermore, that whatever of right or wrong there may be in the charter or legislation of Maryland,

Catholics as such, are to be neither applauded nor censured for the same; for a vast majority of the population were Protestants, (Bancroft II. 454, and Hild. I. 565,) and their charter was granted from a Protestant crown. The Catholics had the best of all possible reasons for being in favor of toleration, for whether in Maryland or in England, they were alike liable to persecution from the dominant party.—Indeed, they were once or twice disfranchised on the very soil whither they had fled to escape disfranchisement.

There is no reason to suppose that the full conception of "soul-liberty" had ever occurred to the mind of either the first Lord Baltimore or of any of his five successors. "It was not toleration, but supremacy, for which Catholics and Puritans alike sought, while the Church of England for the maintenance of her own supremacy, struggled equally against both."—Hild. I, 104. "Policy, it is evident, had a much greater share in the enactment of this act, (the Toleration Act) than any enlightened view of the rights of opinion, of which indeed it evinces but a very limited and confused idea. Now that the Puritans were triumphant in New England an exclusive Catholic colony would not have been tolerated for a moment. The sole chance of securing to the Catholics the quiet enjoyment of their faith, consisted in bestowing a like liberty on the Protestants—a policy indeed upon which Lord Baltimore had found it necessary to act from the very first planting of the colony." Hild. I, 348.

Such, my dear sir, is the testimony of history with regard to the much boasted freedom of the government instituted by the Catholic founder of Maryland. * I know that historians, and even those from whom I have quoted, catching the popular breath, sometimes speak of him as the first to establish religious liberty;" but these very historians modify these expressions and indeed cancel them, by narrating the facts above set forth—facts which invalidate his claims and those of all his successors.—Whatever laudations may be indulged in by those disposed to favor Lord Baltimore,

their own evidence when sifted, will show that there is but little harmony between their applause, and the facts to which they testify.

The following account of Roger Williams on the other hand, will show that he understood the theory of religious liberty in all its plenitude and glory as well at that early period as the most enlightened of the present day. He protested that "magistrates are but the agents of the people, or its trustees, on whom no spiritual power in matters of worship can ever be conferred;" "that their power extends only to the bodies and goods and outward estate of men." Ban. I, 371. "In the capacious recesses of his mind he had revolved the nature of intolerance, and he, and he alone, had arrived at the great principle, which is its sole effectual remedy. He announced his discovery under the simple proposition of sanctity of conscience. The civil magistrate should restrain crime, but never violate the freedom of the soul. The doctrine contained within itself an entire reformation of theological jurisprudence; it would blot from the statute book the felony of nonconformity; would quench the fires that persecution had so long kept burning; would repeal every law compelling attendance on public worship; would abolish tithes and all forced contributions to the maintenances of religion; would give an equal protection to every form of religious faith; would never suffer the authority of the civil government to be enlisted against the mosque of the Mussulman, or the altar of the fireworshiper, against the Jewish Synagogue or the Roman Cathedral. In the unwavering assertion of these views, Roger Williams never changed his position; the sanctity of conscience was the great tenet which with all its consequences he defended as he first trod the shores of New England, and in his extreme old age it was the last pulsation of his heart."—Bancroft I, 567-8.

"He was the first person in modern christianendom, to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of freedom of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law; and in

its defence he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and superior of Jeremy Taylor."—Bancroft I, 376. The voice of Williams in favor of liberty was heard in New England in 1631; which was before Lord Baltimore's patent was granted; when Milton was but 23 years of age and Taylor but 18. Williams' great idea of what he called 'soul liberty' was at that time, says Hildreth, "wholly novel." vol. I. p. 223. Novel indeed, it may have been, outside of the little Baptist world; but there were many of that faith and order besides Williams, who were imbued with the spirit of liberty. Indeed it was not Williams who produced the Baptists; the Baptists produced him. They were not the exponents of his views, but he of theirs. Said the people of Rhode Island, in their instructions to him, when he went to England to apply to Charles II. for a charter, "plead our case in such sort as we may not be compelled to exercise any civil power over men's consciences; we do judge it no less than a point of absolute cruelty." These instructions are printed in Mass. Hist., Coll. xvii. 85. "The document," says Bancroft, "is of the highest interest; no learning nor skill in rhetoric could have mended it." II. 61. "Freedom of conscience, unlimited freedom of mind, was from the first the trophy of the Baptists." ditto II. 66. "They applied the doctrine of the Reformation, to the social relations of life and threatened an end to King-craft, spiritual dominion, tithes and vassalage. The party was trodden under foot with reproaches and most arrogant scorn; and its history is written in the blood of myriads of the German peasantry; but its principles, safe in their immortality, escaped with Roger Williams to Providence; and his colony is the witness that naturally the paths of the Baptists were paths of freedom, pleasantness and peace."—Ban. II. 459. In the government of Rhode Island, "Freedom of faith and worship was assured to all,—the first formal and legal establishment of religious liberty ever promulgated whether in America or Europe."—Hildreth I. 323. The following is a quotation from the charter

itself: "No person within said colony, shall be molested, punished, disquieted, or called in question for any differences of opinion in matters of religion, who does not actually disturb the civil peace; but that all and every person and persons may at all times freely and fully have and enjoy his and their own judgments and consciences in matters of religious concerns, they behaving themselves peaceably and quietly, and not using this liberty to licentiousness and profaneness, nor to the civil injury and outward disturbances of others." "The charter did not limit freedom to Christian sects alone; it granted equal rights to the paynim and the worshipper of Fo."—Ban. II. 63.

In discussing this question many seem to take it for granted, that the governments, both of Maryland and Rhode Island, were really free, and that the point to be decided relates only to priority of time.—This is not the true issue. It is not a question of time, (as between these two claimants) but a question of fact. I have shown that the government of Lord Baltimore was not free; and that of Williams was.

Allow me, Mr. Stephens, to say in conclusion, that if in the casual allusion referred to, you have erred, I believe you have not done so intentionally. I know enough of your character, to feel sure that you would in no case wilfully misrepresent, and that if you have inadvertently done so, no one will be more ready to rectify the matter than yourself. Your speech will probably be read by tens of thousands and the wrong impression made by your remark must be very general. People confiding in your habitual accuracy, will be the more disposed to rely on your statement, and will thus be the more easily misled. Nor is it a trifling matter. There are in the State of Georgia some seventy or eighty thousand Baptists, actual communicants, to say nothing of their friends and adherents, all of whom are, more or less interested in the point at issue. I know that you do not wish to do the denomination injustice, by denying its lawful claims to honorable distinction, and to the gratitude of the world. I confidently

believe, therefore, that you will second the effort that I have made, so to place this matter before the public, as that all may be able to "give honor to whom honor is due."

I will only say further, that I express neither approval nor disapproval of any sentiment or statement in your speech, other than the one above discussed. Being a minister of the Gospel, I deem it incompatible with my profession to take any ac-

tive part in politics, and hereby utterly disclaim any public connection with the same, in any way whatever. The point in question being purely historical and one of great interest to the denomination of Christians to which I belong, comes quite legitimately within my sphere.

With great respect, I am sir,
your obedient servant,
H. H. TUCKER.

LaGrange, Ga., June 14, 1855.

From the Morning Star.

P E R S E V E R E .

J. W. EARLER.

Never weary, ever toiling.

On thy course, still persevere,
In the right, whate'er thy calling,
Never weary, never fear.
Tho' the skies are dark and lowering,
And the tempest fierce and high,
Mountains all around the towering,
Piercing thro' the very sky.

Never fear, —beyond the mountains
Lies the land forever blest,
Gushing streamlets, living fountains,
Region of eternal rest.
In the morning, in the evening, *
Labor stoutly for the right,
Future time will bring the blessing,
Truth is full of power and might.

In the right, 'tis safe to struggle,
Ever constant at thy post,
In the darkness, never slumber,
Labor on whate'er the cost.
Friends may leave thee, foes may gather,
Bitter sounds may greet thy ear,
Show thy manhood in the conflict,
For the truth still persevere.

On thy journey, never tarry,
Idly sporting by the way,

Time is flying, night is coming,
Make the most of every day;
Thine to labor, thine to struggle,
Thine to hope and persevere,—
God's to give the final victory,
When thy toils are ended here.

"Victory"—every blow is telling,
Words of triumph, day by day,
Tones of certain victory swelling,
All along thy stormy way.
Stout of heart and bold of spirit,
Living, hoping for the best,
Thou, the "kingdom" shall inherit,
Mansion of eternal rest.

BROCKPORT, N. Y.

Among the tastes and conventionalities of life, the tendency to crush the Beautiful is strikingly exemplified in a ruling propensity for the gaudiness and incongruities of household architecture and ornaments, and an indifference toward the forms of Nature herself, where the Beautiful has to be elicited by idealistic culture.

 HAVE WE SUCCEEDED!

ONE object which we had prominently in view in taking the editorial supervision of the *PARLOR VISITOR* was, that we might at least to some extent, in our own section of country, redeem the mothers and daughters, from a seeming endorsement of, and affinity for, the sickly, attenuated, love-lorn, ricketty, namby-pamby literature, with which a few monied editors—by dint of hard-faced agents, picture-books and otherwise—sought to impress female society. If to any extent, we have contributed to the reinstating of such a healthy tone of public sentiment, as has led to sloughing off these offensive excrescences, we are gratified and take courage. Or if we have convinced a few editorial demagogues who were flooding the country with their worse than worthless penny-a-liner verbiage—that our mothers and daughters are neither ninnies, or popin-jays, but the hope, the pride, and glory of the south, and justly entitled to the purest literature; if we have done but this, we have not labored for naught.

In view of the acknowledged influence of mothers—we have endeavored so far as we could suggestively to enlist their kindlier feelings in behalf of whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are of good report, and above any other consideration, to prompt them to the performance of that most distinguishing duty, of training their children in the way they should go. Have we in any wise succeeded?

We have shown the exceedingly superficial character of education, preparatory to receiving the honors of some of the most popular institutions of learning—That the system of education is little else in some instances than an apprenticeship—and that too frequently *time and money*

—without regard to attainments secures the honors of some literary institutions. And in view of these facts we have urged a radical change.

We have endeavored to convince parents that there is not the disparity in the intellectual adaptation of sons and daughters, that the masses have hitherto imagined and that it is proof most conclusive, of unequal regard, longer to perpetuate such invidious distinction as giving preference in educational facilities to sons. Among those equally heirs, there can be no propriety in such inequality.

We probably risk nothing in expressing the opinion that to the mind of every intelligent gentleman who reads these lines, will readily recur recollections of quite as many delightful hours, profitably spent, in elegant female society, as with those of the other sex. Do we not all, in fact, willingly pass by coarser entertainments, to enjoy even in memory, the pleasures and improvements incident to association for an hour with a gifted and educated lady?

That community, however small, is unfortunate truly, which does not command the influence of one or more cultivated women, one such, is worth more in the cultivation of all the elements essential to good society than a dozen men.

We have endeavored to make the *VISITOR* the means of improvement to some, and the agreeable, and not unequal companion of the most cultivated. We have especially endeavored to make it acceptable to the common people, and if in this we have succeeded, it is not therefore less worthy the respectful regard of the President.

Ed.

The Navy Department received, on the morning of the 21st, a box of piratical flags, captured by Lieut. Preble from piratical Trunks, sunk by him in the East Indies.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

HALLECK.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
 The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
 When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,
 Should tremble at his power.
 In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
 The trophies of a conqueror;
 In dreams, his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring;
 Then pressed that monarch's throne—a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires, who conquered there,
 With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
 As quick, as fair as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke—
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
 'To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!'
 He woke—to die midst flame and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band:
 "Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike! for your altars and your fires;
 Strike! for the green graves of your sires;
 God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain;
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile, when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
 Come to the mother when she feels,

For the first time, her first-born's breath;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wait its stroke;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
 Come when the heart beats high and warm.
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
 And thou art terrible: the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word;
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris, with the storrid brave,
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave
 Even in her own proud clime
 We tell thy doom without a sigh;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

M. DE TOCQUEVILLE, replying a few weeks ago to an invitation to attend a banquet given by Americans in Paris to the memory of Washington, wrote: "There is no grander name in history; and if it was permitted me to choose a place among men who left eternal memorials, I would choose, without hesitation, the place of Washington, and I believe that all who can appreciate moral beauty and are capable of being enamored of it, would compete for his place. May it please God to preserve both the spirit and the works of that great man!"

In all our calamities and afflictions, it may serve as a comfort to know that he who loses any thing and gets by it, gains by the loss.

LICENSE LAW.

BY REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

"For so much gold we license thee."

So say our laws, "a draught to sell,
That bows the strong, enslaves the free,
And opens wide the gates of hell;
For public good requires that some
Should live, since many die, by rum."

Ye civil fathers! while the foes

Of this destroyer seize the swords,
And Heaven's own hail is in the blows
They're dealing—will ye cut the cords
That round the falling fiend they draw—
And o'er him hold your shield of law?

And will ye give to man a bill

Divorcing him from Heaven's high way,
And while God says, "Thou shalt not kill!"—

Say ye, for gold, "Ye may--ye may?"
Compare the body with the soul!
Compare the bullet with the bowl!

Are ye not fathers? when your sons

Look to you for their daily bread,
Dare ye in mockery, load with stones
The table that for them ye spread?

How can ye hope your souls will live,
If ye for fish a serpent give?

O, holy God! let light divine

Break forth more broadly from above,
Till we conform our laws to thine,

The perfect law of truth and love;
For truth and love alone can save
Thy children from the hopeless grave.

PRESENCE OF MIND.

A LADY was one evening sitting in her drawing room alone, when the only other inmate of the house, a brother, who, for a time, had been betraying a tendency to unsoundness of mind, entered with a carving knife in his hand, and, shutting the door, came up to her and said, "Margaret, an odd idea has occurred to me. I wish to paint the head of John the Baptist, and I think your ears might make an excellent study for it. So, if you please, I will cut off your head." The lady looked at her brother's eye, and seeing in it no token of jest, concluded that he meant to do as he said. There was an open window and a balcony by her side, and a street in front; but a moment satis-

fied her that safety did not lie that way.—So, putting on a smiling countenance, she said with the greatest apparent cordiality, "That is a strange idea, George; but would it not be a pity to spoil this pretty new lace tippet I have got? I'll just step to my room to put it off, and be with you again in half a minute." Without waiting to give him time to consider, she stepped lightly across the floor and passed out. In another moment she was safe in her room, whence she easily gave alarm, and returned, when the mad man was secured.

TRUE.—It is according to nature to be merciful; for no man that has not divested himself of humanity, can be hard-hearted to others without feeling a pain in himself.

For the Parlor Visitor.

THE BEAUTIFUL SHOULD BE TRUE.

BY OTIS.

* * * We are like insects, caught
By the poor glittering of a gairish flame!
But Oh, the wings once scorched--the brightest star
Lures us no more; and by the fatal light
We cling till death!--*Pauline.*

The Lady of Lyons is a beautiful production of its kind, but we fear has been productive of much evil. Shewing the facility with which the gardener's son—in princely attire—ingratiated himself into the favor and affection of the Merchant's daughter—at whose shrine wealth and nobility had bowed in vain. Others, with infinitely less worth, than *Melnot'e*, go forth like him, to compromise the honor, and embitter the life of innocent and unsuspecting young Ladies—and unlike *Melnotte* seek no after repentance or honorable restitution.

Too many seem to think matrimony a game of chance at which they may play unfairly, the prize won, and all is safe—consequently it is no unusual thing for obscure young men, with but little money, and less moral character, to start out from home and on arriving at a city, and after passing thro' the hands of a barber and merchant tailor, are metamorphosed into seeming gentlemen—and by some too hasty acquaintance, announced, as Col. A—, Maj. B—, or Judge C—. They have fine carriages and drive fast horses,—and are fast men, possessing each immense wealth, of just such character and description as most suits the admiration of the community in which, for the time they chance to be visiting, if in Nashville, for instance, they are quite sure to have one, or more, extensive cotton farms or sugar plantations. With such reputation, conjoined with pleasing address, they readily enough, gain admittance into society, and immediately if not sooner, get to cousining some of the young ladies, declaring love and talking

grandiloquent'y of a southern home, delightfully situated upon the gulf of — or if located in the interior, surrounded by orange groves and sweet verbenas; and perhaps by this time so intoxicated with pictured bliss, the fair one confidently looking up into his face, exclaims as nearly in the language of *Pauline* as is appropriate.

"I cannot forego pride when I look on thee, and think that thou lovest me.— Dear Colonel tell me again of thy palace by the gulf; it is so pleasant to hear of thy splendors since thou didst swear to me that they would be desolate without me; and when thou describest them, it is with a mocking lip and a noble scorn, as if custom had made thee disdain greatness."

"Nay, dearest, nay, if thou wouldst have me point
The home to which, could Love fulfil its prayers.
This hand would lead thee, listen!--a deep vale
Shut out by Alpine hills from the rude world;
Near a clear lake, margined by fruits of gold
And whispering myrtles; glassing softest skies
As cloudless, save with rare and roseate shadows.
As I would have thy fate!

A palace lifting to eternal summer
Its marble walls, from out a glossy bower
Of coolest foliage musical with birds,
Whose songs should syllable thy name. At noon
We'd sit beneath the arching vines, and wonder
Why earth could be unhappy, while the Heavens
Still left us youth and love! We'd have no friends
That were not lovers; no ambition, save
To excel them all in love;—we'd read no books
That were not tales of love—that we might smile
To think how poorly eloquence of words
Translates the poetry of hearts like ours!

And when night came, amidst the breathless ^{veins} ~~He~~
We'd guess what star should be our home when Love
Becomes immortal; while the perfumed light
Stole through the mists of alabaster lamps,
And every air was heavy with the sighs
Of orange groves and music from sweet lutes,

And murmurs of low fountains that gush forth
In the midst of roses!—Dost thou like the picture?

“Oh! as the bee upon the flower, I hang
Upon the honey of thy eloquent tongue!
Am I not blest? And if I love too wildly,
Who would not love thee, as I do.”

Perhaps the parties have agreed upon some such home as the one described, they by consent of friends, become united in the holy bands of matrimony, and set out for an earthly paradise in the sunny South. Years intervene perhaps, during which it is whispered among the wiseacres that “they do not live happily, they were disappointed,” each supposing the other possessed of fortune—they soon realized, though when too late, the impolicy of dishonesty. The husband a liar from the beginning, is fast becoming a drunkard, the wife neglected and broken hearted recurs to her father's house and her earlier more honest and unpretending lovers.

Hasty marriages are doubtless, oftener than otherwise, unhappy—and those who make haste to acquire riches and station by marriage,—and find, instead thereof, poverty and dishonor, have “ample room and verge enough” for repentance—but such repentance as comes too late to bring peaceable fruits. At no period—or in connection with no event of life, whatever, is it so important that persons should be mutually communicative and honest, as with reference to matrimonial preliminaries. Let not falsehood, or deception—even by silence—embitter the current of after life. Let not turbid, but bright waters meet, mingle, and flow on in placid beauty to the ocean of eternity. All along through the journey of life, those happily married, with peculiar delight, recur to the halcyon days of their earlier love, the Hymenial altar, and the marriage vows, and such reflections, constitute a well-spring of joy and happiness; but there is no such source from whence to draw, when marriage has resulted from wilful falsehood and deliberate deception.

The hero of Lyons—was a gardeners son—and the ambitious lover of the proud and beautiful *Pauline*. He in silence had long

“Worshipped, the half seen star,
Which in its sphere dreamed not of him,
And trampled under foot the lilly,
Which flung unasked its fragrance in his way.”

His verses, his flowers, and his love were alike regarded with contempt,—and having no attachment for his equals, with other rejected lovers—he entered into a conspiracy against the Merchants daughter,—and having taken an oath to marry her whom he loved, he was soon invested with the trappings and livery of a Prince, and as such introduced to the mother and daughter, by one of the wealthier conspirators. He came—he saw—he conquered, and true to his oath, married—but repenting, confessed the fraud, annulled the marriage, returned to his own station, and respected hers, and as an outcast and a criminal sought a distant land, to mourn his sin and pray for the peace of *Pauline*. And appearing before his widowed Mother said:

“There is my hand;—Mother! your blessing. I shall see you again—a better man than a prince,—a man who has bought the right to high thoughts by brave deeds. And thou!—thou! so wildly worshipped, so guiltily betrayed,—all is not yet lost!—from thy memory, at least, must be mine till death! If I live, the name of him thou hast once loved shall not rest dishonored;—if I fall, amidst the carnage and the roar of battle, my soul will fly back to thee!—And Love shall share with Death my last sigh!—More—more would I speak to thee to pray!—to bless! But no!—when I am less unworthy I will utter it to Heaven!”

Now that repentance, honorable restitution and high resolves fired the bosom once practicing fraud, *Pauline* loves even the gardeners son—but her love does not detain him, he joins the army, and in two years and a half becomes the mysterious Col. Morier—the hero of Lodi, and favorite of the Commander-in-chief. But as the name of Melnotte, had not appeared upon the books of the army, his fame was consequently unknown to *Pauline*,—and when she was being bargained off to a former lover, and unrepentant conspirator,—really sold for money to liquidate her father's debts, she learned for the first time, that *Col Morier*, to whom she had just been

introduced was the friend of Melnotte, and approaching him said:

Thrice have I sought to speak; my courage fails me. Sir, it is true that you have known—nay, are the friend of—Melnotte?

Melnotte. Lady, yes!—Myself And Misery know the man!

Pauline. And you will see him. And you will bear to him—ay—word for word, All that this heart, which breaks in parting from him,

Would send, ere still for ever.

Melnotte. He hath told me You have the right to choose from out the world A worthier bridegroom;—he forgoes all claim Even to murmur at his doom. Speak on!

Pauline. Tell him, for years I never nursed a thought That was not his!—that on his wandering way, Daily and nightly, poured a mourner's prayers Tell him ev'n now that I would rather share His lowliest lot.—walk by his side, an outcast;— Work for him, beg with him,—live upon the light Of one kind smile from him, than wear the crown The Bourbon lost!

It may appear beautiful as expressed in poetic measure but certainly is not true, that ladies like insects are caught by gairish flame, and though scorched by the fatal light, cling till death. Though forgiving they are proud and cannot brook deception. Honesty everywhere and especially in matters pertaining to love and marriage, is the only enduring policy. If a stranger therefore, tell the loved one whence you came, and who you are, and if it be true, say as Franklin said, "One of my near relations was hung," and your intended may say as did his, "that many of hers deserved to be."

And lastly young gentlemen, whatever pain it costs you, whatever risk you incur be honest and in the language of Tasso learn that neither poverty, nor affliction,

"Nor toil, nor deepest danger can remove
The fair fond lady from her husband's side;
To the same fortunes are their lives allied;
The blow falls not that hits but one—their pains
Are mutual as their joys."

HAS JUSTICE FLED THE LAND?

We intentionally waited for the angry flood-tide of popular indignation to pass by, before we should notice the result of the trial of Matt. Ward for the murder of Prof. Butler. But so long after the card, letter, and speech publications of the accused and his council—it may not be wholly out of place, immodest or improper, to give expression to the feelings and opinions of ourself and others, who have the interests of the community as much at heart, as Mr. Ward or his defenders, and while we do not profess to be so profoundly versed in the law, as some of the distinguished legal advisers and defenders, we claim to have some appreciation of testimony and justice,—and to know that in this instance justice has not overtaken

the guilty. "*The Western Recorder*," published at Louisville, Ky., and familiar with the facts in the case, is one of the few papers which on proper occasions dares to speak independently. That paper says:

"That Butler was murdered, and that Ward is a cold-blooded assassin, every one who has made himself acquainted with the facts cannot doubt. His school-room was entered and he insulted and shot down in the midst of his scholars and in the peaceful discharge of his regular duties. Yet his crime has been justified, and the criminal stands forth before the world innocent in the eyes of the law."

Is justice clean gone forever? or will it yet pursue him!

When Pilate in judgment pronounced upon the justness of the Saviors' course, a clamorous multitude standing in the way of justice cried, "His blood be upon us and our children!" Upon such a *multitude adheres the blood stains of the murdered Butler*.—Ah, worse, seeing that he who kills now-a-days, is guilty of no offence against the law, and that eminent lawyers volunteer to prove it so, others have doubtless been led to commit similar deeds of horror.

ANOTHER TEACHER HAS BEEN MURDERED.—"Never," says a correspondent writing from Pontotoc, Miss., "in the history of this town, has this orderly and peace loving community been so shocked and horrified, as by the sad event which occurred on Monday, the 11th June, resulting in the instant death of one of our most esteemed and valuable citizens, Professor Clark S. Brown."

It seems that Prof. B., was a teacher in the "Pontotoc Male Academy," and for some misdemeanor disciplined and temperately Carey Wray, a youth about 12 years of age, and that this called forth, threats, etc., from Carey's elder brother, John—a medical student, probably eighteen years old—who after arming himself with a six barrel pistol and a bowie knife, sought the school room of Prof. B., and thro' another teacher called for him; W. was told, B. was busily engaged hearing recitations—that it was an unreasonable time to settle difficulties,—that he might act rashly, to go away, become cool, let reason resume her sway, and he would be able to act like a man. But saying, "tell Brown I will see him on his way home, and settle the matter with him." Wray left.

And true to his promise, he did see him on his way home, and by the infliction of seven ghastly wounds, with his bowie knife forever, till the judgment bar, settled the matter with him. Brown not expecting the meeting, notwithstanding the message was delivered, had nothing to defend himself but his riding whip, received the wounds, reeled and fell a lifeless corpse.

In the language of the *Presbyterian Witness*:

"Will such horrid barbarities never cease? Shall our Southern States any longer be disgraced by such scenes of murder as those of the Mat Ward case, and this of Wray and Brown? Especially shall the perpetrators of such foul, deliberate murder go unhung? We hold that the only security of Society rests on a faithful carrying out, in the administration of law, of the divinely ordained statute, as old as the deluge and never yet repealed by the authority which enacted it: "Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

Furthermore says the same paper:

"The Rev. Mr. Lyon, of Columbus, Miss., has recently spoken out with becoming boldness on this subject, presenting many mournful facts regarding Murder, and insisting that a *faithful administration of law*, with the death penalty for this crime, is the only way to check the enormous and growing evil. He states that during the year 1854 there were in the United States *six hundred and eighty two* murders. Of these only *thirty two* were committed in the New England States, and one hundred and six in the Middle States; five hundred and forty-four in the South and West, of which three hundred and forty-six, or more than one half of the whole were committed in the Southern States alone; and of these thirty-two were in Mississippi."

We want more preaching of this kind. Who ever heard a sermon from the words, "Thou shalt not kill! Or, Whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."!

When communities shall become so sensitive and jealous of their inalienable rights as that they will not hesitate to declare the moral depreciation of all those legal gentlemen, who for love, or money, throw the weight of their influence against the scale of common justice,—we say, when communities become so commendably independent as, that those so eagerly seeking distinction as place themselves in the murderers' stead, shall be *branded and regarded as murderers*; then and not till then, may we expect justice to be meted out, and men to learn—from policy if not otherwise—that occasionally if not frequently

"The post of honor is a private station."

 DELUSION EXPOSED AND TRUTH VINDICATED.

Our readers will find two lengthy selected articles in the present No.—they have not been selected merely to fill up the space—but with special reference to the wants of *our own*, and other communities. That on *Spiritual Delusions* is a masterly production. Will those deluded into this snare of the wicked one, read it and escape? Will those not deluded read the article that they may refute the pernicious doctrine? Will parents especially read it? that they may more easily and effectually train their children—to resist the delusion? And we commend *most heartily* the authors views in relation to *religious education in childhood*, read them parents, meditate upon them, compare them with Bible teaching, and *contrast* them with the heretical tendency of the doctrine of a few modern teachers. Is it or not true that “Fallen human nature requires a strictly *religious education* in childhood and youth far more than adult sinners need the gospel of salvation? Is it true that “the gospel is the power of God to salvation, to every one that believeth?” That it is the “instrumentality appointed by Infinite Wisdom, for the regeneration and conversion of the lost, while its efficiency on the obdurate and unbelieving mind is through the mighty agency of the Holy Spirit? And is it true that “childhood and youth need the same instruction in a form adapted to, their capacities and circumstances, for the same purpose as their fathers and mothers should hear the gospel, and for the additional one of *prevent on*?”

Is it true “That the parental roof is the proper place for this instruction to be given, and that it should be a daily exercise. That no duty is urged in the Scriptures with more directness and force than this. That it is not merely a New Testament obligation, though it stands out there in bold relief. But lies deep among the mor-

al duties of man, and results from his relationship to God as his lawgiver and judge and the authority and supervision with which the great God has invested him in the relation of a parent. Is it true that “ignorance, imbecility, and want of time are excuses that will perish before the judgment seat. That those who are fit to be parents are qualified to bring up their children “in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” Eph. vi. 4.

The author says, “by a *religious education* we mean thorough instruction in the doctrines and duties taught in the holy Scriptures, from early childhood to complete manhood”

And can it be that parents—or other than preachers, are equal to this task?—Can children be taught at home and in the Sabbath Schools that which is, and was, and will ever be the power of God to salvation? If so may our Father in Heaven forbid, that the people should be longer priest ridden, by ordinances or doctrines subversive of the truth, and which frustrates the Grace of God. But let parents be instructed, as to their distinguishing privileges and duties, and the glad tidings will spread, souls will be saved, and parents and children redeemed from the wrath of God shall rejoice evermore.

The article of Brother Tucker, will well repay perusal, and preservation; it is a firm and manly “Vindication of the truth of history.” Those who have not read it, in some of our denominational papers—most of which, in the south, we are glad to see have printed it—will we are convinced feel obliged to us, for its insertion here.

A good girl always respects herself, and therefore always possesses the respect of others.

For the Parlor Visitor.

TO ONE WHO WILL UNDERSTAND.

BY EVA.

W— my dream is past—my sun of hope has set, and fast the darkness is gathering into night—"night without a star" My world of love and poetry has faded.—the charm has gone—the spell has been dissolved at last. The golden bowl has crumbled at the fountains brink, the silver cord is loosed forever. Night, dark, withering, fearful night is around me. There is a low mysterious voice, stealing out from the blackness of this terrible night of despair; tells me that star, which shone so gloriously beautiful above me, has proven but a gilded phantom of the brain—a flickering wisplight that hung over an awful gulf of despair—an *ignis fatuus* bearing my soul to destruction—but a last farewell; the tie is broken.

I have given up thy love! 'twas a hard and bitter thing,
But mine's a nature far too proud to bear neglects
' cold sting,

It is one more lesson added to the many I have learned
That the holiest feelings of the heart are oftenest rudely spurned.
But yet I will not blame thee, the fault was wholly mine.
Had the tie by death been broken, I would have bowed my head,
And wept such tears as consecrate the memory of the dead.
Had misfortune fallen upon thee—when the worldling pass thee by,
I could have fondly stood the test, and met his scornful eye,
Or had envy dared to whisper but one word against thy name,
I would have joyed to cast the slander back from whence it came.
But go! I would not wake again my memory in thy heart,
It has slumbered down the stream of time, O! let it now depart,
It were not worth the trouble,—it has lost its charm for thee.
Its faded light could never shed one gleam of joy on me.

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

A writer illustrating the fact that some errors are lifted into importance by efforts to refute them, when they need to be treated with wholesome doses of contempt and ridicule, observes that "all the blows inflicted by the herculean club of certain eminent logicians, are not half so effectual as the box on the ear of a celebrated atheist by the hand of beauty." After having in vain preached to a circle of ladies, he attempted to revenge himself, by saying, "Pardon my error, ladies, I did not imag-

ine that in a house where wit vies with grace, I alone should have the honor of not believing in God."

"You are not alone, sir," answered the mistress of the mansion, "my horses, my dog, my cats, share this honor with you; only these poor brutes have the good sense not to boast of it."

Reviling may be less common and less polite but it is not more wicked than flattery.

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VOL. 4.

NASHVILLE, SEPTEMBER, 1855.

NO. 3.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

SPECIMENS OF A REVISION OF THE ENGLISH SCRIPTURES of the Old Testament from the original Hebrew on the Basis of the common English Version, compared with the earlier ones on which it was founded.

Prepared for the American Bible Union by THOMAS J. CONANT, Professor in Rochester Theological Seminary. In three parts:

1. The common English version, the Hebrew Text, and the revised version, with critical and philological notes.

2. The Revised version, with explanatory notes for the English reader.

3. The Revised version. By itself."

Enclose twelve cents and address "American Bible Union, New York, Bible Revision Association, Louisville, Ky., or, American Christian Bible Society, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AMERICAN BAPTIST MEMORIAL, J. LANSING BURGESS, EDITOR, 118 Arch street, Phil.

When monthly periodicals shall be appreciated, because of their inherent worth, or the amount of Editorial labor; the Baptist Memorial will take the lead of anything of its size in America. It is edited by one whose heart is in the right place.

THE HISTORY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, BY J. S. C. ABBOTT, with maps and illustrations in two volumes. Published by Harper and Brothers, New York.

This is a work of 1277 pages, well printed, on fine paper, and is none the less meritorious,—either in the style of composition, or typographical accuracy—for having passed through *Harper's Magazine*, prior to its appearance in book form.—But its most popular feature perhaps, is the fact, that it is the production of a favorite historian, and one who "reveres and loves the Emperor." But those acquainted with the character of Napoleon, will scarcely imagine that any intelligent historian would express such admiration,—such reverential and affectionate regard for the reasons here assigned i. e. "because he abhorred war, and did every thing in his power to avert that dire calamity; because he merited the sovereignty to which the suffrages of a grateful nation elevated him; be-

cause he consecrated the most extraordinary energies ever conferred upon a mortal to promote the prosperity of his country; because he was regardless of luxury, and cheerfully endured all toil, and all hardships that he might elevate and bless the masses of mankind; because he had a high sense of honor, revered religion respected the rights of conscience, and nobly advocated equality of privileges and the universal brotherhood of man" "Such," says the author "was the true character of Napoleon Bonaparte." And then follows twelve hundred and seventy-seven pages in proof. In subsequent reviews, we propose to take up the reasons of the author, in the order in which they appear, and show that some of them, at least, are as "baseless as the fabric of a vision."

REQUEST.—If any of our subscribers have extra copies of the January No., of the Parlor Visitor for the present year and will pre-pay postage, and send to our address, we will send them a copy of any No., of the Visitor, we may have on hand, and feel obliged. We have no longer supplies of the January No., and still it is called for.

MISLAID.—THE GOSPEL ADVOCATE. By ELDERS FANNING and LIPSCOMB of Franklin College, Tenn. has been received and mislaid.

So also has THE DEW DROP, a neat monthly just established in connexion with some Female School in Miss., and Edited by Miss ——. And still another is missing, a copy of a monthly recently started in Richmond, Va. and edited by a Lady, whose name is not remembered.

TO THE POINT.—It is stated that Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, is strongly opposed to Temperance. A short time since, Rev. Mr. Perkins, of the same denomination, and a member of the order of "Sons," dined with the Bishop, who, pouring out a glass of wine, desired the Rev. gentleman to drink with him, whereupon he replied:

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'wine is a mocker.'"

"Take a glass of brandy, then," said the distinguished ecclesiastic.

"Can't do it, Bishop, 'strong drink is raging.'"

By this time, the Bishop becoming somewhat restive and excited, said to Mr. Perkins.

"You'll pass the decanter to the gentleman next to you."

"No, Bishop, I can't do that, 'woe unto him that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.'"

What was the peculiar mental condition or moral state of the Bishop at this stage of the proceedings, our informant did not state.