Carolina Watchman.

Devoted to Politics, News, Agriculture, Internal Improvements, Commerce, the Arts and Sciences, Morality, and the Family Circle.

VOL. XII.—NEW SERIES. SALISBURY, N. C., MAY 13, 1856. NUMBER L

J. J. BRUNER, Editor and Proprietor.

From the Presbyterian.

INFANCY.

How beautiful is infancy! Its rounded limbs, its tiny fingers, its dimpled mouth and rosy smiles, are all beautiful—beautiful as the realization of a poet's dream. When the little innocent, jumping and springing in its nurse's arms, lisps, in its baby glee, the sacred names, "Papa," "Mamma," a new thrill of joy is awakened in each parent's heart. They hear the first audible expression of intelligence from that embryo mind that mind so plastic as to receive the impress of their slightest touch. How pure and holy now is their office! To watch those faculties, as they expand in the sunlight of parental affection as flowers bloom in spring time; to bend them to the sublime influences of truth; to nourish them with the pure precepts of the gospel, and strengthen them in its glorious light; in short, to draw out the young soul which dreams in the smiles and laughing eyes of the little cherub; to teach it its first lessons of love, gentleness, and gratitude; to unfold in a thousand ways, by words of love and looks of tenderness, which only a parent's heart can devise, those little feelings of right and wrong, which must be so moulded as to form, in later life, those nice and delicate perceptions which mark the upright and conscientious being, on whom Heaven smiles approvingly; to eradicate, or rather to give a direction and colouring to the embryo passions which beautify or mar the character and destiny of every individual being,—this is an office which angels might delight to engage in.

Here is where education begins—in the mother's arms—in the cradle—in the nursery. We speak of it as if it were the work of our schools and academies solely—as if it began with the head. How absurd! It is the heart—the heart, whence are the issues of life—whence all evil proceeds—where all good is received—that is the soil where the seeds of education should first be sown—sown with a skilful, gentle hand, and the young germs, watched over, prunED, reared with parental tenderness, watered with a mother's tears, and nurtured by a mother's prayers.

O ye parents! fulfil this mission well. You are sowing seeds which will produce happiness or misery, life or death.

How beautiful is infancy! Behold it in its cradled slumbers! Beautiful as a dream of heaven, is the angelic expression of that little face. A smile plays around that dimpled mouth, calm, placid, holy, as if the little sleeper were listening to an angel's whisper. Though there is, alas! even here the fatal germ which we shall inherit, it has not as yet developed itself in actual transgression. No malicious temper has inflamed that little heart, no unkind or bitter word has passed those innocent lips. The blush of shame has never tinged those billy cheeks; that little hand was never raised in anger; that tiny foot never spurned even the meanest reptile that draws its existence from the great source of life and power. It knows nothing of the cold-hearted, hollow professions of a vain, deceitful world. It has never felt the chill of disappointment, the sorrow of bereaved affection, the misery of confidence betrayed. No poisoned arrow of suspicion has never touched that guileless heart, the breath of slander has never cast a blight upon that fair brow. Would that it might ever be thus; but it cannot be. Sin is in the world. The cup of life cannot be drunk without tasting its bitter waters, and the heart will feel and know their influence. The tempter will woo with fascinating smile, artfully concealing beneath the flimsy garb of pleasure the misery and suffering that follow in his pathway.

O! how soon, then, should that young heart be taught to pray, in sincerity and in truth "Lead us not into temptation." God's Spirit alone can subdue these unhallowed influences, tame all "unholy passions, all unlawful desires." That, and that alone, can calm the troubled waves of life, sweeten its sorrows, and heighten its joys.

McNAUGHTS.

From the Dublin Evening Packet.

ROMISH INTOLERANCE IN SPAIN.

A Protestant minister, a Spaniard, came from some part of Britain to visit a relative in Barcelona. Soon after, finding a number of persons ready to hear him preach, he assembled twenty individuals in his house. That number the law permits, and no more. But Barcelonese curiosity could not be repressed. A greater number attended. As a natural consequence, the priests of the city became enraged. Their representations to the police against the Spanish Protestant minister were listened to. Surrounded by a mob, the authorities seized him and cast him into prison, whence they were glad to allow him to pass, on condition of his leaving Spain, which he did. The deputy in the Cortes for Barcelona, however, exclaimed against this flagitious proceeding. His protest was unavaiing, but his testimony was valuable. Another much similar case is recorded in a recent number of the *Siecle*. Senor Ruet, a Spanish artist, had become a member of the Wahlgensian Church while studying in Italy. Returning to Spain in February last, he set himself with zeal to advance his Protestant opinions, and on the 22d of that month he was arrested by the Captain General of Barcelona. The letter addressed by him to General Zapatero was worthy of a man of Christian courage:

"During several days past an incensed mob of fanatics, excited by some unknown agency, have gone so far as to menace my life, and have at length succeeded, but calumnies, in depriving me of my liberty. Worked on, as they are, by the spirit of intolerance, I forgive them. But as a Spanish citizen I claim from your sense of justice the protection of the laws of my country. I am ignorant of the crime of which I am accused. Is this persecution directed against my opinion or against my religious belief? I have never disguised them, nor will I ever deny them. No, not even if I be led to the stake. My religion is the religion of Christ—that which Roman Catholic intolerance calls Protestant and heretical. Yes, General, I am a Protestant. The temple of my religious creed is my heart; *God alone can read that*, and he will be my supreme Judge. I demand either to be set once more at liberty, or to be brought before a tribunal, where at least I shall know for what cause I am accused, and placed face to face with those who have become my enemies and accusers."

The Spanish press has I ant to the side of liberty. It is notorious that Espartero, the army, the people, and a large number of the Deputies, despise the clerical sway which produces this intolerance, lowering Spain in the eyes of her noblest sons, and in the eyes of the world. The Spanish Ministers only appear to abet the repression. The present aspect of things in the Peninsula is, however, most hopeful.

MACAULAY ON BUNYAN.

To the names of Baxter and Howe must be added the name of a man far below them in station and in acquired knowledge, but in virtue their equal, and in genius their superior—John Bunyan. Bunyan had been bred a tinker, and had served a private soldier in the Parliamentary army. Early in his life he had been fearfully tortured by remorse for his youthful sins, the worst of which seems, however, to have been such as the world thinks venial. His keen sensibility and his powerful imagination made his internal conflicts singularly terrible. He fancied he was under sentence of reprobation—that he had committed blasphemy against the Holy Ghost—that he had sold Christ—that he was actually possessed by a demon. Sometimes hideous voices from heaven cried out to him that he was lost. Sometimes fiends whispered impious suggestions in his ear. He saw visions of distant mountain tops, on which the sun shone brightly, but from which he was separated by a gulf of snow. He felt the devil at his hand pulling his clothes. He thought that the hand of Cain had been set upon him. He feared he was about to break out like Judas. His bodily agony disordered his health. One day he struck like a man in the palsy. On another day he felt a fiery serpent in his breast. It is difficult to understand how he survived suffering so intense and so long continued.

At length the clouds broke. From the depths of despair the penitent passed to a state of serene felicity. An irresistible impulse now urged him to impart to others the blessings of which he was himself possessed. He joined the Baptists, and became a preacher and writer. His education had been that of a mechanic. He knew no language but the English, as it was spoken by the common people. He had studied no great model of composition, with the exception—an important exception indeed—of our middle translation of the Bible. His spelling was bad. He frequently transgressed the rules of grammar. Yet the native force of genius, and his experimental knowledge of all the religious passions, from despair to ecstacy, amply supplied in him the want of learning. His rude oratory roused and melted hearers who listened without interest to the laboured discourses of great logicians and Hebraists. His works were widely circulated among the humbler classes. One of them, the Pilgrim's Progress, was, in his own lifetime, translated into several foreign languages. It was, however, scarcely known to the learned and polite, and had been, during near a century, the delight of plain cottagers and artisans before it was publicly commended by any man of high literary eminence.

At length it became considered to inquire where the secret of so wide and so durable a popularity lay. They were compelled to own that the ignorant nonconformist had polished more correctly than the learned and that the despised little book was a classic in spite of Bentley. Bunyan is indeed, as decidedly the first of allegorists as Demosthenes is the first of orators. "Nature gave to each the first place in his art, and denied the second to all." Other men may have shown equal skill in the management of their subjects, but no other has ever been able to touch the heart, and to excite the strongest emotions of terror, of pity, and of love.

It may be doubted whether any English the writer had call to name, scarcely under the people will have read this discourse [illegible] to convince which had elapsed since the Restoration, he had passed his life in obscurity. He still persisted in preaching [illegible] he was and offended [illegible] himself like a criminal. He was often interrupted by informers through back doors, with a crook on his back and a staff in his hand. If he had thought of his own ease and safety, he would have hailed the indulgence which the law gave him. He was now at liberty to preach and exhort as he pleased. His congregation rapidly increased; thousands hung on his words; and at Bedford, where he ordinarily resided, nothing was [illegible] to be had a place of worship for him. He influence among the common people was so great that the Cavaliers were actually willingly to have treated with him on some honourable terms, but his religious principles and his strong English heart were proof against all allurements and all temptation. He felt it to be his duty to preach, he was and offended [illegible] himself like a criminal. He was often interrupted by informers through back doors, with a crook on his back and a staff in his hand. If he had thought of his own ease and safety, he would have hailed the indulgence which the law gave him. He was now at liberty to preach and exhort as he pleased. His congregation rapidly increased; thousands hung on his words; and at Bedford, where he ordinarily resided, nothing was [illegible] to be had a place of worship for him. His influence among the common people was so great that the Cavaliers were actually willingly to have treated with him on some honourable terms, but his religious principles and his strong English heart were proof against all allurements and all temptation. He felt it to be his duty to preach, he was [illegible]

[illegible] the charge. What is the [illegible] Protestant, and found acting as a Papist, alleging object is to abolish the temporal power of Popery, and therefore [illegible] our own community? Shade of common sense, what oils the mind! Did you expect me, sir, to aid, either with my pen or voice, an system which has hunted my fathers to the dungeon and the gibbet; which gave them the rack, for argument; which placed on their legs the iron boot, and drove in wedges of iron to feed all the marrow out from this. Popish argument? which, building women and children in a house, applied the torch, and caught them as they rushed madly out on the heads of their children? Well, what party, pray, should I join? Just what I have sworn with the Anti-Papal party, because it is the only one which [illegible] the Bible, the Sabbath and everything such [illegible] Protestant.

What is my crime? But at a time when half a million Roman Catholics—the blind tools of designing foreign priests—are pouring in annually upon our shores, I am Irish Protestant, when the press is placed at my disposal should cry, "There is danger, for God's sake protect yourself while you can." Throw them, where they burned Bibles, they made heretics, they set the law of the land at defiance, and would obey no law but the law of the Church." This is my only crime! And for this I am called *slave*, *conspirator*, and *abject*. And by whom? An American Protestant! A man whose ancestors perilled all for "freedom to worship God."—How long will that freedom last when Popery becomes, numerically, supreme! (Not an hour. How often would you, in Florence, visit the Methodist Chapel, if the Pope could prevent it, and he is only waiting numerical strength.)—Ah, sir, there would be no chapel there—the thunders of the Vatican would raise it "from turret to foundation stone," just as soon as it had subjects enough to carry out its behests.

The Kings of Prussia and the Baptists.—In a letter from Berlin, bearing date 20th of February, and addressed to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* of Augsburg, it is affirmed that the king has just directed a member of the Superior Consistory (the first ecclesiastical authority of the kingdom) to make a report to him respecting those Baptists who have suffered at the hands of the magistracy—on their position with respects to the National Church, and on the means of freeing them from the prescription which weigh upon them.

Popery and the Sabbath.—Cardinal Wiseman, favouring the measures for desecrating the Sabbath in London said, in a sermon, "that the Roman Catholic Church had ever held that, religious duties duly performed, the Christian Sunday was to be regarded and used by all, and especially by the great bulk of the people, as a day of innocent amusement and recreation, and that such should be afforded to them by the State by every means in its power. This, he thought, it right at this time to declare publicly, was and is the mind of the Church of Christ on this subject."

New York Crystal Palace.—The Crystal Palace is to be sold on the 22d of May—unless the city of New York or some other body choose to buy it before that time. It is a beautiful building.

DAVIDSON COLLEGE, N. C., May 2, 1856.

MR. BRUNER:—If you think these lines worthy of a place in your paper, please insert them. They are written as a tribute to the memory of a lovely child.

For the Watchman.

LITTLE WILLIE.

There is a little grave in a lonely place,
A child of rare beauty and sweetest grace,
As soft and as mild as the balmy air
Love sleeping so calmly in Jesus there.
We shed bitter tears o'er the new made mound,
And sadly revere it as hallowed ground;
But the soul of our loved one is far, far away
In mansions of dazzling and eternal day.
Bright angels now hear a new harp above—
Jesus now listens to a new song of love;
'Tis the golden harp of our blessed boy,
These are his strains of sweet rapture and joy.
The soft plaintive moan and the sharp dying strife,
Are lost in the bliss of an unending life;
His cup of delight is now filled to the brim
By that precious Saviour, who once died for him.
The suffering child has a peaceful rest,
So sweetly reclining on Jesus' breast—
The tall, pearly gates that shut out all sin
Were thrown open wide to let the babe in!

We'll miss thee, our lost one, at dawn of day,
We'll miss thee at night when kneeling to pray;
We'll miss thy bright smile, so beaming and bright,
Alike in the dark, alike in the light.
We'll miss the strange look of wildering surprise,
So often expressed in thy beautiful eyes;
We'll miss thy glad chuckle and innocent glee,
As thou didst exult on thine own mother's knee.
Thou art left in our hearts, dear angel boy Will,
A sad aching void that this world cannot fill;
But to our kind Father he bring and praise,
We at least can remember and love thee always.
Thine own little hand shall remove from our eyes,
When we meet thee in glory above the blue skies,
The tears that now drop on the fresh little mound,
We visit so oft in the burial ground.

PLAIN TRUTH FROM AN IRISHMAN.

Mr. J. Crawford, editor of the Universal American, published at Aberdeen, Miss., is an Irishman by birth, an accomplished scholar, and a fearless and eloquent writer. He took strong ground in favor of the American party, and, having been violently denounced for this by the editor of the Florence (Ala.) Gazette, he made a powerful and overwhelming response, from which we take the subjoined jeu. Many foreign born citizens might read them with profit and edification.

"You charge against us that we conduct a Know Nothing journal. Did never it occur, sir, as possible, that the principles we advocate in this paper, and which you hear will arouse the indignation of your readers, are the principles we held *before the Know Nothing party had an existence*?—that from the circumstances of our first go in life we saw the force and necessity of one great vital doctrine of the American party long before circumstances forced it upon the attention so strongly that the young and wood and they must need it and crush it or be crushed by it.

It would be a very considerable advantage to you, in the impending or present Quixotic battle against the American party, you would go and see for yourselves. Dashed Papist, when the Pope's people, [illegible] Know Nothing, you [illegible] Know Nothing, you [illegible] Papist, [illegible] a Papist,