

# THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Literature, the Sciences, Agriculture, General Intelligence, and Religion.

VOLUME I.

HENDERSONVILLE, N. C., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1855.

NUMBER 48.

## THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.  
BY WILLIAM MITCHELL.

TERMS.

The Herald of Truth is published weekly at \$2.00 in advance, or \$3.00 at the end of six months, or \$5.00 at the end of the year. If the money be paid in one month after the reception of the first number, it will be remitted in full.

Advertisements will be inserted, except at the option of the Editor, for three months, or otherwise as directed.

Advertisements for one year, or longer, will be inserted at a special rate.

## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

A square of 12 lines, or less, first insertion, 50 cts.  
Each subsequent insertion, 25 cts.  
From 12 to 16 lines, first insertion, 1.00  
Each subsequent insertion, 50 cts.  
From 16 to 22 lines, first insertion, 1.50  
Each subsequent insertion, 75 cts.  
From 22 to 30 lines, first insertion, 2.00  
Each subsequent insertion, 1.00  
From 30 to 40 lines, first insertion, 2.50  
Each subsequent insertion, 1.25  
From 40 to 50 lines, first insertion, 3.00  
Each subsequent insertion, 1.50  
For advertising the name of a candidate for office, 2.00  
For constant orders, 5.00

## BY THE YEAR.

1/2 column, 1 year, \$12.00; 3/4 column, 1 year, \$20.00; 1 column, 1 year, \$30.00.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### The Glory of the Gospel.

The Mexican missionaries in Greenland preached several years on the great doctrines of natural religion, and the requirements of the moral law, without producing any visible reformation in their hearts, but at the very first sermon which announced "Jesus Christ and his crucifixion," many were pricked in their hearts, and led effectually to repentance. We have a striking illustration of the distinguishing glory of the gospel—the mercy—in the parable of the prodigal son. The young man, having received his portion from his father, went into a far country, and spent all his substance in drunkenness and debauchery. Reduced to the last extremity of want, the proud young nobleman hired himself to a citizen of that country, and became a feeder of swine—the meanest employment to which a Jew can be degraded.—On the very verge of starvation, we see him snatching the husks from the mouths of the detested animals, to satisfy his hunger. Now he contrasts the present with the past. "My father's house! O, my father's house!" Trembling hopes spring up in his bosom. "I will arise and go!" I see him coming, full of guilt and shame—halting—trembling—ready to turn back, or lie down by the wayside and die. While yet a great way off, the father beholds him—O, not with an eye of anger and revenge; and runs to meet him—O, not with a drawn sword, or an uplifted rod! He feels within him the yearnings of a father's heart, leaps to embrace the prodigal, and pours upon him a mingled shower of kisses and tears. Not a reproachful word is uttered—not the slightest censure—nothing but love. "Father, I have sinned! I am not worthy to be called thy son." "Peace, my son! Bring a robe, a ring, a pair of shoes; and haste to kill the fatted calf; and let us eat and be merry; for this my son was dead and is alive, was lost and is found!" "And they began to be merry."

Such my brethren, is the unspeakable mercy of the gospel, which constitutes its distinguishing glory. It is the law that creates the famine in the "far country" of sin. The poor prodigal goes about, begging for bread; but none will give him a crust, or a crumb. The desert of Mount Sinai is a poor country for a starving soul. There is no bread in all that region, and no toleration for beggars. If the sinner offers to work for any of the citizens—either for Mr. Holiness, or Mr. Justice, or Mr. Truth—he is sent into the fields to feed swine, till he is thoroughly convinced of the nakedness of the land, and the misery of his lot; and if he faints through famine or fatigue, and fails to perform his task, is thrust into the house of correction, and placed upon the

tread wheel of remorse, till the ministers of mercy come to his relief. It is the gospel that whispers—"Return to thy father!" It is the gospel that inspires the hope of acceptance. It is the gospel that meets him with more than paternal welcome, and rains upon him the baptism of blessings and tears. It is the gospel that brings its robe of righteousness, and its ring of favor, and presents its feast of joy, and calls the angels to testify-making "overcome sinners that repenteth."

O, the love of God! O, the riches of Christ! His salvation is more than a restoration to the joys of Eden. It came that "we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly."—Where sin abounded under the law, grace hath much more abounded under the gospel. It is an ocean of blessings—"blessings of the heaven above, and of the deep that lieth under"—the blessings of Jacob, "prevailing above the blessings of his progenitors, unto the utmost bound of the everlasting hills"—blessings which cannot be circumscribed by time, passing over the mountains which now divide us from the promised land, and flowing down on the other side into the pacific vales of immortality!

Such is the glorious gospel of the blessed God. You have seen the evidence of its divinity, and the peculiar excellence of its character. Suffer me to ask, do you believe its doctrines? do you obey its precepts? do you enjoy its blessings? do you delight in its promises?—It commends itself every way to your faith, and your affections. It is worthy of all acceptance. It is the light of the world—walk ye in it! It is a feast for the soul—eat and be satisfied! It is a river of living water—drink and thirst no more!

How miserable is that man who rejects alike its evidences and its offers! How miserable in the hour of death! As Thislewood said of himself, when on the drop at Newgate, he is "taking a leap in the dark!" How miserable in the day of judgment! God saith—"Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hands all the day long, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught my counsel, and would none of my reproof; therefore I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh—when your fear cometh as a whirlwind—when distress and anguish cometh upon you!"—Christmas Events

### A Blessed Promise.

"Fear not thou: for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee: yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." What a beautiful specimen of sacred rhetoric! What a powerful specimen of sacred logic! What a persuasive specimen of sacred eloquence! I have often used it at the bedside of the dying. It is equally in place, in the assemblies of the living. Behold—thou timid one—the Divine gradation! Men tell thee to fear: but I say—Fear thou not! Dost thou ask me, why? For I am with thee! But men repeat their caution, and urge thee to be dismayed! Still, heed them not; for I say unto thee—Be not dismayed! Dost thou ask me who I am, that I give thee such counsel? For I am thy God! Does this announcement overcome thee? And art thou unable to inquire further? Then listen: be comforted, and re-assured.—Thou art weak: but—I will strengthen thee!—True, with all the strength I can impart to such a nature as thine, thou wilt yet need help. What then? Shalt thou have it? Yes,—I will help thee! True, with all the help I can render to such a nature, in such a condition as thine, thou wilt still be liable to be cast down. What then? Is there due security? Yes,—I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness! My right hand is the symbol of omnipotence, and my righteousness is unimpedable and eternal. The power that sustains the universe, is pledged to support thee; and the righteousness that governs the universe, has sealed the pledge!

From the Nashville Christian Advocate.

### Holston Conference.

We left Nashville on the evening of the 13th instant, in company with B. McFerrin, his wife, and daughter. After journeying most pleasantly together until we reached Dalton, Georgia, we separated—the Doctor to attend the North Carolina, and we the Holston Conference.

I sincerely hope that he, with his daughter and his most happily chosen and worthy wife, may have a safe, pleasant, and prosperous journey. We reached the Conference on Friday, at 12 o'clock, and were met by a large and entirely new ground, but a most delightful country. Indeed, we were most agreeably disappointed in all we saw. It is one of the finest portions of Tennessee—rich and fertile lands, fine for wheat and other grains, with an intelligent and interesting population. With the city of Knoxville, where we tarried, going and returning, for a day or two, we were much pleased. We have visited no town in the South which presents stronger indications of improvements than Knoxville. Everywhere the spirit of enterprise seems abroad in the re-erecting and erection of fine buildings, both for residence and business. This city is evidently destined to become a large and flourishing place, from the great railroad advantages already possessed, and those which are in contemplation.

We were much indebted to our kind friend, Brother Brownlow, for the attentions received from himself and his amiable family, with whom we found a most pleasant home. We preached during our stay to a deeply attentive congregation. With the true and proper spirit of Methodism, they are endeavoring to establish a second charge in the city; have now a fine lot, with a commodious building, which answers for school and church purposes. The lot is finely located, and will afford abundant room for parsonage, church and school buildings.

Two good schools are already established and in successful operation in the building. The male school is under the superintendence of Brother Patton, a worthy and pious young man, and a good scholar and teacher—a son of our lamented Brother, Dr. Samuel Patton, late of the Holston Conference. The female school is taught by a most estimable young lady and competent teacher, whose name we do not remember. We were much pleased with the appearance of both of these schools. May success and prosperity attend them, and may the effort to establish and build up this second charge or station for Methodism in Knoxville, be fully sustained.

At Jonesboro', our home was at Brother Dossor's, who, with his amiable wife, made us feel perfectly at home. Here Bishop Payne and son, Brothers Carter, Kerr, Smith, and myself were billeted. Never could a better home be provided for the weary itinerant. May kind Heaven amply reward our worthy host and hostess for their attention to us and many who were entertained by them at the Conference. The Conference was largely attended—great crowds attending the preaching from day to day. All the churches of the place were freely offered for the use of the Conference, the sessions of which were held in the Presbyterian Church. The best of all was, the gracious influence which followed the preaching of the word. The altar was crowded with penitents, and a number were converted to God. Bishop Payne was in fine health, and here, as elsewhere, presided with that marked ability and dignity which everywhere characterize his presidency. He is perfectly at home in the chair, and always ready and prompt in the discharge of the arduous and heavy duties imposed upon him. His sermon on Sabbath morning was in the demonstration and power of the Spirit, as reported by those who heard him.

The Conference opened on Monday morning with a public prayer-meeting, led by the Bishop. He was fully in the spirit to exhort, and earnestly invited mourners forward to the altar of prayer, while as earnestly many came forward, praying God to have mercy on them.

While at this Conference, we could but think of the glory of Methodism, when we saw the talented, eloquent, and popular representative in Congress from this district, in the last session, seated in the altar as an humble Methodist preacher, while his large eyes, filled with tears,

we thought, this was a due example for the young men, yea, for all of the Conference. It was most certainly a good introduction and preparation for the duties of the day. Here we found our worthy brother, Rev. A. R. Erwin, who was most efficiently representing the various interests of the Book Concern in Nashville, and never was a more able representative found. His pulpit and platform efforts at this Conference fully sustained his reputation as the eloquent, faithful, and able minister, and greatly honored him to the Conference and the Church. This is a strong Conference and composed of a noble set of men. Breathing a pure and healthful atmosphere, they look healthy and vigorous, able and willing to labor. We were struck with the fact of so many of their number being natives of their own Conference, while it is true, here and there, they have some most able and worthy representatives of the most distant portions of our country—such as Dr. Wiley, the very talented, able, and popular President of Emory and Henry College; and Dr. Cumming, of deservedly high and well-established reputation, the President of their Female College at Asheville, North Carolina.—They also have in Jonesboro' a fine Academy, under the superintendence of Brother D. Sullins, and the Rev. Mr. Stout, of the Presbyterian Church, who are fine scholars and teachers; also an Academy at Strawberry Plains, under the superintendence of Brother Kirkpatrick, who ably fills his station—and other schools, the names of which do not now occur to me. Here are Father Ekin, (and who has not heard of the venerable George Ekin), Father Ganaway, Brothers Stringfield, Sullens, Stevens, Carter, Haskew, Hicks, Rogers, Atkins, Alexander, Fleming, etc., etc., so well known to the Church.

The Tract Anniversary was held on Saturday night. The speakers were Brother Erwin and the writer. It was a season of great interest—the preachers and friends generally entered into the spirit of the enterprise—and about \$200 were raised in favor of the Tract cause.

The Missionary Anniversary was held on Monday night. The speakers were Brother Erwin and the Secretary. The collection was a good one: perhaps between four and five hundred dollars were raised. The amount raised by the Conference during the year will be about the same as that of the last year, which is better than we feared. May we not hope, from the large crops raised in East Tennessee the present year, our collections for the ensuing year will be greatly increased? God grant it may prove to be so!

The Conference was hospitably entertained, each preacher, no doubt, thinking he had the very best home, while the citizens, of all denominations, or of none, vied with each other in their efforts to accommodate their guests.

The town is remarkable for its good schools and churches. I have not certainly seen any place of the same population in which so many good churches are to be found. This, with their good schools, speaks well for the morality, refinement, and taste of the inhabitants. Soon the railroad whistle will be heard in their midst, coming from Virginia and Knoxville. The road will be finished, and Jonesboro' will be right on the line of travel, East and West. And we predict for the road an amount of travel and business, and for the country an improvement far beyond what the most sanguine anticipate. With the worthy President of the road, Dr. Cunningham, we became well acquainted, as also with his amiable family. He is a most efficient officer, and the friends of the road have great reason to congratulate themselves in the possession of such a President, as also of such a Secretary as they have.

While at this Conference, we could but think of the glory of Methodism, when we saw the talented, eloquent, and popular representative in Congress from this district, in the last session, seated in the altar as an humble Methodist preacher, while his large eyes, filled with tears,

were fastened upon the preacher. Thank God, religion makes us all simple as little children!

This Conference is the home of our beloved Cunningham, our devoted missionary to China. We were delighted to see how he lives in the hearts of his brethren. May God bless him and them, and especially his aged father!

But we must leave Jonesboro'. We shake hands now, and say, Adieu! But we most sincerely hope again, in our wanderings, to take the hand of welcome there once more.

In company with our loved companion, Brother Erwin we safely returned again to Nashville, only to set out, in a few days, for the South Carolina, Alabama, and Georgia Conferences.

L. W. SEHON.

### Light and the Stars.

"Finest of beings, first created light  
Prime cause of beauty! \* \* \* \*  
In thy pure vision with transport I survey  
Thy firmament, and these far rolling worlds,  
Their magnitudes and motions."

When a boy I well remember a remark made by the present venerable and beloved Bishop Soule, that after all the philosophers had said, the Apostle's definition of light was the best, it is that which maketh manifest. How true, for without light no object is visible. We know nothing concerning the virtue of light, except from the effects it produces; but in reasoning, however, on this subject, it is generally admitted, that light consists of inconceivably small particles, thrown off with great velocity, and in all directions from a luminous body. These must be small beyond any computation, else in falling upon the eye, they would inevitably destroy our vision. So minute are these particles, that it is calculated a candle will diffuse several hundred millions more of them, than there could be found grains of sand in the whole earth.

What a wonderful phenomenon is Light! Astronomers, by the most acute observations and calculations, have measured the speed of light, and find that it travels at a rate of about 213 thousand miles in a second, or nearly twelve millions of miles a minute. Thus, as the Moon is 240,000 miles distant, it follows that when her first beams emerge from the shadow of an eclipse, nearly a second and a quarter elapse, before we see it; therefore she makes each of her changes, a second and a quarter before it becomes visible to us. The Sun, 95,000,000 miles distant, or 400 times further than the moon, requires 400 times longer to send its light upon our earth.—Jupiter, the largest of all the planets, is nearly 617,000,000 of miles off in the heavens, when most distant from our earth, which is nearly six times and a half as great as the distance of the sun, and hence the light needs 52 minutes to reach us from that heavenly body.

But our planet has been discovered more distant than Uranus, or the Georgium Sidus, and by foreigners generally called Herschell. This remote world runs his solitary course eighteen hundred millions of miles from ours. Hence his light needs 20 times as long to travel to us as that from the sun—that is, more than two hours—and thus for two hours, has he been gazing that point of his orb in which we see him. The light which Uranus receives from the Sun is 300 times less than that which we have. And here we strikingly behold the divine goodness and wisdom, which pervades all the works of Nature. To this deficiency of light the Almighty Architect, has supplied six satellites, or moons, which move around this planet.

Until recently, the distance of the fixed stars from our earth was an inscrutable secret, but now we know, that the brightest star in the constellation of Centaur, is the nearest one, and distant about 18 billions of miles! Its rays of light, therefore, penetrate to us in about three years and were emitted from the star three years ago. In regard to the well known brilliant star, Vega, in the constellation of the Lyre, it is calculated that its light consumes 12 years and a month in reaching the earth. Recent astronomers have deduced the following

numbers, as the average distance of the fixed stars from our world.

A ray of light, before it reaches the earth from a star of the

1st magnitude requires	2 to 12 years
2nd " "	20 years
3rd " "	30 years
4th " "	45 years
5th " "	66 years
7th " "	180 years

The rays from a star of the 12th magnitude can only be perceived by a good telescope and is distant twenty three thousand billions of miles, and takes 4000 years in reaching the earth! Attending and incomprehensible distance! Its light, at the time it meets our eyes, has already left the star 4000 years ago, wandering onward in its mighty flight, and unconnected with its far distant, wonderful and mysterious origin.

We have confined our contemplations to our system of fixed stars, not wishing to overstep this limit. Here we pause.—Still, this is only a glimpse of the immensity of the Universe, and of the innumerable globes of light with which the Almighty has replenished it. Well might Aensidius imagine stars so distant, that their beams have not yet reached us—

Whose unending light  
Has travelled the profound six thousand years  
Dr. Young alludes to the same idea—  
How distant some of the nocturnal suns!  
So distant says the sage, twice not abroad,  
To doubt if beams, set out on Nature's birth,  
Are yet arrived at this so foreign world,  
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight

For aught we know, far beyond our present systems, there are others, distinct and independent, floating at such an immeasurable distance from us that their light has to travel millions of years to reach our little world.

We might here make some inferences from these well known facts and wonders of the starry heavens, but prefer to let the reader of these numbers, in the solemn and impressive reflections, which their consideration naturally produces.—Often should we contemplate and admire those hosts of heaven in the skies above us. The Being who formed them all is self-existent and eternal; possessed of infinite wisdom, boundless goodness, almighty power, the Source of Light, filling the infinity of space with his presence.—Here we behold a sensible display of his eternal Power and Godhead.

Adorable Creator! may we confess with shame how seldom we think of thee—how little we reverence thy grandeur, or praise thy majesty. Pardon and forgive, O God! our contemplations from earth to thyself in heaven, and help us to humble our souls at thy feet, small, little and unworthy as we are. Then comfort us in our repentance and faith, with the blessed and glorious hope that our redeemed spirits will hereafter soar in never ending felicity and ineffable light beyond these stars and heavens. We have been contemplating a little while to-night!

G. P. D.

The Clove, Staten Island, Nov. 4.

### Royal Match-Making.

Rumor announces two suitors to the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria—the Prince Napoleon, nephew of the Emperor Napoleon, and the young Prince of Prussia—the first being her presumptive to an empire, and the latter heir-apparent to the crown of Prussia. We presume it would be impossible to reconcile the nation to a match between the Princess and a Roman Catholic. No such objection would lie against the Prince of Prussia, as he is a Protestant; and it is probable the Queen and her advisers will duly estimate the difference between "apparent" and "presumptive."—Nash. Chron. Adv.

### Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

The City Council of Louisville have passed an ordinance, submitting to the voters of the city the question of taking \$1,000,000 worth more of stock in this road, and a favorable result is considered as certain. This shows the high degree of importance attached to the enterprise by the people of Louisville, their entire confidence in its present management, and their determination to do their part towards its accomplishment.