

FOR THE REGISTER.

Without the slightest personal acquaintance with the late Mr. CHERRY, I claim to be one of the half million of North Carolinians who have heard of his death with the most profound regret.

In the winter of 1858, as I happened to be turning over some book in Messrs. Turner & Hughes' establishment, at Raleigh, my attention was attracted by the animated manner of a gentleman who was discussing some topic a few feet distant.

In common language, we speak of a dead man's place being filled;—in cases such as the present, the expression seems to be a solecism. When a young man, who might, humanly speaking, look forward to thirty years more of usefulness, dies, his death is a loss to the community, absolute and irreparable.

VIXIT.

FOR THE REGISTER.

AN APPEAL

TO THE CHURCHES OF NORTH CAROLINA, IN BEHALF OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

Dear Brethren: At a late meeting of the Board of Managers of the North Carolina Bible Society, held in the City of Raleigh, it was resolved that the Rev. Drury Lacy, and the Rev. John E. Edwards be appointed a Committee to prepare an Appeal to the Churches in North Carolina, for the purpose of awakening a deeper interest, and exciting greater activity in the support of the Bible Cause.

From actual investigation made by our General Agent, the Rev. Wm. J. Langdon, and by other Ministers of the Gospel, who have been employed to explore different parts of the State, we report the number of families without the Bible, the following facts have been developed: It has been ascertained that Counties possessing the greatest facilities for supplying their inhabitants with the Word of God, have at least one-third of their families without the blessed Book.

We have an immediate and pressing demand for 10,000 Bibles, to be distributed in other parts of the State, whither we cannot possibly raise funds to pay for them.

The present population of North Carolina numbers about 800,000. Allowing eight persons to a family, this calculation would make 100,000 families; and if one-third only are destitute, we have in our State 30,000 families without the Holy Scriptures. Should the above statement appear improbable, we refer you in support of it, to the destination of 1830, and to the causes which have tended to produce the present "famine of the word of God."

The question will very naturally arise in your minds, in view of all the facts and considerations stated above—"What is to be done?" Brethren, we verily believe, and all the history of our past operations, as well as the present state of things, confirm us in the opinion, that there positively must be united, energetic, and persevering efforts made by the Ministry and the membership of the Churches, generally, or the work never will be accomplished.

Let each Minister of the Gospel, who has charge of a congregation, or congregations, present the subject to his people as early as possible, and take up a collection, to be forwarded to Wm. Hill, Esq. of Raleigh, Treasurer of the State Society, either as a donation to the funds of the institution, or to purchase Bibles to supply the destitute in their immediate neighborhood.

We would further suggest, as the most effectual way of carrying out the objects contemplated by our Society, that a Bible Society be organized in each County—that a Depository of Bibles be established at the County seat—that suitable persons be employed to explore the County, and ascertain the number of families without the Bible; and that some system be employed in carrying out the designs of our institution.

We have endeavored thus calmly, to lay before you such facts as we deem of greatest importance to you, as our co-laborers in the Bible Cause. And are not the facts submitted, sufficient in themselves, to prompt you all to energetic action? Just look abroad over the length and breadth of our State, and remember that in the most highly favored portions, not less than one-third of the families are without the Bible.

They are rearing up those without the Scriptures, who are to be the future guardians of our liberties, and upon whom the hopes of the Church depend. We appeal to you, should not something be done? And to whom shall we look for assistance, if the Ministers of the Gospel shall not lend us their aid? But we are persuaded, brethren, that our appeal shall not be made in vain.

And as we wish to enlist all of every denomination, in some way, in this work, we would say, dear brethren, if there are any of you that cannot raise funds to forward for Bibles, we beg of you to ascertain and report to us the number of Bibles that your Churches are willing to take, and pay for, when they are forwarded by us, and upon our receiving the assurance that you have secured the pledges of responsible indi-

viduals to pay for the Bibles, when delivered, we will devise some plan by which they will receive them. And if you cannot do even as little, it would be of great service to the Bible Cause, if you will endeavor to have at least five or ten School Districts explored in each County, and report to us the number of families destitute in those districts, with the whole number of districts in each County, and then we shall have data by which the Board can judge of the destination in the entire County, and facts which will constitute the basis of our most efficient appeals for funds.

As to your duty in the premises, you can not be left in doubt. The Bible itself is explicit in relation to this matter. In all the arrangements which God has made for the dissemination of His Word, in every age of the world, it is most obvious that he intended the Church to be the prime agent. For his law shall go forth out of Zion, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem. Your duty is clearly implied in all the passages which represent the great efficiency of the Word of God, in evangelizing the world.

Let all who feel any interest in this work, begin at once. Time is rapidly hastening away. What we do, let us do quickly. The period for action will soon be over with us. If there were but one family upon the earth without the precious Book of God, it would be worth the united energies of the whole world to supply that family. When we remember that there are thousands in the bounds of our own State, what should we do? Brethren, be up and doing, while it is day. Let every one do something.

By order of the Board. JOHN E. EDWARDS, DRURY LACY.

The Richmond Christian Advocate, Waterman of the South, Southern Christian Advocate, and all the papers of the State, are respectfully requested to copy.

WM. J. LANGDON, Agent.

From the Christian Observer. A TRANSATLANTIC TOUR—No. VI. LONDON.—A Walk in the Metropolis.—The Parks.

Let us take a walk in London. From Charing Cross, a broad open area, the starting point of crowds of omnibuses, we will proceed southward along Whitehall, a wide street parallel to the Thames, whose course is here directly North. Here, at our right, is a long line of Government buildings. The first is the Admiralty, where the affairs of the British Navy are managed.

Beyond the Horse Guards are the Treasury buildings, the offices of the Colonial and Home Departments, the privy council, &c., presenting to the main street a magnificent front with Corinthian columns, and abutting on Downing street, a name familiar to most readers from its association with government affairs.

The opposite side of the street is Whitehall Palace. Here let us pause, for on a scaffold erected in front of this edifice, Charles I. was beheaded, January 30, 1649. What a scene was presented on that day to the multitudes that thronged this street!

At some distance further on is Westminster Abbey; but we must reserve that for a contemplative hour, when the first impression from the novelty and tumult of the great metropolis has had time to subside. We will now enter St. James' Park from the Horse Guards. These beautiful grounds cover an area of about 270 acres, shaded by noble trees. In the centre is a body of water, where are seen a great variety of aquatic birds, the property of the Ornithological Society of London.

About half way along, on the North side of the Park, stands St. James' Palace, where the Queen holds her court. It is a huge pile of plain red brick, looking vastly more like a hospital, (for which, indeed, it was originally designed,) than a royal palace.

model of chaste architecture, its appearance is somewhat imposing, viewed from the park. The principal front, however, is to the east, looking toward the extensive private gardens, which interpose a barrier between the abode of royalty and the dwellings of humbler mortals. When the Queen holds a drawing room, the carriages of the nobility, foreign ambassadors, &c., as well as that of her Majesty, approach the palace of St. James from the west through the park.

From Buckingham palace, a broad avenue, having Green Park on the right, and the palace gardens for some distance on the left, extends to Hyde Park Corner. This is the main entrance to Hyde Park from Piccadilly, the great road leading towards the heart of London from the south-west. The coup d'œil here is very imposing. A triumphal arch forms the entrance to Hyde Park, opposite to which, at some distance within the park, is a colossal statue of Achilles, erected in honor of the Duke of Wellington, and cast from cannon taken at Waterloo, Salamanca, &c.

Hyde Park covers nearly 400 acres, and is the great resort for carriages and horsemen, as well as pedestrians. The serpentine river flows through it, and on a fine summer afternoon it is really exhilarating to mingle with the crowd that throng the numerous avenues, delighted to exchange for an hour or two, the dust and smoke of the populous city, for the refreshing coolness and beautiful scenery of these extensive grounds.

I was particularly fortunate in the time of my visit to the great metropolis. It was the height of the London season, Parliament being in session, and the nobility in town; the pride and pomp of royalty and aristocracy were accordingly in full blow; the Queen was visible almost every fine afternoon in Hyde Park; the Kings of Belgium and Hanover were visitants at her court; fetes and drawing rooms were frequent, the latter yielding a rich harvest to the milliners; the debate in the House of Commons on the Irish arms Bill, the great exciting topic of the day, called forth nightly the most distinguished speakers.

These, however, were not to me the chief attractions. I wished to become familiar with those localities which were associated with my childish recollections of the "Spectator"—with London as it has existed for ages—with the haunts of Addison, Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, &c. The singularly fine weather that prevailed, with scarcely any interruption, during my stay, was therefore most of all favorable to my plans. It had rained with little cessation for nearly a month before, and I had a great and rare advantage of a long succession of bright sunny days, in each of which, as the twilight lasted till near ten at night, there was time for rambles and walks on a very extensive scale.

On the Monday after my arrival I paid my first long visit to Westminster Abbey. Its grand and gorgeous architecture impresses the gaze with awe and admiration, but, as the mausoleum of England's mighty dead, the ancient gothic pile possesses a far more potent charm. As you pass within its hallowed walls, you seem to leave the breathing world, the shadows of a dim antiquity darken around you, and you feel almost as if introduced to the august presence of those whose monuments and statues, silent, yet eloquent, greet you on every side.

Feelings not easily expressed crowded upon the mind, as the eye distinguished the names of Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, Goldsmith, Thompson, &c., and glanced from monument to monument, of those whose sweet strains have been familiar from early youth, and incorporated, as it were, into the very texture of the mind.

Here is the empty tomb of Edward III., the invader of Scotland, by whose order William Wallace was condemned to an ignominious death—the tomb of Edward III.—the black marble monument of his queen Philippa—the tomb of Richard II., and his Queen—and the monument of Henry V., of Falstaff's memory. The old oaken Coronation chairs are kept in this chapel, and here, surrounded by the monuments and effigies of departed monarchs, the sovereigns of England are crowned.

Henry the Seventh's Chapel, at the east end of the Abbey, is a spacious and gorgeous church of itself. The entrance to it is through a magnificent arch, through richly wrought gates of brass. According to Holme's account, this chapel alone cost nearly a million of dollars. So exquisitely delicate and minute is the ornamental stone-work of this structure, that a connoisseur has well described it as appearing "as if the artist had intended to give to stone the character of embroidery, and to enclose his walls within the meshes of lace work."

As I walked amidst the sepulchral monuments, so thickly clustered in these caves of death, and pausing on some marked spot, reflected that I was standing over what was once a king, the sense of the emptiness of all earthly power and pageantry, of the vanity of all human ambition, was awfully overwhelming. Beneath my feet reposed the death of sovereigns once renowned, who had filled a large space in the eyes of mankind, and whose actions form no unimportant parts of the enduring record of history; but of all their glory and kingly state, what now remains? A little dust is all. Their pomp is brought down to the grave.

After visiting the chapels, I next sought out the most remarkable monuments in other parts of the Abbey, such as those of the Earl of Chatham, Lord Mansfield, Sir Isaac Newton, and others whose names are conspicuous in the annals of England. In one spot beneath the pavement, William Pitt, Charles James Fox, the Marquis of Londonderry, and George Canning, lie very near to each other. The grave has composed the differences of discordant statesmen; side by side they sleep in death.

But the most interesting part of the Abbey is the Poet's Corner. Here are congregated the memorials of departed genius, whose more enduring monument is in the minds of myriads of men. Here the eye rests on the Statue of Shakespeare to which the sculptor's art has imparted all that intellectual dignity, that intense and sublime expression, which we so readily believe must have marked the aspect of the great poet, when lofty themes were working in his soul.

The solemn temples, the great globe itself, Yes, all that it inherits, shall dissolve. And, like the baseless fabric of a vision, Leave not a rack behind."

On the pedestal of the monument are three heads, representing Henry V., Richard III., and Queen Elizabeth, three sovereigns whose histories are justly associated with his name. "O, RARE BEN JOHNSON," is the inscription which designates Shakespeare's distinguished contemporary. "Of the lines on the monument to GRAY, I recollect only the last two, where England is represented as rivaling ancient Greece in the choiceness of her poetical treasures:

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I lingered in the Abbey, on this first visit to it, till the close of the evening service, which is held daily in the Choir. The solemn notes of the organ, swelling through the vast edifice, penetrating to its dim recesses, and echoed back from its lofty arches, was inexpressibly grand. As I glanced for the last time, at the sombre magnificence of the august pile, how perfectly did it realize the Poet's conception!

Looking tranquilly! It strikes an awe And terror on my aching sight; the tomb And monumental caves of death look cold, And woody a chillness to my trembling heart."

The Houses of Parliament are almost the only places in London to which money will insure admission. Of late years, a member's order is indispensable. The House of Commons is a plain unadorned hall, about 80 feet by 46, convenient enough for the members, but evidently constructed with no reference to the great public, who, in order to get in, would have to shrink like Milton's demons in Pandemonium.

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