

THE COTTAGE VISITOR.

"As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak."—"To the poor the Gospel is preached."

VOL. II

NEAR HENDERSONVILLE, N. C.

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THE COTTAGE VISITOR,
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By
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For the Cottage Visitor.
MARS HILL COLLEGE.

BRO. BOWEN:

Knowing that it will be interesting to you, and hoping that it will be to your readers, I take the privilege of dropping you a few lines for publication.

The present Session of this institution commenced Sept. 6th, 1869, with 32 students and has increased to 50. The future prospects of the school are promising. Good Baptist preachers, fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters we need more of the young members of the church educated to defend the cause of Christ. Fathers in the ministry don't you want your place filled at the end of your ministerial career, with noble hearted youths, who will take your weapon of warfare and bravely step into the field of battle? If you do send some of your sparkling mountain youths out to see us, and stay with us about two or three years, and we will do them good. Mothers don't you want these noble young men who are preparing for the ministry to have intelligent and interesting companions with whom they can spend a life of pleasurable labor and usefulness? If you do send your daughters to Mars Hill, and prepare them for the great duty which lies before them. We are struggling here in the great cause of literature and science. This is an age of progress, don't let us outstrip you but come and get your share with us.

Yours Truly,
J. R. S.

A SHERIFF IN KANSAS.

I am indebted to the kindness of a friend in town for the extract below, which is taken from a letter written by his brother in Hays City, Kansas, dated the 6th instant. It shows the wretched state of society in that region. Judging from passing events the wickedness of the people have nearly reached its greatest turpitude not only in Kansas, but elsewhere in our highly favored, but sin stained land.

Ed.
Wild Bill, one of the most daring and noted scoundrels of Kansas, and who once killed nine men (desperadoes) who attacked him is sheriff of this county; and he shoots a gambling blackleg or horse thief or some desperate character every week in Hays, on an average. One night last week a party of lawless villains, "got on a drunk," and went into a restaurant kept by a German in Hays, and began to act in a riotous manner. Calling for things, and not paying for them; knocking over stoves, breaking tumblers &c. While they were engaging themselves, thus Wild Bill, who had been a silent spectator, drew out his revolver which he always has with him, and shot the ring-leader of the crowd (Sam. Strawham) through the head. He fell dead without a groan. The remainder of the mob slunk away without even attempting to avenge his death. That is the mode of administering justice out here.

A Backwoods Adventure.

A Virginia banker who was chairman of a noted infidel club, was once traveling through Kentucky, having with him bank bills to the amount of about \$25,000. When he came to a lonely forest where murders and robberies were said to be frequent, he was soon lost, through taking the wrong road. The darkness of the night came quickly over him, and how to escape from the threatening danger he knew not. In his alarm he suddenly espied in the distance a dim light, and urging his horse onward, he at length came to a wretched cabin. He knocked, and the door was opened by a woman who said that her husband was out hunting, but would soon return. The gentleman put up his horse and entered the cabin, but with feelings that can

be better imagined than described. Here he was with a large sum of money, and perhaps in the house of one of the robbers whose name was a terror to the county.

In a short time the man of the horse returned. He had on a deer skin shirt, a bear skin cap, seemed fatigued, and in no talkative mood. All this boded the infidel no good. He felt for his pistols in his pockets, and placed them so as to be ready for instant use. The man asked the stranger to retire to bed, but he declined, saying he would sit by the fire all night. The man urged, but the more he urged, the more the infidel was alarmed. He felt assured that this was his last night upon earth, but he determined to sell his life as dearly as he could. His infidel principles gave him no comfort. His tear grew into perfect agony. What was to be done?

At length the backwoodsman arose, reaching to the wooden shelf, took down an old book and said:

"Well, stranger, if you won't go to bed, I will, but it is my habit to read a chapter of the Holy Scriptures before going to bed."

What a change did these words produce. Alarm was at once removed from the skeptic's mind. Though avowing himself an infidel he now had confidence in the Bible. He felt safe. He felt that a man who kept an old Bible in his house, and read it, and bent his knee in prayer, was no robber or murderer. He listened to the simple prayer of the good man, at once dismissed all his fears, and laid down in that rude cabin, and slept as calmly as he dunder his father's roof.

From that time he ceased to revile the good old Bible. He became a sincere Christian, and often related the story of his eventful journey, to prove the folly of infidelity.

Something About Wheels.

The Vermont Chronicle relates the following incident about a sermon which might probably be repeated with profit:

"A brother in the ministry took occasion to preach on the passage in Luke xvi. 10—'He that is unjust in the least is unjust also in much.' The theme was, that men who take advantage of others in small things, have the very element of character to wrong the community and individuals in great things, where the prospect of escaping detection or censure is as little to be dreaded. The preacher exposed the various ways by which people wrong others; such as borrowing; by mistakes in making change; by errors in accounts; by escaping taxes and custom-house duties; by managing to escape postage; by finding articles and never seeking owners; and by injuring articles borrowed, and never making the fact known to the owner when returned.

"One lady the next day met her pastor, and said, 'I have been up to Mr. ———, to rectify an error he made in giving me change a few weeks ago, for I felt bitterly your reproof yesterday.' Another individual went to Boston to pay for an article not in her bill, which she noticed was not charged when she paid it.

"A man, going home from meeting, said to his companion, 'I do not believe there was a man in the meeting-house to-day, who did not feel condemned.'

"After applying the sermon to a score or more of his acquaintances, he continued: 'Did not the pastor utter something about finding a pair of wheels?'

"I believe not, neighbor A. He spoke of keeping little things which had been found."

"Well, I thought he said something about finding a pair of wheels and supposed he meant me. I found a pair down in my lot a while ago."

"Do you," said his companion, "know whom they belong to? Mr. B. lost them a short time ago." The owner was soon in possession of his wheels."

Why Should the Work Cease?

A Plea for Winter Sunday Schools.
To Officers and Teachers:

MY DEAR FRIENDS: It is a fact, tho' a fact hard to be accounted for that many Sunday-schools, especially in country districts, close in the fall, and sometimes remain closed far into the spring. Why? Is Bible instruction less valuable or less needed in winter than in summer?

Are souls less precious, or is labour for their conversion less a duty? Do the world, the flesh, and the devil cease to allure and to destroy? Do sickness and death cease their work? Are all sure of renewed opportunity next year? To ask these questions suggest the answer.

winter; get the best teachers, and expect the largest attendance and the best interest.

Literary Societies, Lectures, all literary and educational movements are in full and successful operation in winter.

In social life it is the same. Social gatherings for purposes of amusement or profit, or both, are multiplied and well sustained. All is life now!

Christians multiply their meetings and efforts for their own and others good. We look for revivals mostly—too many of us only—in winter. It is the season of activity. And when all else is active, why should the Sunday-school—the best, in many instances the only, means of religious instruction for the children and youth—go into winter quarters and lie dormant; rather die, and await a feeble and uncertain resurrection next year?

I know the excuse, I dare not call them reasons, for this course. I only ask, Are they valid? Will the Master accept them? Can you meet them, and the dear ones who are to die this winter at the Judgment? I entreat you to pray over this matter. Ask Jesus. Ask your conscience. Ask the children. If they say keep on, let it not be said, as a little girl once exclaimed, "Our Sunday-school stopped yesterday."

"Why was that?" she was asked. "Because there were no teachers; they did not come any more; so Mr. ——— stopped the school?" and her grief and troubled look, and quivering lip, told how sorely she felt the loss of her Sunday-school.

No! the school must not close. Rather, replenish the libraries this fall! Get new papers! Renew old subscriptions! Redouble your efforts to lead the children to Jesus! Call in new scholars! Let us have a glorious winter campaign for Jesus and the children! I will do all I can to aid you by visits, or other wise; Write me about it. By all means hold on! Do not stop the school!

Yours in love,
ISAAC B. SELE,
Missionary American S. S. Union.
Greeneville, Tenn., Oct. 1, 1869.

A Good Example.

The Wachuset Association, at its last session, held on the 8th. of September, by a special vote, directed its Clerk to send two copies of its Minutes to Rev. B. Griffith, D. D., Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society. This is done in order to furnish to the Publication Society the means of perfecting the Year-Book. Every Baptist in the country has a special interest in having the statistics full and accurate. The example of this Association is one that may be commended to every Society Convention, and Association in the whole country. The last Year-Book contains the following: "A special request is made, that the Clerks and Secretaries of all Baptist Associations, Conventions, Theological Seminaries, Colleges, and other educational institutions, will please forward, as soon as they are issued, two copies of their Minutes, Reports, or Catalogues, to B. Griffith, D. D., 539 Arch street, Philadelphia."

It will be to the great and permanent advantage of the Baptist denomination, if this request is complied with by every person to whom it appeals.

AUTUMN.

Now all the trees are bright with gorgeous tints,
And sweet and cool these fair Autumnal days;
Summer is gone, but far o'er vale and hill
October spreads her wealth of purple haze.

A strange, sweet sadness fills the balmy air,
A wondrous calm pervades the earth and sky,
As if the Summer days, with hithering feet,
Ling'ring awhile, as loth to say good bye!

Through golden clouds, the early sun slinks down
With splendor bathed, behind the western hill,
And large and round the mellow harvest moon
The landscape with its fairy radiance fills.

My heart responds to nature's varying moods
And tears unbidden gather in my eyes,
For tender memories and fond regrets,
And longings vain, within my heart arise.

Longings unuttered for the presence sweet
Which would have been my sunshine all the year,—
But cheerful faith and love shall still be mine,
For earth is fair, and heaven is very near.

It is the dust and the rust which the liquid mercury has contacted that impair the beauty of its lustre and prevent the union of its divided globules. And what is it but earthly contaminations and unworthy passions that keep true Christians apart.—Guthrie.

Only a Minute too late.

Harry Wilson was just setting off to school one winter's morning, when his father called him back to tell him that his Uncle Ben, who lived in the country ten miles distant, was to be there that afternoon with a two-horse cutter, and had invited Harry, his mother, and aunt, and two sisters to take a long ride with him.

Uncle Ben was very fond of Harry, who, for his part, thought there was nobody like Uncle Ben. Many a merry walk they had had together through the woods in search of nuts; many a delightful row on the lake that was set, like a crystal cap in the emerald green of his grandfather's grounds.

To visit his grandfather's pleasant mansion in the country, and join Uncle Ben in his various sports and employments, was always a great enjoyment to Harry. So, as soon as he heard of the proposed sleigh-ride, he said to himself that he would coax Uncle Ben to take him back with him to Deepwater, which was the name of his grandfather's country-seat.

What happy times they would have, thought Harry, if his father and uncle would only agree to let him go! Splendid with this deep snow on the ground. The lake must be frozen too, the weather was so stingy cold; and there would be sledding, and skating and snow-balling to his heart's content.

Harry was so full of his plans for enjoying himself in the future that he was almost in danger of forgetting the present, and stood dreamily until his father came out to the hall, the lad was slowly pulling on his mittens and tying his woollen comforter, and told him to hurry or he would be late to school.

"And mind, Harry, you must be home precisely at four o'clock, for Uncle Ben does not like to keep his horses standing in the cold."

Harry thought he would certainly be back long before four o'clock, but when school was dismissed, one of the boys in his class, asked him to go home with him a few minutes, as he had a new and very diverting game to show him. Instead of decidedly refusing, Harry allowed himself to be persuaded into accepting this invitation, for he was not one who denied himself any gratification. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour would make very little difference, he argued; and besides how could his father be sure that Uncle Ben would be there precisely at four o'clock?

Much to his surprise and dismay, when he had played several games with his school-fellow, he found it was just the hour he had promised to be at home, and his father's house was quite at the other end of the city. He to make up for his delay by running the greater part of the way; but how great was his mortification and disappointment when as he turned the corner near his home, he saw the sleigh, with its spirited horses, dashing rapidly through the streets; and before he had time, or even thought of shouting to his Uncle to stop, the merry party were out of sight and hearing.

Poor Harry stood for some time looking sorrowfully after them; and then went slowly homeward, saying as he did so,
"Only a minute too late!"

My young readers, Harry's disappointment would in time be forgotten, but the habit of "putting off" is easily formed in youth, and often leads to sad results.

There are, perhaps, no two words in our language that have a more mournful sound than these: "Too late." It is like the wail of a lost soul, for how many put off repentance and thoughts of death and eternity, until it is, alas, too late!

May you never have cause in a dying hour to repeat this sad lament; but begin here to

BY REV. A. O. LYNCH.
It is the Christian name we praise,
Throughout this world and endless days;
For God will then with glory crown,
Where they shall never see a frown.

The sister's faith in Christ was strong,
By which she triumphed over wrong;
And in the early dawn of youth,
She then obeyed the God of truth.

She was a stranger here below,
And shunned the path that led to woe,
A home she sought above the skies,
Where living pleasures never dies.

By Christ the true and living way,
She then did gain the perfect day,
While I am left to weep and mourn,
In a strange land that's not my own.

No this is not the land for me,
That land like sister I must see,
It is a better land for me,
Than all this world can ever be.

Now I will journey through this world,
I've sold it for a precious pearl;
And since my sister now has gone,
I'll not be in the desert long.

In all this land I find no rest,
I seek a home with all the bless'd,
There sin and sorrow is not known;
I long that glorious land to own.

Now like my sister I'll pray on,
And go the way that she has gone,
Then when my body fails and dies,
I'll reign with her above the skies.

The Devil's Harvest.

Carefully compiled statistics show that 60,000 lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States.

100,000 men and woman are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink.

20,000 children are yearly sent to the poor-house for the same reason.

29,000 murders are another of the yearly faults of intemperance.

400 suicides follow in this fearful catalogue of miseries.

200,000 orphans are bequeathed each year to public and private charity.

\$200,000,000 are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost in time waste, on the same cause. Is it not time to drive that which produces such results from our country? Can we be human, if we hesitate to lend our aid to such a cause? Do not humanity and religion both demand it as a duty we owe to our race? Let him who reads this, lay it to heart.

"Intemperance, with its train of woe,
Is rife wherever we may go;
On ever hand we meet the foe.

The victim of this woful curse
Is robbed of honor, health and purse,
And hope of heaven, which is much worse
Than all he suffers.

A gentleman in Newport, N. C., forwards us \$1.50 as a subscription to the Weekly Sun for eighteen months, to be sent to Master Elijah D. Dardesty, of Newport, to whom the subscription has been awarded as a school prize.—N. F. Sun.

The idea of making such an award to school children is certainly a new one, but nevertheless a capital one. Let the children be educated, liberally, and its effects upon the intelligence of the boys and girls of North Carolina, will be very striking; we shall have a class of youth growing up around us thoroughly posted in the current history of the world's action, and this information will be worth as much to them as the "book learning" which they acquire at school. In suggesting that the papers placed in their hands should be of our own State must not be construed into selfishness. Let the children learn of their home affairs, and while learning this they will also obtain the gist of news of other States and foreign countries. We like the idea.—E. R.

Discharges in Bankruptcy.

The following discharges in Bankruptcy, from the 7th District, was granted at Elizabeth City, September 24th, 1869, by his Hon. Judge Brooks:

M. B. Setser, Thad. P. Siler, David Rogers, Drenry Weeks, D. C. Cunningham, Leon. F. Siler, Rbok Hett Chapman, John Hildebrand, T. C. Wingate, D. M. Hawkins, E. H. Cunningham, Jesse S. Smith, Edward Sevier, John M. Patton, John Reed, Samuel P. Brittain, D. T. Ramsour, M. L. Brittain, (Ramsour & Brittain), John R. Baird, Jas. M. Baird, L. Chapman, (J. R. Baird & Co.—Est