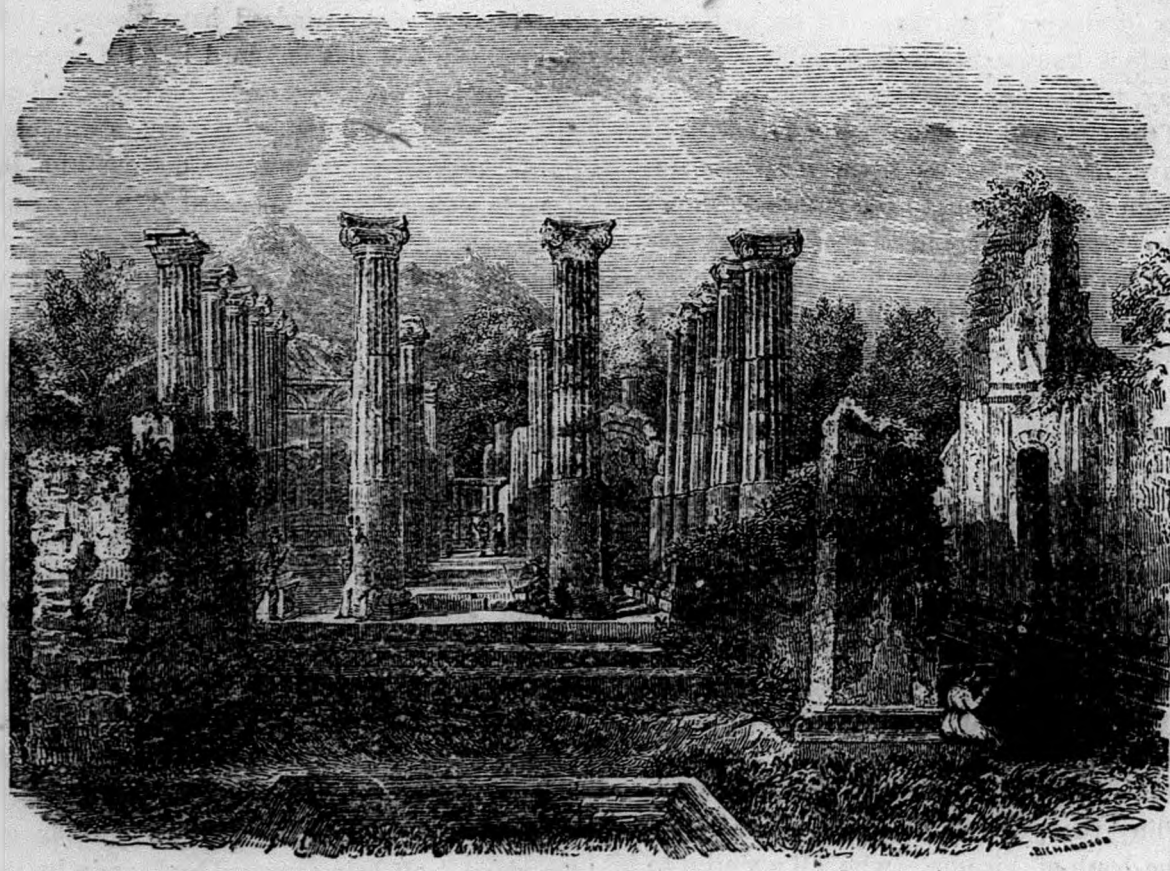


# THE PARLOR VISITOR.

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NO. I



ANCIENT RUINS.

## POMPEII—ITS DESTRUCTION AND ITS RUINS.

THE fabled city of Hercules! The colony of the hoar Chaldean! The proud, gay Pompeii in ruins! Pompeii, thou pride of the voluptuous Roman! how serenely did the stars rest above thy beauteous streets, deep silence reigned o'er thy splendid palaces! not a ripple disturbed thy beautiful bay! all was still, quiet sleep! Thy sons and thy daughters resting in false security! from thy altars no peti-

tion ascended to the throne of The Great Protector of the Universe! even thy "little ones," lisped not the prayer, "*Deliver us from all evil!*" Poor, doomed city! left to the mercy of thy gods, utterly impotent to save thee!

The ruins of large and once thickly populated cities, afford to the Christian traveler much food for serious meditation. He beholds in every stragling column, and in every scat-

tered ruin, the hand of Him who hath declared "I will early destroy all the wicked of the land," and none, it may be presumed, can be more calculated to arouse to reflection, than is the city whose destruction is so graphically described by the younger Pliny.

It may be well to give a short history of Pompeii before giving an account of its destruction.

Pompeii is situated in that district of Italy, named by the ancients Campania. It stood at the bottom of the bay of Naples, about thirteen miles southeast of Naples, and five from its destroyer, Vesuvius. Of its history very little is known, nor is it possible, at this late day, to do more than speculate as to the origin of the city, and its name. One author, Solinus, says that the name of Pompeii is derived from Pompe, in allusion to the pomps with which Hercules celebrated his victories while awaiting his fleet at the mouth of the river Sarnus. Being furnished with so respectable and credible authority as to its origin, it would be a waste of time to inquire any further.

Pliny relates that all imaginable delights were in constant revelry; by which it is understood that vanity, pride, and lust reigned triumphant in the hearts of its people, while beneath them boiled the liquid lava, that is soon to bury it and them in a burning grave.

By an unusual good fortune we are in possession of a faithful narrative, furnished by an eye-witness of the catastrophe which overwhelmed Pompeii, and provided a subject for this volume. It is contained in two letters of Pliny the younger, to Tacitus, which record the death of his uncle, who fell a victim to his inquiring spirit and humanity. He thus writes:

"Your request that I would send you an account of my uncle's death, in order to transmit a more exact relation of it to posterity, deserves my acknowledgments; for, if this accident shall be celebrated by your pen, the glory of it, I am well assured, will be rendered forever illustrious. And notwithstanding he perished by a misfortune, which, as it involved at the same time a beautiful country in ruins, and destroyed so many populous cities, seems to promise him an everlasting remembrance; notwithstanding he has himself composed many

and lasting works; yet I am persuaded the mentioning of him in your immortal works will greatly contribute to eternize his name. Happy I esteem those to be, whom Providence has distinguished with the abilities either of doing such actions as are worthy of being related, or relating them in a manner worthy of being read; but doubly happy are they who are blessed with both these uncommon talents; in the number of which my uncle, as his own writings and your history will evidently prove, may justly be ranked. It is with extreme willingness, therefore, I execute your commands, and should indeed have claimed the task, if you had not enjoined it. He was at that time with the fleet under his command at Misenum. On the 24th of August, about one in the afternoon, my mother desired him to observe a cloud which appeared of a very unusual size and shape. He had just returned from taking the benefit of the sun, and after bathing himself in cold water, and taking a slight repast, was retired to his study. He immediately arose and went out upon an eminence, from whence he might distinctly view this very uncommon appearance. It was not at that distance discernable from what mountain this cloud issued, but it was found afterwards to ascend from Mount Vesuvius. I cannot give a more exact description of its figure, than by resembling it to a pine-tree, for it shot up a great height in the form of a trunk, which extended itself at the top into a sort of branches; occasioned, I imagine, either by a sudden gust of air that impelled it, the force of which decreased as it advanced upwards, or the cloud itself being pressed back again by its own weight, expanded in this manner: it appeared sometimes bright and sometimes dark and spotted, as it was more or less impregnated with earth and cinders. This extraordinary phenomenon excited my uncle's philosophical curiosity to take a nearer view of it. He ordered a light vessel to be got ready, and gave me the liberty, if I thought proper, to attend him. I rather chose to continue my studies; for, as it had happened, he had given me employment of that kind. As he was coming out of the house, he received a note from Rectina, the wife of Bassus, who was in the utmost

alarm at the imminent danger which threatened her; for her villa being situated at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, there was no way of escape but by sea: she earnestly entreated him, therefore, to come to her assistance. He accordingly changed his first design, and what he began with a philosophical, he pursued with an heroic turn of mind. He ordered the galleys to put to sea, and went himself on board with an intention of assisting not only Rectina, but several others; for the villas stand extremely thick upon that beautiful coast. When hastening to the place from whence others fled with the utmost terror, he steered his direct course to the point of danger, and with so much calmness and presence of mind, as to be able to dictate his observations upon the motion and figure of that dreadful scene. He was now so nigh the mountain, that the cinders, which grew thicker and hotter the nearer he approached, fell into the ships, together with pumice stones, and black pieces of burning rock: they were likewise in danger, not only of being aground by the sudden retreat of the sea, but also from the vast fragments which rolled down from the mountain and obstructed all the shore. Here he stopped to consider whether he should return back again, to which the pilot advising him; 'Fortune,' said he, 'befriends the brave; carry me to Pomponianus.' Pomponianus was then at Stabæ, separated by a gulf, which the sea, after several insensible windings, forms upon the shore. He had already sent his baggage aboard; for though he was not at that time in actual danger, yet being within view of it, and, indeed, extremely near, if it should in the least increase, he was determined to put to sea as soon as the wind should change. It was favorable, however, for carrying my uncle to Pomponianus, whom he found in the greatest consternation: he embraced him with tenderness, encouraging and exhorting him to keep up his spirits, and the more to dissipate his fears, he ordered, with an air of unconcern, the baths to be got ready; when, after having bathed, he sat down to supper with great cheerfulness, or at least, (what is equally heroic) with all the appearance of it. In the meanwhile, the eruption from Mount Vesuvius flamed out in several places with

much violence, which the darkness of the night contributed to render still more visible and dreadful. But my uncle, in order to sooth the apprehensions of his friend, assured him it was only the burning of the villages, which the country people had abandoned to the flames: after this he retired to rest, and it is most certain he was so little discomposed as to fall into a deep sleep, for being pretty fat, and breathing hard, those who attended without, actually heard him snore. The court which led to his apartment being now almost filled with stones and ashes, if he had continued there any longer it would have been impossible for him to have made his way out; it was thought proper, therefore, to awaken him. He got up, and went to Pomponianus and the rest of his company, who were not unconcerned enough to think of going to bed. They consulted together whether it would be most prudent to trust to the houses, which now shook from side to side with frequent and violent concussions, or fly to the open fields, where the calcined stones and cinders, though light indeed, yet fell in large showers, and threatened destruction. In this distress they resolved for the fields as the less dangerous situation of the two; a resolution which, while the rest of the company were hurried into by their fears, my uncle embraced upon cool and deliberate consideration. They went out then, having pillows tied upon their heads with napkins; and this was their whole defence against the storm of stones that fell around them. It was now day every where else, but there a deeper darkness prevailed than in the most obscure night, which, however, was in some degree dissipated by torches and other lights of various kinds. They thought proper to go down farther upon the shore, to observe if they might safely put out to sea, but they found the waves still run extremely high and boisterous. There my uncle, having drunk a draught or two of cold water, threw himself down on a cloth which was spread for him, when immediately the flames, and a strong smell of sulphur, which was the forerunner of them, dispersed the rest of the company, and obliged him to rise. He raised himself up with the assistance of two of his servants, and instantly fell down dead; suffocated, as I conjecture, by

some gross and noxious vapour, having always had weak lungs, and being frequently subject to a difficulty in breathing. As soon as it was light again, which was not till the third day after this melancholy accident, his body was found entire, and without any marks of violence upon it, exactly in the same posture that he fell, and looking more like a man asleep than dead. During all this time my mother and I, who were at Misenum—but as this has no connexion with your history, so your enquiry went no farther than concerning my uncle's death; with that therefore, I will put an end to my letter. Suffer me only to add, that I have faithfully related to you what I was either an eye-witness of myself, or received immediately after the accident happened, and before there was time to vary the truth. You will choose out of this narrative such circumstances as shall be most suitable to your purpose, for there is a great difference between what is proper for a letter and a history; between writing to a friend, and writing to the public. Farewell!"

"The letter, which in compliance with your request, I wrote to, concerning the death of my uncle, has raised, it seems, your curiosity to know what terrors and dangers attended me while I continued at Misenum; for there, I think, the account in my former broke off. 'Though my shocked soul recoils, my tongue shall tell.'

"My uncle having left us, I pursued the studies, which prevented my going with him, till it was time to bathe. After which I went to supper, and from thence to bed, where my sleep was greatly disturbed. There had been for many days before, some shocks of an earthquake, which the less surprised us, as they are extremely frequent in Campania; but they were so particularly violent that night, that they not only shook everything about us, but seemed indeed to threaten total destruction. My mother flew to my chamber, where she found me rising, in order to awaken her. We went out into a small court belonging to the house, which separated the sea from the buildings. As I was at that time but eighteen years of age, I know not whether I should call my behavior, in this dangerous juncture, courage

or rashness, but I took up Livy, and amused myself with turning over that author, and even making extracts from him, as if all about me had been in full security. While we were in this posture, a friend of my uncle's, who was just come from Spain to pay him a visit, joined us, and observing me sitting by my mother with a book in my hand, greatly condemned her calmness, at the same time that he reproved me for my careless security. Nevertheless, I still went on with my author.—Though it was now morning, the light was exceedingly faint and languid; the buildings all around us tottered, and though we stood upon open ground, yet, as the place was narrow and confined, there was no remaining there without certain and great danger: we therefore resolved to quit the towu. The people followed us in the utmost consternation, and as to a mind distracted with terror, every suggestion seems more prudent than its own pressed in great crowds about us in our way out. Being got at a convenient distance from the houses, we stood still, in the midst of a most dangerous scene. The chariots which we had ordered to be drawn out, were so agitated backwards and forwards, though upon the most level ground, that we could not keep them steady, even by supporting them with large stokes. The sea seemed to roll back upon itself, and to be driven from its banks by the convulsive motion of the earth; it is certain at least the shore was considerably enlarged, and several sea animals were left upon it. On the other side a black and dreadful cloud, bursting with an igneous surpentine vapor, darted out a long train of fire, resembling flashes of lightning, but much larger. Upon this our Spanish friend, whom I mentioned above, addressing himself to my mother and me with great earnestness: 'If your brother and your uncle,' said he, 'is safe, he certainly wishes you may be so too; but if he perished, it was his desire, no doubt, that you might both survive him: why, therefore, do you delay your escape a moment?'—We could never think of our own safety, we said, while we were uncertain of his. Hereupon our friend left us, and withdrew from the danger with the utmost precipitation. Soon afterwards the cloud seemed to descend and cover the whole

ocean; as indeed it entirely hid the island of Capræ and the promontory of Misenum. My mother strongly conjured me to make my escape at any rate, which, as I was young, I might easily do: as for herself, she said, her age and corpulency rendered all attempts of that sort impossible. However she would willingly meet death, if she could have the satisfaction of seeing that she was not the occasion of mine. But I absolutely refused to leave her, and taking her by the hand I led her on: she complied with great reluctance, and not without many reproaches to herself for retarding my flight. The ashes now began to fall upon us, though in no great quantity. I turned my head and observed behind us a thick smoke, which came rolling after us like a torrent. I proposed, while we had yet any light, to turn out of the high road, lest she should be pressed to death in the dark by the crowd that followed us. We had scarce stepped out of the path, when darkness overpread us, not like that of a cloudy night, or when there is no moon, but of a room when it is shut up, and all the lights extinct. Nothing then was to be heard but the shrieks of women, the screams of children, and the cries of men; some calling for their children, others for their parents, others for their husbands, and only distinguishing each other by their voices; one lamenting his own fate, another that of his family; some wishing to die from the very fear of dying; some lifting their hands to the gods; but the greater part imagining that the last and eternal night was come, which was to destroy the gods and the world together. Among these were some who augmented the real terrors by imaginary ones, and made the frightened multitude falsely believe that Misenum was actually in flames. At length a glimmering light appeared, which we imagined to be rather the forerunner of an approaching burst of flames, as in truth it was, than the return of day. However, the fire fell at a distance from us; then again we were immersed in thick darkness, and a heavy shower of ashes rained upon us, which we were obliged every now and then to shake off, otherwise we should have been crushed and buried in the heap. I might boast that, during all this scene of horror, not a sigh

or expression of fear escaped from me, had not my support been founded in that miserable, though strong consolation—that all mankind were involved in the same calamity, and that I imagined I was perishing with the world itself. At last this dreadful darkness was dissipated by degrees, like a cloud of smoke; the real day returned, and even the sun appeared, though very faintly, and as when an eclipse is coming on. Every object that presented itself to our eyes (which were extremely weakened) seemed changed, being covered over with white ashes, as with a deep snow. We returned to Misenum, where we refreshed ourselves as well as we could, and passed an anxious night between hope and fear; though indeed with a much larger share of the latter; for the earthquake still continued, while several enthusiastic people ran up and down, heightening their own and their friends' calamities by terrible predictions. However, my mother and I, notwithstanding the danger we had passed, and that which still threatened us, had no thought of leaving the place till we should receive some account from my uncle."

The curiosity of man has penetrated, after a burial of ages, the streets and the houses of Pompeii. We shall close our articles with an extract from the travels of one who visited it, five or six years ago.

"To Pompeii I made a solitary visit on a Sunday—a better way, perhaps, of passing Sunday than any other, in Italy. By being on the road or among the melancholy ruins of the destroyed city, I at least secured silence and repose, which are impossible in Naples, where to an American, there must always seem on that day especially, the uproar of a carnival. The silence at Pompeii was absolute; only once or twice did I see a human being in all those lonely streets—a lady, with two little boys, and three or four English sailors, those were all—otherwise everything was solitary and still. The weather being later than autumnal, there was not to be heard so much as the chirping of the cricket or insect's hum. It all looked as one would suppose; and the only thing I was surprised by was the number and extent of the houses and streets. I was three or four hours walking about and among those deserted

ways, yet I could have entered but a small proportion of the dwellings or streets on either side ; and those I did enter I was compelled to examine more hastily than was either agreeable or profitable. The great object of regret in visiting these relics of a former world, is, that the objects of more especial interest, in household furniture, kitchen apparatus, and art, have all been removed from the spots where they were found, except in a single instance, and are now to be seen only in Museums. It adds extremely to the instruction and pleasure of visiting an ancient sepulchre or disinterred dwelling, to know that all remains just where it was found ; and just where it had been placed by the old Roman dweller in the house, by the owner or builder of the tomb. That was the case in descending into an old Etruscan tomb near Perugia—the funeral ornaments of marble had never been disturbed—they stood where the hand of affection had first placed them, perhaps three thousand years ago. The bronze lamp, a mere time-eaten fragment of a lamp, still hung where it had been placed at the last interment. This was also the case in parts of the Catacombs, and in the Columbaria in Rome. Perhaps in the case of Pompeii, it would have been impossible to preserve the objects found, without a wall being built around the whole city, with guards in addition, to protect them from thefts, and without roofs being constructed to shelter them from the weather. Still, had it been considered an object, many very interesting remains might have been as safe in the dwellings of Pompeii as in the halls of Museums ; and with what an addition to the instruction and gratification of every visitor. One house, however—the last one excavated—had been left with all its marbles, mosaic pavements and pictures, just as they were found. Bronzes alone have been removed, on account of injury from the atmosphere. This house was laid open about three years ago. It is completely floored with mosaic pavements of pretty patterns, arabesques, etc., such as may be seen in Gell's Pompeii. One room has evidently been built and prepared to please some little child—a sort of great baby-house. At the upper end of it is a diminutive fountain,

ornamented with mosaics and shell-work. Then just beneath the aperture for the water, there are three or four diminutive steps of marble, the water being designed to make a succession of falls, down from step to step, whence it was to collect into a large basin in the centre. Then around this central basin, are various animals, ducks, dogs, rabbits, etc., all of marble also, and besides, several small statues, all as if intended to afford pleasure to little children. What would this room have been had all these and like objects been removed? These seemed to remain wholly undisturbed. Had every thing been permitted to remain, one cannot but think their own sanctity would have protected them. Who could steal in Pompeii? The English sailors, even, were as solemn as the scene. Here were to be seen the lead pipes for conducting aqueduct water about the houses, with their brass cocks still in place—the stairs leading down to the kitchen, and the kitchen fire-place ; the vaults for oil and wine ; and the earthen vessels as they had been found and left, filled full of the ashes which so mysteriously penetrated to every part of the house, and by cracks and crannies into every closet, cellar, vase and jar, and packed all solid with itself. The way, however, in which that happened, must have been either by the ashes having been accompanied by the water, as it first fell, or afterwards forced by the pressure of successive rains.

The streets of Pompeii were, as you may remember, all narrow—not more than fifteen feet wide, and few less than that—the widest thirty ; with raised sidewalks about two or three feet wide, raised as much as a foot, or a foot and a half, above the central carriage-way—higher than with us. In these usages, the descendants of the Pompeians in the modern Italian cities have failed unwisely to imitate them—which are all without sidewalks. The pavements are of the same, every-way shaped flat stones, which are found in the ancient streets of Rome. The shops are small, which is still characteristic of Italian towns and cities. Many dwelling houses of the better sort are very extensive, as those called houses of Diomed, Sallust, Pansa, &c. That of Diomed

is of three stories, or flats; the lowest consisting of subterranean arches, fifty feet, perhaps, each way, and overhead a square or court, which served as a garden, with a large basin for water in the middle, and around, chambers and rooms for common use, then the vestibule, the atrium, impluvium, triclinium in the universal way in Pompeii. It was interesting to see the baker's establishment, the stone mill for grinding his grain, and the oven, which might be used to-day as well as ever. So the shop for selling wine, with its five or six earthen amphoræ set in the brick counter, with a marble facing, on which are visible still the circular marks of the drinking vessels. In the corner of one of the rooms is shown the remnant of a broken square of glass still sticking in its place. Glass windows to dwelling houses seem not to have been common. The rooms and chambers were lighted from the inner court of the house, either by their doors, or by openings defended by wooden shutters—that is the common statement, though it is not easy to see why, in all such cases, there should not have been glass; and also in the fronts of the shops, where there is always a wide opening in the wall, just where a window of glass ought to be, and would be so convenient. So with the houses of the first class, it is not easy to see how they could have been inhabited with comfort, or in any elegance, without an extensive use of this substance. And the occurrence of it in a single instance, in a small obscure corner of a small and obscure tenement, would seem to prove with sufficient strength that it was a material as common as with us, and would be used in the same way and for all like purposes. The fragment which I saw was thick and smooth, and looked more like our heaviest plate glass than our common kinds. Its transparency has been obscured by time, or by having been ground, or like so much modern plate glass, from having been badly compounded. But beside this, I find on inquiry, that in one of the baths a window was discovered, nearly three feet square, of a single pane, the glass two-fifths of an inch thick, and ground on one side, to prevent persons on a neighbouring roof from looking in. Another window of a large size was found, the single

pane set in a bronze frame, secured by screws of the same metal, so that it might be removed at pleasure—or it might have been only the usual way of setting.

In regard to the common use of glass for windows, however, it is to be remembered, that in the climate of Naples it could be considered hardly at any time as necessary for the exclusion of cold; and accordingly, if it were a substance more costly than with us, or if the manufacture of only the heavier and more expensive kinds was understood, it would have been employed with comparative infrequency, which may explain why more was not found. Shutters of wood for warmth, or fixed windows of linen cloth would have been used instead. Glass, except for a couple of months in the year, is hardly needed more in Naples than in our West India Islands.

In a word, there is scarce anything in common use, in the way of common convenience now, and here, which was not in use among the Romans of Pompeii in the 79th year of our era. Doors were found to have been made of wood, as with us; the wood more commonly used, the fir; they were hung not upon our butt hinges—though I do not know that even they have not been found among other things—but more usually, at any rate, they revolved upon pivots, like our barn doors: they were fastened with bolts hung by chains, and at night closed by shutters. Bedsteads were found, sometimes of wood, at other times of iron; implements of a thousand kinds, of brass, iron, stone and earthen ware, for both common and religious uses, trumpets, bells, gridirons, colanders, saunce-pan of bronze, some lined with silver, kettles, ladles, moulds for jelly and pastry; urns for keeping water hot, on the principle of the modern tea urn; lanterns with horned lights; spits, and every various article for kitchen use, with almost the single and singular exceptions of forks—chains, bolts, locks, and scourges; portable fire-places, with a contrivance for keeping water hot; dice, some found loaded, a complete toilet, with combs, thimbles, rings, etc., paint for the cheeks, with the proper brushes for laying it on; cosmetics, ear-rings, but no diamonds; almonds, dates, nuts, grapes, figs, chestnuts,

loaves of bread, with the name of the baker stamped upon them, iron stoves, apothecaries' drugs, of all sorts—among other things a box of pills, gilded; surgeons' instruments of all kinds, much such as are used at the present day; play-bills, quack advertisements, notices of sights and shows posted up at the corner of the streets—according to Johnson, in "monstrous bad Latin;" opera tickets on ivory, bits for horses, cruppers and stirrups, candelabra, and lamps of the most graceful, delicate and ingenious designs, and which to-day serve as models for articles of the kind in present use.

These, and other objects of a similar kind, more than could easily be enumerated, crowd the halls and the shelves of the two Museums at Portici and Naples."

COMMEMORATIVE SKETCHES OF THE LIFE  
AND CHARACTER OF A MISSIONARY  
TO INDIA—LATE DECEASED.

CHAPTER III.

OUTLINES OF THE LIFE OF MR. R.—HIS CON-  
SECRATION, &c.

"Let us be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labor and to wait."

It may not be amiss—it is certainly congenial to the feelings of the writer to turn aside at this point, and briefly glance at the life and character of him who now became the companion and friend, nearest and dearest of her of whom we write. We love to speak of him, not only because of his association with one dear to us, but because from the first moment that we beheld him, his presence seemed fraught with an atmosphere most heavenly. To our youthful imagination a kind of halo invested his brow: and when he spoke, it was as if the Savior gave utterance.

"ALANSON REED was born June 21, 1807, at Chesterfield, Mass. At the age of about fourteen he was the subject of deep religious impressions, which for a season left his mind tender and reflecting. April 26, 1826, he stood by the death-bed of his father, and saw

him expire at the age of sixty-nine. Tuesday Eve, Nov. 1828—then a thoughtless young man of twenty-one, he was arrested by the Spirit of the Lord, sin revived and he died; and the following Sabbath he was buried with Christ in baptism. In December, 1830, he commenced study at Hamilton, N. Y., and the following summer made his first effort in preaching, at Cummington, Mass., with the church with whom he first united. January 22d, 1835, his dear mother took her departure from earth to Heaven. August 3d, 1835, he was appointed missionary to China at Boston, Mass., by the Baptist Board of Foreign Missions. September 6th, 1835, married at Brockport, N. Y., by the Rev. H. Davis, to JANE G. EVERTS, of Murray, N. Y. We find in his "Diary," under date of January 1st, 1835, the following: "May this short life be entirely thine. O, Lord! May I walk with thee every day. May no sins hide away the face of my Jesus. May I do some little good, and be more prepared for labor on heathen ground.

January 7th he says: "I find the following in my diary of Feb. 10, 1834. 'I have this morning bid the world adieu, and do now most solemnly take the Lord God, and him alone, as my portion.' I trust I can now say, 'Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none I desire on earth beside Thee.'" Again, "Lately spent a short season with the person who is—Providence permitting—to pass her time with me on heathen ground. How pleasant to meet with a kindred spirit, and bow before the Mercy seat, and consecrate ourselves to God—to feel that our way is ordered by God, and to have the testimony that we please Him. I feel that this testimony is ours. 'Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' Be pleased, dear Redeemer, to prepare us to exert a salutary influence in the world, and finally to walk with Thee in white with all the ransomed of the Lord. There may we meet our dear parents who have mostly gone already to the eternal world. I have just received a letter informing me of my dear mother's death. This event was expected, as I had before received intelligence that she was failing. As I had the fullest confidence that she had exchanged a world of sin and sorrow,

where the most severe affliction had been her lot, for a world of holiness and joy, I could not weep for her. Rest in thy grave, dear Mother, sweetly rest, till the sound of the last trump. then rise in all the beauty of youth to be infirm and to sorrow no more. May the mantle of my parents rest on me." Under the passage "My son despise not thou the chastening of the Lord," &c., he writes: "O that I could remember this text, and feel that God does all things well. I have had some things in my short experience calculated to try me. These have yielded the peaceable fruits of righteousness. Had all things gone as I expected, I have sometimes thought I should have entirely forgotten the Lord who bought me."

During this year he seems to have often spent time in the villages round about, proclaiming that Gospel he so much loved. He writes, "I start this afternoon for Lebanon, to labor in a protracted meeting. My health is poor, but I long to win souls. Gracious God, deepen thy work in my heart, and prepare me for the Master's use. I know that my Redeemer lives, and trust in him yet to stand on heathen ground and preach his gospel."—Again, "The time I was in Lebanon was deeply interesting. About forty in the judgment of Charity passed from death unto life. For two or three days my soul was in the deepest anxiety for the advancement of the cause. I never, I think, felt such a constant spirit of prayer. Night and day I was wrestling with the Lord. After the work began to move on, my burden left me, my hoarseness also disappeared, and I felt like a new man." Again, "Eternal God, let thy spirit do its office in my heart. Send abroad its influence in the wide world. Let it accompany missionary effort wherever it puts forth. For a day or two I have been somewhat deeply impressed with the fact that I am near twenty-eight and have three years yet to study. I have thought of making an effort to enter the field sooner. Direct Lord." About this time he addressed a letter to the mother of her whom he had chosen as a companion in that "field" to which he looked forward. We give some extracts:

"In accordance with the impulse of my own feelings, strengthened by the approbation of

your dear J., I venture to write a hasty line to the fond mother of my dearest earthly friend. I do it at this time, because I am so dissatisfied with my recent visit with you. I had anticipated a friendly interview, in which I might freely disclose to you my whole soul, and receive your blessing in return. It has been with sincerest pleasure that I have learned that you were not only willing to give up the child of your bosom to the sacred cause of Missions, but also that our *personal* engagements met your entire approbation. For this favor I am grateful to the Giver of all good. I trust you will believe me when I assure you that I feel a stronger attachment to you and all yours than I am willing here to express. My affection has, I believe, ever been sincere, but since the death of my own dear mother, my feelings have entwined more closely around you, and I have thought that it would be a privilege to be numbered as one of your own children. I trust this blessing will be granted me. Most gladly then would I impart consolation in your pilgrimage journey. That your daughter contemplates leaving you for idolatrous Asia, is a matter of neither praise or censure to me, her mind, as you know, having long been established. If the fact that her joys and sorrows are to be shared by me, yields you any consolation, it rejoices me much. The thought is sweet, I assure you, that we shall one day, (if God permit,) bid adieu to all, for the toils and sufferings of a missionary life. We need your constant prayers, that our minds may be spiritual and fixed on the great work before us. May we never waver. May onward be our watchword, till from a heathen land, our ransomed spirits go home to God, to meet our dear parents, and all the blood-washed throng, before the throne."

A few weeks after this Mr. R. appeared before the Board at Boston, and the wish of his heart was granted; he was to go immediately forth to his anticipated labors.

The following announced the fact to one equally interested with himself.

BOSTON, Aug. 1st. '35.

*Ever Dear Friend*:—According to my purpose, I reached this place last evening, and am now writing you from the *Missionary*

Rooms, on the table where are spread out and perused by the Secretary, all the communications from our missionaries, as from time to time they come to hand. Here are devised and matured, those plans, which under God, are blessing the world and filling the earth with his glory.

My health is good, and I can truly say that my mind enjoys unwonted peace. How often, dear J., have I had strong desires to see you, and mingle my tears with yours, and with you consecrate myself to the Lord. By God's grace I feel determined to live for him entirely, and wholly trust in him for temporal and spiritual good. I love the missionary cause, and shrink not in view of soon entering the field. Farewell till after my case is decided, when I shall mail this. 4th—It is settled. We sail for Batavia or Singapore by the earliest opportunity, from whence we shall proceed to Bangkok, with a view of entering China as soon as we shall have learned the language, and circumstances will permit. Thus is granted the desire of my heart, which is, I doubt not, also the desire of your own. After leaving Hamilton I had my fears that the Board might not think me qualified for a Chinese Mission, and almost regretted that I had left without more information on that subject. I unbosomed myself freely to the members of the Board, told them it would cost me a struggle to bring my mind to another place; that I wished to do all I could for the Chinese, and was willing to go now, or two years hence, as in their judgment was best. I had but little choice, being anxious on my own account and yours to pursue our contemplated course of study, and yet desiring to do something sooner for the perishing heathen. I have long been of the opinion that the path of the missionary is one of self-denial from first to last, I now begin faintly to realize it. In the first place I must be parted from brother Day [his roommate, and truly a kindred spirit, and who had chosen another portion of the great vineyard] in the next place we cannot have the company of brother Sutton, and the other missionaries, on our voyage, as they will embark for Calcutta, and we for Batavia or Singapore. [This last trial he was not called to meet, as all the mis-

sionaries sailed in the same vessel.] Shall I tell you that amid all this I am happy? Yes! yes! My mind is calm as a Summer's evening, and my hope is in God. Can you cast your cares upon him? I trust you can.

Farewell, grace be with thee,

ALANSON REED.

A few days after, and in Hamilton he separated from his fellow students, linked to him by the closest ties.

He says, "The parting scene on Wednesday morning, as the dear brethren gave us the parting hand, will not soon be erased from memory. Many of them were in tears, and from a number I received the sweet assurance that with God's leave they would meet me in China."

Time passed on, and the missionaries—from North and South, and West, were on the way to Boston, whence they were to sail. And may we not imagine that of those twenty-two consecrated ones, each had, ere the great step had been decided upon, with throbbing heart, listened to interrogatories like the following, found among Mr. R's papers.

"Hast thou considered well thy purpose?  
Art sure thou knowest what 'twill be  
To give up all? thy friends, thy home, thy country?  
All that makes the cup of life delightful?  
Canst thou go and not look back?

Canst unresentingly endure  
The scoffs of those who little know  
Or care about the wandering of Israel?  
And wilt thou go, and in a distant land use all  
Thy strength to gather those that  
Never heard of Jesus? And when  
They turn their backs and laugh  
At thee, wilt thou even then  
Be sure to never yield or be discouraged?

Wilt thou submit, when laid upon  
A feverish couch, and no one there,  
Perhaps to wet thy burning lips; or  
When thy weak and wandering  
Reason cannot find the promises of God,  
To read them fresh in that blest book,  
Where they are written.  
And when an awful chill comes  
O'er thee, and thou dost think it  
May be death; canst bear it that  
No friend is nigh, to pray that  
God would take thy parting  
Spirit to himself? And canst thou  
Then for want of friendly hand

To do it for thee, put thy own  
Fingers on thy failing eyes, and canst  
Thou die? Just in the prime of life  
And height of usefulness, canst  
Thou in meekness go to perish in  
The grave? Hast thou considered  
Well these sorrows, yea and more,  
A thousand more and greater?

And dost thou bid them welcome  
All? Then go, and bid thy  
God be with thee, go and thou  
Shalt know more happiness than  
Those who sit at home, and bless  
Themselves that they have heard of God,  
And idly wish that others might  
Know and serve him too.

Go to thy labors—to thy grave.  
Thy race it will be short, but  
There is a prize to win, thy battles  
Are soon o'er, a crown of glory waits  
For thee in Heaven."

\* \* \* \* \*

"See that ship, her sails now bending,  
Destined far to Indian seas;  
See her canvass, wide extending,  
Catch the wished-for lingering breeze."

The Missionary band are standing on the deck of that noble ship. The last link which binds them to their native land is about to be severed. And yet, though a tear, here and there, gushed forth, a cheek turned pale, or a heart heaved with suppressed emotion, we doubt not a consciousness of walking in the way divinely appointed, enabled them to say:

"Yes, we hasten from thee gladly,  
Glad we bid thee, native land, farewell!

The following testifies as to the state of Mr. R's mind, and that of his companion:

SHIP LOUVRE, Boston Harbor.

*Very Dear Brother:* At 11 this morning, we left the wharf amid the prayers and benedictions of a numerous crowd. I can only say that your Sister and myself are happy. The pilot goes. Bless the Lord!

THISTLES, though noxious things in themselves, are usually signs of an excellent soil whereon they grow; so bashfulness, though it be a weakness and betrayer of the mind, is generally an argument of a soul virtuously inclined.

## THE REV. JOHN ANGEL JAMES OF BIRMINGHAM.

"Never heard Angel James?" asked a lady of us in surprise, some time since, after she had been praising that gentleman's "Family Monitor" to the skies—"Never heard John Angel James, of Birmingham!"

A reiterated negative was our reply.

"Then," remarked the lady, "you have a treat in store." And she went on to inform us that that gentleman was engaged to preach an anniversary sermon at a place called Kingswood, in Gloucestershire, on the following evening; and thither, as the distance from our then residence was not great, we decided to go.

It was one of England's golden summer afternoons, as, accompanied by a friend, now, alas! no more, we drove from the crowded city. The hedgerows were covered with blossoms of the white thorn, called "May," and wild woodbines, which hung in graceful clusters, or fancifully festooned the trees, sent forth delicious perfumes on the soft and balmy air. As soon as we cleared the always dingy outskirts of the town, the bright, broad open country lay before us, and the only sounds which fell upon our ears were the shrill whistle of the blackbird—the prolonged song of the lark, as he soared high in heaven, and the gurgling notes of the thrush, from within his thicket of leaves. Occasionally, that sound peculiarly characteristic of an English landscape, produced by the whetting of the mower's scythe, would be heard, and far away might be seen farms dotting the verdant slopes; and every now and then we passed trim cottages, with bird-cages at the doors, and little chubby-faced flaxen haired children played, or shouted in merry glee, as they climbed up the gate to gaze upon our vehicle as it whirled merrily along. Then, as we passed some of those pretty homesteads, we marked the thin wreaths of blue smoke ascending from the low chimnies, and detected the savory odours of rashes of bacon which were toasting within. Should any one who has ever traveled through the rural districts of England, read this chapter, he will understand how voraciously we longed for a

slice, for the smell of eggs and bacon, issuing from an English farm-house or cottage, is one of the most tormenting, delicious, trying things in the world, to passers by, whom the country air has rendered purely susceptible to such gastronomico-olfactoral impressions.

Kingswood is a district in the west of England, chiefly inhabited by colliers, there being a number of coal pits in the neighborhood. A more unpoetical part of creation could not well be imagined, and it may be remembered, that the celebrated Whitefield refers, in some of his letters, to the great degradation of the place. Indeed Kingswood was a prominent scene of both his labors and those of his great contemporary, Wesley; the latter of whom founded a school there for the education of sons of Methodist ministers, which is still in existence. And we can conceive of no place more in need of religious instruction. Bad indeed it must have been seventy or eighty years ago, if it be true that it is now much improved, for wretched enough, in all truth is it still. A stranger entering the district might almost suppose that he had got into, to use a common but expressive phrase, the "back slums" of creation.

Fancy, reader, a wild country village—a village, too, on the outskirts of a great city, which is its curse, for all the crime, misery, and wretchedness of the latter, and none of its worth, civilization, or comfort, reaches the little collection of houses which is in its neighborhood. In that village, the roads, houses, hedges, trees, gardens, are all black with coal dust. The inhabitants are dark, brutal, savage, and profligate; and the sexes are so little distinguished by dress, that in many cases it would be impossible to distinguish men from women, or boys from girls. Look into one of the miserable homes which stand surrounded by an unfenced cabbage plot, and you shall see scenes of depravity which will make your heart sicken, and hear oaths and blasphemies from children's lips, which to Satan's ears must be exquisite music. Walk into one of the scores of beer-houses, over which rudely painted sign-boards inform the passer-by, that, if so disposed, he might be "drunk on the premises," and there you may see groups of men and boys, black and ragged, with candles

stuck in their hats, and earthenware mugs in their hands, in all the stages of intoxication. Then mark them reeling home to their places of abode, where huddled together, more like brutes than human beings, whole families, "like dogs delight to bark and bite," and you will have some idea of Kingswood.

But there is some light even in the darkest place; and as our vehicle rolls through the dusty road, on either side of which wretched hovels are scattered, we behold, picking her careful way, from one of these homes of wretchedness to another, a young girl, clad in the simplest and plainest of brown cotton dresses, with one of what fashionable Misses would call the very *dowdiest* of bonnets upon her head, and with a reticule basket, of no very small dimensions hanging upon her arm. To look in the young lady's face, you would not take the trouble to turn your head if you met her in a crowded street, but as she emerges from a coal-black cottage, followed to its door by a he-woman, and then disappears in a trice, into the darkness of a neighboring dwelling, you become curious to see and know who she may be.

Her face is not handsome, or beautiful, or even pretty; her figure is not pinched into fashionable propriety, nor does she wear those thin soled shoes, which keep undertakers busy and make sextons rejoice; her hands are cased in no lemon-colored kids, and her shoulders never kept company with a cashmere shawl. But without showy attractions, her features are of a thoughtful cast, and one could scarcely better describe them than by the word "interesting." If you observe her closely, you will perceive that at some of the cottage doors she merely stops—draws a tract from her basket, and quietly drops it; but in other instances you may see her sitting inside the doorway, whilst the owner of the place is dropping innumerable curtesies, and *miss*-ing her at every second word. Well, reader, we have sketched for you as accurately as we can, a country Parson's daughter—the child of the Vicar of the parish. We are drawing no imaginary portrait. The young lady we have taken the liberty of sketching was a reality of flesh and

blood. *Was*, we say, for having finished her work, she has gone to her reward. Great as her talents were, and admired, and beloved as she was by all who knew her, she yet found it to be her highest privilege to attempt the enlightenment of the colliers of Kingswood. Since we saw her, Miss E—— married, became a mother, and died; but in many a cottage of the coal hamlet, her memory is fragrant.

With reference to the present benighted state of Kingswood, we will here relate one anecdote, which displays a state of ignorance perfectly frightful to contemplate.

Mr. E——, the father of the young lady we have been alluding to, was one day called to visit a poor old woman, who was said to be on the point of death. On entering her apartment, he found her in the last stage of consumption, and in much distress of mind. Although she had been born and brought up in his parish, it appeared that she had never been inside a church, and consequently was entirely ignorant of the first principles of Christianity. When he had talked with her for some time, the poor creature manifested some interest in what he said, and after he had explained to her how God's only Son came on earth, suffered, bled, and died for sinners, he told her that such a sacrifice was made for *her*.

"Well," said she, "he must ha' gone through a mort o' trouble." The clergyman redoubled his exertions to pour light upon her darkened mind, and after he had again alluded to Christ's agonies, the old woman lifted up her hands, and after compassionately exclaiming, "Poor young gen'leman! I hope from my heart as it mightn't be true," fell back and died.

\* \* \* \* \*

Kingswood is all alive this evening, for it is seldom enough that anything more exciting than a coal pit accident occurs, (and that is something in the way of business,) to disturb the stagnant pool of their affairs. But now, it being understood that a great "Paason" from "Brummagem" is going to preach in their chapel, there are unusual washings and polishings up; and as the hour for commencing the service approaches, forth from many of the cottages the inhabitants emerge, while at the doors of other dwellings, colliers, just from the pit,

lounge stupidly; and around the public houses are groups of dingy men and women, who jeer the better disposed portion of the inhabitants as they seek the House of Prayer; nor do our companion and ourself escape without sundry remarks on our dress, which are by no means complimentary.

At length, we reach the little chapel; already is it crowded, and although the side windows are let down as far as possible, the heat is almost unbearable; so calm is the evening, that the leaves of trees just outside the chapel are as still as though the stems were made of iron. Streams of perspiration trickle down the walls, and the faces of the few colliers, who had ventured within the doors with unwashed faces, look as though they had been polished with Day and Martin's jet. But no one complains—all are on tip-toe to hear the great man from the Iron Metropolis.

How very different are the realities of life, from what we are apt to imagine them to be! When we read Mr. Angel James' works, we considered their author to be a mild looking, middle-aged gentleman, with a most benevolent cast of countenance, and one of the softest voices in the world. In the whole course of our lives we were never more mistaken; and, indeed, this is generally the case with most of us; we are apt to paint imaginary pictures of famous people, and familiarise ourselves with a certain set of features, until we arrive at the belief that they are daguerrotypes; but when we see the individual face to face, he is generally directly the opposite of what we supposed him; and thus was it with our fancy-portrait John Angel James—it was just the reverse of what the original turned out to be.

Whilst the first hymn was being sung, we heard a bustle near the door of the chapel, and turning round to ascertain the cause, saw about half a dozen gentlemen entering, and with some difficulty making their way through the crowded aisle. They were headed by the regular minister, and he was no dwarf, but behind him was one who towered far above him. This gentleman was ushered to the pulpit, and there he took his seat.

"Why that, surely, cannot be Mr. James?" I asked.

"If it's not him—it is his ghost," was our friend's reply.

That the occupant of the sacred desk was no shadow was quite evident, for we almost fancy we heard the pulpit creak as he sat in it; and when he arose to commence the service, the flesh and blood reality convinced us that indeed, a living man stood before us. Let us describe him.

He was, as we have intimated, tall, and he was stout in proportion. The head was rather of a globular shape, and scantily covered with hair, amongst which Time had scattered his silver seed. The forehead was not remarkably high, but it was broad, and, as a phrenologist might say, well developed. The eyes small and piercing, and the nose somewhat of the shortest, and the mouth large. The shape of the face was rather round than oval; its skin was rough—almost granulated, and its complexion was anything but what people style fair. Now, reader, let this head be attached to a capacious chest, and a frame and limbs seemingly of iron strength, and you may form some notion of the Rev. John Angel James, as, clad in gown and bands, he stands in the pulpit of little Kingswood chapel. As we gaze on him, we involuntary say to ourselves—"Well, he is, just such a preacher as we ought to have imagined would come from Birmingham, where stalwart and sinewy men abound;" and we cannot tell how it was, but so it was, that as we still looked at Mr. James, visions of sledge-hammers, and ponderous anvils, and moving monstrous beams flitted before our mind's eye. Who can resist the spells of association—almost absurd though at times they may be?

Mr. James, after another minister has gone through the preliminary portions of the service, rises, opens the Bible, and selects his text. It is from the portion of the Old Testament where Nathan exclaimed to King David, "Thou art the man." The voice of the preacher is deep, and not unmelodious, and his manner exceedingly solemn. As he is about to read his text for the second time, he looks searchingly around, and as he gazes from pew to pew, he repeats the word "Thou" several times; when he has completed his survey of

the chapel, he, in low and thrilling accents, adds—"art the man." Commencing with reference to the context, the preacher drew a vivid picture of David's crime, and Nathan's fearless exposure of it, and then with admirable conciseness divided his subject into appropriate heads, and proceeded with great power to enlarge upon them. The style of the reverend gentleman was what may be termed forcible; he sought not to use florid sentences, or brilliant metaphors, or flashing rhetoric, to impress the truth on his hearers; but, as with a sledge-hammer, he drove the nail of conviction to the heart, and by vigorous efforts, sought to clench it—if we may be permitted to use such a rough simile. There was no dallying with the welfare of immortal souls, no finessing with the matters of infinite importance. Stern, solemn, irrefragable truths were proclaimed, and insisted on. Yet with all there was no coarseness, nothing vulgar, nought which might offend the most fastidious. Great strength of intellect was evinced, and vast powers of thinking were brought to bear on the subject chosen. And when the wind-up of the sermon came, the solemn, earnest, almost terrible appeals of the minister to the various classes of his hearers, were thrilling indeed, and evidently produced a mighty effect on all who heard him. "*Thou art the man*" rang in many an ear, we doubt not, long after the discourse terminated.

Great effects are frequently produced by short and pithy texts—that is, when they are handled by able men. Some years since, we heard the celebrated William Dawson, of Leeds, deliver one of the most telling of even his sermons, from a text of four heads:—"Why will ye die?" He divided his discourse into four heads—taking one word of his text as a basis of each subdivision:

- I.—*Why will ye die?*
- II.—*Why will ye die?*
- III.—*Why will ye die?*
- IV.—*Why will ye die?*

In this manner asking a reason; inquiring as to choice; making a personal question of it; and lastly, summing up the whole, by a consideration of death. In our opinion, four sim-

pler, or more self-evident sections of the subject could not be discerned, though years should be employed in the endeavor to discover such.

The sermon concluded just after the sun had gone down, and twilight had commenced its sweet, but short reign; a hymn was sung very sweetly—a brief prayer was offered up, and we left the chapel and proceeded homewards.

“The moon was up and yet it was not night.”

And pleasantly we rattled along the high road conversing on the sermon we had heard. Soon we entered the great city once more, and with the sounds of Angel James' voice still ringing in our ears, sought—

“Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

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### COMETS AND POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

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Of all the celestial objects which have arrested the attention of mankind, none have excited such general and lively apprehension as those to the consideration of which we purpose to devote a few pages. A volume might be filled with the wild conjectures, which ignorance and fear have formed, with reference to the character and office of comets. The Romans looked upon a comet, which was seen in the year 44 before our era, as a celestial chariot conveying the soul of Cæsar, who had been assassinated a short time before its advent, to the skies. Christians have borrowed to some extent this pagan fancy, and deemed cometary bodies the vehicles in which departed spirits are shipped for the realms of paradise; but they have more generally inclined to a darker notion, to the effect that these bodies are the abodes of “spirits damn'd.” This view was favored by “so acute a philosopher as Dr. Cheyne,” to quote from an old pamphlet in our possession bearing the title of “An Essay on Comets, their Nature, the Laws of their Motions, the Cause and Magnitude of their Atmosphere, and Tails; With a conjecture of their Use and Design. Sold by Rogers and Fowle, at their Printing-House, next to the Prison in Queen Street, Boston, 1744. This pamphlet although dated 1744, makes no allu-

sion to the comet of that year. Long quotations are made from the pages of Dr. Cheyne, who, after having stated a theory with which he is little satisfied, remarks:

“I think it is more probable that these frightful Bodies are the Ministers of Divine Justice, and in their Visits, lend us Benign or Noxious Vapors, according to the Designs of Providence; that they may have brought and may still bring about the great Catastrophes of our System, by raising the Tides, changing the Figures and the Positions of the Planets, and the very Nature of the Orbits themselves; and that they may be the Habitation of Animals in a state of Punishment; which, if it did not look too notional, there are many Arguments to render not improbable. As I have hinted, these blazing Stars seem not designed for the Habitation of Animals in a State of Happiness, nay even scarce of Animals not under a State of Punishment; they may be the first *Rudiments of Planets*, not as yet brought into our *System*, or rather the *Ruins* of some banished thence, to wander in these long *Eccentric Orbits*, through the World. But most likely they are the Ministers of Divine Justice, sending baneful Streams, from their long Trains, upon the Planets, as they come nigh; and if what is said of them by Astrologers be true, they seldom visit us without some such direful Salutation. However, from them we may learn that Divine Vengeance, may find a Seat of Punishment of his disobedient Creatures, without being put to the expense of a new Creation.”

These quotations are improved by the author of the pamphlet, according to the ancient Puritan custom, by sundry ejaculations, of which the following may serve as a specimen: “When I see a vast Comet, blazing and rolling about the unmeasureable Æther, I will think:

“Who can tell but I now see a Wicked World made a fiery Oven in the Time of the Anger of GOD! The Lord swallowing them up in his Wrath and the Fire devouring them!

“What prodigious Mischief and Ruin might such a *Ball of Confusion* bring upon our sin-

lobe, if the Great God order its approach unto us!

*"Si fractus illabatur Orbis,  
Impavidum ferient Ruinae."*

In all ages, not excepting even our own enlightened century, malignant influences have been ascribed to these mysterious visitors from distant space. Sometimes, indeed, their advent has been supposed to be auspicious. Thus the comet, which in 1680, by its vast size, its velocity, and its form, profoundly impressed the minds of Europe, engaging the accurate observation of Flamstead and Cassini, and the mathematical science of Bernouilli, Newton and Halley, was considered by Newton to be identical with that which appeared about the time of Cæsar's death, and was secretly regarded by the young Augustus as a presage of his own glory, as well as the chariot of the dictator's soul. It was this comet, however, the return of which Whiston, calculating backwards the periodic time, brought into coincidence with era of the deluge, and which he conceived to have been its agent. Whiston also broached, with reference to this body, the presumptuous idea, alluded to by Cheyne, that lost spirits are incarcerated in it, and hurried by it to the extremes of perishing cold and devouring fire, as a part of their punishment. Four recorded visits to our firmament have been made by this *Lampadias*, as the Byzantine writers called it, because of its resemblance to a burning lamp. The first occurred during the games at Rome in honor of the assassinated Cæsar; the second in 531, in the fifth year of Justinian's reign; the third in 1105, during the reign of Henry II; and the fourth in 1680, "when" says an English writer, "there was cultivated science able to grapple with its phenomena, and divest them of a supernatural character." It will not appear for the fifth time until more than three centuries and a half have elapsed, and Gibbon has speculated upon its course and phase engaging the astronomers in some future capital in the Siberian or American wilderness.

The comet of 1680 had scarcely vanished in 1681 from the heavens, when it was replaced by that of 1682, the first whose return was

predicted and determined. This body has made twelve successive returns, as far as can be ascertained. The 1006 is conceived to have been identical with it. Its first recorded appearance was immediately prior to the Danish invasion of England, and during the declining days of the empire of the Caliphs. Its second visit is not recorded, and the third and fourth are barely mentioned by the annalists. Its fifth return was in the year 1305, when the papal chair was removed to Avignon, the Swiss cantons were effecting their independence, and Edward the I. was tyrannizing over Scotland. With the historical occurrences at each period of its return, it was of course, presumed by popular opinion to be connected. No details are preserved of its next visit in 1380, but in 1456 its appearance filled all Christendom with consternation. It passed very near to the earth, and swept the heavens with a tail extending over sixty degrees, in the form of a sword or sabre. The Turks had just become masters of Constantinople, and threatened an advance into the heart of Europe. The comet variously excited hope or fear, according as it was deemed to favor the crescent or cross. The Turks themselves viewed it with great distrust, while the Pope, Calixtus III., regarded it as in league with the Moslems, and in his dread of its influence, ordered the *Ave Maria* to be repeated by the faithful three times a day instead of two, and moreover, directed the church bells to toll at noon, a custom which still prevails in Catholic countries. The worthy old Puritans of New England were probably not aware that their practice of ringing the meeting-house bells at 12 o'clock, is "a relic of Popery."

At the eighth return of this comet the New World had been discovered, and the invention of printing had prepared the way for intellectual and religious reform of the Old World. Before its ninth appearance in 1607, the Copernican system had been broached, and Galileo and Kepler were laboring to establish it. The course of the comet, as then visible, was through Ursa Major, Bootes, Serpentis, and Ophiucus. Its tail is described as long and thick, like a flaming lance or sword. It is this comet doubtless, which suggested to Milton

the following comparison, in a passage countenancing the popular superstition :

"Satan stood  
Unterrified, and like a comet burned,  
That fires the length of Ophiucus huge,  
In the arctic sky, and from its horrid hair  
Shakes pestilence and war."

The apparant magnitude of its head was greater than that of any of the fixed stars, or Jupiter; and the chroniclers of the day enumerate among its direful effects, the death of the Duke of Lorraine, and a great war between the Swedes and Danes. Cardinal Mazarine, who was dying when it made its appearance, exclaimed, when informed of it by his servile attendants, "the comet does me much honor," a circumstance which led Shakespeare to say, happily alluding to this sycophancy,

"When beggars die there are no comets seen."

The tenth return of this comet was in the time of Newton and Halley. At the eleventh, in 1759, it was a pale and feeble object, scarcely visible without the aid of a powerful reflecting telescope. In 1835, its twelfth advent, it was much more distant. How few, how very few of those who caught a glimpse of it then, will be living to see it upon its thirteenth return in 1911!

Without dwelling upon the brilliancy of the next most remarkable comet of modern times, that of 1743, which was visible, like several others, even in day-time, or upon the striking appearance of its successor in 1744, or upon alterations of orbit which have befallen Lexel's "lost comet," as it has been jestingly but untruly called, or upon the corruscations, flickering and vanishing like northern lights, of the comet of 1807, we come to that of 1811, the finest that has adorned our heavens since the age of Newton. "This was visible for more than three months in succession, to the naked eye, shining with great splendor, the observed of all observers. It was a comet of the first class in point of magnitude and luminosity. Its brilliant tail at its greatest elongation, had an extent of 123 millions of miles, by a breadth of 15 millions; and thus, supposing the nucleus of the comet to have been placed on the sun, and its tail in the plane of the orbits of

the planets, it would have reached over those of Mercury, Venus, the Earth, and have bordered on that of Mars. At its nearest approach to us, the comet was yet distant 141 millions of miles, so that even had the tail pointed to the earth, its extremity would have been 18 millions of miles away from its surface." What an immense space will have to be traversed by this comet before its next return, which, at the lowest estimate, cannot occur before the year 4867! The Rev. Thomas Milner, author of "Astronomy and Scripture," whose description of this comet has just been employed, and who is our authority for some of the facts to which allusions are made in the present article, observes that its appearance "was strikingly ornamental to the evening sky. Many a reaper late in the harvest-field stayed his hand, and many a peasant homeward-bound stopped in the way to gaze upon the celestial novelty as it grew into distinctness with the declining day. The Ettrick shepard has left a memorial of his impressions in the well-known lines :

"Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!  
Shred from the pale of glory riven,  
That flashest in celestial gale—  
Broad pennon of the King of Heaven!

What'er portends thy front of fire,  
And streaming looks so lovely pale;  
Or peace to men, or judgment dire,  
Stranger of Heaven, I bid thee hail!

The high temperature of 1811, its bountiful harvest, its abundant vintage, were assigned by popular opinion to the influence of the resplendent comet; and "the wine of the comet" was sold afterwards at high prices. No doubt but that precisely different circumstances would have been as ignorantly connected with the same cause. Indeed, no small amount of superstitious fear was blended with the feelings of wonder and admiration excited by it; and as the great comet of 1680 had been deemed a presage of the revocation of the edict of Nantes; the persecution of the French Protestants, and the long wars that ensued, so was the beautiful and transient visitor of 1811 abused in a similar manner. It was widely regarded as the herald of some awful terrestrial occurrence, and the particular event intended was

not doubtful to many minds when Napoleon led his legions from the west to perish amid the snows of Russia, and Moscow was in flames!

Of the two comets whose periodicity has been ascertained—that which received the name of Encke in 1819, and that which M. Biela determined in 1826—the latter excited lively apprehensions for the safety of our globe, prior to its return in 1842. The alarm was principally confined, however, to the Parisians, whose terrors on account of the comet expected in 1793 was so great that Lalande was then requested by the civil authorities to interfere to assuage it. Following his example, Arago wrote in 1832 a celebrated treatise to show the groundlessness of the alarm.

If the limits of these notes would allow, we should gladly do more than make a passing reference to that splendid object which, in the Spring of 1843, startled the world by its apparition in the western heavens, soon after sunset, like a streak of aurora, streaming from the region of the sun below the constellation of Orion. Like nearly all other observers, we at first mistook it for the zodiacal light; but its aspect and movements proved it to be a comet of the very largest class. We allude to it here for the purpose of illustrating our statement that even in this enlightened century, superstitious notions are held concerning the influence of comets. There were in our community some, who without regarding it, as many of the fanatical Millerites, as foretoking the speedy destruction of the world, still could not gaze at it untroubled by a nameless feeling of doubt and fear. From the graphic narrative of a European traveling at that date in our American wilds, we learn that the Indians around him viewed the comet as the precursor of pestilence and famine. One of his companions, Tamanuá, a young Wapishina, broke the silence with which the whole party for some time stared at the luminous train of the stranger star. "This," exclaimed he, "is the Spirit of the Stars, the dreadful Capishi—famine and pestilence awaits us!" The others immediately burst into a torrent of declamation, lamenting the appearance of the dreaded Capishi, and raising, with violent ges-

ticulations, their arms towards the comet. Although thus sharing the dread inspired by the same cause among the uninstructed during all ages, and in every clime, these simple children of nature have nevertheless given more expressive names, than civilized nations, to this magnificent phenomenon. One of the above mentioned party called the comet *Watiama*, signifying, like Capishi, the "Spirit of the Stars." The Macusi Indians called it *Ca-poseima*, a fiery cloud," or *Wa-inopsa*, "a sun casting its light behind. We do not know what appellation the Turks may have bestowed upon the comet of 1843, but the following extract from a letter dated at Constantinople, shows that they were not a whit behind the Indian in the superstition which still attaches extraordinary influences to these celestial visitants.

"The appearance of this phenomena excited general interest among the natives. The *mounejimbashy* (chief astrologer) declares that it prognosticates great disasters to the people living southwards; it forbodes, in the first place, divers calamities to Greece; and, secondly, a termination of French Razias in Algiers. On the other hand, the Greek priests, with no other instruments than their spectacles, announce that they read in its luminous tail the restoration of the profligate Greek empire, and the downfall of modern rule in Europe. Then again, the Persian muchats at the Valide Khan all stroke their beards, and swear by the twelve Imans that the meteor represents the flaming death-bladed sword of Ali, uplifted to wreak vengeance upon the heretic followers of Omer, for the outrages recently committed upon the sainted tombs of Kerbehah."

Thus, in 1843,

"The blazing wonder glares anew,

And o'er the trembling nation shakes dismay,"

precisely like a similar object, which, in 1618, was believed in France, to foreshadow another Bartholomew massacre; in Holland, to predict the death of Barnweldt; at Vienna, its fiery aspect was viewed as symbolic of destruction to the Bohemian heretics; while in England it was connected with the death of James' queen. The prejudices of ignorance have been vanished, but not exterminated by modern discovery.

Centuries have elapsed since comets were regarded as heralds of Political misfortune, or of fatal physical events, and superstition, who invested them with that character, still disputes, although vainly, the encroaching empire of science.

The comet of 1857 is leaving us without having achieved the disaster predicted by nervous and terrified astronomers, and anticipated by the superstitious, who abandoned their accustomed labor to brood enervatingly over an imaginary catastrophe. Printers can no longer make it a bug-bear to frighten delinquent subscribers into the payment of their bills. Sectarrians must seek other events for proselyting capital, and lovers of the marvelous may cease speculating on famine, pestilence, strange births, cold seasons, or other wonderful consequences following its hairy train of light.

Vague fears, expressed by such as are supposed to know more than do the masses of the people, are often sufficient to disturb the public tranquility, and it is not strange that when apprehensions definitely expressed, and apparently demonstrated by figures, emanate from scientific sources, although *really* the result of miscalculations, they should perceptibly derange the quietude of those of more equable temperament and stronger faith in the stability of Nature's laws. The most brilliant phenomena of the heavens have always excited terror in uneducated minds, and many of the better informed, even, have felt relief when celestial visitants of rare and startling beauty, attended by a train of glory, having flamed adieu to their vision, and left our sky to its old-fashioned scintillations and the unpretended blinking of its familiar stars.

KEEN RETORT.—A "fast" man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher. "Do you believe," said he, "in the story of the Prodigal Son and the Fatted Calf?" "Yes," said the preacher. "Well then, was it a male or a female calf that was killed?" "A female," promptly replied the divine. "How do you know that?" "Because (looking the interrogator in the face,) I see the male is alive now."

### FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

POETS have sung the praises of faith, hope, charity; the painter has exhibited the holy three in all the glowing colors of his pencil; and the sculptor has given them in the pure and almost breathing forms of his marble; while the orator has employed them as the ornaments of his eloquence. But our orators, poets, sculptors, and painters have strongly misunderstood them, and too often proved that they knew nothing of them but as the abstractions of their genius: what they presented to the eye were mere earthly forms, which bear no resemblance to these divine and spiritual graces; and multitudes have gazed with admiration, kindling into rapture, on the productions of the artist, who at the same time had no taste described by them.

Religion is a thing essentially different from a regard to classic elegance: not, indeed, that it is opposed to it; for as it refines the heart, it may be supposed to exert a favorable influence on the understanding, and by correcting the *moral* taste, to give still clearer perception of the sublime and beautiful. It is greatly to be questioned, however, whether religion has not received more injury than benefits from the fine arts: whether men have not become carelessly familiar with the more awful realities of truth, by the exhibition of the poet, the painter and the engraver; and whether they have not mistaken those sensibilities which have been awakened by a contemplation of the more tender and touching scenes of revelation, as described upon the canvass or the marble, for the emotions of true piety.

Perhaps the "Paradise Lost" has done very little to produce any serious concern to avoid everlasting misery; the "Descent from the Cross," by Rubens, or the "Transfiguration," by Raphael, as little to draw the heart to the great objects of Christianity. Innumerable representations, and many of them very splendid productions too, have been given of faith, hope and charity. It is not the emotion awakened by a picture presented to the eye, nor by a sound addressed to the ear, but by the contemplation of a fact or statement laid before the mind, that constitutes piety.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

YOU DO LOVE ME SO DEARLY.—There are times when we learn as much from our children as they learn from us. There is something in the artless simplicity of childhood that proves stronger than the careworn severity of mature years. I was sitting at the piazza at evening, musing too doubtfully upon the future, and letting the clouds of care darken the beauty of a brilliant sunset. I will not say what burden weighed upon the spirit, nor what doubt had risen as to the course of Divine Providence. Just then little feet were heard, and my child ran gaily to my extended arms. Catching the playful spirit of my little girl, I seized her in my arms and held her over the railing as if to let her fall. Astonished at her want of fear I asked, "What, not afraid?" Why don't you cry? Won't I let you fall?" "No, *Papa loves me so dearly!*" was the instant reply.

I cannot tell what instruction distilled like cordial through my soul. The words of perfect confidence lingered in my ears and entered my heart. It is impossible that a father's love should let fall the child who lies smiling in his arms. How then can the Heavenly Father let fall the children who trust in him. Every doubt is rebuked and every dark foreboding put to blush, by the lesson which a child has uttered. Are we not the sons of God? And is our future destiny too sublime for comprehension, so it doth not yet appear what we shall be; and still shall we fear to lie passive in our Father's arms? Does he not love us too dearly to let us fall? If he did not refuse the greatest boon, but "delivered Him up for us all," will he not also freely give us all things? With an adequate idea of our relations to God as His adopted ones, can we justify one doubt, can we harbor one fear as to the future? If God is our Father, does he not love us all too dearly to let any evil befall us? Will he not make all things work together for our good?—*N. Y. Observer.*

## FELIX NEFF'S—THE SWISS PASTOR—FAREWELL TO HIS FLOCK.

My friends, my Alpine flock, on you  
My dying looks are cast;  
For soon the voice of him you knew  
And loved, shall speak its last.

But though a shadow scarce remain  
Of this elastic form,  
That once could brave the hurricane,  
And meet the freezing storm,—

I am not weak; celestial strength  
Supports me in my pain,  
Upheld by Him whose arm at length  
Shall raise me up again.

And though beneath our snowy rock  
My earthly labors cease,  
Another to my cherished flock  
Shall break the bread of peace!

Yes, though *my* fleeting hours be told,  
Though I, the watchman, sleep,  
A better watch I leave my fold—  
"The Shepard of the sheep."

'Tis *now* our well-remembered nights  
Begun and closed in prayer,  
Our Sabbaths on the snowy heights,  
Our mutual toil and care,

Our glorious hope and sympathy,  
Our vows before the shrine,  
Come like the day-spring from on high,  
To cheer me where I pine!

And cheer'd I am! my fever's dream  
Is ripening into day!  
And you, my flock, my last fond theme,  
Pray for your Pastor, pray!

Pray for the church, your faith hold fast,  
Strive on as ye have striven;  
So shall we meet to form at last  
One family in heaven.

THE Thracians had a striking emblem of the almighty power of God. It was a sun with three beams—one shining upon a sea of ice and melting it; another upon a rock and melting it; and a third upon a dead man and putting life into him. And so the gospel is the *power of God* unto salvation to every one that believeth; it brings the hardest heart into a state of uniform obedience to the will of God; and quickens those who were dead in trespasses and sins.

**POPULAR DREAD OF THE COMET.**—In England the fear of harm from the approach of the expected comet has prevailed to a considerable extent, not only among the masses, but among the cultivated and aristocratic. Many have believed that the world was coming to an end on the 13th of June; the Scriptures have been anxiously searched for predictions of the event, and the priests and clergy have been perplexed with questions. Some have made preparations for the catastrophe by a course of fasting and prayer; others have foolishly squandered their property, believing in good sooth, that they would have no further need of it. This belief has prevailed—that on the day named, the fiery messengers of doom would be seen drawing nearer to our earth; that its massive bulk would spread and fill the whole visible horizon, enveloping this globe in utter darkness, drawing the water out of our seas and rivers, and finally converting the world into a heap of cinders. Some who have paid attention to scientific studies, have been of the opinion, on the other hand, that a sudden shock would be experienced from the collision, from which disastrous results were anticipated.

No man is a gentleman who, without provocation, would treat with incivility the humblest of his species. It is vulgarity for which no accomplishments of dress, or address can ever atone. Show me the man who desires to make every one around him happy, and whose greatest solicitude is never to give a just cause of offence to any one, and I will show you a gentleman by nature and by practice, though he may never have worn a suit of broadcloth, nor ever heard of a lexicon. I am proud to say for the honor of our species, there are men, in every throb of whose heart there is a solicitude for the welfare of mankind, and whose every breath is perfumed with perfect confidence.

**ESQUIMAUX CHILDREN.**—It is said that the Esquimaux children manifest greater readiness than European children of the same age, in committing to memory hymns and passages of Scripture. In arithmetic, however, they show but little talent, especially the boys.

**HOW AN ACTOR REGARDS IT.**—A young man having recently asked the advice of the most celebrated tragedian in this country in regard to engaging in the profession of a play-actor, he replied, "My advice to you is, never to go upon the stage. Seek some other and less precarious means to obtain a livelihood. Learn a trade, and by honesty, industry, temperance, and intellectual attainment, make yourself useful to society, and consequently respected and independent."

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#### CEASE RAILING AT FORTUNE.

Cease railing at Fortune,  
Meet life with a kiss,  
Nor needlessly wish it  
One cycle of bliss;  
For cares but embellish  
Our seasons of joy,  
Like feathery cloudlets  
That sprinkle the sky.

Cease railing at Fortune,  
Take life as it comes;  
If wanting its dainties  
Make glad o'er the crumbs.  
Each little is sweet, if  
A smile the lip wears,  
But bitter the morsel  
When moistened with tears.

*Tait's Magazine.*

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**CHRISTIAN POLICEMEN.**—A San Francisco paper states that the police judge of that city is President of the City Tract Society and an elder in a Presbyterian church, that one of the captains of police while on duty on the Sabbath, puts tracts in his pocket and distributes them, at least three policemen are active church members, who, instead of patronizing drinking-houses, as has been the custom, contrive how they may lessen intemperance.

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**SMILES.**—Various superstitions are attached to smiles. In some countries, a smile on the face of a corpse, which is by no means uncommon, is hailed as an evidence that the spirit of the departed is in bliss. The most beautiful superstition of all, however, is that of the Irish mother, who sees in the smiles of her sleeping infant a token that the angels are blessing it.

## THE JOY OF DOING GOOD.

Yes there's a joy in doing good  
 The selfish never know,  
 A draught so deep, so rich, and pure,  
 It sets the heart aglow ;  
 A draught so exquisitely rare  
 It thrills the soul with bliss,  
 And lifts it to a heav'nlier world,  
 Or makes a heav'n of this.

## "DIED YESTERDAY."

Every day is written this little sentence—"died yesterday," so and so. Every day a flower is plucked from some sunny home ; a breach is made in some happy circle ; a jewel stolen from some treasury of love. Each day from the sunny fields of life some harvester disappears—yea, every hour some sentinel falls from his post, and is thrown from the ramparts of time into the surging waters of eternity. Even as we write the funeral of one who died yesterday winds like a winter shadow along the street.

"Died yesterday"—who died? Perhaps it was a gentle babe, sinless as an angel, pure as the zephyr's hymn—one whose laugh was as the gush of summer rills loitering in the bower of roses—whose little life was but as a perpetual litany, a May-time crowned with the passion of flowers that never fade. Or, mayhap, it was a youth, hopeful and generous, whose path was hemmed by flowers, with not a serpent lurking underneath—one whose soul panted for communion with the great and good, and reached forth with earnest struggle for the guerdon in the distance. But the heart is still now; he "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday"—a young girl, pure as the orange flowers that clasped her brow, was stricken down as she stood at the altar ; and from the dim aisles of the temple, she was borne to the "garden of slumberers." A tall, crowned man, girt with the halo of victory, and at the day's close, under his own vine and fig tree fell to dust even as the anthem trembled upon his lips ; and he too was laid "where the rude fore-fathers of the hamlet sleep." An angel patriarch bowed with age and cares, even as he looked out upon the distant hills for

the coming of the angel host, sank into a dreamless slumber ; and on his door post is written, "died yesterday."

"Died yesterday." Daily, men, women and children are passing away ; and hourly, in some graveyard, the soil is flung upon the dead. As often in the morn we find some flower that blushed sweetly in the sunset has withered up forever, so, daily when we rise from the bivouac to stand against our posts, we miss some brother soldier, whose cheery cry in the siege and struggles of the past, has been as a fire from heaven upon our hearts.

Each day some pearl drops from the jewel thread of friendship—some lyre to which we have been wont to listen, has been hushed forever. But wise is he who mourns not the peal and the music lost, for life with him shall pass away gently as an eastern shadow from the hills, and death be a triumph and gain.

## CONTENTMENT.

BY WILLIAM RODERICK LAWRENCE.

BUT few the hearts where true content,  
 Doth in its fullness dwell,  
 And few there be who rightly prize  
 Its calm and holy spell.

To its possessor it is more  
 Than all the gems of earth :  
 It is a rare and blessed gift,  
 And owns a heavenly birth.

We may be rich without the wealth  
 That falls to some below ;  
 We may be poor, yet millions own,  
 As earthly riches go.

But he who true contentment feels,  
 However low his lot,  
 Bears in his heart a jewel rare,  
 That will forsake him not.

WISDOM WITH WEAKNESS.—When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions.

THE heart is a cup which is empty till it overflows. We have nothing to enjoy till we have something to impart. He only lives who is not a reservoir but a fountain.

## THE QUEEN AND THE QUAKERESS.

In the summer of 1818, her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte visited Bath accompanied by the Princess Elizabeth. The waters soon affected such a respite in the pair of the royal patient, that she proposed an excursion to a park of some celebrity in the neighborhood, then the estate of a rich widow lady belonging to the Society of Friends. Notice was given of the Queen's intention, and a message returned that she would be welcome. Our illustrious traveler, had perhaps, never before any personal intercourse with a member of the persuasion whose votaries never voluntarily paid taxes to "the man George, called king by the vain ones." The lady and gentleman who were to attend the royal visitants, had but feeble ideas of the reception to be expected. It was supposed that the Quaker would at least say, "Thy Majesty," "Thy Highness," or "Madame."

The royal carriage arrived at the lodge of the park punctually at the appointed hour. No preparations appeared to have been made; no hostess or domestics stood ready to greet the guest. The porter's bell was rung; he stepped forth deliberately, with his broad-brimmed beaver on, and unbendingly accosted the lord in waiting with, "what's thy will friend?"

This was almost unreasonable. "Surely," said the nobleman, "your mistress is aware that her Majesty—go to your mistress and say that the Queen is here."

"No, truly," answered the man, "it needeth not—I have no mistress or lady; but my friend Racheal Mills is expecting thine. Walk in."

The Queen and the princess were handed out, and walked up the avenue. At the door of the house stood the plainly attired Rachel who, without even a curtesy, but with a cheerful nod said, "Howe's thee do friend? I am glad to see thee and thy daughter. I wish thee well. Rest and refresh thee and thy people, before I show thee my grounds."

What could be said to such a person? Some condescension was attempted, implying that her Majesty came not only to view the park, but to testify her esteem for the society to

which Mistress Mills belonged. Cool and unawed, she answered, "Yes, thou art right there. The friends are well thought of by most folks; but they need not the praise of the world; for the rest, many strangers gratify their curiosity by going over this place, and it is my custom to conduct them myself; therefore I will do the like to thee, friend Charlotte. Moreover, I think well of thee as a dutiful wife and mother. Thou hast had thy trials, and so has thy good partner. I wish thy grandchild well through hers." (She alluded to the Princess Charlotte.)

It was so evident that the Friends meant kindly, nay, respectfully, that no offence could be taken. She escorted her guests through her estate. The Princess Elizabeth noticed in the hen-house a breed of poultry hitherto unknown to her, and expressed a wish to possess some of these rare fowls, imagining that Mrs. Mills would regard her wish as law; but the Quakeress merely remarked with her characteristic evasion, "They are rare, as thou sayest; but if they are to be purchased in this land or other countries, I know of few women likelier than thyself to procure them with ease."

Her royal highness more plainly expressed her desire to purchase some of those which she now beheld.

"I do not buy or sell," answered Rachel.

"Perhaps you will give me a pair?" persevered the princess.

"Nay, verily," replied Rachel Mills, "I have refused many friends—and that which I denied to my kinswoman, Martha Ash, it becometh me not to grant to any. We have long had it to say that these birds belonged only to our house; and I can make no exception in thy favor."

GOD doth reserve his richest cordials for our sharpest faintings. It is observable that just after the invasion of Zihleg, in which David's family was carried away captive, and they all wept until they had no more power to weep, the crown of Israel was brought him, and the people besought him to accept it.

ALWAYS ABOUNDING.—In a court or in a coal-pit; in a senate or in a work-shop, aim at the conversion of all about you.

## READING ONE OWN'S OBITUARY.

The tenure of Major Generalship of Massachusetts, like that of a good many other officers in that ancient commonwealth, is for life or during good behavior. The Boston Transcript says that one of the former lived so long that a wicked wag, at his reported death, gave as a sentiment at a public dinner, "The memory of our late Major General—may he be eternally rewarded in heaven, for his *everlasting* services on earth." Judge of the surprise of the author of this toast, on learning, the next day, that the report was false, and the veteran officer still alive.

This reminds us of an occurrence which took place in the same State some years ago. In the days of old Mycall, the Publisher of the Newburyport Herald, (a journal still alive and flourishing,) the sheriff of Essex, Phillip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last one day he told Mycall that he would certainly "hand over" the next morning as sure as he lived. "If you dont get your money to-morrow, you may be sure I am dead," said he.

The morrow came and passed, but no money. Judge of the sheriff's feelings, when, on the morning of the day after, he opened his Herald, and saw announced the lamented decease of Phillip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached, giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored: he was punctual in paying the printer.

Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the Herald office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more? Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office, to deny that he was dead, in *propria persona*.

"Why Sheriff!" exclaimed the facetious editor, "I thought you were defunct!"

"Defunct!" exclaimed the sheriff. "What put that idea into your head?"

"Why, yourself!" said Mycall. "Did you not tell me ——"

"Oh! ah! yes! I see!" stammered out the sheriff. "Well! there's your money! And now contradict the report in the next paper if you please."

"That's not necessary, friend Bagley," said the old joker; *it was only printed in your copy!*"

The good sheriff lived many years after this "sell" and to the day of his real death always took good care to *pay the printer*.

PHILOSOPHICAL.—"Steve," said one ebony to another the other day, "kin you tell me what makes de thunder and lightnin?"

"Who me? Sartinly I kin."

"Well procced to lightnin."

"You see de cholic air runs aginst de atmospheric element'ry spellin' book, and splits it wide open; dat makes de lightnin', and de noise perjusted when dey comes togedder makes de thunder. You see now?"

"Lookee heah, how long did you work at de spellin' book bindin' biziness?"

"You go to choppin out cotton, or I'll chop out yer wool!"

BIBLE BONES.—An old man once said: "For a long period I have puzzled myself about the difficulties of the Scripture, till at last I came to the resolution that reading the Bible was like *eating fish*. When I find a difficulty, I lay it aside and call it a *bone*. Why should I choke on the bone, when there is so much nutritious meat for me? Some day perhaps, I may find that even the bones may afford me nourishment." Would that there were less of picking of bones, and more of feasting on the substantial food with which infinite love has spread the spiritual board!

An old lady entirely out of the preacher's voice, at a camp meeting, being found sobbing, was asked why she wept, since she could not hear the words of the minister.

"Oh," said she, "I can see the holy wag of his head."

## THE MINUTENESS OF CREATION.

How small is the mite! yet on the application of the microscope it is seen to be an animal, perfect in its limbs, active in its motions,\* of a regular form, full of life and sensibility, and provided with all requisite organs. But Leuwenhock tells us of insects seen with a microscope of which twenty-seven millions would only be equal to a mite, yet each of these animalculæ is an organized body, provided with a heart, with lungs, with muscles, glands, arteries, and veins, with blood and other fluids passing through them.

Insects of various kinds are discernable in the cavities of a common grain of sand. The mouldy substance on damp bodies exhibits a region of minute plants. Sometimes it appears a forest of trees, whose branches, leaves, flowers, and fruits are clearly distinguished.—Some of the flowers have long white transparent stalks, and the heads, before they open, are little green balls, which become white. The particles of dust on the wing of a butterfly prove, by the microscope, to be beautiful and well arranged little feathers. By the same instrument, every hair of our head is seen to be a hollow tube. The surface of our skin has scales resembling those of a fish, but so minute, that a single grain would cover 250; and a single scale covers 500 pores, whence issues the sensible perspiration necessary to health; consequently a single grain of sand can cover 135,000 pores of the human body. From a lighted candle there issues in a minute, more particles of light than there are grains in the whole earth; how vast then the numbers that flow in a day, or a year, or a century, from that immense body, the sun! Who can tell, then, where the grand chain of nature ceases to exist?—*Sillers*.

\* The mite makes 500 steps in a second:—each drop of stagnant water contains a little world of animated beings that swim about there, with as much freedom as a whale in the sea: each leaf of a tree is a colony of insects, resembling oxen grazing in large pastures. Every plant, every flower, affords food for millions of creatures.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little, you may often look over it altogether.

## WESTMINISTER ABBEY.

WHERE our Kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred; and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the height of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artful, and imaginary beauty.—There the warlike and peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised Princes mingle in their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that when we die our ashes shall be equal to Kings, and our accounts shall be easier, and our pains for our crimes shall be less.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

RELICS OF THE OLDEN TIME.—John Hames, probably the oldest man in America, is living in Murray County, Georgia, at the age of one hundred and thirty-four. He was ten years old when Washington was born, and was thirty-two at the time of Braddock's defeat, the news of which he heard as he with several of his neighbors were on their way to join him. He was in thirteen conflicts in the Revolutionary war, and in many skirmishes with Indians and Tories. A venerable lady is living in Nottingham, N. H., at the age of one hundred and six years. Though blind for thirty years, and very deaf, her mental faculties are bright and her memory retentive. She will sing hymns and repeat scripture passages committed to memory seventy years ago. She is the mother of twelve children, the oldest being eighty-four years and the youngest sixty. She has living eighty-one grandchildren, two hundred and thirteen great grandchildren, and eight great-great-grandchildren. She craves hearty or solid food twice a day, and enjoys good health.

WHENEVER we find our temper ruffled towards a parent, a wife, a sister or brother, we should pause and think, in a few months or years they will be in the spirit land, watching over us, or we may be there watching over them.

WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION—DELIVERED AT THEIR LATE CONVENTION.

BY C. K. WINSTON, M. D.

*Mr. President and Gentlemen of the American Medical Association:* This, I believe, is the tenth annual meeting of this Association. As Chairman of the Committee of Arrangement and Reception, I am charged with the agreeable duty of welcoming you to the State of Tennessee and the city of Nashville. I only regret that I have not language to express this sentiment with sufficient cordiality. I only add, gentlemen, in common phrase, "You are more than welcome."

You are the representatives of a profession distinguished alike for its antiquity, its scientific attainments, and its usefulness. It constitutes the true link between science and philanthropy—science and philanthropy, moral, intellectual and physical. You come from every portion of this glorious republic—from the Kennebec to the Rio Grande—from orange groves and golden sands—from mountains clad in eternal snow, and valleys smiling in perpetual verdure. You come not for purposes of self aggrandisement or personal ambition, nor yet to advance the schemes of parties or to stir up the antipathies of sections. "You know no North, no South, no East no West;" but you come as a company of philanthropists, a band of brethren, that you may pour the acquisitions of another year into a common treasury, kneel side by side at a common altar, and drink the living water as it gushes from a common fountain. You have come to maintain the dignity, to elevate the ensign of a profession, to which you have linked your fortunes.

You are the cultivators of a profession eminently progressive, and admitting to the fullest extent the spirit and genius of enterprise. So much may not be so fully said of others. Who could expect at this, or any other day, to embellish the Commentaries of Blackstone, or improve the pleadings of Chitty, or reposit the scales of justice? Where are the men with commissions, never so divine, who would attempt to recast the logic which made Felix tremble, or adorn the doctrine of justification by

faith? Who hopes now to shed additional light on the pathway to the skies, or sing in strains more immortal, the triumphs of the cross? Not so with Medicine—yours is a rising orb—magnificent in its proportions—while others have reached the zenith, yours has but begun to mount the heavens—while others have begun to fade, yours knows no eclipse, nor decline. You revere the name of Hippocrates and Sydenham, of Brown and Cullen, with a host of others; you treasure up their maxims, and admire the genius with which they struck out new truths, but you acknowledge no master, you fall down at the feet of no *Gamaliel*. You have come to the day of free thought, of free investigation, and free speech. You call in question the most hoary as well as the most recent fact, and you are daily revealing, in floods of light, principles hid from the foundation of the world.

You are eminently the students of nature. While others may be led along dubious paths, by mortal pedagogues, your teacher dwells in the realms of eternal light and guides with hand unseen and unerring, to essences and first causes. The formative chrysalis and germinal dot are alike transparent before you. You are taught the mysteries of the living principle; the scalpel and retort are your companions, while you revel in the wonders of the microscopic world. You understand, somewhat, the laws by which a mote or a mountain is formed, a monad or a man is made. The spear of grass which lifts its head in the distant solitude, the lordly oak and imperial cedar, instruct you, while air and earth and sea, with the creeping multitude, yield treasures at your command.

You are the veterans of a thousand battle-fields, not of mortal strife, where man meets man in sanguinary conflict; but where a secret and impalpable foe—a tyrant who has reigned from Adam until now—disposes his secret forces and directs their deadly shafts. When others have turned back affrighted and aghast, you, single-handed and alone, have met "the pestilence which walketh in darkness" and the destruction "which waiteth at noonday;" despoiled them of "the armor wherein they trusted," and have driven them, ignominiously from the field!

Were the victories which you have won, the conquests which you have achieved, known, you would be crowned with laurels more unfading, than those which entwined the brows of Greek or Roman conquerers.

But more and better than all, you are the lovers of your race, the friends of humanity. Scattered about all over this happy land, you emphatically "go about doing good." Your hearts beat in unison with human woe—your ears are open to the cry of human distress, whether it comes from the hovel or palace—you "wipe away the orphan's tear and cause the widow's heart to sing for joy"—upon your heads daily descend "the blessings of those who were ready to perish."

To such a body of men, thus actuated, thus coming, we extend a cordial welcome. We feel honored by your presence, and expect to be improved and elevated by your intercourse. We throw wide our doors and invite you to the hospitality of our homes and to the kinder affections of our hearts.

#### MONDAY MORNING REFLECTIONS.

The best thing thou canst possibly propound to thyself for thy continual study and endeavor in this world is, a happy departure out of it.

Let us use sometimes, to stop a little, and ask ourselves, What we are about? Whither we are going? And where all will end at last? Leave not off praying to God: for either praying will make thee leave off sinning; or continuing in sin will make thee desist from praying.

Shut thy ears equally against flatterers who excessively commend thee; and detractors, who basely revile others.

Think how many times thou hast been mistaken in thy own judgment; and learn by that experience not to be positive and obstinate.

We come far short of the spirit of our ministry, if our hearts be not intently fixed upon the promotion of personal holiness in the lives of the people; we fail entirely in the effects of our ministry, if our doctrine be not successful in securing it.

#### ELEVATION ABOVE THE WORLD.

It is a glorious thing to feel secure:  
In solitude, or mid the world's rude din,  
Against all fears to be sustained within;  
To make sweet music of thoughts just and pure,  
While we regard those ills we must endure  
As roots from which immortal joys begin,  
Recover'd from the soil of mortal sin  
By Him, whose banner is our coverture:

Glorious to see things as they are, and stand  
On Truth's serenest hill-top, far above  
The mists of error, where o'er shifting sand  
The uneasy travellers in mazes move;  
While from our Pisgah we behold the land  
Of promise, bright with God's eternal love.

#### THE CHRISTIAN.

Homeward see the Christian go,  
Through a strange and barren land;  
In the wilderness below  
He disdains to take his stand.

Thankful, should his path be bright  
Flowers and sun-beams gild his way;  
All things wear a lovely sight,  
'Tis his motto, "Watch and pray."

Homeward still, when storms appear,  
All things tend his soul to thrill;  
Up he looks, his Friend is near,  
Jesus whispers, "Peace, be still."

Reader, make not earth thy rest,  
Press thy passage to the sky;  
Seek to be supremely blest  
With the joys that never die.

#### CHRIST THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

The Light into the world is come,  
And darts into our nature's gloom.

The first divine enlivening ray:  
Happy who in the Light believes,  
And with that glimmering ray receives  
The promise of eternal day.

He shall not long in sin abide;  
The Light will bring him forth and guide  
His feet into the way of peace;  
With still increasing lustro shine,  
And fill his soul with love divine,  
With all the life of heavenly grace.

Two persons can hardly set up their booths  
in the same quarter of Vanity Fair, without  
interfering with, and therefore disliking each  
other.

De: Hylpi.

A SERMON BY DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

EXODUS, CHAPTER XX. VERSE 16.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."

NOTHING is more common than for men to make partial and absurd distinctions between vices of equal enormity, and to observe some of the divine commands with great scrupulousness, while they violate others equally important, without any concern, or the least apparent consciousness of guilt.

That to do our duty in part is better than entirely to disregard it, cannot be denied; and he that avoids some crimes from the fear of displeasing God, is, doubtless, far more innocent than he that has thrown off all restraint, has forgotten the distinctions of good and evil, and complies with every temptation. But it is a very dangerous mistake to conceive, that any man, by obeying one law, acquires the liberty of breaking another; or that all sins, equally odious to God or hurtful to men, are not, with equal care to be avoided.

We may frequently observe that men, who would abhor the thought of violating the property of another, by direct methods of oppression or rapine; men, on all common occasions, not only just, but kind and compassionate, willing to relieve the necessitous, and active in the protection of the injured, will, nevertheless, invade the characters of others with defamation and calumny, and destroy a reputation without remorse.

If every day did not convince us how little either good or bad men are consistent with themselves, it might be wondered how men, who own their obligations to the practice of some duties, can overlook in themselves the omission of others equally important, and enjoined by the same authority; and that those who avoid *theft*, because they are forbidden to *steal*, do not equally abstain from *calumny*, since they are no less forbidden "to bear false witness against their neighbor;" a prohibition, of which I shall endeavor to explain the na-

ture and enforce the necessity, by showing,

First, What are the different senses in which a man may be said "to bear false witness against his neighbor."

Secondly, The enormity of the sin of bearing false witness.

Thirdly, What reflections may best enable us to avoid it.

The highest degree of guilt forbidden by this law of God, is false testimony in a literal sense, or deliberate and solemn perjury in a court of justice, by which the life of an innocent man is taken away, the rightful owner stripped of his possessions, or an oppressor supported in his usurpations. This is a crime that includes robbery and murder, sublimed to the highest state of enormity, and heightened with the most atrocious aggravations. He that robs or murders by this method, not only does it, by the nature of the action, with calmness and premeditation, but by making the name of God a sanction to his wickedness. Upon this it is unnecessary to dwell long, since men, arrived at this height of corruption, are scarcely to be reformed by argument or persuasion; and, indeed, seldom suffer themselves to be reasoned with or admonished. It may be, however, proper to observe, that he who is ever so remotely the cause of any wickedness, if he really designs, and willingly promotes it, is guilty of that action in the same, or nearly the same degree with the immediate perpetrator; and, therefore, he that suborns a false witness, or procures such an one to be suborned, whether in his own cause or that of another, is guilty of the crimes of perjury in its utmost extent.

Nor is that man only perjured who delivers for truth what he certainly knows to be false; but he, likewise, that asserts what he does not know to be true: for as an oath taken implies, in the opinion of the magistrate who administers it, a knowledge of the fact required to be proved, he that, by offering himself an evidence, declares himself acquainted with what he is ignorant of, is guilty of bearing false witness; since, though what he swears should happen to be true, it is not true that he knew it.

Such remarks as these seem, at the first view, very trifling, because they are obvious, and yet are made necessary by the conduct of man-

kind. Every man, almost, has had opportunities of observing with what gross and artless delusions men impose upon themselves; how readily they distinguish between actions, in the eye of justice and of reason, equally criminal; how often they hope to elude the vengeance of heaven by substituting others to perpetrate the villanies they contrive; how often they mock God by groundless excuses; and how often they voluntarily shut their eyes, to leap into destruction.

There is another sense in which a man may be said to "bear false witness against his neighbor," a lower degree of the crime forbidden in the text; a degree in which multitudes are guilty of it, or, rather, from which scarcely any are entirely free. He that attacks the reputation of another by calumny, is, doubtless, according to the malignity of the report, chargeable with the breach of this commandment. Yet this is so universal a practice, that it is scarcely accounted criminal, or numbered among those sins which require repentance. Defamation is become one of the amusements of life, a cursory part of conversation and social entertainment. Men sport away the reputation of others, without the least reflection upon the injury which they are doing, and applaud the happiness of their own invention, if they can increase the mirth of a feast, or animate conviviality, by slander and detraction.

How it comes to pass that men do not perceive the absurdity of distinguishing in such a manner between themselves and others, as to conceive that conduct innocent in themselves, which, in others, they would make no difficulty of condemning, it is not easy to tell; and yet it is apparent that every man is sufficiently sensible when his own character is attacked, of the cruelty and injustice of calumny; and it is not less evident that those will animadvert, with all the wontonness of malice, upon the moral irregularities of others, whom the least reflection upon their own lives kindles into fury, and exasperates to the utmost severities of revenge.

To invent a defamatory falsehood, to rack the invention for the sake of disguising it with circumstances of probability, and propagate it industriously, till it becomes popular, and takes

root in the minds of men, is such a continued act of malice as nothing can palliate.

Nor will it be a sufficient vindication to allege that the report, though not wholly, yet, in part, is true, and that it was no unreasonable suspicion that suggested the rest; for, if suspicion be admitted for certainty, every man's happiness must be entirely in the power of those bad men, whose consciousness of guilt makes them easily judge ill of others, or whom a natural or habitual jealousy inclines to imagine frauds or villanies, where none are intended. And if small failings may be aggravated at the pleasure of the relator, who may not, however cautious, be made infamous and detestable? A calumny, in which falsehood is complicated with truth, and malice is assisted with probability, is more dangerous, but therefore less innocent, than unmixed forgery and groundless invectives.

Neither is the first author only of a calumny a "false witness against his neighbor," but he, likewise, that disseminates and promotes it; since, without his assistance, it would perish as soon as it is produced, would evaporate in the air without effect, and hurt none but him that uttered it. He that blows a fire for the destruction of a city is no less an incendiary than he that kindled it; and the man that imagines he may, without a crime, circulate a calumny which he has received from another, may, with equal reason, conceive that, though it be murder to prepare poisons, it may be innocent to disperse them.

Many are the pleas and excuses with which those who cannot deny this practice, endeavor to palliate it. They frequently assert, in their own justification, that they do not know the relation, which they hand about, to be false; but to those it may be justly replied, that, before they spread a report to the prejudice of others, they ought, if not to know that it is true, at least to believe it upon some reasonable grounds: they ought not to assist a random whisper, or drive forward a flying tale: they ought not eagerly to catch at an opportunity of hurting, or add weight to a blow which may, perhaps, be undeserved.

It may happen, indeed, that a calumny may be supported by such testimony, and connected

with such probabilities, as may deceive the circumspect and just; and the reporter, in such cases, is by no means to be charged with bearing false witness; because, to believe and disbelieve is not in our power; for there is a certain degree of evidence to which a man cannot but yield: he, therefore, who is deceived himself, cannot be accused of deceiving others, and is only so far blameable, as he contributed to the dishonor or prejudice of another, by spreading his faults without any just occasion or lawful cause; for to relate reproachful truths, only for the pleasure of depressing the reputation of our neighbor, is far from being innocent. The crime, indeed, doth not fall under the head of a calumny, but only differs from it in the falsehood, not in the malice.

There is another occasion made use of, by which, if this fault should escape from censure, many others might enjoy the same advantage. It is urged by some, that they do not adopt the tale till it is generally received, and only promote what they cannot hinder. But how must wickedness be controlled, if its prevalence be a reason for compliance? Is it equitable and just to coalesce with oppressors, because they are already too powerful for the injured to resist? Thus any man might vindicate rebellion, by affirming that he did not join with the rebels till they were already numerous enough to dethrone their prince. Thus a man may exempt himself from blame for betraying his trust, and selling his country, by alleging that others had already sold it, and he only entered into the combination that he might share the reward of perfidy. But it requires few arguments to show the folly of such pleas as these. It is the duty of every man to regulate his conduct, not by the example of others, or by his own surmises, but by the invariable rules of equity and truth. Wickedness must be opposed by some, or virtue would be entirely driven out of the world; and who must oppose it in extremities, if, as it increases more, it be less criminal to yield without resistance? If this excuse will vindicate one man, it will another; and no man will be found who is obliged to maintain a post, from which others may fly without a crime, and to endeavor to reform the world, by which it is no reproach to be vitiated. If this reasoning

were just, there might be a state of general depravity, in which wickedness might lose its guilt, since every man might be led away by predominant corruption, and the universality of vice become its own defence.

In such a situation, indeed, there is a necessity for an uncommon firmness and resolution to persist in the right, without regard to ridicule on the one hand, or interest on the other. But this resolution must be summoned; we must call up all our strength, and awaken all our caution, and in defiance of iniquity, however warranted by fashion, or supported by power, maintain an unshaken integrity, and reproach the world by a good example, if we cannot amend it.

There is yet another way by which we may partake, in some measure, of the sin of "bearing false witness:" that he, who does not hinder the commission of a crime, involves himself in the guilt, cannot be denied; and that his guilt is yet more flagrant, if, instead of obstructing, he encourages it, is equally evident. He, therefore, that receives a calumny with applause, or listens to it with a silent approbation, must be at least, chargeable with conniving at wrong, which will be found no trivial accusation, when we have considered,

Secondly, the enormity of the sin of "bearing false witness."

The malignity of an offence arises, either from the motives that prompted it, or the consequences produced by it.

If we examine the sin of calumny by this rule, we shall find both the motives and consequences of the worst kind: we shall find its causes and effects concurring to distinguish it from common wickedness, and rank it with those crimes that pollute the earth and blacken human nature.

The most usual excitement to defamation is envy, or impatience of the merit or success of others; a malice raised not by any injury received, but merely by the sight of that happiness which we cannot attain. This is a passion, of all others most hurtful and contemptible; it is pride complicated with laziness; pride which inclines us to wish ourselves upon the level with others, and laziness which hinders us from pursuing our inclination with

vigor and assiduity. Nothing, then remains, but that the envious man endeavor to stop those by some artifice, whom he will not strive to overtake, and reduce his superiors to his own meanness, since he cannot raise to their elevation. To this end he examines their conduct with a resolution to condemn it; and, if he can find no remarkable defects, makes no scruple to aggravate smaller errors, till, by adding one vice to another, and detracting from their virtues by degrees, he has divested them of that reputation which obscured his own, and left them no qualities to be admitted or rewarded.

Calumnies are sometimes the offspring of resentment. When a man is opposed in a design which he cannot justify, and defeated in the prosecution of schemes of tyranny, extortion or oppression, he seldom fails to revenge his overthrow by blackening that integrity which effected it. No rage is more fierce than that of a villain disappointed of those advantages which he has pursued by a long train of wickedness. He has forfeited the esteem of mankind; he has burdened his conscience, and hazarded his future happiness to no purpose; and has now nothing to hope but the satisfaction of involving those, who have broken his measures, in misfortunes and disgrace. By wretches like these it is no wonder if the vilest arts of detraction are practised without scruple, since both their resentment and their interest direct them to depress those whose influence and authority will be employed against them.

But what can be said of those who, without being impelled by any violence of passion, without having received any injury or provocation, and without any motives of interest, vilify the deserving and the worthless without distinction; and merely to gratify the levity of temper and incontinence of tongue, throw out aspersions equally dangerous with those of virulence and enmity?

These always reckon themselves, and are commonly reckoned by those whose gaiety they promote, among the benevolent, the candid and the humane; men without gall and malignity, friends to good humor and lovers of a jest. But, upon a more serious estimation, will they not be, with far greater propriety, classed with the cruel and the selfish wretches that feel no

anguish at sacrificing the happiness of mankind to the lowest views, to the poor ambition of excelling in scurrility? To deserve the exalted character of humanity and good nature a man must mean *well*, it is not sufficient to mean *nothing*. He must act and think with generous views, not with a total disregard of all the consequences of his behavior. Otherwise, with all his wit and all his laughter, what character can he deserve, but that of "the fool, who scatters firebrands, arrows and death, and says, am I not in sport?"

The consequences of this crime, whatever be the inducement to commit it, are equally pernicious. He that attacks the reputation of another invades the most valuable part of his property, and perhaps the only part which he can call his own. Calumny can take away what is out of the reach of tyranny and usurpation, and what may enable the sufferer to repair the injuries received from the hand of oppression. The persecutions of power may injure the fortune of a good man; but those of calumny must complete his ruin.

Nothing can so much obstruct the progress of virtue, as the defamation of those that excel in it; for praise is one motive, even in the best minds, to superior and distinguishing degrees of goodness; and, therefore, he that reduces all men to the same state of infamy, at least deprives them of one reward which is due to merit, and takes away one incitement to it. But the effect does not terminate here. Calumny destroys that influence and power of example, which operates much more forcibly upon the minds of men than the solemnity of laws or the fear of punishment. Our natural and real power is very small; and it is by the ascendant which he has gained, and the esteem in which he is held, that any man is able to govern others, to maintain order in society, or to perform any important service to mankind, to which the united endeavors of numbers are required. This ascendant, which, when conferred upon bad men by superiority of riches or hereditary honor, is frequently made use of to corrupt and deprave the world, to justify debauchery, and shelter villainy, might be employed, if it were to be obtained only by desert, to the noblest purposes. It might discounte-

nance vanity and folly; it might make the fashion co-operate with the laws, and reform those upon whom reason and conviction have no force.

Calumny differs from most other injuries in this dreadful circumstance—he who commits it never can repair it. A false report may spread where a recantation never reaches; and an accusation must certainly fly faster than a defence while the greater part of mankind are base and wicked. The effects of a false report cannot be determined or circumscribed. It may check a hero in his attempts for the promotion of the happiness of his country, or a saint in his endeavors for the propagation of truth.

Since, therefore, this sin is so destructive to mankind, and, by consequence, so detestible in the sight of God, it is necessary that we inquire,

Thirdly, What reflections may best enable us to avoid it.

The way to avoid effects is to avoid the causes. Whoever, therefore, would not be tempted “to bear false witness,” must endeavor to suppress those passions which may incite him to it. Let the envious man consider, that, by detracting from the character of others, he in reality adds nothing to his own; and the malicious man, that nothing is more inconsistent with every law of God, and institution of men, than implacability and revenge.

If men would spend more time in examining their own lives, and inspecting their own characters, they would have less leisure, and less inclination, to remark with severity upon others. They would easily discover that it will not be for their advantage to exasperate their neighbor, and that a scandalous falsehood may be easily revenged by a reproachful truth.

It was determined by our blessed Saviour, in a case of open and uncontested guilt, that “he who was without fault” should “cast the first stone.” This seems intended to teach us compassion even to the failings of bad men; and certainly that religion which extends so much indulgence to the bad, as to restrain us from the utmost rigor of punishment, cannot

be doubted to require that the good should be exempted from calumny and reproach.

Let it be always remembered, that charity is the height of religious excellence; and that it is one of the characteristics of this virtue, that “it thinketh no ill of others!”

#### LEGACY TO YOUNG MEN.

BEWARE of flatterers; those that will commend in the qualities which thou hast not, or too much extol those thou hast; and will make thee believe, thou dost not know thy own worth, and bless themselves with both their hands, if any thing proceed from thee worthy but mere commendation. Thou must not give ear to these gentry, but stop their passage, and bend thy brows upon excessive praise; never courting it otherwise than as it follows upon just and apparant merit. Neither let the praises of others, no, not of good men, be a syrup to insolency, but a whetstone to set an edge upon thy good actions; that if it be not so as reported, yet thou wilt have it so, because men report it. Neither let it be music in thine ears to hear flatterers commend thee: but open thy mouth and reprove these persons; for some of them level at their own profit; their art is nothing but delightful cozenage. The fox in the fable, commended the crow for his sweet notes, to see if he could make him open his mouth, and let fall his food. These men will spend their tongues to maintain their teeth. They are moths, which will eat out a liberal man's coat; vines, which will cling to the stalks, not for any true love to them, but for their own support. They follow not thee, but thy fortunes; and will not leave thee till they wear thee threadbare. Therefore Antisthenes was wont to say, “It were better for a man to fall among ravens than among flatterers: for ravens will eat none but the dead; but these will devour a man while he is yet alive.” Again, some of them intend mischief: they flatter thee, that they may circumvent thee, and the more easily effect their malicious projects. They are like the bee's sting, which pricketh deepest when it is fullest of honey. Mark how the butcher caresses the ox, when he means to knock him on the head; how the

basilisk poisons those on whom he casts an eye of regard; how the crocodile intends to destroy those over whom she weeps and counterfeits compassion; and the syrens sing when they intend the mariners shipwreck: and by these instances, guard thyself from all such as flatter others; their words being soft as oil, but are indeed very swords. These are those miry dogs that make a man dirty by their fawning upon him. This foul hypocrisy, court holy water, dishonest civility, and base merchandise of praises and commendations, is nothing else but gilded treason, carrying thee up, as the devil did our Savior, to the top of a pinnacle only to throw thee down headlong to break thy neck. It was an excellent answer (and if we duly consider the weightiness of it, never a whit the more to be despised, because Lycosthenes reports it,) which Diogenes gave to his question, who asked him, "What beast did bite the sorest?" that "of wild beasts it was the back-biter, of tame beasts it was the flatterer." It is said of the bear, that she licks her cubs into form; but these, by licking thee with a glozing tongue, (if thou take not the more heedful care,) will utterly spoil and deform thee.

Next to the tame beast, the flatterer, beware of the wild one, the backbiter. But because thou canst not hinder him from speaking ill of thee, live so that no credit shall be given to the slandering of his lips. Let thy conversation be blameless and innocent; so shalt thou gag the teeth of malice itself, that it shall not be able to bite thee: and the consciousness of thine integrity will make thee to disregard their calumnies, and to value them no more than a generous lion does the barking of a whistling cur. Neither wilt thou any more be disturbed at them, than the moon or the sun is ever a whit the more troubled and molested at the noise of an ill-favored ass, when he erects his nose against the clouds, and brays against the bright firmament of heaven. Indeed it is the part of a silly mouse to bite every one that does but touch him. They may cast a mist upon thy splendor; they cannot extinguish it; as the clouds that rise from the moors and fens may take from the sun the aspect of a man's eyes, but they cannot deprive it of its own pro-

per light—and at length they all vanish away. And truly the best way to stop a slanderous mouth is to take no notice at all of such false reports as are cast upon thee. If malice shall see it hath wrought thy vexation, and made thee hurt thyself, it hath what it wished; for to take it to heart is to own the scandal, and crown the revenge of the author. And thus the backbiter, by corroding thy reputation, shall reap no better advantage than the serpent in the fable did, who wore away his teeth by gnawing the file. However, be sure to give no just occasion to ill reports of thee, and then thy credit will be impregnable. The forest, in that other apologue, had never needed to have complained, how she was cut and hackled, had she not lent out of her own self the wood that made the helve to the hatchet; nor had the eagle felt the shaft sticking at her heart had she not afforded some of her own plumes to the feathering of it. Diamonds are not to be cut, engraved or pierced, without some of their own powder concur to the work of the engraver.

As arrows or bullets that are shot into the air higher than our sight, yet touch not heaven; and as they that overthrow temples, do not any way hurt the Godhead to whom they are consecrated; so injuries affixed to a wise man return without effect; and are to him but as cold or heat, rain or hail—the weather of the world. 'Tis womanish not to endure evil-speaking; and therefore King David, when he reprehended Abishai, who would have had him to be revenged on Shimei for his cursing, said "What have I to do with you, O ye Sons of Zeruijah?" he calls them from the mother, not the father; to show they had too much of the mother in them, who were too impatient of evil speeches.—*Manners.*

WE shall add to the beauty and size of the VISITOR every month, as we are enabled to do so by the kindness of our readers in endeavoring to increase the number of subscribers. Let each one try to obtain *one more*, and we will add sixteen pages to our reading matter, the next month, with additional Illustrations, Needle Work and Crochet Patterns, thus rivaling Eastern Magazines.

## Editor's Call.

### CHANGE OF NAME.

It will be observed by the old patrons of the Parlor Visitor, that the present Vol. appears with a new name, and it is hoped that the change will meet their approbation. It is the intention of the publisher to make it really what its new name imports, a welcome visitor to every Baptist family, and individually interesting to all from the oldest to the youngest that is able to read. Every effort will be put forth to make it a Library, from whence all may obtain useful knowledge, and the choicest of intellectual food. Examine this number and if pleased with its contents, as we feel sure you will be, help us to carry out the intention of making it the *best* Magazine of its kind.

It is generally expected from a new Editor or Publisher, that he should, address himself particularly to his readers, and inform them somewhat of his intentions towards, and claims upon them, as his patrons. We know not how far we shall succeed in fulfilling this expectation, but in assuming the responsibility of publishing a periodical, devoted to the Religious, Moral and Intellectual culture of its readers, it is proper that we should in introducing ourselves to them, declare what are the means, we shall use in our endeavors to deserve success. We assure them that they will be those, and those alone, which can be used consistently with the high character of a Christian. We do not intend to disparage the merits of rivals or contemporaries in the same pursuits,—the elevation of our race. We shall bid them all a hearty "God speed," yet will not shrink from a comparison with any of them, in our efforts to please and do good.

Again, we shall not deem it within our province to contend for, or against the doctrines of any denomination. We acknowledge, yet deplore the necessity of controversy in the Church, but we believe also, that a Monthly

Family Journal is not, and should not become the "Battle ground" of opinions.

The present Number commences the First Vol. of the "Baptist Family Visitor." It is as deeply the interest of the Publisher, as of his readers that every obvious and remediable defect of the work should be forthwith amended. Our ears therefore shall ever be open to the proper admonition and suggestions of our friends. With the past *we* have nought to do, ours is with the future.

We are well aware how impracticable it is to obviate all the objections to which a Magazine like this is liable. We may endeavor to please all, yet be sure to fail, some will say it is too bigoted, others that it is too liberal, to some it may be too grave, and to others too gay, some will find fault with the length of its articles, others that they are too short, we shall endeavor to be careful that in our anxiety to please all we shall not descend beneath a strictly Christian and highly moral Literature. We pledge ourselves that while the work is in our hands, it shall inculcate nothing, but the purest doctrines of our Church, clothed in the most interesting and popular garb.

In conclusion, we remark that though deeply conscious of the responsibility resting upon us as regards the general character of the work, yet we trust our readers will not hold us responsible for every shade of opinion which it may be found to contain. It is impossible to obtain exact harmony, and consistency of sentiments where there are a numerous and changing body of contributors, but as we have before assured, nothing which in our opinion, will excite to controversy shall ever find access to its pages; though fully determined to travel the course we have marked out, without fear of any, yet we shall "endeavor as much as lieth in us to live peaceably with all men."

Confident that with the aid of excellent contributors, seconded by energy and experience we shall be able to issue a Magazine every way worthy of our standing, and respectability as a denomination, we put on the harness trusting that the Brethren and Sisters, throughout the South and West, will, by their patronage, enable us to carry out our design of supplying them with a *welcome* visitor to their

Homes. That it may receive a hearty reception from its old friends, be introduced to a host of new ones, and be found a worthy and acceptable companion to all, and a blessing to many, is the fervent wish of the

PUBLISHER.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

The American Tract Society in endeavoring to get rid of *seeming* difficulties, connected with the Slavery question, by its late action in the premises, makes them more *real* than they have ever appeared before. The more we read and try to obtain the meaning of the 4th resolution lately passed by that body, the greater becomes our inability to comprehend its sense. Is the following to be understood literally? or is its meaning hidden in the depths of sophistry and equivocation, "but that those moral duties; which grow out of the existence of slavery, as well as those evils and vices which it is known to promote, and which are condemned in Scripture, and so much deplored by evangelical Christians."

It is not our province to discuss this matter, but deploring as we do, all differences and difficulties existing in the Churches of our Lord and Saviour, we trust that the passage of such a resolution, couched in such language may not, tend to increase their number or widen those which now exist.

The following letter written by Bro. Manly, of S. C., which has received nearly the unanimous endorsement of the Southern Press, shows that no longer will "Dignified silence" be permitted, it is *demanded* that the Tract Society speak *plain* one way or the other. But to the article.

CHARLESTON, June 3, 1857.

Rev. James H. De Votie, Columbus, Ga :

MY DEAR BROTHER:—The late action of the American Tract Society will invite attention at the South. It is presumed that the course taken by the Society on the subject of slavery, hitherto, when its founders were alive and acting, was consistent with its constitution and design. This course has been satisfactory to the Southern people. That the Society has done good, none can deny. Why not con-

tinue in this course? If the Society intend to pursue the same policy as heretofore, why not say so? Instead of preamble, statements, resolutions, why did not the committee report or the Society declare, in a couple of lines, that they are satisfied with the course hitherto taken by the society on that subject, and recommend that it be faithfully and steadily adhered to? This would have still satisfied the Southern people.

That they have not said this, plainly shows that they assume the right to use the facilities they have, which the Southern people have helped to build up, in discussing the subject of slavery—at the *exclusive discretion of people who claim that they have nothing to do with it.*

I cannot speak for my brethern, still less for the churches of Christ; but, for myself, I say, that nothing will satisfy me from that Society, but an unequivocal declaration that they *intend to say and do nothing inconsistent with the policy hitherto pursued by them on that subject.*

The Southern people are not unwilling to consider their duties before God, in the matter of slaveholding. They have studied the subject as it is—a matter of every day practical concern to them, and momentous in all its bearings and issues. If they have not yet learned their duties, they may still hope that the Creator will teach them, by methods they already enjoy. They have His Bible, and they have His promise.—"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

But God has not promised that He will teach a remote, unsympathizing people what are the separate and peculiar duties of other people, not circumstanced as they are; nor has He directed any to apply to such for instruction. When, therefore, our Northern friends undertake to instruct us in a matter, on which they have nothing in common with us, we must reply—

"Non tali auxilio, nec defensoribus illis."

*We are entirely inaccessible to instruction upon that subject, from that quarter: and it must not be attempted, in any form.*

If we can have no part in the work of that Society, henceforward, be it so. The Southern

people will pursue, apart their quiet way of love and obedience to their Divine Master in accordance with his own encouraging word, Isa. 66-5—"Your brethern that hated you, and that cast you out for my name's sake, said, "let the Lord be glorified," but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed."

Yours truly,

B. MANLY.

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ANNIVERSARY OF THE YOUNG MEN'S  
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION  
OF NASHVILLE.

It was our privilege, as a member to meet with the above Association at the second Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening, the 26th May, to join in its celebration. The music and singing were all that could be desired.—After the opening prayer by Rev. Dr. Huston, Mr. Thompson, Secretary of the Association, addressed the audience in a very able manner. The history, objects and progress of the Society were graphically dwelt upon, and many who heard it felt thankful to God, for the good these young men had through His grace been permitted to accomplish, in the name of His Son.

The audience were next addressed by Mr. Wheelless, a very young man, but for all the accomplishments of a finished orator, seldom surpassed by older and more experienced speakers.

A stirring anthem was then sung and after the benediction by Rev. Mr. Hayes, the audience retired, we trust, with a better knowledge and clearer view of their duties towards this, really good institution.

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A NURSERY FOR PREACHERS.

We were very strongly impressed with the idea while in attendance at the Anniversary alluded to above, and while listening to the impressive and truly eloquent speeches of the two young men, who taking their stand at the speakers desk, addressed a large congregation, and that with marked effect, of the importance of the Society, to the Church of God, as a nursery of preachers. Why should the Churches lack preaching, when there are young men

within her own borders, possessors of both talent and character, for the work? and who lack nothing but the encouragement and sympathy of the Ministers and Deacons of our Church. Many of these young men are striving with all their power to do good, they seek the way to do it. It is the duty of the church to guide and cherish them, lest their talents should be hurried or put to waste. There is far more probability of obtaining a SPURGEON from one of these Young Men's Christian Associations than from any College in the land. Look to it my Brethren.

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TO OUR PATRONS.

SUBSCRIBERS will please remember that all monies due for PARLOR VISITOR, as also new subscribers, to the *Baptist Family Visitor*, must be directed to

T. M. HUGHES, PUBLISHER,  
*Baptist Family Visitor*,  
Nashville, Tenn.

We shall continue to supply the Visitor to all those who have subscribed, for it to the end of their time. We hope they will find it as interesting as heretofore, and that they will help us all they can to carry out our intention of publishing a really good and useful Magazine.

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SPIRITUAL LIFE.

SPIRITUAL life is more than a simple element of good, a single blessing; it is a vast assemblage of blessings. All other things, at best, are only accessories to happiness; this is happiness itself. Compared with this, a bare perpetuity of existence is only a mockery of life, deserves only the name of death: this is existence, enriched with the highest positive blessedness; life purified, exalted, applied to the loftiest purposes, carried out to its utmost extent of enjoyment; the very crown of being. Everlasting life is a name for a blessing, which enables us to challenge with impunity the universe of evil, and to write our names, as heirs, on all the universe of good; it is God himself multiplied in the souls of his people.—*Harris.*

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, OF NASHVILLE, TENN.

WE present our readers in this number, a beautiful picture of the First Baptist Church in this city. It has been for some months without the care of a regular Pastor, and many of our readers will be glad to learn that the Rev. R. B. C. Howell has accepted the unanimous call of the Church to become again their under shepherd. We hope great things from this reunion. Dr. Howell is known to be one of our most popular men, and especially so in our city. Brother Howell informed us when here that, should he decide to come again to us, one of his first efforts would be to finish the design, first contemplated in building this Church, that is, the addition of wings—contributing greatly to its size and beauty. The building, it will be observed, now displays a very finished appearance, and compares well with any other Church in the city. We hope and pray that the success of the Baptist cause in Nashville, may justify any expenditure of the funds, the Church may think it proper to make, for the Glory of God, and the uplifting of our Zion.

We hope to be able after Brother Howell's arrival, to give our readers an interesting history of this Church. No man is more able to do justice to the theme, as his knowledge extends back for many years, and if we are rightly informed, is entitled to the honor of being the founder and builder up of the Baptist cause in Nashville. May he receive the hearty welcome, and lasting co-operation of the members of the Church, and a new era set in for the Baptists in Nashville.

TO PATRONS OF THE PARLOR VISITOR.

WE send the present number of the "BAPTIST FAMILY VISITOR," to many of the old subscribers of the Parlor Visitor, who have ordered it to be discontinued; we send it, hoping that if you will examine it, and read our prospectus, you may be induced to continue your patronage. We promise that it shall be all that is needed in interest and usefulness. Send us one dollar, and try it six months.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

IT will be very gratifying to us to receive contributions for the "BAPTIST FAMILY VISITOR." All sent to us shall receive every attention, and although we claim the right of publication, we trust our friends will not take offense if we do not publish every article sent to us, this we cannot promise to do, but we do promise, to treat with the greatest courtesy all who may please to favor us with their contributions. For articles of universal interest to our readers, we shall be willing to pay a fair remuneration, as it is our determination to use all our means in endeavoring to supply our patrons with a really useful, and interesting Magazine.

CROCHET AND NEEDLE-WORK.

WE would inform our lady readers that we have made arrangement to supply them with patterns of Crochet and Needle-Work. It was intended to use some of them in the present number, but they arrived too late. They will appear in the next, and we hope will give general satisfaction, and increase the interest in our magazine. Show it to your friends. For \$3 we will send two copies, to two addresses for one year.

SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

THE Religious Herald, has an article in a late number, calling attention to the fact, that there are difficulties to be encountered, by withholding our contributions from the American Tract Society. As Baptists, we are not prepared at the present time, to supply our Sunday Schools with suitable Libraries. This is indeed a subject for immediate thought and action. If we cut ourselves off from the use of these books, what are we to do for others to fill their places. The fact is we are deficient in Baptist Literature suitable for the young. The Herald very properly asks the following question:

"How is this unlucky *hiatus* to be filled?—The South eventually must be her own publisher. The Baptists of the South must write for themselves, as they have not written heretofore. An authorship, a book trade, and a colportage system of our own, are the results which must come, soon or late."

## REVIVALS.

A revival is now in progress at the Second Baptist Church in this city. Bro. Green, assisted by Brethern Jones and Johnson are holding protracted meetings. We hope their labors will be blessed. There are several enquirers, and increasing seriousness among the people. O! Lord revive thy work.

M. H. NEAL, a Methodist minister of good standing, was baptised into the fellowship of the Spring Creek Baptist Church, Tenn., by Elder D. SELPH, on the 16th of May last.

WEST POINT, GA.—Elder H. CARMICHAEL, pastor of the Baptist Church in that place, says :

"The Lord is reviving his work at this place, to some extent, with his blessing. Four were baptised yesterday morning (Sabbath, 14th inst.,) at half past nine, in the Chatahoochie river, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. I felt that God was present to bless his own appointed ordinance."

The Philadelphia *Christian Chronicle* of the 10th inst., has the following on the state of religion in that city :

TABERNACLE BAPTIST CHURCH.—The pastor Rev. Dr. BRANTLY, baptised seven more, four males and three females, a week ago last Sabbath. Quite a number united with the church by letter on the same occasion. The congregation is fast increasing, and gives every indication of growing prosperity.

REVIVAL IN THE CITY.—The past winter has been very remarkable for its revival influence in this city. There has been more religious interest among the churches generally than for many years previously. Large and valuable additions have been made to nearly all the Baptist Churches. We have not received full reports, but when we do, we shall publish them for the gratification and encouragement of the friends of Zion. Quite a number were baptised last Sabbath, the full report of which has not reached us.

BAPTISMS.—On Sabbath morning, May 17th, we baptised into the fellowship of the Jonesborough Baptist Church, nine interesting subjects, as the result of a series of meetings held with this Church some weeks ago. The ordinance was performed near the "New Salem" Church, "because there was much water there," and as some of the subjects were desirous to be baptised "in the river." As is common,

on such occasions, a vast concourse of people thronged on the banks of the river to behold a *burial* in the liquid tomb, in imitation of the baptism of our Saviour. A great number of persons from our town, a distance of near twelve miles off, were present to witness the scene. *Mt. Helnar Watchman.*

BLACKVILLE, MIRAMICHI, June 12, '57.

The work of God is progressing here. I had the happiness of burying four believers with Christ in baptism last Lord's day. A father and two sons were of the number; others are inquiring the way to Zion, and I trust that the good work is only begun.

REVIVAL.—The revival which commenced in the Baptist Church, in this place, (Jonesboro',) some five weeks ago, which had been going on for two weeks in the Methodist Church, was encountered on Friday and Saturday nights last, by a "FLORAL CONCERT," at the Court House. Some efforts are now being made to resuscitate the good work of grace, but it is a matter of doubt, at this time, which shall gain the ascendancy, "*the flowers*," or "*the Cross of Christ*."

The following is from elder A. VAN HOOSE, of Eufaula, Alabama :

I have just returned from Lumpkin, Ga., where I have been attending a protracted meeting. The good Lord was present and poured us out a blessing that there was not room enough to contain. There was thirty-three baptised and three lying over for baptism.

ELDER J. WILLIAMS, of Silver Run, Ala., is still laboring in the Master's vineyard. He says, that after long darkness there appears to be some light breaking upon his field of labor. From various sections prospects for better times are brightening; and we trust it will be our privilege soon, to publish the gracious manifestations of the Divine Spirit.

NEW CHURCH IN SAN FRANCISCO.—The corner-stone of a new and handsome edifice for the First Baptist Church in San Francisco, (and the first church in California,) was laid by the pastor, Rev. Benj. Brierly, on the 11th ult., in the presence of a large assembly.

BAPTISM OF A METHODIST MINISTER.—Rev. Mr. MEGRONIGLE, for several years past a minister of the Episcopal Church, was baptised at the Berean Baptist Church, in the city of New York, on Sunday, May 10th, by the pastor, Rev. Dr. DOWLING, and has been licensed by that church, to preach the gospel as a minister of the Baptist denomination.

MISSIONARIES.—There are 26 missionaries, whites and natives, laboring among the Creeks, Cherokees and Choctaws.

## General News.

THE next Annual Fair of the State of Georgia, will be held at Atlanta, on the 20th of October.

THE sugar crop in Louisiana promises a larger yield this season than for several years past.—It is estimated that the crop will reach 250,000 to 300,000 hbdg., against 78,000 last year.

A GREEN ROSE.—One of these extraordinary natural curiosities may be seen at Thorburn's seed store, in Broadway. The leaf, stalk, buds and flowers are all like those of ordinary roses in form; but all of one uniform green color.—The parent stalk is said to have come from Japan.

"Aunt Tili," a slave belonging to Capt. Bissel, near St. Louis, died on the 8th inst., at the extraordinary age of 130 years.

THE Fire department of Savannah, Ga., is composed entirely of negroes, numbering between 600 and 800 men, divided into ten companies.

MILES DARDEN died recently at his residence in Henderson county, Tenn. He was seven feet six inches in height, and weighed a fraction over *one thousand pounds*. The West Tennessee Whig says it required seventeen men to put him in his coffin, and took over 100 feet of plank to make his coffin. He measured around the waist six feet and four inches.

FAULT FINDING.—Having in my youth, notions of severe piety, says a celebrated Persian writer, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and read the Koran. One night as I was engaged in these exercises my father, a man of practical virtue, awoke while I was reading.

"Behold," said I to him, "thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, while I alone awake to praise God."

"Son of my soul," he answered, "it is better to sleep than to wake to remark the faults of thy brethren."

REV. DR. KIRK, in a letter from Manchester, England, says; "I had in the oldest factory of the town a striking exhibition of the value of human art and labor. A pound of cotton was pointed out as worth a pound of gold. Its cost as crude cotton may have been eight cents. And as a curiosity of art I was shown a pound of cotton spun into a thread that would go round our globe at the equator, and tie in a good large knot of many hundred miles in length."

A New Orleans religious newspaper requests

those professors of religion who come to that city for a residence, in the first place to bring their recommendations, and in the second place their *religion* with them.

A lecturer illustrating the horrors of solitary confinement, said that out of one hundred persons sentenced to this punishment for life, only thirteen served it.

A lady fixed the following letters in the bottom of her flour barrel and asked her husband to read them: O I C U R M T.

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.—The population of Russia is returned at sixty-three millions,—more than half a million of whom are of the order of the clergy. The population of the cities and chief towns is estimated at five millions, and of the country at forty-five millions.

SOUTHERN SLAVES.—In his speech before the Southern Aid Society, Dr. Bethune said that "he would rather preach to Southern negroes than to the most cultivated audiences in Boston, because the preaching of the living gospel would be far more effectual among them."

WHAT is more beautiful and poetical than the child's idea of ice—"Water gone to sleep."

TRUE.—The only backbiters that ever did good in this world—leeches.

POWER OF THE BIBLE.—An American who had procured a Bible of a Protestant bookseller, after having diligently read it for some weeks, took it home, saying, "This book reproves all my thoughts and all my actions. I find that I must either stop reading it, or change my whole life. This last I cannot do; therefore I return you the book."

FORETELLING THE WEATHER.—E. Meriam, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has been called the "clerk of the weather," and who for twenty years has made himself a martyr to meteorology by taking hourly observations of the thermometer, &c., thus strips the "weather-wise," of their gift of prophecy:

"With all my practice and experience in observing of atmospheric changes, and recording hour by hour and day by day thermometrical and metrological observations, and in connection with simultaneous observations made and recorded elsewhere, I feel more and more convinced that it is not in the power of any human being to determine for even a single day in advance, what changes will take place in the atmosphere."

THE LAW.—The great educational idea, upon which the law for the Israelites was framed, was hatred of evil. Accordingly, we find the moral law, instead of being summed up in abstract principles of positive duty, is set forth in connection with specified forms of evil, or sins

and before each the great distinctive "Not"—"Thou shalt not"—thus training the mind through that perpetual watch-word of the Israelite, to a knowledge or recognition of "sin" and an aversion, or "turning away" from it.

**POSTAGE TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES.**—The Postmaster General has just issued a new table of instructions to postmasters, in which he fixes the rate of single letters of half an ounce or under to Great Britain at 24 cents; do. to any part of Germany by closed mail 30 cents; do to most ports of Germany by Bremen line direct 15 cents; do for quarter ounce letters to Germany, via France, 31 cents; do for quarter ounce letters to any part of France or Algeria 15 cents. Pre-payment optional in all cases.—The rates for letters to Canada and other British North American provinces is 10 cents, pre-payment optional.

SINCE the inauguration of Jefferson in 1801, there have been fourteen Presidents of the U. States, and only two Chief Justices have administered the oaths of office to the whole number. In 1801, Chief Justice Marshall administered the oath to Jefferson, and afterwards to all the Presidents until 1837, when Chief Justice Taney administered the oath to Van Buren, and has performed the ceremony at every inauguration since that time.

A gentleman who has been engaged in the wool-growing business in Tennessee, and who has recently traversed Northern Alabama, informs the Mobile Tribune, that the raising of sheep in that State would be more profitable than the culture of cotton. Thousands of acres fit for nothing else but sheep pastures, could be had for 13½ cents per acre.

LIEUT. MAURY in an article, communicated to the Rural New Yorker, maintains that the growing of sun-flowers around a dwelling located near a fever and ague region, neutralizes the miasma in which that disease originates; and seems to support the theory by successful experiment.

It is reported that the merchants and business men in Washington are taking up a subscription of ten thousand dollars, which will be paid to any person or persons ascertaining the cause of the poisoning cases at the National Hotel. The developments that have come to light have caused much excitement there.

**WHERE RAGS COME FROM.**—Two-thirds of the rags imported to this country come from Italy, being collected at Genoa and Trieste, from the Turks, Greeks, and Syrians, who use vast quantities of cheap cotton cloth, whence they are shipped to this country, there being no home demand to work them up into paper, as there is no free press or free books in Italy. No Protestant country exports rags.

**ANOTHER WITHDRAWAL.**—The General Synod of the Reformed Dutch Church, comprising 386 Churches, closed its session in New York last Wednesday, after having resolved by an unanimous vote, to terminate at once its existing relations to the American Board of Foreign Missions. The late agitations on the slavery questions in the board led to the adoption of this measure.

**DEFECTIVE RELIGION.**—A religion that never suffices to govern a man, will never suffice to save him; that which does not sufficiently distinguish one from a wicked world will never distinguish him from a perishing world.

**PENITENCE.**—The concern which arises from repentance and remorse, is more allied to pleasure than to pain. It contains a cure for that distress which it brings along with it, and a preservative against future pains of the same kind. The more sensibly they are felt at any particular time, we shall be in less danger of feeling them afterwards.

**AN ORATOR'S JUDGEMENT.**—Daniel Wedster having been commended for his eloquence on a memorable occasion, replied, "If any thing I have ever said or written deserves the feeblest encomiums of my fellow-countrymen, I have no hesitation in declaring that for their partiality I am indebted, solely indebted, to the daily and attentive perusal of the sacred scriptures, the source of all true poetry and eloquence, as well as of all good and all comfort."

**UNLIKE OUR PEOPLE.**—Interesting facts respecting the people inhabiting Central Africa, who have until recently been unknown, are now coming to light. In some of the kingdoms are large cities, where the people are so honest that merchants expose their goods, to which they affix the price, within reach of their customers and leave them. If any one wants them, he helps himself and leaves the price in their place. ●

**ROMAN CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.**—The Freeman's Journal, which estimates the Roman Catholic population of this country at from three to six millions, states that there are "just nine Catholic newspapers, properly so called, published in the language of the country," of which none except itself claims a circulation over five or six thousand, and only one or two has over two thousand subscribers.

SUBSCRIBERS will please not send us money on the BANK OF EAST TENNESSEE, nor on the AGRICULTURAL BANK of Tennessee. They are both good at home, but they are not current here. We lose ten cents on the dollar on all we get.

All Tennessee money with the Comptroller's name on it is as good as gold.

## The Housekeeper.

### HOUSEKEEPING—HOW TO DO IT.

THE clock has just struck eight, (morning) and while the housemaid is doing the last brushing and dusting, I sit down to write to you in accordance with your suggestion, a few lines on "Housework Accomplished;" not that we always have our *housework accomplished* by this hour; but, as we have this time, I have consequently a little leisure.

As you remark, some people seem to succeed much better in their household duties than others. While some fail from real indifference, and some from ignorance, many others fail from want of tact or ingenuity; to such, the suggestions you ask for will be acceptable and profitable.

You have seen—who has not?—that one woman will drudge all day, to do the same amount of work that another will have accomplished by nine or ten o'clock in the morning.—Now to the cause: The first, perhaps, rises late, though possibly not—but there seems to be a lack of energy and system in all her doings—she has no order in which things are to be done; the consequence is, great fatigue with little profit. The second rises early, goes about her work with spirit and alacrity—her heart is in it, and success is her reward. A few practical hints on this subject may not be amiss; and as they are intended for farmers' wives and daughters, they will apply in detail only to country life.

In the busy season, the laboring man wants his breakfast early; this then, should be the first care in the morning, except a few moments judiciously used in toilet arrangement and putting the breakfast room in order, when circumstances are such as to prevent doing the latter the evening previous.

Breakfast over, let your next duty be to put your house in order; in this, have system, and do it well—it is far easier in the end. When your kitchen and pantry work is done, let its aspect be such that an observer would pronounce it *tidy*. And your sitting-room—let that be neat, cozy and inviting; let your sleeping apartments possess an air of hospitality and comfort; if you have a parlor and are able, you may have it elegant—but let it too be like a cool bower on a summer's day. If one room (as is often the case in a new country) must supply the place of most or all of them, then let it possess the qualifications of all.

Do not think your work is done when the

broom, the mop and the dusting brush are laid aside—spend a few moments more in each room; there are many nameless little things that can be done to add much to the good appearance of all; see that the books and papers are in order, that they may be a delight to the eye, instead of an ungainly pile of rubbish; "put things to rights" on the mantel—place your chairs and other movables where they will make the room look best—let the lounge be tidy and inviting—loop up the window curtains neatly—make the fire look cheery, if you need a fire; if not, let the place for it, be it stove or hearth, be clean and snug.

When all this is accomplished, visit your pantry again, to see if your store of eatables need replenishing; if so, now is your time, before the dinner hour arrives. While you are baking the bread and pastry, let Maggie, or Fanny, or Dollie, attend to whatever there is aside—ironing, churning and the like—days when there are none of these to be done, you will have time perhaps to read, or think, or sew before dinner, but do not leave work about home, till afternoon if it can be avoided. When the sun is in the West, have on your clean cap and shining apron, and take your easy chair—you can, generally, if you manage rightly.

One word about your table, and I've done. Get up your dishes to suit the palate, of course, but pay a little regard to the eye, too; do not throw the meat on so hastily—keep the edge of the platter unsoiled—lay that bread on the plate in order—put the "cups and tea" on *somehow*—have a clean plate for the butter, arrange the dishes with care. And now, if you will believe it, let me tell you I am not a fastidious old maid, but somebody's wife, and a  
[*Prairie Farmer.*] HOUSEKEEPER.

ICING FOR CAKE.—Two pounds double refined sugar, one spoonful of fine starch, one pennyworth of gum arabic, in powder, five eggs, one spoonful of rose-water, the juice of one lemon. Make the sugar fine, and sift it through a hair sieve, rub the starch fine, sift the gum arabic also; beat or stir all well together.—Take the whites of the eggs, whisk them well, put one spoonful of rose water, one spoonful of the juice of lemon, beat well together; then put to the sugar by degrees, till you wet it, then beat it until the cake is baked; lay it on with a knife, and the ornaments, if you have any; and if it does not harden sufficiently from the warmth of the cake, return it to the oven. Be careful not to discolor.

STONE CEMENT.—According to Dr. Heller, the following composition makes an excellent stone cement: Glue is soaked in cold water; afterwards heated, and fresh slaked lime added, until the mixture attains the proper consistency

the cement must be applied whilst warm. This cement acquires great hardness, equal to stone, and it is not influenced by water or moisture. When used for porcelain, glass, or metal, a small quantity of flour of sulphur must be added.

**TO CLEAN KNIVES WITH EXPEDITION AND EASE.**—Make a strong solution of the common washing soda and water; after wiping them, dip the blades of the knives in the solution; then polish on a knife board. The same would of course, be effectual for forks. This simple method will no doubt greatly diminish the dislike which some servants have to this part of domestic work.

**SALVE FOR SORES.**—Make 1 lb. of lard, 10 oz. of elder bark; boil over a slow fire for half an hour and strain; then add half pound of rosin. This is the best salve ever offered to the world. You should never be without a supply on hand.

**CURE FOR FELON.**—Take one table-spoon full of red lead and one table-spoon full of castile soap, mix them with as much wood lye as will make it soft enough to spread like salve, and apply it on first appearance of the felon, and it will cure it in twelve hours.

**TO CURE CORNS.**—A writer in one of the agricultural papers declares on his own experience that to pare corns and then apply a drop or two of wormwood oil is a certain cure.

**TO MAKE WHITE WASH.**—The following recipe is the best known, combining excellence and durability. Take a barrel and slack one bushel of freely burned lime in it, by covering it with boiling water. After it is slacked add cold water enough to bring it to the consistency of cold white-wash. Then dissolve in water and add one pound of white vitrol (sulphate of zinc) one quart of fine salt.

**INDIAN BREAD.**—Recipe for making the celebrated St. Charles Indian Bread as prepared at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans:

Beat two eggs very light, mix alternately with them one pint of sour milk or buttermilk, and one pint of fine Indian meal, melt one table-spoonful of butter and add to the mixture; dissolve one table-spoonful of soda in a small portion of the milk, and add to the mixture the last thing, bake very hard in a pan in a quick oven.

**CURE FOR FOUNDER.**—Mix one pint of the seed of the common sunflower in the animal's

food, as soon as you discover symptoms of founder, and you will give immediate and certain relief. This is the best remedy ever known.

**TREATMENT OF CROUP.**—When a child is attacked with croup, or rattles, apply to the throat a plaster of lard and snuff—any kind of grease will do as well, and if you have no snuff, fine tobacco may be used in its place; care must be taken in placing it *above* the pit of the stomach, or it will produce too great nausea, give a few drops of sweet oil every half, or a *quarter* of an hour, and in most cases, the patient is entirely well in a few hours.

**CORNS.**—The Scientific American says the best cure for these troublesome things that we have ever tried is to soak the feet in hot water for a quarter of an hour, so that the corn may become soft, and then trim it off as close as possible, and not cause pain. Then take the tincture of *Arbor Vitæ* placed upon a little cotton and apply to the corn, and after a few applications the corn will not be likely to return again.

**CHAPPED HANDS.**—A salve made of bees-wax and sweet oil, is as good as anything; a piece of wax of the size of a hickory-nut, melted with an ounce of oil; apply after a thorough cleansing in soap-suds, just before going to bed.

**PICKLES.**—An excellent way to make pickles that will keep a year or more, is to drop them into boiling water, but not boil them; let them stay in ten minutes, wipe them dry, and drop into cold spiced vinegar, and they will not need to be put into salt and water, and are always ready for use.

**MUSH CAKES.**—Take 1 quart cold mush, mix in it  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint wheat flour, and a little butter or lard; make it in little cakes with your hands. Flour them and bake on a griddle as slab cake, or in the oven.

**CAKE, WITHOUT EGGS.**—Pour sufficient boiling water over stale bread to soften it; mash it through a colander, and add as much wheat flour as bread, and as much milk as will make it as thick as batter usually is; 1 tea-spoonful soda; 2 cream tartar. Bake immediately.

**LINEMENT.**—Oil of spike 1 oz., lard oil 1 oz., spirits of hartshorn  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz., Barbadoes Tar  $\frac{1}{4}$  oz. You cannot get a better linement.

**TO DARKEN MAHOGANY.**—Drop a small piece of lime in a basin of water, and wash the mahogany with it.

## The Garden.

### FARMER'S GARDENS.

WITH a little care every farmer could have an excellent garden, which would be one continual source of delight to him the whole season, supplying, as it would, the nutritious and healthy vegetables that are so easily cultivated in this climate. In selecting a site for a garden attention should be paid, first, to the position in which the ground lays to the sun, a southern inclination being much preferable. On such a slope, effectual drainage is easily accomplished, and the greatest possible benefit is derived from the sun's ray's. The lower part of the gentle declivity is perhaps to be preferred; but a very low situation should scarcely be chosen, as the subsoil is apt to be damp; fogs often brood over such spots, and frosts are more injurious there than on higher ground. It is beneficial to have an open exposure towards the east and west, so that the garden may enjoy the full benefit of the morning and evening sun. It is of great importance that the ground selected for a garden should be naturally of a good quality. A hazel-colored loam, of a light or sandy texture, is well adapted for most crops, whether of fruits or culinary vegetables. As it is easier to render a light soil sufficiently retentive, than to make a tenacious clay sufficiently porous, a light soil is preferable to one which is excessively stiff and heavy. It is advantageous to possess a variety of soils; and if the garden be on a slope, it will often be practicable to render the upper part light and dry, while the lower remains of a heavier and damper nature. The soil should be good to the depth of two feet, and any necessary additional deepening by manures, or otherwise, should not be neglected. The experience and wants of most persons must be their guide in selecting the vegetables for their garden. We will, however, monthly enumerate a few of the most useful.

### GOOD RULES FOR GARDENERS.

NEVER work with bad tools. The difference between the work done in a month would buy a set of new ones.

Have a place for every tool, and never leave one out of its place; or, to go farther, "a place for everything and everything in its place."

Never waste animal or vegetable refuse. The very soap-suds from the laundry are rich manure.

Have all flower-pots washed, dried, and put away as soon as they are empty.

Never fill a pot so full of soil but that it may hold water enough to go through it; every pot should have half an inch of vacancy above the compost.

Never grow a bad variety of anything, if you can help it. It takes the same room, and wants the same attention as a good one.

Never buy cheap seed. It is only by getting good prices that a seedsman can supply articles to be depended upon.

Cover all seeds with at least their own thickness of soil; but as some of it gets washed off, you must allow for it.

Gather fruit in dry weather, and with the sun shining, and place them as carefully in the basket as if they were glass. The smallest bruise commences a decay.

Never subject a plant to a rapid change of temperature. Sudden check or sudden excitement are equally injurious.

Never grow the same crops, nor crops of the same family, twice on the same spot without an intervening crop of a different nature.

Never transplant shrubs and trees in a growing state. However carefully it may be done, the check is dangerous, if not fatal.

Keep all kinds of plants under glass as close as possible to the light.

Never tie up lettuces or endives, or earth up celery, except when perfectly dry. They are sure to spoil if you do.

Keep your plants clean. Dust and dirt on leaves make the plant unhealthy, and will in time kill it.

Never grow a plant too fast; it is no credit to you, because anybody can do it, and it spoils the crop to a certainty.

Never train or support a plant unnaturally. Climbers will not do hanging about. Trailers will not do climbing.

A NEW MODE TO DESTROY CATERPILLARS, as practiced in portions of the New-England States, is by the use of *fire-crackers!* The way is to place one on the end of a split pole, thrust it into the nest, and knock them all to flinders. It will take sometimes two or three crackers to demolish a large nest, though for small collections a single explosion is sufficient. The boys don't consider this work, but go at it with a gusto.

WHEN CLIMBING ROSES fail to run, which is often the case, the remedy is to cut away all but three or four of the strongest shoots, and permit none but these to grow the first season. Give the plant plenty of manure—liquid manure—manure of almost any kind or description. By this means you can cause your climbing roses to grow to almost any extent desired.

## The Poultry-yard.

Nothing adds more to the beauty of a home and the comforts of a family, than do Poultry. They generally engage the attention and sympathy of the young. It is an agreeable and salutary relief from toil and study, and often directs the taste, the judgment, and the kinder feelings of humanity. If properly managed, they are the source of considerable profit, and generally yield more for the food they consume, than any other of the domestic animals.

We shall from time to time in this department, give to our readers the information and hints, necessary to enable them to breed and raise fowls, in the most scientific and economical manner. We present the following as a convenient

### METHOD OF FEEDING FOWLS.

It is the advice of Richardson, whose counsel is always valuable, and to whom we acknowledge great indebtedness, not to feed hens too highly before they begin to lay, or while laying, or immediately after ceasing to lay, unless the design is to fatten them for the table; for as soon as a fowl begins to fatten she stops laying. "You must, therefore," says he, "separate the two classes of fowl, layers and fatteners, at all events at feeding time. Make separate provision for your male fowls; if they are only fed in company with the hens, they are apt to think too much of their mistresses, and to neglect their own appetites; and recollect that to have strong chickens, you must have a strong male, which an ill-fed bird cannot be expected to prove. You should also make separate provision for such fowls as are bullied or oppressed by the rest. Fowls are much given to jealousy; the male's favor is sometimes the cause of this, but by no means invariably so; and, indeed, the cause is not at all times to be ascertained: however obscure the cause, it is incumbent on the poultry fancier to prevent the effect, by adopting the separate system at the times indicated.

It is not advisable to feed fowls wholly upon one species of food; nor is it proper to confine them to one class of food. They require a mixture of green food with hard food, as much as cattle and horses do. As a general thing, dry grains are best for usual aliment, because much

of the nutritious matter which they contain is lost by boiling. It is an advantage also, to have the grain swell in the crop, of the fowl, rather than to have it swollen previously. When, however, green food is necessary, if the birds are not so circumstanced that they can find it for themselves, it must be provided for them. Richardson recommends that cabbages, lettuce, etc., should not be chopped small on the ground to waste, but that they should be fastened in some suitable place by their roots, so that the fowls may pick them themselves. This practice, by furnishing amusement, is deemed conducive to health; and there can be no doubt that innocent amusement is as beneficial to fowls as recreation is to man. When green food cannot easily be obtained, turnips, or potatoes will answer as a substitute. These must be prepared by slicing them in moderate sized pieces, and never given whole.

Several substances have been at different times recommended as calculated to increase the fecundity of the various classes of the feathered inhabitants of the farm-yard; amongst these, perhaps, hempseed and buckwheat are pre-eminent. There can exist no doubt of the peculiar efficacy of these seeds in this respect, when properly used.

When a hen pines, or seems disposed to be thin, there need be no hesitation in giving buckwheat with even a liberal hand; but it must be so managed as not to permit to share in this department of your bounty such hens as are disposed to become too fat. According as hens take on fat, they usually fall off in laying; and this should be particularly kept in mind in feeding. When hens are disposed to flesh, hempseed is the best promoter of laying; at the same time, it will be necessary that they should be restricted as respects other descriptions of food, fattening and laying being nearly always, if not absolutely so, incompatible with each other.

Cayenne pepper, in fact, all descriptions of pepper, but especially cayenne pepper in pods, will be found a favorite with fowls, and will be greedily devoured by them. It acts as a powerful stimulant, and is said to promote laying. When mixed with boiled meal, it is productive of the best effects, when given in moderation. Pepper will be found particularly useful in feeding young turkeys, as indeed all stimulating vegetables, such as horse-radish, etc. Geese and ducks will eat greedily, as well as other fowls, of cabbage or other greens mixed with boiled bran; and this mess, with the addition of pepper, forms a valuable dietetic.

In winter, all feeding, and especially of grain, should be increased in quantity, and particular attention should be paid to the substitutes for green food.

## Book Notices.

**CENTRAL AFRICA**—Adventures and Missionary Labors in several countries in the Interior of Africa, from 1849 to 1855. By T. J. BOWEN, Charleston.

The attention of the civilized world is being directed to that portion of the African continent, which, until the last few years, has been unexplored. Captain Carnot gave the world some little light upon that part of the globe, but the Munchausenism of his narrative, renders it necessary to be careful how we receive all he says as authentic. A few months ago, Dr. Livingston also returned after a residence of nearly twenty years. We have yet to obtain his experience, which will no doubt add materially to our store of information about Central Africa.

Brother Bowen's book, is published under the sanction of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, which, of itself, is a high recommendation of the work. The public are assured of the reliability of all the statements made. Brother Bowen evinces talent for sketching the people and their customs, of the highest order, and the universal commendation of the press, religious and secular, go to show, that he has done well in giving to the world, his work on Africa. We feel sure, independant of what Dr. Livingston may write, that another volume would be very acceptable to the world, and especially to Baptists.

We have not room for more than one short extract from this interesting work. Our lady readers, will be able to contrast their own state in a Christian land, to the state of their sex, in benighted Africa, and it may be they will pity them, pray for them, and otherwise assist, towards alleviating their sad condition.

"The Kroos are instinctively watermen. They are fond of working on ships. For the sake of finding employment, many of the men leave their country near Cape Palmas, and build villages of huts in the suburbs of colonial towns. They are good seamen, and generally speak English. The greatest ambition of a Krooman, is to marry many wives. This is said to be the chief reason why they wander from home, and labor on ships. When a man has earned money enough to pay the dowens and other expenses, incident to an African marriage, he returns to his native

village, takes a wife, and remains a while to enjoy his new relation; then he is off again to earn more money that he may marry another wife.

The women in this part of Africa are little better than slaves, and they perform most of the farm work and drudging. When a Krooman has passed the meridian of life, he retires from service, and remains at home with his wives, who willingly support him by their labor. He is now what is called a "big man" and probably no distinguished merchant, politician or scholar, in our country, enjoys his hard-earned reputation more than he does."

Price \$1, sent by mail.

GRAVES, MARKS & CO.

Nashville, Tenn.

THE fourth number of the COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL has come to hand. it is beautifully adorned with wood engravings in the highest style of the art, and also contains a "lay discourse," which has some very good points and "hits," at Fashionable Religion. We have not had an opportunity of looking well into the merits of this Institution, but understand it to be the object of the Association, to enkindle a love for letters and the Fine Arts, and to instruct and elevate the minds of the American people. The Journal itself, is one of the finest specimens of the Art of Printing, we have ever seen. It should be in the hands of all who have any taste for literature and love for the beautiful.

One dollar per annum. New York.

THE BIBLE REVISION SOCIETY have sent us the Revised Epistle to the Hebrews. It is the duty of every Christian to obtain these Books as they are published, for whether we believe in the necessity of revision, or not, they will form, when finished, one of the most useful Bibles ever issued. They contain the Old, or King James translation, the original Greek, and the Revision, side by side, so that whether they be destined to supercede our present translation or not, the Bible student will find them a great prize. They are very cheap and excellently gotten up.

**OBJECTIONS TO METHODISM.** By J. F. SOUTH. Published by Graves Marks & Co.; 36mo., 16 cents.

It is the duty of every man to have a reason for the Faith that is in him, and especially is it the duty of a minister of the Gospel, whose mind has undergone a change of views, to give to the world the reasons why he considers it ne-

cessary to dissolve the tie which has bound him to a particular denomination, as also his objections to its doctrine and discipline. It should be done in love and charity, to all men, the Spirit of the Gospel being prominent in every line. We think candor will prompt our Methodist friends to admit, that Mr. South has written his objections in the most charitable spirit. It is with deep regret he bids farewell to the friends and associates of many years. But convinced in his own mind that he has found error existing among them, believing it is his duty to flee therefrom, whatever may be the sacrifice, we cannot but admire the *courage* which enabled him to perform what he considered an important duty.

Methodists should read the Tract, before they pass any opinion upon the motives and action of Brother South.

**GRACE TRUMAN, OR, LOVE AND PRINCIPLE.**  
By SALLIE ROCHESTER FORD. 1 vol. 12mo.

We are not one of those who look upon the style of writing, of which the above work is a sample, as being pernicious in its tendency, or that there is a possibility of evil ensuing from their perusal, but we rather incline to the belief, that a great deal of good may be expected, if the author will bear in mind, the one great idea, Glory to God, and good will to men.

The time is passing away when the old dry manner of discussing theological questions, will suit the readers' taste. Improvements must take place in book-making. The present state of literature demands it, unless we are willing that those whom we hope and pray may become the pillars of Zion when we are removed, shall be carried away by the pernicious and soul-destroying works, which fill our book-stores throughout the land. It is folly to say that a taste for bad books will be cultivated by reading good ones; a slight knowledge of human nature, will teach any one to the contrary. Let those qualified to write on religious subjects, endeavor to make them plain and interesting, avoiding every thing improbable or impossible, and soon all opposition to such works will cease.

Grace Truman is a work of deep interest. Intending, as it does, to portray the trials of a

young wife, in endeavoring to maintain her principles, against the intolerance of the friends, and relatives of her husband, who assail her with their Pede-Baptist and Open Communion doctrines, over whom she triumphs, and convinces all her opponents of the truth of the doctrine she advocates, as also the reasonableness of her faith.

We should be glad to give some extracts from this work, but have not space in the present number. We may do so in the future. Sent by mail. Price \$1.

GRAVES, MARKS & CO.

**TRUE MISSION OF BAPTISTS.** By J. B. JETER.  
Graves, Marks & Co., Publishers; Nashville, Tenn.  
Price 5 cents.

This is a small tract of 32 pages. The object of the author being the very laudable one of endeavoring to stir up the missionary spirit of Baptists. Their duty is pointed out in a manner which all may understand, and every Baptist should read it, who desires the progress of our principles. There are no principles more progressive in their nature than ours. Let every brother and sister ascertain his or her true mission, and perform the duty which devolves upon them, and the success of Baptists is sure.

We think much good would be done if each church in the South and West were supplied with packages of this tract. Let the pastors urge its being read by their members, or, if necessary, let it be read to them. There is much good to our Zion in it.

**THE TRAINING OF THE YOUTH.** "CHILDHOOD, ITS PROMISES AND TRAINING."

This is a subject of the greatest importance; and all who occupy the responsible position of parent, guardian, or teacher, must deeply feel the necessity of availing themselves of all the means within their reach, calculated to prepare them to discharge the mighty duties of that position. The moulding of the social and political condition of the next generation is in their hands and they are urged to a faithful and understanding discharge of their peculiar duties by every consideration, as parents, citizens, and philanthropists. Some of the best minds of the age have felt the importance of

giving to the world such instructions on this subject, as in their view might be instrumental in assisting in the discharge of their important duties. We know of no more valuable contribution to this department of literature than the volume by W. W. EVERS, D. D., entitled, "Childhood—its Promise and Training," and we commend it to the careful study of parents and others having the care of children. We believe this is the first work by a Baptist in this country, taking the subject up at length and in all its parts.

All Pedobaptist authors do injustice to our views of religious dedication, and none of them are superior, if equal to this, as a manual of early education. We should like to see this work made a standard book among Baptists.

Our preachers especially, should examine it with a view to having it placed in the hands of the heads of families in their churches.

We are pleased to see that the work is highly appreciated by the press.—*Western Rec.*

**THE CHILD'S GUIDE.** Printed and Published by J. LEBRUN, Louisville, Ky.

This is an octavo paper, issued monthly by an esteemed Baptist brother, in Louisville, A devoted Sabbath School teacher, he is every way competent to be the guide of the youth. Those that love children, are alone able to guide and lead them in the proper paths. We advise Baptists in the South and West, to patronize this unpretending little monthly. It has two things to recommend it—it is truly Baptist, and it is printed in the South. The time is coming when we will be compelled to patronize our own publications. Let all those churches that think it their duty to refuse aid to the American Tract Society, adopt the "Child's Guide," in place of the "Child's Paper." It can be had on the same terms. Address J. LEBRUN, Publisher, Louisville, Ky.

Graves, Marks & Co. have now ready for sale the CHILDREN'S BOOK. 1 vol. 8 vo. 400 pages. Neatly bound. Price \$1.

This is indeed a beautiful book, and would be an excellent present to a child. It is full of illustrations, in the best style of wood engraving. The reading matter is of the most inter-

esting kind, and written in a style suitable to the comprehension of youth, without having a tendency to cultivate a 'children's jargon.' The oldest and the youngest may read it with profit. The "Children's Book," is published monthly, at \$1, per annum. No family should be without it.

EDWARD HALL; Or the Influence of Sabbath Schools. By the author of the "Lost Found," "Clara C." Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

This is the second volume in the interesting series of "Davenport Stories," written by a talented lady in Virginia. The object of the present volume is to show the usefulness of Sunday Schools. In beautiful and stirring language the author describes the success attending the labors of "one single-hearted, devoted young Christian."

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, from its Origin in 1824, to its Thirty-Second Anniversary in 1856. By J. Newton Brown. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

A well printed volume of 276 pages, duodecimo, presenting a mass of facts of great interest in connection with the History of the Baptist General Tract Society, now known as the American Baptist Publication Society. Each Life Member and Life Manager can obtain a copy, by sending the postage (15 cents,) to Mr. J. S. Dickerson, the Depository Agent. To all others the book will be sold for twenty-five cents.

LESLIES' ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—

An elegantly embellished weekly newspaper, containing sixteen large quarto pages, published at 12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York, at three dollars per annum. The engravings are numerous and costly. It contains portraits, public buildings, church edifices, &c., surpassing any similar publication in the United States.

We have received several valuable works, but for want of space, cannot notice them in the present number. They will be attended to in our next.

## AGENTS FOR THE FAMILY VISITOR.

We respectfully request all Baptist preachers; postmasters and friends generally, to act as our agents, we offer good inducements, fifty cents for every subscriber.

The following brethren are authorized to receive subscriptions and monies for "The Baptist Family Visitor," and also debts due Parlor Visitor.

JOHN LEBRUN, Louisville, Ky.

E. H. DAVIS, Hannibal Missouri.

GEORGE SHOCKLY, Aurora, Ind.

J. J. TOON, S. Carolina, *General Agent.*

## TO ADVERTISERS.

THERE will be an additional eight pages, devoted to advertisements, in our August issue, we solicit the patronage of Colleges, Academies, Schools, etc., and any advertisements suitable for our magazine. The steady and rapid increase in our subscription list, renders it a desirable advertising medium.

Terms as reasonable as those of any other magazine. Address, T. M. HUGHES, Publisher.

## SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

HAVING had many years experience in the superintendency and management of Sabbath Schools, we are ready to give any information that may be needed, by those intending to organize the same. We will also attend to all orders for Libraries and other Books, necessary for this purpose, to any desiring our assistance.

UNAVOIDABLE circumstances have combined to protract our design of issuing the Visitor on the first of the month, but as we have now a supply of illustrations, and other essentials for a good magazine, we shall endeavor to mail it by the last of every month, so that our subscribers may receive it about the time they expect it.

We have engaged an artist to prepare for the August number of the Visitor, a view of Nashville, which we feel sure will be acceptable to our readers.

## OFFICE OF THE BAPTIST FAMILY VISITOR, AND TENNESSEE FARMER AND MECHANIC.

17½ DEADERICK, STREET, NASHVILLE, TENN.

We cordially invite our Baptist brethren and friends, when visiting this city, to give us a call, we will be very happy to make their acquaintance, and give them any information they may need, in a strange city. Our office is well supplied with exchanges from all parts of the United States and British Provinces, besides a number of the best agricultural magazines and papers to be found anywhere. The Tennessee Farmer and Mechanic, a valuable monthly edited by Mr. L. P. WILLIAMS, is issued from the same office, we can recommend this periodical as one of the best of its kind, in the South and West; its merits are beginning to be seen by the farmers generally. Call and see us.

THE PUBLISHER would respectfully inform the readers of "The Baptist Family Visitor," that it is impossible to comply with the request of many, when sending us money, that we should return them a receipt for the same. We receive a number of letters every day, and it would require a clerk to occupy his whole time, expressly to attend to this business. Subscribers may always know that their favors have been received, by our sending them in return the "Visitor." Old subscribers, paying up and discontinuing, may know the same, by their *not* getting it. We are determined to send it to no one who does not wish it, or those that do not pay up arrearages.

We trust our friends will remember us, and try to send us as many new subscribers and old debts as possible, to enable us to beautify our next number.

THOSE returning numbers to this office, will please write upon them the Post-office from whence they are sent. We sometimes find it impossible to cross out the names of those who wish a discontinuance, for this very reason. If it should come to any after they have ordered a discontinuance, it is their own fault, and not ours.

# D'OYLEY IN SQUARE CROCHET.

COMPOSED BY MRS. T. M. H. FOR "BAPTIST FAMILY VISITOR."



**MATERIALS**—Cotton, No. 16; crochet hook, No. 18. Eagle card-board gauge.

The size given for materials, will make d'oyley about 20 inches, as there are 88 squares, and 8 squares are equal to 2 inches. Of course, with finer cottons and hooks, the size will be diminished. Patterns given in square crochet are very pretty worked in two colors of wool. The open squares should be worked in one color, and the close in the other; every square consisting of three dc. stitches. Mats of this description should be tacked on a stand previously formed of stout card or mill board, covered with green calico or silk.