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## Sacred Eloquence.

### THE SAVIOUR'S TRIUMPH.

We have read with unusual interest, a sermon recently preached before the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, by the Rev. Dr. Griffin, and published in the September number of the National Preacher. The subject is of the concluding paragraphs.—*Columbian Star.*

And when all his elect are brought home and displayed in one happy family around the throne, with what infinite joy will he bend over his redeemed Church, and contemplate their blessedness, and hear their praise. And what glory and honor and blessing will their bursting hearts for ever ascribe to him. John had a vision of this scene, and makes the following report. "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne and about the elders and the four living creatures, and fell before the throne and worshipped God, saying amen: blessing and glory and wisdom and thanksgiving and honor and power and might be unto our God, for ever and ever. Amen." At another time he saw a grand jubilee held in heaven in honour of the Lamb; the redeemed first beginning the song, the angels then striking in, and before it was done, the whole creation employed in the bursting praise. "And when he had taken the book, the four living creatures and four and twenty elders, [the representatives of the whole Church] fell down before the Lamb, having every one of them harps and golden vials full of odours, which are the prayers of the saints. And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, out of every kindred and tongue and people and nation, and hast made us unto our God kings and priests, and we shall reign on the earth. And I beheld and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne and about the living creatures and the elders; (and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands,) saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches and wisdom and strength and honor and glory and blessing. And every creature which is in heaven and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever. And the four living creatures said, Amen; and the four and twenty elders fell down and worshipped him that liveth for ever and ever."

How delightful to contemplate the honours which encircle the Lamb in the midst of his Father's throne.—After wandering an exile from heaven for more than thirty years, for our revolt, how joyous to know that he has found a home. After the crown of thorns, we are happy to see him wear the diadem of the universe. After depending for bread on the charity of his female followers, we are glad to see him the Heir of all things, and able in his turn to impart to others. After being so long neglected and despised by men, we rejoice that he has found those who know how to honour his worth; we exult to hear the shout of all heaven in his praise. After the agonies of the garden and the cross, we sing and shout for joy that he has found infinite and eternal delight in the glory of his Father and

the salvation of his Church. Let him have his happiness and his honours. Amidst all the sufferings of life, it shall be our solace that the despised Nazarene has found his throne,—that the man of sorrows is happy at last. Of all the luxuries that ever feasted the human soul, the sweetest is to see the Lamb that was slain in the midst of his Father's throne. We will embalm his name in our grateful hearts. We will embalm it by our praise, which shall live while we have breath, and sink away upon our dying lips. And we will embalm it among the songs of the upper world. If we are permitted to come where the elders bow, how will we bow and sing. When we shall look down to hell and see our old companions there, and then back to Calvary, and then look up and read the touching traces of love in those melting eyes, and among the prints of the nails and the thorns, we will embalm his name if love and songs can do it. We will tell all heaven of his love. If ever new inhabitants should come in from other worlds, they shall hear the story of Calvary. If commissioned in remote ages of eternity to visit other systems, we will carry the amazing tidings to them. We will tell them to all we meet. We will erect monuments of the wonderful facts, on every plain of heaven, and inscribe them all over with the story of the manger, the garden, and the cross. While gratitude and truth remain, the name and the love of Jesus shall never be forgotten.

And now, my beloved brethren, I invite you to go with me and look for a moment over the interesting scene which is opened on earth. For many years, the Christian world has been sunk in a profound slumber in regard to this duty; but for the last four and thirty years they have been waking up. He who has engraven Zion on the palms of his hands,—who never wants means to fulfil his promises,—has sent his heavenly influence to rouse the Christian world. He beheld the desolations of Zion, and has come to rebuild her ruined walls. He heard the groans of his people, as with harps on the willows, they were weeping "by the rivers of Babylon," and has come to bring them again "to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Eternal thanks to God for what our eyes have seen and our ears have heard for the last four and thirty years. Eternal thanks to God for the increasing wonders which are rapidly opening on the world. And O, can we restrain the bursting emotion? For ever blessed be his great and glorious name for what we have begun to see in our own land! It is more than thirty years since the Christians in Great Britain awoke; and they have been holding on their way with increasing majesty and glory, until that little island bestows annually, more than a million of dollars upon strangers. It is fourteen years since New-England broke her slumbers, and now the mass of her population seems drenched in the missionary spirit. I saw the day cover the plains of Europe. I saw the westward-travelling light spread itself over the eastern states. Nine years ago, I saw the rays of the morning tip our Presbyterian horizon. I saw the dawn blush deeper and deeper. I knew it would not all return again to midnight. I knew the sun would rise. At length I saw his golden limb above the eastern woods; and from the course of day, I knew that soon the heavenly flood would cover all the plains to Arkansas and the Pacific. Already the influence of heaven has dropt upon the wilderness, and the yell of the war-whoop is changed to notes of praise. We must not stop till our influence has cheered the whole extent of South America. And then we must go forth to the islands, and hold on our way till we meet our brethren in other fields, and unite with them in completing the harvest of the world.

We owe the sincerest gratitude to God for giving us our existence in such a day as this. Many prophets

and kings desired to see this day, and saw it not. One spirit has seized the Christian world to send the Gospel, with a great number of its publishers, to all the nations of the earth. Missionary and Bible societies, those stupendous monuments of Christian Charity, have risen so rapidly and in so great numbers throughout Europe and America, that in contemplating them, we are "like them that dream." These societies have already accomplished wonders, and are constantly stretching forward to future achievements beyond the reach of imagination. On the burning sands of Africa, where Christian feet never before trod, there is the holy band of missionaries, struggling, amidst dangers and deaths, to lead the sable tribes of Ethiopia to stretch forth their hands to God. On the plains of Hindostan, a "consecrated host" are translating the scriptures into more than thirty different languages, spoken by a population greater than that of all Europe. On the borders of China, they have produced a version which will give the oracles of God to one quarter of the population of the globe. In the southern islands, a nation is born in a day. From the hill of Zion—from the top of Calvary—they are freighted every caravan of pilgrims with Bibles for all the countries of the east. Certainly the angel has begun his flight through the midst of heaven, "having the everlasting gospel to preach—to every nation and kindred and tongue and people."

My soul is enlarged and stands erect, as I look down the declivity of years, and see the changes which these young Davids, under God, will make in all the earth. Countless millions are shortly to awake from the sleep and darkness of a hundred ages, to hail the day that will never go down. I see the darkness rolling upon itself and passing away from a thousand lands. I see a cloudless day following, and laying itself over all the earth. I see the nations coming up from the neighbourhood of the brutes, to the dignity of the sons of God—from the sty in which they had wallowed, to the purity of the divine image. I see the meekness of the Gospel assuaging their ferocious passions, melting down a million contending units into one, silencing the clangour of arms, and swelling into life a thousand budding charities which had died under the long winter. I hear the voice of their joy. It swells from the vallies and echoes from the hills. I already hear on the eastern breeze, the songs of new-born nations. I already catch in the western gale, the praise of a thousand islands. I ascend the Alps, and see the darkness retiring from the papal world. I ascend the Andes, and see South America and all the islands of the Pacific one altar. I ascend the mountains of Thibet, and hear from the plains of China, and from every jungle and pagoda of Hindostan, the praises of the living God. I see all Asia bowing before Him, who eighteen centuries ago, hung in the midst of them, on Calvary. I traverse oceans, and hear from every floating Bethel the songs of the Redeemed.

"The dwellers in the valleys and on the rocks shout to each other, and the mountain tops, from distant mountains, catch the flying joy; Till nation after nation taught the strain, Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna around."

Come that blessed day. Let my eyes once behold the sight, and then give this worthless body to the worms.

The late Archbishop of Bordeaux was remarkable for his tolerance and enlightened benevolence. The following anecdote will not be read without interest. "My lord," said a person to him one day, "here is a poor woman come to ask charity—what do you wish to do for her?" "How old is she?" "Seventy." "Is she in great distress?" "She says so." "She must be relieved; give her twenty-five francs." "Twenty-five francs! my lord, it is too much, especially as she is a Jewess." "A Jewess?" "Yes, my lord." "O, that makes a great difference, give her fifty francs, then, and thank her for coming."

## Miscellaneous.

From the Lynchburg Virginian, Sept. 28.

### A LYNCHBURG GHOST.

"Let's talk of the Ghost without a head, That frightened the barber's boy quite dead."

We had begun almost to fear that Lynchburg would be entirely overlooked by ghosts and ghostesses, witches and wizzards, brownies and faries, undines, and all the other fleshless spirits of air, earth and water. Lexington could boast its invisible stone throwers; New York, its shadowy prophets, alarming by their woeful predictions, (tho' no one could tell whence they came or in what manner they were promulgated) all the old women and children, as well infants as those of a larger growth therein resident; and, indeed, there is scarcely a village which can point to its bar-room and blacksmiths shop that has not connected with it some demonological tradition of the elder time, or some more modern record of midnight orgies, conducted by agents of an unearthly character. All that is necessary is to find a house which has long been uninhabited, mouldering to decay, its chimnies prostrate with the earth, its top unroofed, its frame dilapidated, with here and there a broken pane of glass to make it seem more black and desolate;—or else, some noted scene of murder; or some cross-road where a malefactor's carcass may have been suspended; or where the bones of some unfortunate suicide have been buried, the rites of sepulture as decreed by "Holy Mother Church," being denied to him by the superstitious prejudices of the ignorant bigot and furious fanatic. In most of these essentials to a ghostly tale, Lynchburg is unfortunately deficient. It has so recently become the haunt of a busy and enterprising population, emerging from the solitude of forest, and apparently from the bosom of the cloud clapt mountains which surrounded it, with the rapidity if not the splendor of magic, that Time has not yet left the deep impress of his touch upon our habitations, nor enabled us to point to the malefactor's or the suicide's grave, rendered sacred in our imaginations by many a nursery recollection. But, we nevertheless, seem in a fair way to add to the catalogues of marvels which abound in the traditions handed down by the ignorance of one generation to the credulity of its successor. But, to the point. "We tell the tale as 'twas told to us," and hold ourselves irresponsible for any of the "hydras, gorgons or chimeras" which the fancies of old women, whether in petticoats or trowsers, shall breed therefrom.

For some time past, strange noises have been heard in a partly demolished lumber house, situated in a deep and dark ravin, near a Mill, which was half destroyed by the recent freshet. Certes, this is a most admirable location, of a spectral residence, equally as good as the trembling towers of Udolpho, around which Mrs. Radcliffe's powerful imagination contrived to throw such deep intensity of interest. A stream of muddy water rolls sluggishly along at the base of the hills which environ the lumber house, and vegetation appears to be less flourishing in its neighborhood than elsewhere—the trees being stunted in their growth, and the grass wearing a most sickly hue.—'Tis said, the cattle which browse upon its sides are instantly seized with the murrain, and it is a well known fact, which we should fear to mention, lest our veracity might be called into question, could it not be attested by a host of witnesses, that a horse raging with madness, threw himself headlong down the deep declivity, and perished in the yawning chasm below;—a chasm, which, who so shall enter will call to mind Dante's inscription on the gates of Hell, for no hope of rescue or relief would cheer his gloomy abode.—Ghosts do certainly possess most singular prejudices, but from some of them, may not mankind draw useful morals? Who

has ever heard of a ghost, when he has "burst the carments of his tomb" to mingle with the living, taking up his residence in lordly mansions and magnificent palaces, unless indeed he came armed with a rescript of vengeance to disclose the long concealed crime of some "purpled villian," and to bring him to justice? Who ever heard of their feasting on the rich delicacies of the table, stimulating their satiated appetites by artificial means, and pouring, in unmeasured quantities, libations on the altar of the reeling God? Who ever heard of their visiting the assemblies of the gay, to "trip it on the light fantastic toe," to the bewitching but fatal sounds of the viol and the lute? No. These respectable gentry are too solemnly convinced by their knowledge of what comes after life, to indulge in such unseemly practices. They would tell us that the life of an Anchorite, "water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms," is that to which all should aspire, who aspire to be truly virtuous, and that half demolished tenement's or "caves dug by no mortal hands," are the most fit places of residence, as they humble the pride of man, and teach him the perishing nature of himself, and even of the "great globe which he doth inhabit." But, be all this as it may, certain it is that ghosts always choose for their stopping places on earth, the most uncouth and desolate situations imaginable, seeming to fear to come in tact with any thing of "moral mold" almost as much as mortals do to meet with them; and if, acting upon this principle of dread, the Ghost which has recently made his appearance near Lynchburg, chooses, to abide in the rude and forbidding mansion we have attempted to describe, we think it is not very polite and genteel to attempt to drive him thence by mortal intrusion. So it is, however, that as his Ghostship seems somewhat unmannerly in his demeanor, and has not confined his noise, if he has himself, within his own precincts; but, (as is believed, with malice aforethought, and instigated either by the Devil or by his own propensity to mischief,) has made sundry and divers noises, of a strange character, screaming, bawling, squeaking, kicking, dancing as if with feet of iron or brass, and indulging in other such unseemly practices, contrary to the inclinations of his neighbors aforesaid, sundry of them, armed with stones, sticks, bludgeons, and other carnal and deadly weapons, did, on the night of the 26th Sept. A. D. 1826, with fell and murderous intent, sally forth from their respective residences, to find out from whom and whence these strange sounds aforesaid proceeded; and whether it would be necessary to use the carnal weapons aforesaid, which could only prove effectual against flesh and blood, or to return and procure spiritual aid, for the purpose of slaying some disturbed tenant of the tomb, wandering to and fro in the earth because his bones had been unburied or because the requisite number of masses had not been said for the repose of his soul? The night of the 25th was dark and tempestuous. Not a star was to be seen on the broad expanse of Heaven. The rain poured down in torrents, as if the clouds had been collecting their stores for months, and had reserved them all for one tremendous discharge. The wind howled so shrilly and fearfully, that one might almost imagine he heard the wailings of the spirit of the storm borne on the blast. It was on such a night, that two gentlemen, carefully wrapped up, and carrying with them a dark lantern, to protect them from the danger plunging into some of the numerous ravines which intersected and surrounded their path, secretly left their domiciles, and slowly wended their way towards the dwelling of the midnight disturbers of their rest.—They had not proceeded many yards, before a loud and fearful noise was heard, which seemed almost to hush to silence the ravings of the tempest. Nothing daunted, however, the gen-