

THE BIBLICAL RECORDER.

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Revivals of Religion.

No 4.

Having contended, in the onset, that "excitement in view of the truth to duty, is God's plan of saving sinners," it follows as a legitimate inference, that *animal excitements* by appeals exclusively to the passions and sensibilities, are no part of the moral means for the promotion of a genuine revival. Divine truth applied to the understanding and the heart, addressed to the reason and conscience, causing men to feel that that Scripture just cited, is true, that argument is just—"God is right and I am wrong—I ought to repent—I ought to believe." This mental excitement affords the only solid foundation that conviction and conversion will be real and not spurious. It is true, that there is a tie of common emotion which binds men to the deepest sympathy with each other. But it is far better to leave these sympathies to operate spontaneously, than to arouse them by inflammatory appeals to the passions and affections.

There is danger of men's indulging in a sentimental hope in religion, and sentimentalism is not regeneration, nor the least sign of it. A man may be stirred powerfully by grand mountain scenery, a tempest, a huge gothic cathedral and a choir of vocal and instrumental music, finished artistic pictures, and gorgeously painted windows and arches, without one spark of love to God, or love to man. The kingdom of God is not selfish sentimentalism, "but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Hence it is dangerous to build christian hope on mere natural sympathies, the result of animal instincts or sensuous affections. Divine truth burning in upon the heart and conscience is the great engine which the Holy Spirit employs to draw men to God in Christ for reconciliation, regeneration and salvation. Christian parents, relatives or friends under strong impressions of the awful realities of religion, burn with strong desires to urge their beloved kindred to the mourner's seat, even before deep conviction be manifest.

Now there is no promise of comfort to any but a *real mourner*—nor of peace to any hut broken, penitent, contrite, believing hearts.—We need not be surprised therefore at such persons returning empty, as they went. They had no errand to the mercy seat, they asked nothing, and they received nothing. Seeking the Lord is the voluntary act of the person most concerned—Christ will enter in if the door of that person's heart be opened by the Lord, like Lydia's and consent like her, to attend to truth and duty. Acts 16: 14, 15, and Rev. 3: 20 compared.—Here we have a striking illustration of the consent of the human will with the Divine efficiency to the saving of the soul.

We ought to take advantage of such earnest attention, tender susceptibility of the truth and real excitement under it, to endeavor to lead such souls to Christ, in co operation with the power of the Holy Spirit, which is manifestly present and mightily at work. This is a far different process from making a great fuss and calling it a revival. Iron cold, and iron heated, are two very different states of the same metal: "we should strike while the iron is hot," but take care it is properly heated. "Is not my word like fire, and like a hammer smiting the Lord breaking the flinty rocks in pieces."

There is a terror in the language of divine truth applied to men's consciences by the still, small, mighty influence of God's spirit, which licks up the dust, wood and stubble in men's hearts, and bows them in humble adoration of His sensible awful presence. Fear comes upon all the congregation and sinners earnestly ask His love, a sense of whose wrath they cannot bear. Such is a genuine revival of religion, from which all wild-fire and extravagance are excluded. The excitement is overwhelming, but still solemn and divine. Ministers rejoice with trembling, for now the Lord is come, and has taken the work in his own hands.

For want of attention to these considerations, revivals have been brought into great and undeserved disrepute. There is always a pure gold, where there are counterfeits. There is feigned conviction and real—true conversion and spurious. When a female puts up her fan to her face, it is no token of deep soul concern. There is a look of heart-stricken anxiety, denoting the agonizing struggle within, which can seldom be mistaken. The reed bows its head, because it has been bruised, and God in Christ alone, can "cure the hurt," safe and sound.

If ministers would beware of wood, hay, and stubble convictions, there would be fewer spurious conversions. Let the convicted person declare his own personal experience of the love of a pardoning God and Savior—let him "have rejoicing in himself" before you rejoice over him—"For every man shall bear his own burden." Heal not his wound slightly, it is beyond your skill. Religion is his personal concern, not yours. His soul, not yours, is on trial for salvation or perdition—and though you must "travail in birth"

for his soul, nothing ought to satisfy him but the personal consciousness, that he is in Christ and Christ is in him—he is a new creature, and hence rejoices in hope of glory. It is an awful delusion to rest in a false hope—therefore it is a great sin to encourage persons to indulge the hope of acceptance, merely because their convictions have been pungent. Entire submission to God and hearty reception of Christ as the Savior of His appointment and our glad approbation, is the best evidence of a genuine work of the Holy Spirit on the heart.

While ministers, then, watch for the souls of others, they should watch their own souls, against the temptation from within and without, to officious interposition, self-sufficiency and self-exaltation—human agency may co operate with, but can never produce divine. The most profound humility, the most entire dependence on God, the meekest wisdom, the firmest faith, should characterize ministers at all times—but in a revival they are indispensable—"Every high thing must be brought, down no flesh should glory in His presence, for the Lord alone will be exalted in that day."

The Soul's Vows.

The Vows of Danger.

Can you look back on some hour of appalling danger, perhaps amidst the terrors of a thunder-storm, when the voice of an angry God seemed to threaten in every thunder-peal, and his vengeance flashed with terrible brightness out of heaven, and you know not but that the next flash might be commissioned to call your guilty soul into his presence? Or have you witnessed the more appalling horrors of a storm at sea, when death seemed ready to crush on you in every rushing wave, and all within was a dark and wild, and tempestuous, as all without; when the dreadful whispers of conscience were heard above the loudest roarings of the tempest; and the thought was forced upon you that in a few moments you must stand before an unknown offended God, and plunge into an unknown dreadful eternity? Have you amidst scenes like these vowed a vow unto God, that if rescued from the threatened destruction, you would repent and forsake your sins, and devote to the service of God the life which his mercy spared?

The Vows of Death.

Can you remember a time when you were stretched in pain and languishing on the bed of sickness, which you then feared would prove the bed of death? when with keenly scrutinizing glance, you watched the physician's countenance, as it read your sentence written there; and there did read with shuddering soul, the sentence his lips would not pronounce—"no hope;" and tremble as you saw that sentence confirmed by the anguished looks of those around, which they vainly strove to hide, and the traces of the recent tears which all their efforts could not restrain. When you felt these outward announcements of your approaching dissolution, fearfully confirmed by the sinking of all within: in that dreadful hour, while you almost fancied that you saw the burning eye of God fixed on you, and felt the crushing hand of God pressing you down, and a dark and dreadful eternity appeared unveiled did you then vow a vow unto God, that if he would spare your life and restore your strength, you would consecrate to his glory the life he spared, and spend in his service the strength he restored?

The forgotten Vows.

Have you kept the vows which in the hour of danger, or prospects of death, ye vowed unto God? Has your rescued life been consecrated to his glory? Has your restored strength been spent in his service? Or is the guilt of broken vows upon your soul? Look back! When God silenced the thunder, or settled the tempest, tell me, did your purposes or promises of repentance and amendment follow the footsteps of the retiring storm? As the voice of the thunder, or the tempest, when departing waxed fainter, did your repentant fears and resolutions wax fainter also, till the last traces of them had disappeared with the disappearance of the storm? And when the sky was once more clear, and the sea calm, was your soul once more sunk into its former state of guilty security, the fearful calm of spiritual deadness, the precursors of eternal death? Recovered from sickness, have you once more plunged, with the same infatuation as before, into the world's pursuits and pleasures, and amidst their absorbing or intoxicating influences, forgotten altogether the terrors you felt on your bed of sickness, and the vows you there vowed to your God?

The Recorded Vows.

You may have forgotten these vows, and every day, and every hour, may witness your shameful violation of them, but remember, I conjure you, that God has not forgotten them. In the day you vowed them, and registered them in that book, where all your thoughts, and words, and actions, are written down, and out of which you will be judged in that day when the books shall be opened. From the moment you pledged those solemn promises, up to the present, that God to whom you pledged them has been the constant witness of every movement of your heart and life, and has seen "violation of your own" stamped upon all. He has watched your silencing the pleadings of conscience, and stifling the convictions of his Spirit, when reminding you of those solemn vows. He has seen with what self-satisfied complacency you have congratulated of others, on your having shaken off the fears that terrified you, when death and eternity were staring you in the face. And yet he has watched over you and kept you in safety, and blessed you day by day,

while you have continued to insult his majesty, and despised his love! Why is this? Because he is God—gracious and long suffering, slow to anger, and delighting in mercy.—Rev. Hugh White.

Birth-Place of Robert Hall.

Arnsby, the birth-place of Robert Hall, and the scene of his father's long and successful ministry, is a little more than eight miles south of Leicester. The village is small, but beautifully situated. Many of the houses are thatched, the walls mantled with ivy, and surrounded by beautiful little flower gardens. A love for flowers seems to be a passion with the English.—Even in the large manufacturing towns, in the dwellings of the laboring classes, you will find the windows filled with plants. The Baptist Chapel is a square brick building, looking very like a large country mansion. The parsonage is on one side of the church-yard, adjoining the remains of the old meeting-house where Robert Hall, of Arnsby, preached so many years. I found the pastor, the Rev. Joseph Davis formerly of London, at home. Like all good bishops Mr. D. is given to hospitality, and my short visit was an exceedingly pleasant one. He was very kind in showing me every place in the vicinity of interest to the Baptist pilgrim; and his anecdotes and his reminiscences lost none of their charm by their being related on the very spot. The old study, where the "Help to Zion's Travellers" was written, is used by brother Davis, and the walls are covered with a large and well selected collection of books. It was while walking in the passage near the door of this room, that Mr. Hall's name died. He is buried in the grave-yard behind the Chapel: "He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith, and much people was added unto the Lord." The meeting-house now used is quite spacious, but rather singularly arranged, having two galleries, one opposite to the other on the right hand side of the pulpit. Below the pulpit is the old communion table, which has been used more than a hundred years. As Mr. Hall increased in age, he likewise increased in bulk: the communion table and pastors seat either were fixtures, or else the idea of moving them apart did not occur; at any rate, the space between them became too strait for the portly pastor; so the hand-saw was called in and a large semi-circular piece has been restored, the succeeding pastors being less corpulent men. The church at Arnsby still adhere to scriptural or close communion. Nearly all the churches in any way famous in the history of the denomination, hold the same views. The church at Kettering, Andrew Fuller's is an exception. I expected to visit Kettering while at Leicester, but was prevented.

"A Sunny Spirit."

How beautiful it is! A spirit of cheerfulness and readiness to enjoy, of genial humor, of warmth and gentleness and hopefulness of feeling, of charity and kindness, of peaceful faith, of brightness, of fancy and clearness of thought and the joyful appreciation of all that is beautiful! What a charm, such a spirit spreads about its possessor! How happy and how tranquil are the family circles amid which it prevails! How does it make the common words of the soul which it pervades as musical in their flow as brooks in June! How sweetly does it retain its serenity against the strong impulse of opposition! How does it enlighten that portion of life which is overhung and shadowed by sorrow or by peril! How does it imbue with beauty the literature or the art of the mind in its dwelling! How does it convert even the infirmities of old age, which it cannot dissipate into occasions of pleasant remembrance and pleasant anticipation: as the sun at evening tints the thickest clouds with pearl and silver, and edges their masses with gold and sheen! And how does such a spirit, as the evidence and the result of faith in Christ, and of delightful trust in the Divine Father, correspond with all that is sublime in holiness and grand in self-devotion, and powerful, and uplifting in belief of Truth! How does it find its fitting and natural consummation, after Life's day is done, amid the Rest and Peace of Heaven!

Who would not have a "sunny spirit?"—that charming effluence of Christianity; that sweetness of Life; that beautiful essence, pervading our thoughts; that fruit of gentle submission to the Divine wisdom; that Shadow of God's Home, as Plato said the light was of His Body! No felicity of organization, no effort of the will, no friendly guidance and education alone can give it; can render it perfect, or make it permanent. But in Christ Jesus, through faith in him, and the reception of his spirit, and joyful in his redemption, we may all find it.—Independent.

Now!

STANDING, a few days since, by the bedside of a man who was sinking in the agonies of Asiatic cholera, he turned his glassy eyes upon me and said: "A few hours more, a few hours more to prepare!" Thirty minutes after, I met one of his neighbors hurrying through the streets towards the undertaker's. Poor J.—was already in another world. How often had the unhappy man heard from my pulpit, "Now is the accepted time;" but never had I proclaimed that warning to him so earnestly as he did to me in that dying cry, "a few hours more, a few hours more!" And from a thousands death beds comes the same affecting announcement every day. "Now is the accepted time," echoes in the ear of every living man. To the impenitent man the voice proclaims, Now is the time to make your peace with God. To the minister of Christ it says, Now is the time to press the religion of the Gospel on every conscience. To the church member it says, Now is the time for prayer and earnest labor, for, mayhap, the Judge standeth at the very door!

"Seek religion now," was the advice of a

young man to his brother in the State of N.—. The one thus appealed to had been somewhat thoughtful, but strove to parry his convictions. That very night he had engaged to attend a dancing party and before he set off he solemnly promised the anxious brother, who was pleading with him, that "as soon as that ball was over, he would attend to the salvation of his soul." He went. The saloon was thronged. The lights were blazing. The line was formed for the dance; the first sound of the viol arose on the air. He stepped forward, and reeled, and fell breathless on the floor! His "now" was in eternity; his soul was at the bar of God!

Impenitent reader! when and where has God assured you of the morrow? Who has guaranteed to you that the door of mercy shall stand open another day? Who has promised you that the knocking monitor at your conscience should knock again?

"To-morrow is in another world," and lest your soul should be there before the sun set again, flee, O! flee to the cross of Jesus now!—Phil. Pres.

Oh, for a closer Walk with God.

A closer walk with God! Is not the wish presumptuous? May man, finite man, innocently indulge such an aspiration? May sinful man presume to walk with God—with the Infinite—discourse with the Father of his spirit—enjoy the friendship of Jehovah? Can it be, that rebels against the authority of God, contempters of his holy will, and despisers of his goodness and grace, may be restored to the friendship of their offended Sovereign? Have any of our fallen race been admitted to this high privilege? Wonder of wonders! This is not the dream of an enthusiast; it is not the wild raving of a fanatic.

"To this godlike height some souls have soared." Men have walked with God. Enoch did it; for centuries, here upon this same earth, and in the midst of abounding wickedness, he walked with God. Noah, too, walked with God, when the wickedness of man was so great as to provoke the flood. Abraham, too, was called "the friend of God," and Moses talked with God as friend talking with friend. Nor has it been vouchsafed to these alone. In latter times, John says in behalf of all who believed: "Truly, our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ." It is the privilege of every believer then, to walk with God. Nay, more; every son and daughter of Adam is invited to draw near to God, with the blessed assurance that he will draw nigh to them. All then may—you and I may—walk with God! Were but one favored individual of our race admitted to this "high calling;"

"How

Would others envy! how would thrones adore! Because it's common, is the blessing lost?"

To walk with God! Oh, vain, all else; all other honors, all other privileges. And yet, amazing stupidity! how indifferent are men to this high privilege! How few covet fellowship with God?

"Oh for a closer walk with God." How often we have sung this—but do we really desire it? Is it the wish of our souls? If so, then what hinders? God is willing—nay, more than willing, he is anxious to welcome us to this fellowship. Then why are we not rather rejoicing with joy unspeakable in the full fruition of this high privilege? Why are we not upon the mount with God?—Herald of the Prairies.

The Cross of Christ.

Christ's cross is the sweetest burden that ever I bear, it is such a burden as wings are to a bird, or sails to a ship, to carry me forward to my harbor.

Hold fast to Christ, but take his cross and him, he cheerfully; Christ and his cross are not separable in this life, however they part at heaven's door.

To be crucified to the world is not so highly accounted of by us as it should be; how heavenly a thing it is to be deaf and dead to this world's sweetest music.

Make others to see Christ in you, moving, doing, speaking and thinking; your actions will speak of him, if he be in you.

Go where you will, your soul will find no rest but in Christ's bosom. Inquire for him, come to him, and rest you on Christ the Son of God; I sought him, and I found in him all I can wish or want.

Loss not sight of Christ in this cloudy and dark day, learn not from the world to serve Christ, but ask himself the way; the world is a false copy, and a deceitful guide to follow.

All come not home at night who suppose they have set their faces heavenward; it is a woeful thing to die, and miss heaven; how many a mere professor's candle is blown out and never lighted again. Many, now, take Christ by guess; therefore, I say, be sure you take Christ himself, his sweet working in the soul will not lie, it will soon tell whether it be Christ indeed whom you have met with.

The day of the Lord is at hand, when all men shall appear as they are; there shall be no borrowed colors in that day; men borrow the lustre of Christianity, but how many counterfeit masks will be burned in the day of God.

I wish our thoughts were, more frequently than they are, upon our country! heaven easteth a sweet perfume afar off to those who have spiritual senses.

Go on in the strength of the Lord, and put Christ's love to the trial, and put upon it burdens, and then it will appear love indeed; we employ not his love, and therefore we know it not.

More I can neither wish nor pray, nor desire for you, than Christ, singled and chosen out from all things, even though wearing a crown of thorns. I am sure the saints are at best but

strangers to the weight and worth of the incomparable excellence of Christ. We know not half of what we love when we love Christ.

I would not have believed that there is so much in Jesus as there is. It is little to see him in a book; but to draw nigh to Christ is another thing.

That Christ and a sinner should be one, and share heaven between them, is the wonder of salvation; what more could love do?—Rutherford's Letters.

The Death of a Child.

And no one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. Even the father cannot realize it thus. There is a vacancy in his home and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; the memories of endearments, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But a mother feels that one has been taken away that was still closer to her heart. Hers had been the office of constant ministration. Every gradation of feature has developed before her eyes. She has detected every new gleam of intelligence. She has heard his first utterance of every new word. She has been the refuge of his fears; the supply of his wants. And every task of affection has woven a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when he dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies. How can she give him up with all these memories, these associations? These timid hands have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold them on her breast, and give them up to the cold clasp of death! The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley. The head that she has pressed to her lips and her bosom, that she has watched in burning sickness and peaceful slumber, a hair of which she would not see harmed. Oh! how can she consign it to the slumber of the grave? The form that not for one night has been beyond her vision or her knowledge, how can she put it away for the long night of the sepulchre, to see it no more! Men has cares and toils that draw his thoughts and employ them; she sits in loneliness, and all these memories, all these suggestions, crowd upon her. How can she bear all this? She could not, were it not that her faith is as her affection; and if the one is more deep and tender than in man the other is more simple and spontaneous, and takes confidently hold of the hand of God.

The Loss of the First Born.

We have heard of a young mother who had newly buried her first born. Her pastor went to visit her, and, on finding her sweetly resigned, he asked her how she had attained such resignation. She replied, "I used to think of my boy continually, whether sleeping or walking—to me he seemed more beautiful than other children. I was vexed if visitors omitted to praise his eyes, or his curls, or the robes that I wrought for him with my needle.—At first I believed it the natural current of a mother's love. Then I feared it was pride, and sought to humble myself before Him who resisteth the proud. One night in dreams I thought an angel stood beside me, and said, 'Where is the little bud thou nurdest in thy bosom? I am sent to take it away! Where is thy little harp? Give it to me! It is like those which sound the praise of God in heaven.' I awoke in tears. My beautiful boy drooped like a bud which the worm pierces. His last wailing was like the sad music from shattered harp-strings. All my world seemed gone. Still in my agony I listened, for there was a voice in my soul, like the voice of the angel who had warned me, saying, 'God loveth a cheerful giver.' I hid my mouth in the dust and said, 'Let Thy will be mine,' and as I arose, though the tear lay on my cheek, there was a smile also. Since then this voice has been heard amid the duties of every day—me thinks it says continually, 'The cheerful giver!'"

YOU WILL BE WANTED.—Take courage, young man. What if you are but an humble apprentice—a poor neglected orphan—a scold and a byword to the thoughtless and gay, who despise virtue in tatters? Have you even an intelligent mind, untutored though it be? Have you a virtuous aim, a pure desire, an honest heart?—Depend upon it, one of these days you will be wanted.

The time may be long deferred. You may grow to manhood, and you may eventually reach your prime, ere the call is made, but virtuous aims, pure desires and honest hearts are two few not to be appreciated—not to be wanted.

Your virtues shall not always be hidden—your poverty shall not always wrap you about as a mantle—obscurity shall not always veil you from the multitude. Be civil in your combat with circumstances. Be ever active, however small be your sphere of action. It will surely enlarge with every movement, and your influence will have double incitement.

In the world's broad field of battle, In the bivouac of life, Be not like dumb driven cattle, Be a hero in the strife.

Work on, for surely you will be wanted, and then comes on your reward. Lean upon the sacred verity. "I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Never despair, for the lives of good men abundantly show that often when the clouds are blackest, and the tempest is fiercest and hope the faintest, a "still small voice" will be heard saying, "come hither—you are wanted," and all your powers will find employment. Therefore take heart young man, for ere long "you will be wanted."

THE RECORDER.

RALEIGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1849.

TERMS—Two dollars per annum, payable in all cases in advance. If not paid in 6 months \$3 will be charged.

We would invite the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the Chowan Institute. Also to the proposition of a Baptist, to originate a Seminary for Females, to be under the patronage of our State Convention.

BRO. S. G. O'BRYAN. We learn that bro. S. G. O'Bryan, late a student at Wake Forest College, and now a missionary of the Board of our State Convention, in the western part of this State, is about to visit the State of Alabama. Bro. O. is a young brother of good standing, and an acceptable preacher. We regret to learn that he is about to leave our State, where ministerial labor is so greatly needed; but must, at the same time, bespeak for him a cordial reception by our brethren of Alabama.

Caught at Last.

In the last Religious Herald we find an article a part of which demands our attention. After the usual snarl at the Recorder for having "washed its hands of him"—some smart remarks about a certain "High Priest of the Jews"—and something about "allusions to third persons," which we do not comprehend—the "junior" concludes his article with the following spirited paragraphs:—

But the *gravamen* of this article is contained in the following passage. "This is, if we mistake not, the second or third time that the charge has been repeated. We have, hitherto, considered it the mere ebullition of passion, and have passed it by."

"We have charged him with having grossly and wilfully corrupted the words of Jesus Christ, by suppressing, transferring, and interpolating parts of sentences. We now hereby repeat the allegation, and challenge him to deny the charge if he thinks it safe to do so."

We accept the challenge, and demand the proof—and what is more, we are perfectly willing to meet the charge before our own church, and stand ready to abide the issue, provided he will do the same. If the charge be true, we are not fit to be in a Christian church—if it be false, our accuser ought not to be there. If he is prepared to encounter the responsibility of so grave an accusation, now repeated for the third time, let him transfer his membership to the Second Baptist Church here—a body of as honorable men as are to be found in the denomination, and let us abide their decision.

Thus the reader will see that after having followed this man of the Herald pretty much over "all creation," we have succeeded in "roping him" at last; and having done so, we shall hold on to him a "spell," even at the hazard of having to wash our hands a second time. He admits that this is "the second or third time that the charge has been repeated." What must be thought of the spirit of a man who will permit himself to be bearded three or four times with a charge of wilful perversion, before he can pick up courage enough to notice it; or even to allow his readers to know that such charge has been alleged against him? To this day, his readers have been kept in ignorance of the fact, that he has been peremptorily challenged to sustain himself in some dozen or more instances, which he has never ventured to notice in any way.

The junior says, if the charge be true he is not fit to be in a Christian church. This is precisely our own opinion. We have expressed the same belief before. And it is mainly for this and similar conduct, that we have washed our hands of him, and refused to recognize his right to the civilities of editorial courtesy.—He says, further, that, if the charge be false, his accuser ought not to be there; that is in the Christian church. And so say we. A man who will wilfully bear false witness against his neighbor, is clearly unfit for a place among Christians. What, then, must be thought of this same "junior," who has not only been issuing the vilest slanders against the Recorder, without even an attempt at legitimate proof; but has persisted in refusing to the accused a hearing in self-defense?

But the proof has been demanded! This is exactly what we have wanted. The proof has already been given, however, as the junior well knows. It was given when the charge was first made, and may be found in the Recorder of the 14th April. We will very cheerfully give it again, however, in answer to the present call, in the hope that the editor may feel compelled to lay it before his readers.

The charge is, that the junior editor of the Herald "has grossly and wilfully corrupted the words of Jesus Christ, by suppressing, transferring, and interpolating parts of sentences." And here follows the proof:—

In the Herald of April 5th, we read the following: "We will only place some of his [the Recorder's] peculiar opinions in juxtaposition with the book from which he professes to have derived them."

"Baptism is the only avenue into the interior of the kingdom of Christ."

John x. 9. "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved. He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."

1. It will not be denied that the foregoing quotation was given to the readers of the Herald as a passage to be found, John 10th chap. and 9th verse;—that it was furnished as a *proof text* to overthrow the position of the Recorder;—and that it was intended to be received and understood as a *bona fide* transcript of holy writ.

2. We now affirm that there is no such passage to be found at the place specified; and as proof, we quote the real words of Christ on record at John x. 9:—"I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture."—Neither is such passage to be found in any other part of the Scriptures. Should any one assert the contrary, we require to be referred to the place.

3. This passage of John x. 9, is corrupted by the suppression of the last clause of the verse, and the placing of a full point instead of a comma, after the word saved. Here is undeniable proof of corruption by suppression.

The balance of this notable text is to be found, not in the verse following, as one might suppose, but, forsooth, in the first verse of the chapter! and forms, not the whole verse, but a part of it! Thus it appears that the John x. 9. of the Herald, is compounded of two fragments of two separate and distinct verses, remotely situated from each other, and having reference to two separate and distinct points of discussion!—Here is undeniable proof of corruption by transfer and interpolation.

4. That the sense of the Savior is perverted, as well as his language corrupted, is further evident from the facts, that, in the first verse of the chapter and those immediately following, he was speaking of the "shepherd of the sheep;" and of himself, not as the door, but as the true shepherd; and in the 9th verse, he was treating of the sheep, and of himself as the "door of the sheep," by which they might pass "in and out and find pasture."

Here, then, is undeniable proof of the junior's having corrupted both the words and the meaning of Jesus Christ, by suppressing, transferring and interpolating parts of sentences.

5. That this must have been wilfully done, is clear from the circumstances. Such a nicely executed cutting up, and leaving out, and fitting in, and combining of parts, and the glossing over of the whole under the caption of a single text, could never have been the result of accident, nor of oversight. Besides, there is a manifest design in this stealthy arrangement. Why were not the two verses quoted as they stand on record, John x. 1. 9? For the obvious reason that they would have defeated the design of the writer, by showing that they belonged to different topics. Why was not the passage referred to the 1st verse, instead of the 9th? Evidently because the door there spoken of did not suit the purpose of the writer. Why was the phrase in the 9th verse—"and they shall go in and out and find pasture"—entirely suppressed? Clearly because it would have defeated the object of the writer, by showing that the door alluded to could not have been the door of the kingdom. Why was the whole smoothly glossed over under the mendacious caption of John x. 9? Unquestionably for the purpose of imposing on the unsuspecting reader. Why were the quotation marks placed at the beginning and end of the paragraph; and not at the beginning and end of the separate parts? For the obvious purpose of confirming the deception intended to be practised on the reader. In short, what could have been the object of the writer in stooping to this low and shallow device? Clearly to make out proof from the Scriptures, which might be thought to meet the emergencies of the case, by overthrowing the position of the Recorder!!!

Should it occur to any one that, after all, the matter misrepresented here is of no very great importance, we reply, this is not the matter in which we are concerned. It is the principle of the thing which we are called to look at. A small falsehood is as much a falsehood as a large one; if there be any difference, the former implies a greater want of principle than the latter. So in the case in hand, corruption is corruption; and he that will pervert the Scriptures in one case, will do it in another. And he that will mutilate the language of holy writ, will mutilate the language of any other document. And he that will put false testimony into the mouth of his Savior, will not hesitate to bear false witness himself. And besides, let this principle of mutilation be once allowed, and in a little time, where shall we go to find a true copy of the Scriptures?

Such is the proof we have to give in the case in question. The "junior" can take it and dispose of it in any way which may suit himself. We demand, however, that it shall be laid before the readers of the Herald.

What this sagacious editor can mean by his proposition to us, to transfer our membership to his own church, puzzles us rather more than somewhat.—Does he suppose that we cannot do all things required of us as editor of the Recorder, without becoming a member of the second Baptist church in Richmond? Does he imagine us to be so green as to agree to travel to Richmond, with a letter of dismission in our pocket, in order to do what we can accomplish with quite as much ease, and to much better effect, here at home? Is it his opinion, as the self-appointed expounder of Baptist church Polity, that such a transfer of membership, under such circumstances, and for such a purpose, would be sanctioned by any usage or principle of the Baptist denomination? And further, does he think that the Second Church in Richmond would, or could, receive a person into her fellowship, for the avowed and only purpose, of carrying on a personal controversy with one of her members? And most of all, would he himself, as pastor of said church, receive to membership, and to fellowship of course, a person whom he has been denouncing as a Campbellite, a Puseyite, a Romanist, a Thersites, a Janus-face, a traitor in the Baptist camp, &c. &c. If he would not, his proposition is a mere pretense, and convicts him of downright deception. If he would, then he must either be a man of no principle, holding fellowship with Romanists, traitors, &c.; or else he has no faith in his own denunciations, knowing them to be unfounded in truth and in fact.

But however all this may be, of one thing he may be assured: he will never find us a party to any church of which he is either an officer or a private member. As we have had occasion to intimate before, we have no confidence in his Christian character; and until we can see evidence that he is an altered man, he need never expect to see us in connection with the same

church with himself. If his object in making this proposition, be to shelter himself, in some way, under the patronage of the church of which he is pastor, he is of course welcome to all the advantage to be gained by it. This much we will say, however: viewed in all its bearings, a sillier proposition perhaps never emanated from a grown man laying claim to a sane mind; and, so far as we can see, it can be accounted for only on the supposition, that he has placed himself in such a "fix," that he knows not what way to turn, nor what sort of a shift to make. If this be so, he has the consolation of knowing that he can justly blame none but himself.

As a further and a fresh illustration of this man's moral sense, in reply to our charge of misquoting and garbling the language of the Recorder, he adroitly takes to himself the credit of having published in the Herald two articles of ours entire!! The truth is, these articles were inserted by the Senior editor, after he himself had positively refused to admit them; and in conformity to a promise made by the former, while the latter was absent from Richmond. But for the magnanimity of the Senior editor, these two articles entire would never have had a place in the Religious Herald. And even this was not done until the work of misrepresentation had been carried on for months. And as to the justice of his "quotations," the foregoing case of John x. 9, may be taken as a pretty fair specimen.

Query.

Ought a Baptist church in electing a Pastor, to serve during a year, permit the Female Members of the said church a voice in electing their Pastor? Also how often should the Lord's Supper be administered during the year? By answering you will oblige one of your readers.

1. As female members are permitted to vote on other questions in our churches, we can see no good reason why they should not be allowed to participate in choosing the pastor, whom it will be their duty to assist in supporting, and on whose ministry they will be dependent for much of their spiritual comfort and edification.

2. Our churches, generally, partake of the Supper once a month. Some do it oftener and some not so often. As no particular time seems to have been specified, we have regarded the monthly observance of this ordinance as the most appropriate, and as the last exposed to objections. We think, however, that each church has a right to fix her own seasons for communion; and that in so doing, she should be governed in part by the frequency of her ordinary meetings for worship.

The foregoing remark has reference to churches meeting for worship every sabbath. In churches in the country, which hold only monthly meetings for worship, once in three months for communion, would probably be as frequent as convenient.

Aquila Norman Again.

We have received from the above named person, who was published some time since, by the Cross Roads Church, as an imposter, the following certificates; which a sense of justice to the parties compels us to lay before our readers. It appears from Mr. Norman's letter, that the church at Free Chapel "has gone down and ceases to exist." Of course the said Norman is not now, and we presume has not been for some time, a member of any Baptist Church. When we published the notice of the Cross Roads Church, we took it for granted that the brethren of said church were in possession of proof necessary to sustain their charges; and we have been disappointed somewhat in not having been furnished with such proof since the denial of their statement, in the response of the accused. As stated at first, we must decline taking any part in this controversy; as it relates to a matter of which we have no personal knowledge. We will say this much however: since it appears that Mr. Norman is not now a member of any Baptist church, and as it is well known that rumors are in circulation prejudicial to his character as a Christian minister, something should be done to place the subject in its true light before the public. If the accused is an injured man, he ought to be vindicated and acquitted. If on the contrary, he is a bad man, imposing on the credulity of the unsuspecting, he ought to be exposed and denounced.

For the Recorder.

Washington co., Aug. 27, 1849.

BRO. MEREDITH:—

I send you a certificate from brother John Newberry, who was a member and Deacon of the church at Free Chapel, Washington co., where my membership was, he being the only male member now living in the neighborhood of the church, the rest having died or moved away, so that the church has gone down and ceases to exist as such. I accompany his certificate with one from several citizens of the same county and neighborhood, and wish you to publish them as a friend, in justification of my character against the odium, infamy, and slander that was hurled at my character by the publication of Peyton A. Dunn, the Church's Clerk at Cross Roads, Wake county.

And, whereas, they have been called upon to make good their assertions, and have failed to do it, I now call upon the Clerk and Church, either to make good their allegations, take back their charges, or subject themselves to suffer all the consequences that might justly arise from such a course of conduct.

Your friend and brother in gospel bonds,
AQUILLA NORMAN.

{ STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA,
Washington county.

Whereas, Bro. Aquilla Norman has been published in the Biblical Recorder by Peyton A. Dunn, the Church's Clerk at Cross Roads, Wake County, as an "expelled minister, and an imposter," I hereby certify that, in Justice to the character of the said A. Norman, that he was baptized and received into the Church at Free Chapel, in this county, of which I was a member and Deacon; and to my knowledge he has never taken any letter of dismission from said Church; and I solemnly declare that he has never been expelled therefrom. August 11th, 1849.

JOHN NEWBERRY.

Hez. P. Lewis, }
C. J. Lewis, } Witnesses,

We the undersigned, Citizens of Washington County, N. C. in Justice to the character of Aquilla Norman, do hereby certify that we have never heard or known of the said Norman's having been expelled from the regular Baptist church, as expressed by the "Biblical Recorder," and believe, therefore, that such report is untrue and without foundation; August 11th, 1849.

Martin Spruill, }
Franklin Spruill, }
William McCabe, }
Abner Lamb, }
Asa Snell, }
Franklin Snell, }
Eli Spruill, }
Samuel Newberry, J. P. }

Murfreesboro, Sept. 4th, 1849.

DEAR BRO. MEREDITH:

A Protracted meeting was closed on last Sabbath at Mt. Carmel, Northampton county, which had been in session ten days. The Lord was truly with us, the Divine presence was manifest, both with the church and congregation.—Twenty eight professed a hope in the Lord Jesus, all white, and on Sunday last, I baptized twenty five, all white. Among these were some promising young men, that bid fair to be useful in the Church. After the baptism we repaired to the Meeting House. After a charge was delivered to those baptized, and the right hand of fellowship was given, the church then communed, and though the house is large, forty by sixty, the number that communed filled two thirds of the house. It was a precious feast. We were assisted by bro. Owen of the Portsmouth Association, who continued with us six days, and who labored successfully,—and also bro. J. G. Barkley. But twelve of the converts were baptized. I design making an effort for the Recorder the next time I visit them. Bro. Shaw's letter, and your response, is highly satisfactory, and we are truly gratified. Yours truly in the best of bonds, in hope of an everlasting inheritance.

G. M. THOMPSON.

For the Recorder.

Baptist Female College.

Among the subjects that will probably claim the attention of the members of the ensuing Baptist State Convention at Oxford, will be the establishment of a Female Institution of a high order, similar to the one established by our Methodist brethren at Greensboro, N. C. Such an Institution is imperiously demanded by the wants of our denomination, and I trust they have the disposition, as I know they have the ability, to establish and sustain one of an elevated character. The time has arrived when Baptists are called upon by a due sense of self respect and self preservation, to establish and sustain Institutions of learning inferior to none in the land.

It is a melancholy fact that many of our most prominent and worthy Baptist brethren, are sustaining Pedo Baptist Institutions of learning, in preference to their own, in which their sons and daughters are taught to repudiate the religion of their fathers and mothers. While we should throw no obstacles in the way, but give all due encouragement to the establishment of Institutions of learning by our brethren of other denominations, every consideration urges us to give a decided preference to our own, even if to do so some sacrifices are required. This is the course of Policy pursued by our Pedobaptist brethren, and their example is every way worthy of our imitation. A radical change is called for and I humbly trust will soon take place in this particular.

We already have a number of Male and Female Institutions now in successful operation in North Carolina every way worthy of the patronage and support of our brethren and the public. Let every Baptist by his conduct evince this to the world, and our Institutions will be all well sustained and others established as our wants may require.

In looking around it has occurred to me that Oxford, the place of the meeting of our next Convention, is the most convenient as well as the most eligible location for a Baptist Female college, and I doubt not its worthy, patriotic and spirited citizens, will give all due encouragement to the establishment of such an Institution among them. It is one of the most delightful, neat and pleasant villages in the State, admired by all who see it for its beautiful private residences, broad streets and shaded lawns. It also has a high character for health and the intelligence of its citizens. This is no vain flattery but the sentiment of the writer with that of many others who like him, have no personal interest in the place.

I hope the citizens then will take the matter into consideration and in some way manifest to the Convention at its meeting, their views and feelings in the matter.

A BAPTIST.

September 6th 1849.

For the Recorder.

Revivals.

BRO. MEREDITH:

I commenced a protracted meeting at Elm Grove, Guilford County, on the 5th Lord's day in August, in company with brethren E. Dodson, Jas. P. Montague and A. H. Barnes, during which time ten souls were hopefully converted. Bro. Dodson left on Thursday to attend a Camp-meeting at Mt. Gilead. We continued the meeting until Saturday evening, and left 15 or 20 mourners.

From Elm Grove bro. Montague and myself went to Goodwill church, Forsythe county, and commenced a protracted meeting on the 4th Lord's day, and continued until the next Friday, during which 10 or 11 professed religion, and we left several mourners. We are now on our way to Madison to hold a protracted meeting in the bounds of the Madison church at K fork School house, Stokes county. From there we expect to go to Rockford, to hold a protracted meeting with the baptist church in Rockford.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

Rockingham Co. N. C., Sep. 1, 1849.

For the Recorder.

The Yopim Union meeting in session with the Church at Bethel, Perquimans county, N. C. the 37, 28, 29th July 1849, have appointed a Union Meeting to be held in each month, having five Sundays, commencing Friday before the 5th Lord's day, with the several churches within her bounds, in the following order. Beginning 1st with the church in Edenton Friday before the 5th Lord's day in September 1849; 2nd, Church at Rockehock; 3d, Great-Fork; 4th, Salem; 5th, Ballard's Bridge; 6th, Elizabeth City; 7th, Middle Swamp; 8th, Yopim; 9th, Piney Grove; 10th, Sandy Cross; 11th, Bethel; 12th, Cool Spring, successively,—also have organized a Ministers and Deacons' Conference to sit on Saturday of each U. Meeting. Brethren who desire to advance the interests of this meeting, will do well to note down the above, that they may be at no difficulty to know what church succeeds the other in rotation.

T. WAFF, Clk. U. M.

Revivals.

REVIVAL IN DREW COUNTY, ARKANSAS.—Rev. D. P. Stevens, writing to the *South-Western Baptist Chronicle*, over date of July 30th, in regard to a district meeting held with the Clear Creek church on the 30th of June, and continued eight days, says: "There were added eight members, and as many more are expected at the next church meeting; while the work seems by no means abated. We now confidently anticipate the time, not far distant, when this hitherto wilderness will blossom as the rose.—Milton church also shared in the revival, by the addition of four by baptism; and this in a community where religion was at the lowest ebb; where irreligion was doubly fortified."

REVIVAL IN MONROE COUNTY, MISS.—A correspondent writes to the *South-Western Baptist Chronicle*, Aug. 3d, as follows: "We had a protracted meeting at Goose Pond church which lasted thirteen days. It commenced on the 13th of July. Some twenty-five or thirty were received by experience."

REVIVAL IN MONTEAU COUNTY, MO.—A correspondent of the *Western Watchman* writes, that a revival of religion attended a protracted meeting in Salem, and that there were a great many hopeful conversions. The church had already received eight for baptism.

REVIVAL IN EDGEFIELD DISTRICT, S. C.—We learn from the *Index* that a protracted meeting was held with the Mt. Lebanon church, nine miles from Hamburg, the last of July and fifteen persons professed to have experienced religion. The work was going on as late as Aug. 17th.

REVIVAL.—A brother writes: "We commenced a protracted meeting at Lythonia, on Saturday night before the 5th Sunday in July, which held on five days. We received by experience twenty-three, two by letter, and one under the watch care of the church. The Lord is doing great things for us, whereof we are truly glad."—*Index*.

REVIVAL IN WASHINGTON COUNTY, GA.—A protracted meeting commencing with the National Fast, as we learn from the *Index*, was held with the New Bethel church, and as the fruits of it twenty-three persons were accepted by the church for baptism.

REVIVALS IN KENTUCKY.—The *Baptist Banner* reports, that during the month of July last, twenty-three persons united by baptism with a newly-formed Baptist church at Middle Creek, the fruits of a protracted meeting was held with the Corn Creek church, and twenty-three were added to it. Many more were inquiring "what they should do."

REVIVALS IN ALABAMA.—Rev. J. H. Edmiston, writing to the *Baptist Banner*, under date of August 11th, says: "On the 23d of July a protracted meeting was held with the Baptist church in Moulton, and resulted in the professed conversion of sixty-eight persons, of whom fifty-one united with that church. It was a powerful work, and extended to all ranks in society. There were still many inquirers.—Four other churches in the bounds of the Muscle Shoals Association have also enjoyed revivals."

HEAVY VERDICT AGAINST A CLERGYMAN.—Rev. Alexander Campbell, President of Bethany, (Va.) College has received \$10,000 of Rev. James Robinson, of Scotland. Mr. Campbell, on a tour through Scotland, in 1847, was arrested and imprisoned in Edinburgh, through the agency of the Rev. James Robinson, for having while discoursing on the subject of slavery, uttered sentiments obnoxious to that gentleman. Some of his friends instituted a suit against Mr. R. This suit has recently terminated, and the result is a decree of the Lords of Council and Session in favor of Mr. Campbell for two thousand pounds sterling.

POETRY.

The Baptismal Scene.

[The following graphic description of a Baptismal scene, by the gifted Mrs. Sigourney, may be sung, if desired, to D. C. M. tune. Its insertion here will be welcome to every lover of the beautiful and the true in nature and in grace.]

'Twas near the close of that blest day,
When, with melodious swell
To crowded mart and lonely shade
Had spoke the Sabbath bell;
And on a broad, untroubled stream,
With bordering verdure bright,
The western sunbeam richly shed
A tinge of crimson light—

When, lo! a solemn train appeared,
By their loved pastor led,
And sweetly rose the holy hymn,
As toward that stream they sped;
And he its cleaving, crystal breast,
With graceful movements trod,
His steadfast eye upraised, to seek
Communion with his God.

Then, bending o'er his staff, approached
The willow-fringed shore,
A man of many weary years,
With furrowed trembling hoar,
And faintly breathed his trembling lip,
"Behold! I fain would be
Buried in baptism with my Lord,
Ere death shall summon me."

With brow benign, like Him whose hand
Did waver Peter guide,
The pastor bore his tottering frame
Through that translucent tide,
And plunged him 'neath the shrouding wave,
And spake the triune name,
And joy upon that withered face
In wondering radiance came.

And then advanced a lordly form,
In manhood's towering pride,
Who from the gilded snares of earth
Had wisely turned aside,
And following in His steps who bowed
To Jordan's startled wave,
In deep humility of soul,
The faithful witness gave.

Who next? a fair and fragile form
In snowy robe doth move,
That tender beauty in her eye
That wakes the vow of love,
Yea, come, thou gentle one, and clothe
Thyself with strength divine:
This stern world hath a thousand darts
To vex a breast like thine.

Then, with a firm, unshrinking step,
The watery path she trod,
And gave, with woman's deathless trust,
Her being to her God;
And when, all drooping from the flood,
She rose, like lily's stem,
Methought that spotless brow might wear
An angel's diadem.

Yet more! yet more! how meek they bow
To their Redeemer's rite,
Then pass with music on their way,
Like joyous sons of light!
But, lingering on those shores, I stayed
Till every sound was hushed;
For hallowed musings o'er my soul
Like spring-swol'n rivers rushed.

"'Tis better," said the voice within,
"To bear a Christian's cross,
Than sell this fleeting life for gold,
Which Death shall prove but dross:
Far better, when you shrivelled skies
Are like a banner furled,
To share in Christ's reproach, than gain
The glory of the world."

Reformation of William Wirt.

The distinguished William Wirt, within six or eight months after his first marriage, became addicted to intemperance, the effect of which operated so strongly on the mind and health of his wife; and in a few months more she numbered with the dead. Her death led him to leave the country where he resided, and he moved to Richmond, where he soon rose to distinction. But his habits hung above him, and occasionally he was found with jolly and frolicsome spirits in bachelorette revelry. His true friends expostulated with him, to convince him of the injury he was doing himself. But he still persisted. His practice began to fall off, many looked on him as on the sure road to ruin. He was advised to get married with a view of correcting his habits. This he consented to do, if the right person offered. He accordingly paid his addresses to a Miss Gamble. After some month's attention, he asked her hand in marriage; she replied—"Mr. Wirt, I have been well aware of your intentions for some time back, and should have given you to understand that your visits and attentions were not acceptable, had I not reciprocated the affection which you evinced for me. But I cannot yield my assent until you make me a pledge never to taste, touch or handle any intoxicating drinks." This reply to Mr. Wirt was accepted as it was novel. His reply was, that he regarded the proposition as a bar to all further consideration of the subject, and left her. Her course towards him was the same as ever—his, resentment and neglect. In the course of a few weeks he went again, and again solicited her hand. But her reply was, her mind was made up. He became indignant, and regarded the terms she proposed as insulting to his honor and vowed it should be the last meeting they should ever have. He took to drinking worse and worse and seemed to run headlong to ruin—One day, while lying in the outskirts of the city, near a little grocery or grog-shop, dead drunk, a young lady whom it is not necessary to mention, was passing that way to her home, not far off, and beheld him with his face upturned to the rays of the scorching sun. She took her handkerchief, with her own name marked upon it, and placed it over his face. After he had remained in that way some hours, he was awakened, and his thirst being so great, he went into the little grocery or grog-shop to get a drink, when he discovered the handkerchief, at which he looked, and the name

that was on it. After pausing a few minutes he exclaimed—"Great God! who has left this with me? who placed this on my face?" No one knew. He dropped the glass exclaiming: "Enough! Enough!" He retired instantly from the store, forgetting his thirst, but not the debauch, the handkerchief or the lady, vowing, if God gave him strength, never to touch, taste, or handle intoxicating drinks.

To meet Miss G. again was the hardest effort of his life; if he met her in her carriage, or on foot, he dodged around the nearest corner. She at last addressed him a note under her own hand, inviting him to her house, which he finally gathered courage enough to accept. He told her if she still bore affection for him, he would agree to her own terms: Her reply was: "My conditions are now what they ever have been." "Then," said the disenthralled Wirt, "I accept them."

They were soon married: and from that day he kept his word, and his affairs brightened, while honors and glories gathered thick upon his brow. His name has been enrolled high in the temple of fame, while his deeds, his patriotism and renown, live after him with imperishable lustre. How many noble minds might the young ladies save, if they would follow the example of the heroine-hearted Miss G., the friend of humanity, of her country, and the relative of Lafayette.

The Horseherds, &c. Auxiliaries in the Hungarian War

A recent letter from the seat of war in Hungary describes in considerable detail the formidable auxiliaries the Magyar armies have found in the wild population scattered over the vast steppes and forest of the interior, particularly the horseherds, or tenders of the troops of wild horses of the plains, the swineherds, and fishermen. The first name of these are especially dreaded by the Austrian troops, on account of the extraordinary weapon they carry and use with deadly skill. It is simply the whip with which they select and catch any horse of the herd they wish to tame and dispose of. The application of it in war is quite a novelty. It has a handle not more than two feet in length, while the thong measures from 15 to 20; a leaden ball is fixed to the end of it, with smaller ones at different distances from it, like shot on a fishing line; when thrown, it acts like a lasso, curling round man or horse, or it strikes either to the earth with a crushing blow. The horseherds (or *Chykosz*) are so skillful in the use of this weapon, that at full gallop they will strike an enemy with unerring certainty, on any part of the body they please. In skirmishes, any isolated foot soldier, if he fires his musket and misses, is lost before he can attempt to reload—the wild horseman rushes past, and with the sweep of his ball loaded thong stretches him lifeless on the earth by a blow on the head. There are some thousand of these men in the Hungarian armies, and they are generally mixed with the light Hussars, and sent against the heavy Austrian cavalry. They often strike the officers from their horses with incredible dexterity. The wounds this weapon inflicts are described as frightful. Before it was known that these horseherds were serving in the Hungarian ranks, a great number of cuirassiers were brought into Pesth, wounded in a manner the military surgeons could not explain. The injury was neither a cut nor a puncture, nor a gun-shot wound, and the soldiers were a long time ashamed to own that it was caused by so ignoble a weapon as a whip. It can of course only be used where the horseman has ample space. One of these men was lately taken prisoner at Weiselsburg, and, probably to obtain an exact knowledge of the power of his arm, he was ordered to display his skill in the camp. A stuffed figure was set up, the Austrian officers pointing out the part he was to strike while in full career. Twice he did as directed, but the third time introduced a startling variation; swinging his whip in a wide circle, he dashed his horse at a point of soldiers round the place of exercise, broke through it, and was far on his way to the open fields in an instant, untouched by the volley of balls sent after him. The swineherds (or *kanasz*) are generally Servians; their weapon is a small axe, with a rather long handle, called *fokosch*, and they throw it with such dexterity that, at 80 or 100 paces they rarely miss a man, and the blow is almost always fatal, as the Austrian army surgeons can testify. The fishermen are employed in constructing bridges in their own manner, on a sort of tubs, in a style which the Austrians at first ridiculed exceedingly; but, though rude, they were effective, and put together in very short time, and have proved of the greatest use in the Hungarian operations.

A Local Romance.

Tradition has preserved a singular anecdote of John Thatcher, a son of one of the earliest settlers of this town. He was married in 1661, to Miss Rebecca Winslow of Duxbury, in Plymouth county, if we mistake not. On his way home with his new bride, he stopped for the night at the house of a friend, a Col. Gorham of Barnstable, one of the most prominent citizens of that town. Merriment and gaiety prevailed, and during the evening a female infant about three weeks old was introduced, and the night of her birth being mentioned, Mr. Thatcher observed, "This is the very night on which we were married," he presented it to his bride, and jokingly said, "Here my dear, is a little lady that was born on the same night we were married, I wish you would kiss her for I intend to have her for my second wife." "I will my dear, with great pleasure replied she, 'but I hope it will be very long before your intention is fulfilled in that respect.'"

M. Thatcher and his wife lived happily together for about twenty years, and faithfully fulfilled the scriptural injunction to "multiply and replenish the earth." Mrs. T. left a large family of children, among whom was a son named Peter.

After Mr. Thatcher had mourned a sufficient length of time, he began to think of getting another partner. None of the maidens, young or old, seemed to please him like Lydia Gorham the little lady of the preceding part of the story now grown up, if we may believe tradition, to a fair comely, girl "full of gushing life," as poets say. But there was one impediment in the way.

His eldest son, Peter, had shown a predilection for the girl, and the old man was at loss to decide whether she favored the suit of the sire or the son. The one rode a black horse in his visits and the other a white. There was a kind of tacit agreement between the two that one should not interfere with the visits of the other; so when the father found a white horse tied in front of Col. Gorham's unlike the good Samaritan, he crossed over on the other side; and the son, when the black horse was there returned the favor.—Thus things went on till the patience of the old man was well nigh exhausted, and he resolved upon a desperate step to decide the matter. Taking his son side, he said to him: "Peter are you or are you not going to marry Lydia Gorham?" Peter replied that he had not made up his mind. "Well," said the old gentleman, "I will make you an offer; if you will give her up and court her no more, I will give you thirteen pounds in money and the pair of black steers. What do you say to that?" The young man hesitated but a moment.

'Tis a bargain," said he; and it is due the parties to say that it was observed by them all with perfect good faith. Whether Lydia knew the bargaining that her charms had occasioned, tradition sayeth not; but she subsequently became Mr. Thatcher's wife, and bore him ten children, from whom many members of the numerous family have sprung. Our venerable townsman, Mr. Peter Thatcher, is the great grandson Peter noticed above.—*Yarmouth Register*.

Manufacture of Glass.

The glass made in Bohemia is about the best in the world. It is very elastic and has a very beautiful sound, and is so hard that it will strike fire with a piece of steel.—Glass that contains much lead is not hard. The silica that is used in Bohemia, for making glass, is crystalline quartz, calcined and pounded. The quartz is selected in parcels and the purest laid aside for making the superior kind of glass.—The quartz is generally calcined in reverberatory furnaces, and when it is heated to a cherry red, it is withdrawn and thrown into a large tub of water, which is often renewed to keep it cold. Pine wood is generally employed in the calcining process. When the quartz is dry, it is pounded in hemispherical mortars, by cast iron pestles. Pure potash is the best flux that can be used. Soda is used in the manufacture of window glass.—The lime that is used in Bohemia, is very pure and white. The stone of it is burned like quartz and slaked in the air, and then reduced to fine powder, when about 20 parts are used in the smelting, along with 100 parts of silica.

The wood employed for making the best glass, should be fine pine, slightly roasted before it is used. The clay for the glass crucibles nearly the same as what is known as the "Stourbridge clay." Common window glass is made of 60 parts of pulverized quartz, 40 parts of calcined potash, 5 of carbonate of lime, 100 parts of the refuse glass, and 100 of old broken glass. The very white window glass is made of 100 parts of pulverized quartz, 50 of calcined potash and 80 of carbonate of lime. There are various proportions of different materials. White sand, flint and rock crystal, and salt, are used in quantities proportioned to the supply of the materials, in those places where they are found, to produce inferior or superior glass.

Glass making has become an important American manufacture. Articles of crystal which a few years ago were imported from England, are now much cheaper and better in the United States. Philadelphia is famous for her crystal ornamental work and the city of Brooklyn is fast advancing in an extensive glass business—the art is already carried to a high state of perfection. We believe that all our plate glass for mirrors is imported. In a few years this will cease to be the case. The materials for the glass manufacture are very abundant in the United States; it only requires capital wisely invested and the business energetically conducted, to insure the most triumphant success. It is a business that cannot be learned but by practice, competent artists are therefore essentially necessary to succeed in that as well as any other business.—*Scientific American*.

Sketch of Kossuth.

Louis Kossuth, the President of the Hungarian Republic, was born April 27, 1807, of a poor but noble Selavonic family in the North of Hungary. His talents procured the aid of friends to complete his education. In 1835, he was employed as a reporter of debates in the Hungarian Diet; and these debates were circulated at an increased expense in manuscript, to escape the Austrian censorship of the press—the debates being of an exciting character in opposition to the Austrian rule. For this offence he was seized and thrown into dungeon for three years; one of his companions in prison having been rendered blind and another insane by the severity of their treatment. His sufferings awakened public sympathy, and he became the editor of the *Pesth Herald*; but the publisher was bribed by the Austrian Government to discharge him. He then turned his attention to the formation of societies for various objects of public improvement. Being elected a member of the Hungarian Diet, which met at Presburgh on the 11th of Nov. 1847, he soon obtained the lead of the body; and on the open rupture in September last, he was appointed Chairman of the Committee of Safety, and has since exercised the entire control of public affairs, until, on the absolute rejection of the Hapsburg dynasty, he has been unanimously and by acclamation called to the office of Chief of the Republic.

As a statesman, he has exhibited the most consummate foresight and the most boundless resources, and a genius that never quailed under adversity. As a military chief he has shown the union of the most daring courage with a prudence which, though it may have seemed like over-caution at the moment, proved in the result to be most wise and sagacious. As an orator, he exercises a surprising power. The effect of his eloquence is described as truly astonishing. When he rises to speak, his features, finely moulded and of an oriental cast though pale and haggard as from mental and physical suffering united, immediately excite interest.—His deep-toned, almost sepulchral voice adds to the first impression. Then, as he becomes warmed by his subject, and launches into the enthu-

siastic and prophetic manner peculiar to him, his hearers seem to imbibe all the feelings that so strongly reign in his own bosom and to be governed by the same will. In his tour through the provinces to raise the landsturm, (all the able-bodied,) so great was his power over the peasantry, that frequently men, women and children together, running to their houses and seizing hooks or whatever their hands could find, assembled on the spot and insisted on being led directly against the enemy."

Latin and Labor.

John Adams, the second President of the United States, used to relate the following anecdote: "When I was a boy I had to study the Latin grammar; but it was dull, and I hated it. My father was anxious to send me to college, and therefore I studied the grammar till I could bear it no longer; and going to my father, I told him I did not like study, and asked for some other employment. It was opposing his wishes, and he was quick in his answer. 'Well, John, if Latin grammar does not suit you, you may try ditching; perhaps that will: my meadow yonder needs a ditch, and you may put by Latin and a try that.'"

"This seemed a delightful change, and to the meadow I went. But I soon found ditching harder than Latin, and the first forenoon was the longest I ever experienced. That day I ate the bread of labour, and glad was I when night came on. That night I made some comparison between Latin grammar and ditching, but said not a word about it. I dug next forenoon, and wanted to return to Latin at dinner, but it was humiliating, and I could not do it. At night, toil conquered pride; and though it was one of the severest trials I ever had in my life, I told my father, that, if he choose, I would go back to Latin grammar. He was glad of it; and if I have since gained any distinction, it has been owing to the two days' labor in that abominable ditch."

Boys may learn several important lessons from this story. It shows how little they oftentimes appreciate their privileges. Those who are kept at study frequently think it a hardship needlessly imposed on them. But they must do something; and if set to ditching, would they like that any better? The opportunity of pursuing a liberal course of study is what few enjoy; and they are ungrateful who drag themselves to it as to an intolerable task. You may also learn from this anecdote, how much better your parents are qualified to judge of these things than yourselves. If John Adams had continued his ditching instead of his Latin, his name would not probably have been known to us. But, in following the path marked out by his judicious parent, he rose to the highest honours which the country affords.—*Anecdotes for Boys*.

Rural Life.

This primeval employment of man is the most healthful of all occupations; healthful for the body, the mind, and the soul. What other pursuit by which men obtain honest bread affords such vigorous training for the physical powers, such various and extensive ranges of mental exercises?

And where may the moral nature of man be preserved unsullied from vice, and grow, and expand more, than amid rural scenes and beneath the purest air of heaven?

The farmer's life is not scratch, scratch, with the pen—rap, rap, with the hammer—nor an everlasting unpacking and repacking of the product of another's labor. He walks forth under the open sky, his broad acres spread out beneath his feet; the blue concave, sun lit or star-lit, or shrouded in clouds, is still above him. Health claims him as her favorite child, and the glorious sun loves to kiss a cheek that is not ashamed to wear the ruddy imprint of such affection. Nature's own inimitable music of babbling brooks, birds, breeze, or rustling foliage, enters his ears on its glad mission to his heart. He listens to instructive voices, continually speaking from the universe around him. His eye gathers truth from unwritten pages of wisdom every where open before him. Each day each month, season after season, year after year, these teachings are given to him, infinite in variety, and endless in extent.

When, towards the close of a sultry day, the summer's blessing comes pouring down, and as, in the beautiful poetry of the sacred volume, "the trees of the field clap their hands," and "the valleys covered with corn, shout for joy," the farmer, retiring from his labors to the friendly shelter of his cottage roof, improves his leisure hours with the treasures of written wisdom. So, too, while his fields are sleeping beneath frost and snow, what profession affords more available opportunities for self-culture? Where was the lyric poetry composed that makes Scotland prouder of her Burns than of all her ancient race of warlike kings? Was it not between the handles of the Mossgeil plough?

Norwegian Water Telescopes.

An instrument which the people of Norway have found of so great utility that there is scarcely a single fishing boat without one, is the water telescope or tube, of three or four feet in length, which they carry in their boats with them when they go a fishing. When they reach the fishing ground, they immerse one end of this telescope in the water, and look through the glass, which shows objects some ten or fifteen fathoms deep as distinctly as if they were within a few feet of the surface; by which means, when a shoal of fish comes into their bays, the Norwegians instantly prepare their nets, man their boats, and go out in pursuit. The first process is minutely to survey the ground with their glasses, and where they find the fish swarming about in great numbers, they give the signal, and surround the fish with their large draught nets, and often catch them in hundreds at a time. Without these telescopes, their business would often prove precarious and unprofitable, as the fish, by these glasses, are as distinctly seen in the deep, clear sea of Norway, as gold fish in a crystal jar. This instrument is not only used by the fishermen, but it is also found aboard the navy and coasting vessels of Norway. When their anchors get into foul ground, or their cables warped on a roadstead, they immediately apply the glass, and, guided by it, take steps to put all to rights, which they could not do so well without the aid

of the rude and simple instrument, which the meanest fisherman can make up with his own hands, without the aid of a craftsman. This instrument has been lately adopted by the Scotch fishermen on the Tay, and by its assistance they have been enabled to discover stones, holes, and uneven ground, over which their nets travel, and have found the telescope answered to admiration the minutest object in twelve feet of water being as clearly seen as on the surface. We see no reason why it could not be used with advantage in the rivers and bays of the United States.

Counsels for the Young.

Never be cast down with trifles. If a spider break his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your minds to do a thing and you will do it. Fear not, if a trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits though the day be a dark one.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eye on Heaven! With God's presence, and God's promises, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Mind what you run after! Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or firewood that will end in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life.—Never revenge an injury.

If you have an enemy, act kindly with him and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let on: kindness be followed by another, till you have compassed your end. By little and little, great things are completed; and so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipt to school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He that pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers: for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full can hold no more; keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts that bad thoughts have no room to enter.

INTERCOURSE OF THE SEXES.—Neal asks the question—"What makes those men who associate habitually with women, superior to others; What makes that woman who is accustomed to, and at ease in the society of men, superior to her sex in general? Why are the women of France so universally admired and loved for their colloquial powers? Surely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, and continual conversation with the other sex. Women in this way lose their frivolity; their delicacies and peculiarities unfolded their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry. And men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and the heart is changing continually.—Their asperities are rubbed off, their better materials polished and brightened, and their richness, like fine gold, is wrought into finer workmanship by the fingers of women, than it ever could be by those of men. The iron and steel of the character are hidden, like the harness and armor of a giant, and studs in knots of gold and precious stones, when they are not wanted in actual warfare."

SINGULAR PROPHECY. Lorenzo Dow, of eccentric memory, was in possession of a German work on the Prophecies, which he valued highly, and frequently made quotations from. Among other remarkable sayings of the author were these:

"I would not be a king in 1848."

"I would not be a grave-digger in 1849."

"I would not be a soldier in 1850."

"I would be either in 1851."

The work alluded to, was written about two hundred years ago. It certainly possesses an interest for the curious. How trail the tenure by which kings held their crowns in 1848! Who would like the office of grave-digger in 1849, unless he was solely mercenary? How more than presumable is it that the military men of the earth will contribute multitudes in 1850 to fill a wide and quiet grave! And we may hope, at least, in 1851, for the fair harbingers which promise "peace on earth and good will to men."

[*Jour. of Com.*]

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Recently, the Nineveh Gallery of Sculptural Antiquities in the new building was opened to the public. It is situated immediately beneath the Syrian Gallery. The whole of the valuable sculptural remains recently discovered at the ruins of Nineveh, and purchased by the trustees of the British Museum, at a cost of several thousand pounds, are now thrown open to public inspection. The last portion of the building remaining unfinished, called the Townly Gallery, is rapidly approaching completion, and in a few days the last part of the old Museum, fronting Great Russell street, will be removed.

Mr. Layard is again prosecuting his researches at Nineveh, chiefly on the profits of his valuable work, and on the assistance of his relations and friends.

AN OLD WARRIOR.—John Macdonald, pensioner, Gartymore, parish of Loth, died on the 14th July, at the advanced age of 108 years.—He entered the army at an early period of life, underwent many hardships, and fought many a battle in defence of his country. He was in the first American war—at the siege of Quebec—afterwards was taken prisoner by the French, and imprisoned for a number of years. As the reward of his services, he received a pension of 1s. 2 1/2 d. per day, which he continued to draw for the long space of fifty years—thus receiving, in all, somewhere about £1178.—*Ross-shire Advertiser*.

JEWISH SOLDIERS.—"Fifty-two thousands Jews," says the Jewish Chronicle, "are now fighting in the ranks of the brave Hungarian army for liberty and civilization, and not one Jew is to be found serving under the Austrians, though there are myriads of Jews in Austria Proper, Galicia, Bohemia, Moravia, and Transylvania."