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PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE NORTH CAROLINA CON FERENCE, M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH .- RUFUS T. HEFLIN, EDITOR.

RALEIGH, THURSDAY MARCH 19, 1857.

Within the recollection of the writer.

P. aliarities,' in which is the following grandeur. The pews have been dis-

simple and pathetic passage: mple and pathetic passage:

The Scotch are not a demonstrative plain plank benshes without backs to

kind and obedient to their mother. Yet Redruth, he obtained my master's leave all he did was to shake each of the for me to drive him to St. Ives. We elder children by the hand, and to say set out, and on our arrival at Hayle, As for the youngest, a wee thing of and St. Ives, over which we had to gie me a bit kis? and the mother lifted reaching the water's edge, I hesitated up the wondering child to do so. 'Say to proceed, and advised Mr. Wesley Ta-ta to your father,' she said-'Ta ta,' of the danger of crossing; and a capsaid the poor little boy, in a loud cheer- tain of a vessel, seeing us stopping, came ful voice, and then ran out of the cottage up, and endeavored to dissuade us from toplay with some companions. The story an undertaking so full of peril; but I feel, is nothing to tell; but the little without effect. Nr. Wesley was resolvwere said; and then the dying man he must fulfill his appointment; and turned away his face and closed his looking out at the carriage window, he eyes, and I saw many tears run down called loudly to take the sea. In a his thin cheeks. I knew it was the moment I dashed into the waves, and very abundance of that poor man's heart that choked his utterance, and ters. The horses were now swimming, brought down his last farewell to a and the carriage became nearly overcommonplace greeting like that with whelmed with the tide, as its hinder which he might have parted from a wheels not unfrequently merged into

Quankey Chapel.

Express gives the following account of I expected every moment to be swept an old chapel in Halifax county, N. C. into eternity, and the only hope of es-It will repay perusal:

the date 'Inne 29, 1710.' We know nothing of the pastoral history of this a period shortly prior to the revolution. One incident of that period, handed

ated in the parish was named Taylor. became very active in opposition to the ed, wet as he was, to the chapel, and measures there adopted, and took occa- preached, according to his appointsion to preach a very severe sermon ment. on the subject of loyalty to the king, and against rebellion; animadverting in tins is not to be found in Mr. Wesley's Have invited the Methodist bishop to visit us. And what will we do, my dear, should be come?'

began. Rev. Mr. Sunderland the pastory against rebellion; animadverting in strong terms on the movements of the Whigs, nothing was said by the audience of the North and the strong terms on the movements of the Whigs, nothing was said by the audience of the North Andrews the President. He Whigs, nothing was said by the audience at the time-not a murmur of disapprobation was heard; but on the next Sabbath, as the Reverend tory next Sabbath, as the Reverend tory ascended to the pulpit, he was startled pier the British Minister to the United to find a gourd of tar and a small bag of feathers, placed there by way of hint.

The hint was taken in all its significance; the parson descended; left the church, and very soon emigrated to some more congenial region. It is corA STORY.

was little better than a boy. The girl son is to designate summer. cherish, began to make her presence to nature, and entirely American. undesirable, and home a place of men- "Of this new institution, the army tal and moral punishment. Qualms, of its supporters is recruited mainly and struggles, and gnawing of the worm from the clerical order. On every that dies not, doubtless there were, steamboat and railroad, at the preneither few nor far between; but the sent season, you meet with clergymen

much the same. The little modicum Gospel to preach to the perishing peoof property that my wife brought me ple, but to hold forth in town halls and had dwindled away, piece after piece. | lyceum rooms, bringing their contribu-Where had it gone? Down my insation to the general stock of winter's tiable throat! I had swallowed it, or amusement, and taking their share of gambled it away! No memorial re- the money raised for its support. Mamained, but rags and tatters! We were ny of our excellent ministers, pasvery poor. A more uncomplaining tors of Churches, to the appropriate woman God never made. She strug- duties and cares of which their time gled to hide even her tears, to save me and talents are pledged, are scouring

from pain on her account. of misery, and come at the conclusion sick to be visited and their dead buried of the whole matter. One bleak De- by others, in the meantime.

cold. I reached my door-step, and encourage feeble Churches. placed my hand upon the latch; then "It is one of the signs of the times, it first occurred to me that I had whol- but not one of good omen, not a happy ly forgotten my promise; I had sent indication. that our religious teachers home no fuel! I entered the apart- are turning aside so much from their ment. A light was still burning. The sacred vocation. Reverend men, set hearth was cold. My wife sat, rocking apart to show us the way to heaven, her sick child in the cradle. She turn- and by precept and example, to illused her eyes upon mine. The tears were trate the Christian virtues, do damage streaming down her shivering cheeks. to public sentiment by secularizing "Wife," said I. "for Heaven's sake, their professional station, and mixing when will you leave off crying?"- themselves up with too many things "Dear husband," said she, "when you foreign to their sacred calling. will leave off drinking." "God help "In some of the public journals, (one me," I exclaimed, as I put my arm or two of them religions,) have recently around her neck, for the appeal was been published quite a list of the minirresistible-" God help me, and I will isters of the Gospel, and pastors of never touch another drop.'

present hour; and from the date of ty and character of their wares, quite that resolution the days of our uninter- in a business-like way, and by attracrupted happiness began .- Boston Tra- trive subjects, etc., endeavoring to

'The World Owes me a Living.'

hands, the world owes you not a single nied the privilege of delivering a lecsou! You have done nothing these ture, now and then, on other than retwenty years but consume the products ligious subjects, in a quiet and becomearned by the sweat of other men's ing way. But to make a business of

Why ate and drunk and slept again.' life; and the world 'owes you a living.' view of many, is a compromise of a sa-For what? How came it indebted to cred profession, and, to say the least you to that amount? What have you of it, in very bad taste. Especially is done for it? What family in distress this the case now, since lyceum lectures have you befriended? What products have degenerated, for the most part, have you created? What miseries have into the mere appliances of amusement you alleviated? What arts have you so that the man that can perpetrate the perfected? The world owes you a liv- smartest bagatelle, and excite the most ing? Idle man, never was there a smiles, is the most popular lecturer, more absurd idea! You have been a and the most in request during the seatax, a sponge upon the world ever since son." you came into it. It is your creditor to a vast amount. Your liabilities are immense, your assets are nothing, and you house out of an empty whiskey barrel. Put say the world is owing you. Go to!

will ever have the power to liquidate. the grogshop-go as far as the spring, drop You owe the world the labor of your the money through the bungholo, take a two strong arms and all the skill in good drigs of vater and return home .work they might have gained ; you owe Repeat this operation till the barrel is full, the world the labor of that brain of knock out the head, and you have the yours, the sympathy of that heart, the price of splendid brick building. Fact. energies of your being; you owe the Washington Idolized .- Did you know that world the whole moral and intellectual Washington had been placed in the calendar capabilities of a man! Awake, then, of saints? There is a church at Itivas, over from that dreamy, do nothing state of the principal portal of which is a very well slothfulness in which you live, and let us no longer hear the false assertion that the world is owing you, until you have done something to satisfy the inst demand to which we have here the false assertion and on inquiry of a native of the town, I was informed that it was a bust of the "good Saint George Washington." I confess that as I passed this church I felt like taking off inst demand to which we have the saint George Washington.

Clargymen and Lectures.

I was in the medical staff of the army A correspondent of the Congregaduring the Revolutionary war. I was tionalist thus writes on the subject of rather young to be there. My consti- public lectures by clergymen: "Among tution was one of the best. Had it the institutions of our age and part of been otherwise, I should, no doubt, the world, a leading place is occupied have fallen a victim to the habits which by popular lectures. The winter does I contracted in early life. My tenden- not come more certainly, to pour out cies were convivial; temptations to in- its frigid treasures on the earth, than temperate drinking and gambling were it does, to wake up the whole tribe of always present, and importunate; we lecturers, and scatter them broadcast were a clique by ourselves, with no one over the land. So regular is this anto molest or make afraid; and no one nual cruption of intellectuals, that the thought himself degraded by being lecture season has become as specific, as to the time of the year, (between I married very early in life, when I autumn and spring.) as green core sea-

that I married was thought to be a "Indeed, it is a question, if in this great deal too good for me by every- progressive age, the time has not come body but herself. I was not intemper- for an improved calendar, somewhat ate then; and, for a time my wife and after the following manner. For our little home seemed all the world to spring, the flowering season, then green me. She had a little property, and, corn season for summer, followed by in about a year after our marriage, she autumn, or pumpkin season, and the gave birth to a daughter. Bad habits whole closed up with lecture season .soon got the mastery of my better feel- It might be objected, perhaps, that ings. The attractions of the gay cir- this division is not exactly equal, since cle at the tavern, or the quarters of the last in order, the lecture season, some comrade, became irresistible; and encroaches a little on pumpkins, and the very consciousness of the neglect to runs a little into flowers; for popular which I was subjecting the woman use, however, it would do very well, as whom I had promised to love and to simple, in the spirit of the times, true

temptations were irresistible. I was lost.

I knew it.

The details of a thousand cases are him, however, with the everlasting the country, from November to March, Let me pass over some three years in the business of lecturing-their

cember morning, I was about going "If clergymen are driven to this bycforth as usual from my wretched habi- way work as a means of support, then tation, when my wife put her hand up- their parishes are much to blame. Why on my shoulder, and pointing, first to should the people force their worthy our sick child, and then to a few brands pastors to turn aside from a chosen upon the hearth, reminded me that pursuit, and become itinerants through those were the last, and that it was the country, in the labors of an unconbitter cold. As I turned away, I prom- genial occupation? Better give them ised to send her some fuel immediately. a comfortable support, and let them I soon met some of my comrades; stay at home with their families and and, resorting to the tavern, we passed flocks; or if they have time to spare the hours, as usual, in drinking and from home duties, let the people send revelry, until near midnight, when I them to preach the Gospel to destitute staggered homeward. It was piercing parishes, hold protracted meetings, and

churches, advertising themselves for By God's help I never have, to the employment, and displaying the qualicatch and secure the patronage of lecture committees. Such exhibitions are neither to the credit of the profession ner for the benefit of society. To No such thing Mr. Fold-up-your Christian pastors, by no means is deit, and publish themselves to the world 'You have ate and drunk and slept; what as ready for the market, with their literary wares, to entertain in the most approved style, lyceum-goers, is quite And this is the sum total of your another thing. This course, in the

Hocus Pocus.—How to get a fine white say the world is owing you. Go to!

The amount in which you stand indebted to the world is more than you the price of it in your hand and start to the price of it in your hand and start to

just demand to which we have referred. my hat, and did it not because of custom, but because I couln't help it.—Letter from Nicaragua.

31 50 a Year, in Advance.

From the Herald and Journal. A few thoughts for Ministers.

Why are there no sinners converted in my charge this year? Is there not power in the gospel now as ever, to save the lost? If so, why does it not take effect in my congregation? Am I faithful in my public ministrations and private admonitions? Do I teach publiely and from house to house, with that zeal and energy which the cause demands? Is my speech and my preaching with enticing words of man's wisdom, or in demonstration of the Spirit and of power? If sinners are not converted, when the Lord maketh inquisition for blood shall I be found guit-

In view of my high and holy calling, and the account I must render to God, what ought I to do more for the salvation of the lost?

A BROTHER.

THE DEPRESSION OF THE CLERGY THE DANGER OF THE CHURCH. Such is the title of a sermon intended for Scotland; but the following passage, taken from it, deserves to be read, studied, and inwardly digested by the churches in America. The sermon

When you ask the clergyman to walk first of your guests, as, in virtue of his function, the premier untitled gentleman of the company, beware lest the usage which marks the respect of Christian society for religion itself in the person of its ministers, become the means of dragging into painful conspicuity threadbare habiliments or leaky shoes. Send him not away from circles laughing in light-heartedness, and boards laden with luxuries, to a home darkened by anxiety, and a table covered with bills; troubles, it may be fast creeping on; give the 'bread' of sufficiency, as well as the 'stone' of politeness.

The Heart.

The heart that's once been rendered cold, By slight, or scern or jeer, Can never feel love's warmth again, So thankful or sincere;

For, as the newly budded rose Doth feel the wintry blast, So doth the heart grow week and sad, When blight is o'er it east,

No balm of Friendship e'er can heal The wound so deeply riven ; No consolation e'er can soothe The pang that's once been given. The thorn that has been planted there Can never be withdrawn : Nor can the heart be glad again Beneath the hand of scorn.

Though it may seem to join in mirth, And strive to hide its pain, Still how that aching heart doth feel-Its core is rent in twain. The pulse beats with maddening grief ;-Its vitals throb with pain : And all its blood that once was warm,

For the Children.

Doth freeze in every voin.

Mary's Wish.

Last winter among the juvenile speakers at an anniversary of the Trinty-station Sabbath School, on Staten Island, there was a very interesting girl, named Mary. She spoke the following simple verses, written by the paster, with deep feeling

and most marked propriety : I wish I was in heaven, With Christ at God's right hand, Where angels live and sing-A hoty, glorious band:
And where my friends are found,
Who struggled hard while here, But who at last are fread,

From sin, and care, and fear. O, happy, happy place! 'Tis better far than this; No unkind looks are there, No words to mar its bliss; No actions vain to grieve, No conduct stern or cold; There, there, my Jesus is,

Whose arms would me enfold. But shall I merely wish? Shall not I labor too, My father's work and will, While here on earth, to do? Yes Lord I would be thine, And trust thy promise given

For aid to will and toil, 'Till I have gained my heaven. The winter months had serreely given place to the balmy air and sweet flowers of May, before that lovely girl was taken sick unto de th. But she met her death, as a friend, whom God Bad sent to guide her to the bright world of which she had so publiely spoken a few months before. She joyfully gave him her hand, and departed

with him to the spiritual world. How singular that the wish her lips uttered so sweetly in the winter, should be so speedily realized! Yet, so it was; and my readers would do well to live as Mary lived, that if like ker, they die before twelve summers shine on their pathway-they may like her, be ready for the change. S. S. Advocate.

A QUESTION .- A minister sojourning in our city, in a conversation on duelling, was made aware for the first time that in their professional capacity, always accom panied the parties to the field. He usked (and the question has an appearance of reason, too) why ministers did not attend in their professional capacity, as it was likely of those who went on the field with serious intentions, one would probably need the con-solutions of religion? The suggestion is an original one, we believe, and we commend it to those who take part in establishing the usages of "honor."

Savannah Republican. Would not a sexton, undertaker and gravedigger make valuable and exhibitating additions to such a party?

Poetry.

A Country Over the Sea.

BY MARY LIVINGSTON. From a far country over the sea, A little child is calling to me-A in le child with shining hair, An niment such as the angels wear.

She are to me in the summer time, All in av lefe's delicious prime: tre . red my darling away from death, As a led bad holds a flower's sweet

And biighted my precious little one. She slid from the hold of my loving hand And wandered afar to a fairer land.

A pleasant sight it is to see A little child at his mother's knee: A endder sight there is not, I ween, Than that mother and child, and leath between.

Of all the sad days under the sun. That sorrowful day was the saddest one: Of what was a joy there doth remain But a little grave beneath the rain.

A little child, with shining hair, And raiment such as the angels wear, In a far country over the sea, On a golden share, is looking for me

Selections.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal, to the ending ? Asbury in Dover. Delaware-

Mr. Editor: I am pleased in prospect of having a department for Methoof the paper, I feel confident that remany regular and deeply interested nessee, when he was about to commence readers, and that you may not be with- his legal career: out the material for a commencement, I will furnish an incident in connection with the introduction of Bishop Asbury into the town of Dover, Delaware. believe it has never been printed. have it from a very reliable source, and I am gratified at being named as one present it in substance as I received it of your references, in the card which from the Hon. Isaac Davis, Smyrna, you have caused to be published. Delaware, who died in March last, in the ninety-second year of his age, after I shall always take a deep interest. a connection with the Methodist Epis copal Church for about sixty-five or six years, and who, until the close of the life of the bishop, enjoyed great intimacy with him, than whom, in the nar-

The incident is as follows: During the time when Governor Bassett was a practicing lawyer in the town of Dover, Delaware, previously to his election to the post of Chief Magistrate of the State, it was his custom, in the business of his profession, to attend the sittings of the Court in Denton, Md., and steady discharge of his duty. In have told you the very exact words that at St. Ives at a certain hour, and that and often, when on his way to and from the greater—far greater number of ca-Denton, would spend a night with his ses, in which a lawyer is engaged, exfriend, Judge White, where bishop Astraordinary talents are not required; bury enjoyed the comforts of a home but in all, negligence may prove fatally when in the State, and where he found destructive. An established reputation

during the Revolutionary struggle. On one of these periodical visits, Judge White being absent, his amiable wife received and entertained their careless Attorney. guest. It was not long, however, before Mr. Bassett observed other gentlemen present besides himself, when he sought Mrs. White, and inquired with evident to your client is the obligation of enperturbation:

dressed in black?'

answered very evasively, important business. factory to Mr. B., he insisted further.

these gentlemen are.' When Mrs. W. replied, 'They are Mr. Asbury and his

This information was no sooner received than Mr. Bassett determined to leave, and said to his hostess:

'I must have my horse.' Mrs. W., understanding the case perfectly, replied:

'You cannot leave to-night, sir.' Mr. B. still demanded, 'I must have my horse; I must be

But Mrs. W. more positively declared he must not leave, when he resigned himself to his fate, and submitted to the infliction of an evening with the bishop and his colaborers. After which he was constrained to admit they were not terian church. Last Sabbath was a the most uninteresting in the world, Mr. Asbury to visit him the next time he should come into Dover. When Mr. Bassett returned home, he told his wife of his adventure, and are all the pews in the house were filled at an early hour except the one and, as an act of courtesy, he invited

dear, should be come?"

horseback, riding leisurely toward his door, whom he seen recognized to be none other than the veritable Methodist bishop he had met at Judge White's; he quickly informed his wife to the truthful sentiment.—Union. of the arrival, who ran up stairs in a to the truthful sentiment. - Union.

Fright. Mr. B cast about in his mind how he should entertain his rather unwelcome guest; his plan was decided upon; invitations were sent to the most distinguished gentlemen in the neighborhood; the lawyers, doctors, and elergymen were all called in; Mr. B. thought to overwhelm the poor Methodist bishop with an array of intellect; but Mr. Asbury seemed perfectly composed and at home among gentlemen. After supper, the conversation took a more decidedly literary character, and among other things, a recent publication came up, upon which several crit-But the winter came, and darkened the icisms were passed, Mr Asbury's being the clearest, most comprehensive, and intelligent. The company conceded to him his proper place. They became listeners, and he the delight of every

> party must be reckoned the beginning of Mr. Asbury's nopularity in Dover. The best of the story remains to be told. By request, Mr. Asbury preached the next evening to a large and intelligent audience. Mrs. Bassett gave him a hearing from her piazza, fearing to venture nearer; next night from the door of the house in which the bishop preached; the third night she mingled in the congregation, and soon after was converted, and proved the first fruits of Bishop Asbury's labors in Dover. Who can fail to note the hand of Providence in this whole affair, from the beginning

person present. And from that evening

Advice to a Young Lawyer.

W. C. R.

The following letter was addressed dist history in our excellent journal .- by the late Judge Gaston, of N. C., to Without disparaging any other section his friend and relative John L. T. Sneed, now Attorney General of Ten-

NEWBERN, March 26, 1846. My Dear Sir:-I had the pleasure of receiving, a few days since, your affectionate letter of the fourth of this month, and hasten to assure you that

In your professional and private life You have entered on a career in which diligence can scarcely fail to secure be addressed to a good heart and a ration of incidents of Methodism, a more lawyer, the conviction that he owes to two years old, he said to it—Will you pass, overflowed by the rising tide. On sound head concurs to impress upon a charged with the interest of one unable to act for himself, and he is faithless to the trust, if he leaves any honorable means unexerted to secure and advance those interests. There is no mode so sure of rising to eminence in the profession as the exact, punctual, prompt a secure retreat for two or three years for diligence must therefore command emproyment. No man of common sense can be willing to confide impor-

tant concerns to the management of a Next to diligence in the discharge of the immediate duties which you owe deavoring to perfect yourself in the 'Madam, who are these gentlemen knowledge of your profession. Suffer no day to pass without study. Read Mrs. W., knowing that Methodist slowly-make what you read you own preachers were not in very high repute, by eviscerating the preacher to 'They are gentlemen here on very charge the memory with a vast number mportant business.' or merely arbitrary distinctions; but the principles on which they rest are few, and these may be faithfully treas-'Madam, I should like to know who ured. In making these suggessions, I am not so much influenced by the belief that you need them, as by a desire to show that I am disposed to aid you in any way I can. To give counsel is to assume the office of a friend, and

> shall always be happy to discharge. With great esteem and affection, Truly yours, WILL. GASTON. To J. L. T. STEED, Esq.

that office is one which towards you I

The President's Last Sabbath in Washington

President Pierce has, during his term of office, been a regular attendant at the Four-and-a-half Street Presbyremarkably fine day. The crowd in the city attended church with our citiwife of his adventure, and concluded by hour, except the one occupied by the President. He came in as the service 'Do the best we can,' was the only alluded to the great dignity to which he had been called as President of this Shortly after, Mr. Bassett was busily great nation; of the success of his adengaged in his office; he happened to raise his eyes, and looking cut on the green, he saw a venerable form on horseback willing be a substitute of the nation of which he had been the head; Scotch Peculiarities.

the old panneled pays, the pulpit and The 'cember number of Frazier's the soundboard sa mounted by a crown, Magazine contains an article on 'Scotch | remained as in the days of its primeval

race. I do not believe among our lathem; the old pulpit is there still, but boring class here in the country, there the sound-board was taken down seveis any want of real heart and feeling. ral years ago and carried to Warrenton But there is a great awkwar lness and by Rev. C. F. McRae, merely as a custiffness in the expression of it. People curious relic of the past; where it is here do not give utterance to their now I am unable to say. emotions like your violate Frenchmen; After the revolution the Chapel was they have not words to say what they used by several other denominations feel, and they would be ashamed (blate, as a Meeting House, but has been used in their own phrase,) to use these words only by the Baptists, I believe for sevif they had them. I have had a touch- eral years past. They still have occaing instance of this within the last few sional appointments to preach there. days. Do you remember our taking a It is in a very dilapidated condition, walk together one beautiful afternoon to the cottage of one of my people, a poor fellow who was dying of consumption? You tat apon a style, I recollect and read a proof, while I went in and sat with him for a few minutes. It some times. Were its entire history written, seemed to cheer him a little to have a seemed to cheer him a little to have a it would present a striking contrast of visit from the laird, and I often went light and shade, a thrilling record of to see him. After you left us he sank feeling, a pleasing exhibition of proggradually; it was just the old sory of that hopeless malady; till at last, after a few days he died. I hate all cant its walls, will pass away, and future and false pretence, but there was earn- generations will exult in the good that est reality in the simple faith which surrounds them without even a concepmade my humble friend's last hour so tion of the toils and hardships, the fears calm and hopeful. When he felt himself dying he sent for me, and I went who lived when Quankey Chapel was and staid beside him for several hours. the church. The clergyman's house was some miles off, and apart from private regard, it From the Christian Advocate and Journal. was a part of my duty as an elder of the kirk to go and pray as well as I could with the poor fellow. He was only thirty two, but he had been mar- dote of the venerable father of Methoried eight or nine years, and he had dism might perhaps be interesting to four little children. After laying silent for a while, he said he would like to see them again, and his wife brought them forms a part of the story: 'I remember to his belief. I have seen that the little of the story is the story in the story is the story in the story in the story in the story is the story in the st to his bedside. I know well that no Mr. Wesley well. I first heard him dying father ever felt a more hearty preach in Helstone, near the market affection for the little things he was place, seventy-four years ago. I have leaving behind, or a more sincere desire also seen him at Redruth, and had an

was his farewell forever.

down by tradition, I will relate.

Chapel again,

church from the time of its erection to cle, as I shall always say. We contin-The last loyal clergyman who offici- first care, after his arrival, was to see Upon the meeting of the Whigs in curred me warm clothes, a good fire, Halifax, on the 4th of April 1776, for and excellent refreshment. Neither were the horses forgotten by him. Tominitary organization, parson Taylor tally unmindful of himself, he proceed-

W. H. MAKEANEY.

some more congenial region. It is cer- his wife four children, governess, butler tain he never preached at Quankey and footman. The Chamber of New York are to give him a public reception.

A New Anecdote of Wesley.

Mr. Editor: The following anecfor their welfare after he had left them. He was not so weak but that he could at the London Inn, then kept by Henspeak quite distinctly; and I thought ry Penberthy. Mr. Wesley came there he would try and say something to them one day in a carriage, driven by his in the way of parting advice, were it own servant, who, being unacquainted only to be good children, and to be with the road further westward than we found the sands between that place

neighbor for a few hours. Gude-day the deep pits and hollows of the sands. I struggled hard to maintain my seat in the saddle, while the poor affrighted animals were snorting and rearing in

A correspondent of the Petersburg blunging through the opposing waves. cape I then cherished was on account Nine miles from the town of Halifax, awful crisis I heard Mr. W.'s voice. on the 'middle road' leading towards With difficulty I turned my head to-Warrenton, stands an ancient, uncouth ward the carriage, and saw the long looking frame building known as 'Quan- white locks dripping with the salt sea key Chapel.' This is, now, among the down the rugged furrows of his veneraoldest, if not the oldest church edifice ble countenance. He was looking in North Carolina. The first church ever erected in the State was built in Chowan county in 1705 by members of by the tumultuous war of the surrounding waters, or by the danger of his per-

the church of England. How many were erected from that time up to the year 1710 we have no means of asceryear 1710 we have no means of ascertaining. In the last mentioned year, 'Quankey Chapel' was built, as is shown by a very legible inscription in one of the course of tolerable loud voice, and asked, 'What is thy name, driver?' I answered, 'Peter,' said Mr. W., 'Peter fear not, thou shalt not sink.' With vigous spurring and whipping I again the ceiling planks overhead, bearing rous spurring and whipping I again last got safely over; but it was a mira-

urged on the flagging horses, and at ued our journey, and reached St. Ives without further hinderance. We were both very wet, of course. Mr. W.'s me safe lodged at the tavern. He pro-

The above anecdote of Peter Mar-