

THOMAS LORING, EDITOR.
W. STRINGER, ASSOCIATE EDITOR.
THE COMMERCIAL
Is published every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday,
at 25 per annum, payable in advance.
BY LORING & STRINGER,
Corner of Front and Market Streets,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

THE COMMERCIAL.

PUBLISHED TRI WEEKLY, BY LORING & STRINGER.

VOL. 1.

WILMINGTON, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, FEBRUARY 19, 1847.

NO. 142.

WATER OF ADVERTISING.
1 square, 1 insertion, 50 50 | 1 square, 2 months, \$4 00
1 do. 3 do. 1 00 | 1 do. 3 do. 5 00
1 do. 1 month, 2 50 | 1 do. 1 year, 12 00
Twenty lines of text make a square. If an advertisement exceeds twelve lines, the price will be in proportion.
All advertisements are payable at the time of their insertion.
Contracts with young advertisements will be made on the most liberal terms.

EDWARD CANTWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS FOR
SOUTH CAROLINA.
OVER DR. EVANS' EXCHANGE BUILDING,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

GROCERIES, DRY GOODS, AND
HARDWARE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY
C. W. BRADLEY.
April 1. 9

JOHN GAMMELL,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
July 10. 50

NAUTILUS
(MUTUAL LIFE) INSURANCE COMPANY
OF NEW YORK.
Will take Risk on the Lives of Slaves.
W. C. LORD, Agent.

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE
AND
TRUST COMPANY.
W. C. LORD, Agent.

E. J. LUTTERLOH,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 26. 6

THOMAS SANDFORD,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

SAM'L. P. GAUSE,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 21. 16

ROBT. G. RANKIN,
Auctioneer and Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
GENERAL ADVISER MADE ON AGREEMENTS TO HIS FRIENDS
IN NEW YORK.

JOHN HALL,
(LATE OF WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.)
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND AGENT
FOR THE SALE OF NORTH CAROLINA NAVAL STORES,
37 GRAVER STREET,
New Orleans.
January 1, 1847. 122

NEFF & WARNER,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN
DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, SHIP CHAN-
DRLRY, SHIP STORES, &c.
April 14. 13

G. W. DAVIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

BARRY & BRYANT,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 16. 14

N. R. HUGHES,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND GENERAL AGENT
FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS, COUNTRY PRODUCE
AND REAL ESTATE,
RALIGH, N. C.
Business entrusted to him shall be promptly and
faithfully attended to.
June 18. 42

E. A. CUSHING,
DEALER IN
BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c.
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
April 1. 9

BROWN & DEROSSET,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

DEROSSET & BROWN,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
159 FRONT ST. NEW YORK.

THOMAS ALLBONE & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
No. 8 SOUTH WHARVES
PHILADELPHIA.
Advances made on consignment of COTTON, RICE,
NAVAL STORES, and produce generally.
Refer to Messrs Brown & Derosset,
Wilmington, N. C.
Aug 29. 71 6mp.

ALEXANDER HERRON, JR.,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
Wilmington, (N. C.) Packet Office,
NO. 35 1/2 NORTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
Refer to
C. D. KELLER, Esq. Wilmington, N. C.
E. J. LUTTERLOH, Esq. Ang. 11. 63

J. & W. L. MCGARY,
COMMISSION AND FORWARDING
MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.

D. J. GILBERT,
AGENT AND COMMISSION
MERCHANT.
FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF GOODS AND
COUNTRY PRODUCE.
Particular attention paid to receiving and forwarding
of Goods. Orders filled on the best terms, when
cash is enclosed, or produce in hand.
No. 111 is found at the Street of B. W. L. at the
corner of Water and Prince streets, where may be
found a general assortment of groceries for both Town
and Country trade.
Nov. 10. 100 7

R. H. STANTON & CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
GROCCERS,
And dealers in
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS,
SHOES, FURNITURE, HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
TEA, WARE, CRACKERY, &c.
R. H. Stanton, Wilmington, N. C.
L. N. Barlow, Wilmington, N. C.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND, A GENERAL ASSORTMENT OF
CORDAGE AND PROVISIONS. Also, Foreign
Fruit, Wines, Liqueurs, Teas, Porter, &c. &c.
S. S. S. Scores put up with despatch.
Nov. 10. 96

J. HATHAWAY & SON,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
3rd Door, North Water Street,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
J. HATHAWAY. J. L. HATHAWAY.
Oct. 27, 1846. 94

SANDFORD & SMITH,
AUCTIONEERS & COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
AND
AGENTS OF HENRIETTA
STEAM BOAT COMPANY,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
THOS. SANDFORD, Wm. L. SMITH,
Oct. 17, 1846. 90

RICHARD MORRIS,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Jan. 12. 125

JOHN C. LATTA,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
AND GENERAL AGENT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 10, 1846. 87

MYERS & BARNUM,
MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS,
AND WALKING CANES,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,
MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.
C. MYERS. J. M. BARNUM,
Oct. 6, 1846. 95

ELIJAH DICKINSON,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
(Senior partner of the late firm of Dickinson & Morris.)
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Refer to
Messrs. B. DeForest & Co., New York.
Nesmith & Walsh,
E. D. Peets & Co., Boston.
Means & Clark,
Walters & Souder,
A. Benson & Co., Philadelphia.
Oct. 3, 1846. 84

A. MARTIN,
GENERAL AGENT
AND
Commission Merchant,
North Water, 2 Doors above Princess Street,
(Mary's Building),
WILMINGTON, N. C.
Oct. 3. 81

L. S. YORKE,
GENERAL
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
NORTH CAROLINA PACKET OFFICE,
43 1/2 NORTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
June 9, 1846. 14 37

H. S. KELLY,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
MARKET STREET,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

GILLESPIE & ROBESON,
AGENTS FOR THE SALE OF
TIMBER, LUMBER, NAVAL STORES, &c.
Will make liberal cash advances on all consignments
of produce.
March 17. 1

CHARLES BLAKESLEE,
(Successor to James Punderford.)
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Boots and Shoes,
MARKET ST., WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

CHAS. D. ELLIS,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
March 17. 1

SANDFORD & SMITH,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
WILMINGTON, N. C.
THOS. SANDFORD, W. L. SMITH,
March 21.

BLANKS
PRINTED TO ORDER, AT THE
COMMERCIAL OFFICE.

ROWLEY, ASHBURNER & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
No. 5 & 6, SOUTH WHARVES,
PHILADELPHIA.
We are prepared to make liberal advances on consign-
ments of Naval Stores, &c., consigned to us for sale.
Refer to
Saml. P. Gause, Wilmington, N. C.
John Gammell, Esq., Wilmington, N. C.
January 13. 128 47

**SADDLE, HARNESS, AND TRUNK
MANUFACTORY,**
Front Street, Wilmington, N. C.
THE subscriber takes this method
of informing his friends and the public general-
ly, that he has taken the store formerly occupied
by Porter and Bakeson, and immediately opposite
the Chronicle Office, where he is now opening a com-
plete assortment of
Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Trunks, Martingales,
Valises, Carpet and Saddle Bags, Collars,
Whips, Spurs, Bits, &c. &c. &c.
All of which will be warranted of good manufacture
and materials, and will be sold low for CASH.
Having long experience in the above business, he
flatters himself that he will be able to render full sat-
isfaction to those who may be disposed to patronize
him.
It is his intention to keep no Books, but to adopt
the CASH SYSTEM, by which means he will be
able to furnish articles much cheaper than they have
heretofore been bought in this market.
PREPARING OF all kinds done at the shortest
notice.
JOHN J. CONOLKY,
Aug. 6, 1846. 1461

TO RENT.
SEVERAL well finished offices, in the fire proof
building on Water Street, over the stores of Smith,
Mitchell & Gads.
This large and convenient Wharf on Eagle's Island,
opposite Town and known as the site of the *Phœnix*
Wharf, 220 feet front, and running back 1600 feet
with convenient dock, Warehouse 40 by 80 feet, negro
quarters, &c. all in good repair. Apply to H. Nutt,
Sept. 25, 1846. 81 cf.

THE OLD ROCK SPRING FOREVER!
THE *Rock Spring Restaurant* is now open for
the accommodation of the Public, where every
refreshment the market affords may be had, at all
hours of the day or night. The bar is supplied with
choice Liquors, Wines and Cigars.
DAVID THALLY,
Dec. 12, 1846. 114

WHOLE, HALF, & SMALL RICE.
IN Lots, or by the Single Cask, by
W. C. LORD,
Feb. 3, 1847. 135

NOTICE.
All Persons are hereby cautioned not to remove
A Trees or Firewood from off the Heron Lands,
such trespass will be visited by the penalty of
the Law.
JAMES F. McKEE,
January 29. 137-c

ASH OARS.
5000 FEET Extra Ash Oars.
Respected this day for sale, by
Dec. 4. [110] J. & W. L. MCGARY.

DAHLIA GLASSES, &c.
JUST received, per Schooner *Fingertille*,
20 pair Dahlia Glasses, assorted sizes and colors,
4 doz. Bar Decanters;
2 doz. Toy Tumblers;
16 doz. Toy Ewers and Basins (glass);
6 pair cut Salt; 6 doz. Toy Plates;
1 doz. Fountain Inks;
Teraco, 120 doz. Edge Plates;
J. H. ROTHWELL,
Dec. 13. 116

NEW NOVELS
AT
The Book Store.
LITTLE Hour Book; Sylvester Sound;
1 Lady of Mousour; Elmer Wilby;
My Shooting Box; Sketches of Imposture;
The Redskins; Three Guardsmen;
Flouring Field; Crime of Mist;
N. K. Bowler; Atar Gull;
Willow's Walk; Bean Battery;
Hendel's; Quaker's Wife;
Panda's; Ruyning Dictionary;
Count of Monte Cristo; Obadiah Oldbuck;
Cook's; Table Book; Lucerna;
Mrs. Biss' Housekeeping; Captain O'Sullivan;
Bull Ranger; Water Cure,
&c. &c. &c.
E. A. CUSHING,
Dec. 30. 120

MANUFACTURED TOBACCO.
25 BOXES, various brands, Virginia Tobacco
For sale low, apply to
SANDFORD & SMITH,
Jan. 19. 128.

MASTERS OF VESSELS
WILL find a supply of fresh baked Flour and Na-
val Stores, at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S,
Jan. 25, 1847. 132

TURKEY FIGS.
JUST RECEIVED 50 Drums of fresh and very su-
perior Turkey Figs, in small drums.
For sale low, at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S,
Jan. 25, 1847. 132

MESS BEEF.
ON hand, a few barrels Mess Beef, which will be
sold low, to close a consignment, by
J. GAMMELL,
Dec. 16. [115]

CIGARS! CIGARS!!
8000 SPANISH Cigars, of Choice brands, di-
rect from Havana, for sale, by
Nov. 21. [109] J. HATHAWAY & SON.

MOLASSES.
58 HIDS. of Prime retaining Molasses, now land-
ing from Brig Lisbon, will be sold, delivered at
the 1st day of December next, by
Nov. 24. [106] J. HATHAWAY & SON.

CAROLINA HOTEL.
THIS undersigned has leased this well
known HOTEL. He has given it a
thorough cleaning and re-fitted it through-
out and will be prepared to furnish the best accom-
modation to Boarders and the travelling Public, on
Monday, the 19th day of October.
FREEMAN RUGGLES,
Oct. 17 1846. 90 6mp

SCRAPS FROM MY DADDLOR'S ALBUM.
Many years ago, my father, residing in New York,
was disappointed one morning by his breakfast not
appearing at the usual hour, which he discovered
arose from our cook having eloped over night. In
the hurry of my flight he left behind several arti-
cles—among others the following, which, I presume,
from its vitriolic strength, did the business, seduced
her from my father's employ, and, subsequently, as
I learnt, made her the bride of the author, who was
printer's devil to a weekly print. I give it verbatim
et liberatim, having only added the punctuation.
SCENE.

2 FANNY.
10,000 sheets, post folly-ho,
from eend 2 eend cleeen throo,
I eezily, my fuvly fan,
I eod rite in praze of U.
Iuv raze the sole in exissay;
Iuv all the cents amuzay;
Iuv see a feller in a sto,;
til all at wunst be bluzay!
fur me, alas! my deerst fan,
mi hart is like 2 tunder;
Your ize is like a flint & steele,
theyze burnt me 2 a sider.
yes! if fur parchmint i eod have
The warst & boundless ski,
i'd fill it ful, as ful eod be,
in prazing fanny's i!
if evry goos wot romes the air
shood yeeld me evry quill,
i'd use 'em to the werry stimp—
and then i'd use 'em stimp.
had i the Mind of milion—pope—
shakspere, homer, steel—
that mind wud i dwote to thee,
in luvver like apeel.
if i'd the eeven all for ink,
i'd have no ink 2 spare;
i'd use up rivers, lakes and springs,
in prazing fanny's hair.

WHOLE, HALF, & SMALL RICE.
IN Lots, or by the Single Cask, by
W. C. LORD,
Feb. 3, 1847. 135

NOTICE.
All Persons are hereby cautioned not to remove
A Trees or Firewood from off the Heron Lands,
such trespass will be visited by the penalty of
the Law.
JAMES F. McKEE,
January 29. 137-c

DAHLIA GLASSES, &c.
JUST received, per Schooner *Fingertille*,
20 pair Dahlia Glasses, assorted sizes and colors,
4 doz. Bar Decanters;
2 doz. Toy Tumblers;
16 doz. Toy Ewers and Basins (glass);
6 pair cut Salt; 6 doz. Toy Plates;
1 doz. Fountain Inks;
Teraco, 120 doz. Edge Plates;
J. H. ROTHWELL,
Dec. 13. 116

NEW NOVELS
AT
The Book Store.
LITTLE Hour Book; Sylvester Sound;
1 Lady of Mousour; Elmer Wilby;
My Shooting Box; Sketches of Imposture;
The Redskins; Three Guardsmen;
Flouring Field; Crime of Mist;
N. K. Bowler; Atar Gull;
Willow's Walk; Bean Battery;
Hendel's; Quaker's Wife;
Panda's; Ruyning Dictionary;
Count of Monte Cristo; Obadiah Oldbuck;
Cook's; Table Book; Lucerna;
Mrs. Biss' Housekeeping; Captain O'Sullivan;
Bull Ranger; Water Cure,
&c. &c. &c.
E. A. CUSHING,
Dec. 30. 120

MANUFACTURED TOBACCO.
25 BOXES, various brands, Virginia Tobacco
For sale low, apply to
SANDFORD & SMITH,
Jan. 19. 128.

MASTERS OF VESSELS
WILL find a supply of fresh baked Flour and Na-
val Stores, at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S,
Jan. 25, 1847. 132

TURKEY FIGS.
JUST RECEIVED 50 Drums of fresh and very su-
perior Turkey Figs, in small drums.
For sale low, at
HOWARD & PEDEN'S,
Jan. 25, 1847. 132

MESS BEEF.
ON hand, a few barrels Mess Beef, which will be
sold low, to close a consignment, by
J. GAMMELL,
Dec. 16. [115]

CIGARS! CIGARS!!
8000 SPANISH Cigars, of Choice brands, di-
rect from Havana, for sale, by
Nov. 21. [109] J. HATHAWAY & SON.

MOLASSES.
58 HIDS. of Prime retaining Molasses, now land-
ing from Brig Lisbon, will be sold, delivered at
the 1st day of December next, by
Nov. 24. [106] J. HATHAWAY & SON.

CAROLINA HOTEL.
THIS undersigned has leased this well
known HOTEL. He has given it a
thorough cleaning and re-fitted it through-
out and will be prepared to furnish the best accom-
modation to Boarders and the travelling Public, on
Monday, the 19th day of October.
FREEMAN RUGGLES,
Oct. 17 1846. 90 6mp

in haste, dear fanny, I am yours,
Your servant, low and humble,
hee promises, if you'll be his,
he'll never grant, nor grumble!
at 12 o'clock, to night, I'll be
just underneath your window,
(if you're agreed,) to take U off—
I decent fare he'll hinder.
DICK PROOF.
From the Spectator Cont.

The Preacher General.

A LEGEND OF THE REVOLUTION.
BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

It was a beautiful picture, that quaint old
country church, with its rustic steeples and grey
walls, nestling there in the centre of a green
valley, with the blue sky above, and a grass
grown grave-yard all around it.

It was indeed a fine old church, that Chapel
of St. John, and in the quietude of the summer
noon, when not a cloud marred the surface
of the heavens, not a breeze ruffled the repose
of the grave-yard grass. It seemed like a
place where holy men might pray and praise,
without an earthly care, a worldly thought.

The valley itself was beautiful; one of the
fairest of the green valleys of the Old Dom-
inion. A slope of meadow, dotted with
trees, a stream of clear cold water, winding
along its verge, under the shadow of grey
rocks; to the east a waving mass of wood-
land; to the west a chain of rolling hills,
with the blue tops of the Alleghanias seen
far away! Was it not a lovely valley, with
the quaint old church, smiling in its lap, like
a Pilgrim, who, having journeyed afar, came
here to rest for awhile, amid green fields and
swelling hills!

It was a Sabbath noon, in the dark time
of the Revolution. Fear was abroad in the
land; yet here, to the good old church, came
young and old, rich and poor, to listen to
the words of life, and break the bread of God.

Yonder, under the rude shed, you may
see the wagon of the farmer, and carriage of
the rich man; or looking along this line of
trees, you may behold the saddled horses,
waiting for their masters. All is silent with-
out the church; a deep solemnity rests upon
the Sabbath hour.

Within! Ah, here is indeed an impres-
sive spectacle. Through the deep-peeled
windows pours the noon-day sun, softened by
the foliage of trees. Above is the dark ceiling,
supported by heavy rafters; yonder the
altar, with the cross and sacred letters, L. H. S.,
gleaming in the light and all around, you
behold the earnest faces of the crowded as-
semblage.

The prayers have been said, those prayers
of the Episcopal church, which, gathered
from the Book of God, flow forever in a foun-
tain of everlasting beauty in ten thousand
hearts—the prayers have been said, the hymns
notes have died away, and now every voice
is hushed, every face is stamped with a mar-
table stillness.

A few moments pass, and then behold this
picture:
Old men and young maidens are kneeling
around the altar—yes, the forms of robust
manhood and mature womanhood are pro-
strate there. Along the railing, which de-
scribes a crescent around the altar, they
throng with heads bent low and hands clasped
 fervently.

They are about to drink the Wine of the
Redeemer—to eat the Bread of God.
It is not a lovely scene! The white hairs
of the old men, the brown tresses of the young
girls, the sunburnt visages of those well-
formed young men, the calm faces of the matrons,
all touched by the fitting sunbeam.

Look! Amid that throng a dusky negro
kneels, his swart visage seen amid the pale
faces of his white brethren.
All is silent in the church. Those who
do not come to the altar, kneel in reverence,
and yonder you may see the slaves, cluster-
ing beside the church-porch, with uncovered
heads and forms bent in prayer.

All is silent in the church, and the Sacra-
ment begins.
The Preacher stands there within the rail-
ing, with the silver goblet gleaming in one
hand, while the other extends the plate of
consecrated bread.

His tall form, clad in the flowing robes of
his office, towers erect, far above the heads
of the kneeling men and women, while his
bold countenance, with high brow, and clear
dark eyes strike you with an impression of
admiration. He is a noble-looking man,
with an air of majesty, without pride; intel-
lect without vanity, devotion without cant.

Tell me, as he moves along yonder, dis-
pensing the wine and bread, while his deep,
full voice, fills the church with the holy
words of the Sacrament—tell me, does he
not honor his great office, this Preacher of
noble look and gleaming eyes?
Look! how fair hands are reached forth
to grasp the cup, how many heads bow
low, as the bread of life passes from lip to lip.
Not much whining here, not much strained
mockery of devotion, but in every face you
see the tokens of a sincere and honest reli-
gion.
The Preacher passes along, bending low,
as he places the goblet to the red lips of yon

der maiden, or extends the bread to the white-
haired men by her side! Meanwhile his
sonorous voice fills the church.
—And as they were eating Jesus took
bread and blessed it, and break it, and gave
it to his disciples, and said, Take, eat, this
is my body.

And he took the cup, and gave thanks, and
gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it;
for this is my blood of the New Testament,
which is shed for many for the remission
of sins.

As you gaze upon the scene, a holy mem-
ory seizes upon your soul.
The quiet church, the earnest faces of the
spectators, the sunlight stealing through the
deep-silled windows over the group of kneel-
ing men and women, who, in this time of
blood and war, have met to celebrate the
Supper of the Lord; the tall Preacher pas-
sing before the altar, the goblet gleaming in
his hand—this is the scene which is now
present with you.

The memory of the scene, which is now
present with you.
Ah, that is of a far-gone day, some seven-
teen centuries ago, when in the fragrant
chamber of Jerusalem, Jesus looked around,
with his eyes of eternal love, and shared the
cup and bread with his faithful Disciples, while
beloved John looked silently in his face, and
black-browed Judas scooped at his shoulder.
Yes! the Memory seizes upon you now, and
you hear his tones, you see his face, the low
deep tones flowing with eternal music, the
face of the God-head, with its eyes of unutter-
able beauty.

Now the sacrament is over, yet still the
men and women are kneeling there.
The Preacher advances, and stands in
front of his people, with the silver cup in
his hand. A slight breeze ruffles the folds of
his robes, and tosses his dark hair back from
his brow.

He is about to speak on a subject of deep
interest, for his lip is compressed, his brow
wears a look of gloom. Every man, woman
and child, in that crowded church, listens in-
tently for his first word; the negroes come
crowding around the church-porch; the com-
municants look up from their prayers.

The words of the Preacher were uttered in
a tone that thrilled every heart.
"There is a time to preach, to pray, to
fight!" He paused, looking from face to
face, with his flashing eyes.

"The time to preach is gone, the time to
pray is past, the time to fight has come!"
You could see his stature dilate, his eye
fire, as he thundered through the church—
"the time to fight has come!"

The silver goblet shook in his quivering
hands. With one impulse the congregation
started to their feet. With the same move-
ment the kneeling communicants arose—
These strange words burned like fire-coals
at every heart.

"Yes," thundered the Preacher, "Yes,
my brethren, when we preach again, it must
be with the sword by our side—when we
pray, it must be with our rifles in our hands!
I say the time to fight has come! At this
hour your land is red with innocent blood,
poured forth by the hirings of the British
King. For at this moment the voices of dead
men call from the battle-field, and call
to you! They call you forth to the defence
of your homes, your wives and your little
ones! At this moment, while the noonday
sun falls calmly on your faces, the voices of
your brethren in arms pierce this lonely val-
ley, and bid you seize the rifle, for your coun-
try and your God!"

Bold words were these, majestic the bear-
ing of the Preacher, eloquent his look, fierce
as flame-coals his ringing voice!
A deep murmur swelled through the church—
a wild, ominous sound—and then all was
still again.

My brethren, we have borne this man-
cre long enough. Now, our country, our
God, our dead brethren call to us. Now,
our wives look in our faces, and wonder
why we delay to seize the sword—now
our little ones appeal to us for protection
against the robber and assassin. Come,
my friends, I have preached with you—with
you I have eaten the Saviour's body and
drank his blood. Now, by the blessing of
God, I will lead you to battle. Come, in the
name of that country which now bleeds be-
neath the invader's feet—in the name of the
dead, who gave their lives in this holy cause
—in the name of the God who made you,
and the Saviour who redeemed you—I say
come! To arms! The time to fight is
here!"

Did you ever see the faces of a crowd
change like the hues of the ocean in a storm?
Did you ever hear the low, deep, moaning
of that ocean, when the storm is about to
break over its bosom?

Then may you have some idea of the wild
agitation which ran like electric fire through
this quaint old chapel of St. John; as the
preacher stood erect, with the goblet held in
his extended hand, his brow flushed with his
warm glow and his eyes gleaming fire.

"The time to fight is here," he said, as
with a sudden movement he flung his sacer-
dotal robe from his form, and stood disclosed
before his congregation, arrayed in warrior
costume.

Yes, from head to foot, his proud form
was clad in the blue uniform of the Conti-
nental host, while the pistols protruded from
his belt, and the sword shone by his side.
At that sight, a murmur arose, a wild hur-
rah shook the church.

"To arms!" arose like thunder on the
Sabbath air.
And then there was one wild impulse,
quivering through each manly breast, as each
heart beats with the same pulsation. They
came rushing forward, those robust forms;
they clustered around the altar, eagerly reach-
ing forth their hands to sign the paper,
which the Preacher laid upon the Sacra-
mental table. In that crowd were old men with
white hair, and boys with beardless cheeks,