



PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY A COMMITTEE OF MINISTERS FOR THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH.—RUFUS T. HEFLIN, Editor. RALEGH, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1859.

\$1.50 a year, in advance.

VOL. IV—NO. 45.

ORIGINAL.

For the N. C. Ch. Advocate. Meditations on the Future State.

In our last we presented some reflections in reference to the condition of the soul from death to judgment, showing that the spirit of the good passes immediately from the body into heaven. In this, we wish to dwell a while in regard to "loved ones" who are on earth. These are many. How many families are there now on earth? How many almost say there is not one? The father has long since been cut down and assigned to earth. A few years ago, perhaps, the children saw their affectionate mother breathe her last, and "fall asleep in Jesus." Nothing of them now remains save the sweet remembrance of their kindness and words of tenderness and love. These still linger in the hearts of the children as the sweetest comfort of their lives. The parents have been taken from their boys and daughters "in infancy" or in riper years, which has estranged the dwelling in the habitations of mourning, and left them with hearts bleeding, and hopes and earthly prospects brightened forever. Strange, that man is so constituted that every affection is its pain! Yet it is so. Few families can be found where death has never visited and none where bereavement has not been. But why should we be sad? And why should the countenance fall? Lift up your heads, O ye broken families of earth, and look away from this world of sorrow and trouble across the stream of death to your glorious home in heaven. Thy children are there, thy fathers and mothers, in Israel, are there, Jesus is there and thy loved ones who fall asleep in Jesus; all without exception are there—at home—sweet world, precious thought. Then, "why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him." We love and venerate the memory of our sainted dead. Though our hearts may have been wrung to the core, and almost broken with anguish, when they were so abruptly snatched from us; though we may, like Martha of old, have gone to the grave to weep, and wept as the custom of the country was poured out our hearts of sorrow over the beloved spot, where the loved ones lie; though fond memory mingles joy with our sorrows, and hope silently whispers, "thy loved ones shall rise again." We love the memory in which they repose; we love the marble that points to the spot where they sleep; we love the vine that entwines around that sacred dust; we love the flowers that blossom and shade its fragrant and delightful odor upon that precious mound, and we love to read and meditate upon the epiphany that tells us how and how they died. No spot on earth is so sacred as that silent grave. Death is the end and tear up families—separate friends—brighten our earthly hopes and press us down to our beds, in its cold embrace, which cannot conquer love or memory. This immortal, God-like passion, which flashes about the grave, and now and then flashes out into eternity, singing in its death throes the sainted Wesley:

SELECTIONS.

"DON'T."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You are sorer this evening," said Mrs. Landell to her husband. "I hope nothing has gone wrong during the day." Mr. Landell, who had been sitting with his eyes upon the floor, silent and abstracted for some moments, roused himself at these words of his wife, and looking up at her smiled in a forced way, as he answered: "Oh, no; nothing at all has gone wrong. I don't feel well." The voice of Mrs. Landell was just shaded with concern. "Well enough in body, but not as comfortable in mind as I desire." "Then something has gone wrong," said the wife, her manner troubled. "Nothing more than usual," replied Mr. Landell. The forced smile faded away from his countenance. Mrs. Landell sighed. "Then usual!" She repeated his words, looking with earnest inquiry into her husband's face. "Then she added in a tender manner—

"Bring home your trouble, dear. Don't hide anything. Let me share with you the good and ill of life. Did you not know that hearts draw nearer in suffering than they do in joy?" "Bless your kind heart, Alice!" said Mr. Landell, a broad smile creeping over his face as he caught her round cheeks between his hands and kissed her. "There isn't anything in the case so serious as all that comes to. I'm not going to fall in business; haven't lost anything worth spending about; haven't cheated anybody and don't intend to; it's only his hasty, impulsive temper of mine that is always leading me to say or do something that leaves a sting." The cloud passed from the face of Mrs. Landell. "You will overcome that in time, Edward." "I can't see that I make any progress. Yesterday I spoke sharply to one of my young men, when a mild reproof would have been more just and of more salutary effect." He is sensitive, and my words hurt him severely. The shadow that remained on his face all day was my perpetual rebuke, and I felt it long after the sun went down. My punishment was greater than his. But the lesson of yesterday did not suffice. This morning I was betrayed into captious language, and wounded that same young man, and threw him off his guard so much that he answered me with feeling. This I regarded as impertinence, and threatened to dismiss him from my service if he dared venture a repetition of his language. When feeling subsided and thought became clear again, I saw that I had been wrong and felt unhappy about it ever since. I wish that I had more self-control; that I could bridle my tongue when feeling it suddenly spurred. But temperance and long indulged habits are against me." Mrs. Landell encouraged and soothed her husband, and so won his mind away from its self-reproaches. On the next morning as Mr. Landell was leaving for his store, his wife looked up at him, and with a meaning, said to him— "Don't."

There was the slightest perceptible warning in her tone. "Don't what?" Mr. Landell seemed a little puzzled. "Don't forget yourself." "Oh? Light broke in upon his mind. "Thank you, I will not," and he went forth to meet the trials of the day. Almost the first thing that fell under the notice of Landell was an important letter, which after writing, he had given to a clerk to copy and mail. Instead of being in Boston, as it should have been, it lay upon his desk. Neglect like this he felt to be unpardonable. "John," he called sharply to a young man at the farther end of the store. "Don't!" It seemed to him like the voice of his wife in his ear—"don't forget yourself." This mental warning came just in season. The clerk came quietly towards him. By the time he reached the desk of Mr. Landell, the latter was under self-control. "Why was not this letter mailed John?" he asked. The tone was neither imperative nor captious, but kind; and the question was asked in a way that said, of course there is good reason for omission; and so there was. "I think, sir," answered John, "that there is a mistake, and I thought it not best to put the letter in the mail." "A mistake? How?" and Mr. Landell opened the letter. "It reads," said the clerk, "three hundred cases of shawls." "Oh no; thirty cases," replied Mr. Landell. But as he said this his eye rested on the three hundred. "So it is. How could I have made such an error! You did right, John, in not sending the letter at all." The clerk went back to his place, and the merchant said to himself, "How glad I am that I was able to control myself. If I had spoken to that young man as I felt, I would have wronged, and alienated him, and made trouble for myself all day." Not long after this a case of goods fell through the hatchways, crashing down upon the landing with a noise that caused Mr. Landell, whose temperament was exceedingly nervous, to spring to his feet. To blame some body was his first impulse. "What careless fellow has done this?" was on his tongue. "Don't!" the inward monitor spoke in time. Mr. Landell shut his lips tightly, and kept silent until he could command himself. He then inquired calmly into the cause of the accident, and found that special blame attached to none. Opening the case of goods, the dam was found to be trilling. "Another conquest," said Mr. Landell, as he turned to his desk. Self-control is easy enough if the trial is made in earnest. A dozen times that day was the torch applied to Mr. Landell's quick temper, and as often was he in danger of blazing out. But he kept his temper till the sun went down, and then he turned his steps homeward, feeling more comfortable in mind than he had for several weeks. There was no shadow on his countenance when he met his wife but smiling good humor. "You said 'Don't' as I left this morning." "Well?" "And I didn't." "You are a hero," said Mrs. Landell laughing. "Not much of a one. The conquest was easy enough when I drew the sword in earnest." "And you felt better?" "Oh, a thousand times. What a curse of one's life this quick temperament is. I am ashamed of myself half a dozen times a day on an average. But I have made a good beginning, and I mean to keep on right until the end!" "Don't," said Mrs. Landell to her husband, as she parted with him for the store at the front door of their home the next morning. "Reader, if you are quick tempered, 'don't.'"

About Family Names.

Since the branching off of families from Noah, (perhaps it was the case also before the flood,) there has been wanting a family nomenclature. We do not offer to supply a system, at this late day; but in an easy talk on the subject we may indicate one. Names ought to be genealogically descriptive. The surname is; but that does not meet the case, by more than half. Mr. Smith has a son named John. This John Smith goes into the world, and endeavors to preserve his identity—his conscious identity, at least. Everybody knows, without being told, that his father's name was Smith, (provided, always, no legislative act has intervened, and no alias.) But who was his mother? That may be an important question. The mother, it is ac-

knowledgeed, has most to do in giving character. Great men are invariably traced back to great mothers. And has not the mother at least an equal right with the father to put her label upon what she sends out? To illustrate: Our John Smith, aforesaid, grows up and marries Mary Jones. Give them three sons or half-a-dozen, and as many daughters.— Proceed to name them: William Jones Smith, Thomas Jones Smith, Henry Jones Smith, Sarah Jones Smith, and so on. Now some folks, after the sweet William, would fancy Washington or Bonaparte or Clay, or some such, as a middle name—all fancy. But wherever you meet with one of these Smiths, it is easy to tell which family of that vast tribe he belonged to, and what was his mother's name, as well as his father's name. Likely, the mother's name, cleaving to all of them, would be the most distinctive, as well as descriptive. This is the day of woman's rights; and woman has rights here! Why should it be I, and like a stream under ground disappear for ever, upon her marriage? Let it reappear in her posterity, with whatever honor it gives or derives from them. Such a nomenclature is so simple, we are aware, to take with those who fancy Alphonso and Albiades, and the like. We suggest it, they must choose fancy names, or gratifying nicknames and godfathers and friends, that it be on the first name of the child, and the penultimate always be that which the mother merged in her husband. This gives a man's descent on his most maternal side, the maternal; it helps history; and the family tree is seen to branch out in each individual. At a glance you know one's cousins and in-law relations; and those ties which nature ordains for happiness, and the conservation of society, are not so easily lost sight of. If a mother trains a man who makes any figure in the world, her maiden name revives and lives in his fame as it ought to do. The pious and patient woman who has a home among her sex in being the mother of a great modern preacher and Bishop, had been forgotten quite, had not the middle name of her son, Henry Billeau Bassom, insured the mention of her. Other instances may occur to the reader. Middle names are worth while, if put to such a use, as that. Let the mothers be honored and remembered in their noblest work. It comes to mind here that two of our living Bishops are named on this principle—George Foster Pierce, and Hubbard Hyde Kavanaugh. Our Saviour thought it not beneath him to reward the good deed of a holy woman by securing the world-wide mention of her name.—Nashville Ch. Advocate.

Important Disclosures Respecting the Harper's Ferry Affair.

The extracts which we make this morning from the letters of Col. Hugh Forrest to F. S. Sanbourne of Concord, Massachusetts, Dr. Howe of Boston, and other Abolitionists, speak for themselves. They were first published in the New York Herald of Thursday, the 27th inst. We gather from that paper the following particulars with regard to Forbes: He is a Scotchman by birth, and first came to this country about ten years ago, after the revolutions of Europe had been put down.— He served some years in the British army, and became a companion of Garibaldi, in his defence of Rome. He was, for a time, a translator and reporter for the Tribune, and established an Anglo-American paper in New York, which he was conducting when he was first introduced to Ossawatimie Brown by the reverend Mr. Leavitt, (Becher's organ,) and a great believer in Sharpe's rifles as a panacea for all evils, religious and political. From the language of the correspondence we gather that the Humanitarians, as he calls the Kansas SLickers, undertook, among other engagements, to remit certain sums monthly to Forbes' family in Europe, and to support them after they had come to New York. These terms were, in the sequel, not complied with, Greeley and other leaders among the Humanitarians, pleading that they were not responsible for contracts entered into by Ossawatimie Brown. However, before Forbes had discovered the utter unreliability of such promises, and such men, he went to Kansas for the purpose of drilling Brown's men. It is easier, we are disposed to think, in general, for rascals to agree than for honest men. This did not prove to be the case in the present association, however, and Brown and Forbes were soon at dagger's drawn. Forbes had a plan of his own for making war upon the South. It was to organize an army of stampedees all around the slave States, and by continually running off the slave, to drive the frontiers of slavery gradually back to the South. Brown's plan, distinguished in the correspondence as "the matured plan," was

that which he adopted and attempted to carry out at Harper's Ferry.— Forbes foresaw that that plan must fail, and to prevent its being attempted, he put himself in communication with Seward, Sumner, Hale, Wilson, Chase, Fletcher, &c., and pointed out to them the defects of Brown's plan, and the superior excellence of his own. Some of the Northern journals affect to think that Seward was innocent of all knowledge in the premises. But there can be no doubt of the fact; he knew of the design of Brown as long ago as May, 1858, when it was communicated to him in person, by Forbes at Washington, for the purpose of enlisting his influence to prevent its being carried out. The only reply he made when this intelligence was communicated to him by Forbes, who, to use his own expression, "went into the whole matter in all its bearings," was, (after the expression of a regret that he had been told) to the effect, that "he, in his position, ought not to have been informed of the circumstances." Forbes, himself, regrets that he has been compelled to tell him, and lays the blame on the New Englanders, who refused to pay him. "But he adds, 'being now enlightened on the subject, he cannot well let this business continue in its present crooked condition, instead of causing it to be 'put straight' both as regards my children's situation, as well as the cotton speculation of the humanitarians.'"

Power of the Jews.

The Jews, although scattered over the face of the earth, yet maintain a secret and indissoluble bond of union and common interest. In every country they are, as it were, the servants; but the time may come when they will virtually be the masters in their turn. Even at the present time, are they not to a great extent the arbiters of the fate of Europe? Maintaining, on one hand, the bond between the different states by the mysterious power of wealth which they possess; and, on the other, loosening the ties of social life, and introducing or fostering ideas of change and revolution among various peoples? In the Jewish nation stirs the Nemesis of the destiny of Europe.—Baron von Haubertsen.

From S. Ch. Advocate. Memoir Col. W. Davenport.

Our community has recently sustained a great loss in the death of Col. Wm. Davenport. He died at his residence, Walnut Fountain, Caldwell county, N. C., on the 19th August, aged 90 years. He was born in Culpeper county, Va., on the 12th October, 1769. When but a few years old, his father removed to North Carolina, and settled in Burke county, where he resided until his death. Here Col. D. was reared. The means of education were limited, living as he was in a frontier settlement during the exciting period of the revolution. But with a strong and vigorous intellect he managed to acquire the rudiments of an education, which qualified him to discharge the numerous and responsible public duties that devolved upon him afterward. Perhaps no part of the country was more severely scourged by the cruelty of the Tories, than this. One day while William, a youth about 10 years of age, was at home, his father being absent on military duty, a noted Tory rode up, with a posse of men, and alighting, ordered young William to feed his horse; upon his refusing, the command was repeated accompanied with severe threats, but he pertinaciously refused, sensible of the degradation involved in it, and upon his repeatedly refusing, the Tory whipped him cruelly. This fellow was afterward taken by the Whigs and paid the forfeit of his baseness on the gallows. His first public post, was that of County Surveyor for the county of Burke, which office he filled, with great credit to himself. He was Surveyor on the part of North Carolina on the parting line between this State and Tennessee, under the joint commission instituted by those States in 1820. When 25 years of age he was appointed a Justice of the Peace which appointment he continuously held until his death, and in all probability, was at the time of his death, the oldest magistrate in the State, if not in the United States. For many years he held the office of Public Register in the counties of Wilkes and Caldwell. In 1798, he was elected a member of the Legislature of North Carolina and served several subsequent years, both in the house of Commons and Senate. The duties of all these different offices he discharged with a most conscientious regard for the public welfare. Col. D. was remarkable for his hospitality. With an unusually retentive memory, well stored with striking anecdotes, of great cheerfulness of disposition which he retained even to advanced old age, he was the life of every circle, and took the greatest pleasure in entertaining the visitors that were pleased to call upon him. But with no class of persons was he more delighted than the ministers who so frequently made his house their place of rest. Eminently social in his feelings, he contributed in no small degree to the home circle. Humane and indulgent as a master, affectionate to wife and daughter, warm hearted and devoted in his attachments, unwavering in his principles, princely in his hospitalities, and linking the present generation with the patriots of the revolution, he has passed away regretted by the whole community, who have in his death lost a most valuable member of society. The Davenport Female College which bears his name, is a monument of his munificence, as he contributed largely of his means to its erection. It is a beautiful building, attractively situated, and is in quite a prosperous condition, dispensing the blessings of a pure and sanctified learning in all this section of country. He was for many years a member of the Methodist Church, a man of sincere and ardent piety, though quite unobtrusive in his religious experience. His delight was in the worship of God, and the marked attention, and intelligence manifested by him as a hearer, made it a pleasure to preach to him. He anticipated death several weeks before his departure, and in more than one interview with him, during the decline of his health, he expressed the utmost confidence in Christ as his Saviour, and looked hopefully beyond his grave to his place of final rest.

What Amusements are Sinful.

In deciding what amusements are lawful and what are sinful, we may apply a few general principles. Thus: First. Every amusement is sinful which tends to the injury of the health and the physical constitution. God requires that even the body should be presented a living sacrifice in his service; and when, for the sake of momentary enjoyment, the gratification of taste or appetite, the physical system is deranged or weakened, God is robbed of what is rightfully his. Men shudder at the thought of the untimely death of those who, in a moment of insanity, or impelled by remorse of conscience have put an end to their earthly existence; and unless we have satisfactory evidence that they were insane, we have reason to tremble in view of their sins. But why is it any more self-murder to apply the halter or the knife, and thus end one's days, than to do the same thing by a round of dissipation or amusement. But, Secondly. Every amusement is sinful which tends to weaken or destroy the intellectual powers. Man is distinguished from the lower order of created beings by the possession of the reasoning faculties.— These are given to him for some good and noble purposes. If he pursues a course of conduct, or indulges in such amusements, as may disqualify him to exert these faculties for good, he sins against his own soul and against God. The youth who spends his time in storing his mind with vain and idle stories, or in reading novels or romances, is an instance in which this is effectually done. Thirdly. Those amusements are sinful which have a tendency to dissipate from the mind sober, serious reflection. Man is living for eternity. It should be his great object to do that which will prepare him for that world to which he is hastening, and which will be pleasing to his heavenly Father and Judge. As a creature of God, he is bound to do whatever he does to the glory of God. Can there be any question, then, whether those amusements are sinful which are inconsistent with religion, or which inevitably withdraw the mind from those things that concern the interests of the soul, and drive away the spirit of God? The Death of a Noted Infidel.

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The Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts, in a sermon preached before the Young Men's Christian Association of Boston, on the value of the Bible, related a striking and impressive fact respecting the last hours of Thos. Paine, the author of the Age of Reason, showing that the principles he advocated in his life failed him in the hour of his extremity. Referring to the fact that, in the solemn and decisive hour of death, the Bible alone shows us how to get an actual, real, living sense of comfort, derived from a confident hope of better things to come, the bishop said, "How worthy of consideration the fact that this religion of the Bible never fails to give comfort to those by whom it has been embraced. And how remarkable another fact, that no man ever repented on the bed of death having made these Scriptures his trust; while on the other hand, uncounted myriads have repented of the neglect of this book, and have closed a life of indifference with an end of remorse and agony. Even some of the great leaders and apostles of infidelity have expired amidst the most horrible blackness of despair. "During my residence in the city of New York, one of my parishioners was the physician who attended in his last illness, the famous Thomas Paine. And I had it from the lips of that person, that this noted blasphemer, not many hours before his departure, and while in the possession of his mental faculties, was overheard by him calling repeatedly for help on that very Lord Jesus Christ whom it had been the object of all his previous life to hold up to scorn and execration. His end was the very consummation of fear and foreboding. But who ever heard of a Christian shrieking out for sorrow, when his last hour came; that he had not been an unbeliever? Ah, no. The Bible, besides meeting all our other wants, effectually provides for this last want—the need of support when time recedes and eternity is at hand. And it hereby does what nothing else is able to do."

Advice.

A modern poet gives advice to preachers. It might be better, and then, too, it might be worse: When once your nerves to speak at all you've strung, Speak honest Saxon, with the plainest tongue. If Smith or Johnson a pet vice has shown, Slash at the ulcer—cut it to the bone. Though Johnson's dollars to the treasury roll, Do not regard them more than Johnsons' soul. If Smith's a liar—though seeming good and pious— Preach about Smith, and not of Amnias. These old evasions will not now delude us— If Brown's a traitor, preach at Brown, not Judas.

Power of the Jews.

The Jews, although scattered over the face of the earth, yet maintain a secret and indissoluble bond of union and common interest. In every country they are, as it were, the servants; but the time may come when they will virtually be the masters in their turn. Even at the present time, are they not to a great extent the arbiters of the fate of Europe? Maintaining, on one hand, the bond between the different states by the mysterious power of wealth which they possess; and, on the other, loosening the ties of social life, and introducing or fostering ideas of change and revolution among various peoples? In the Jewish nation stirs the Nemesis of the destiny of Europe.—Baron von Haubertsen.

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