

TERMS—TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. THREE DOLLARS WHEN NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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LETTER FROM NEWPORT, R. I.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN.]

The Season—A Contrast—Splendour of Equipages—Beauties of Newport—The Cottages—Life of Peace—Its Purchase and Settlement—The Bay and its Surroundings—A Morning Scene—Old Fort Adams and the Naval Academy—Goat Island and Fort Wolcott—A Christian Millionaire—A Rapid Transformation—Fort Adams—View from the Ramparts—Historical Associations—Cook's Ship, the Endeavour.

NEWPORT, R. I., August 22, 1862.

Messrs. Editors—"The season" is just now at its height in this fashionable resort of health, pleasure, and relaxation seekers. Although not so much crowded as in former years of our country's prosperity, there is still a large number of visitors here. A few of the hotels are not opened, but those that are, are crowded, whilst the villas and cottages are nearly all occupied. The fashionable "drives" seem thronged at the hours usually devoted to riding, and the beach and surf bathing here present a lively and grotesque spectacle. You would not judge, as you drive along Bellevue Avenue, and behold the hundreds of splendid equipages, and less pretentious "turn-outs"—as you see scores of gay belles, and their grotesquely moustached attendants, dashing along in their gilded strollers, that this beautiful island, and these brilliant people belong to a New York of the past. You would not judge, as you see scores of gay belles, and their grotesquely moustached attendants, dashing along in their gilded strollers, that this beautiful island, and these brilliant people belong to a New York of the past.

in verdure and in flowers, now smiles down upon the bright waters, where erst the stern rocks frowned; whilst a Christian home, marked by elegance of architecture, and all the appliances of comfort, occupies the spot which might so lately have been selected as the emblem of desolation.

This little bay that extends southward into the land, near to the government stables, is called Breton's Cove, and from that vicinity the finest view of the city is obtained. If we except the ramparts of Fort Adams, but here we are, at the Fort. We enter by the eastern gate, after turning a high glacis round in living green, and passing some formidable out-works, and a rifle-house built of granite, with loop-holes for sharpshooters. The park is a beautiful area of about eleven acres, of an irregular quadrilateral shape, and this are the casemates of the inner fortress. It is built of massive granite, and presents on all sides rows of formidable batteries—on the water-side three rows of batteries, two in casemates, one above the other, and upon the ramparts surrounding both, a battery en barbette. A most formidable series of out-works, flanked by glacis, extend far to the south-west, connected with the main fortress by a double line of masonry, guarded by massive gates. On the hill yonder, to the south, is the redoubt, connected also, for the part of the distance, with the Fort by a covered way. The site of Fort Adams was anciently occupied by a small fortification. The present work was begun in 1814, and has cost the government nearly, if not quite, two millions of dollars. It is calculated that there are four hundred and sixty-eight guns, and will garriçon three thousand men. Let us ascend to the ramparts, and from this north-eastern bastion look down upon the bay, and the islands, and the bright and quiet old city. How many thrilling historical associations cluster around the objects upon which we are gazing! Upon these waters once rode the haughty fleets of Percy and Clinton. From this very spot, as well as from old Fort George, (now Wolcott,) the British land batteries assailed the fleet of Count D'Estaing. Here the marauding Wallace terrified the unarmed inhabitants. Beneath these blue waters lie the bones of the ship Endeavour, in which Cook sailed round the world. In the year 1791, the late ship, the Endeavour, in which Captain James Cook made his first voyage round the world, in the years 1776-1777, accompanied by Sir Joseph Banks, and the great Swedish naturalist, Dr. Solander. The Endeavour was afterwards sold, and purchased by a Mr. Hyden, of New Bedford, (as was at that time resident in F. Ave.) and fitted out from Dedrick, on a whaling voyage. She afterwards came to Newport, assigned to Messrs. Gibs and Chauncing, from whom I have this information; taking on board a rotunda cargo, she received some injury in Newport harbor, was condemned as unseaworthy, and left to decay. Her bones were dug out from Dedrick, on a whaling voyage. She afterwards came to Newport, assigned to Messrs. Gibs and Chauncing, from whom I have this information; taking on board a rotunda cargo, she received some injury in Newport harbor, was condemned as unseaworthy, and left to decay.

can see at a glance that the building was large and spacious, and beautifully situated. There are five beautiful churches in the town, one of them being an African church. They are Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Episcopalian. I attended service on yesterday at the Presbyterian, and was pleased to see quite a well-filled church of attentive and devout worshippers. The whole service was impressive and unique. The house is a plain, neat one, of a good size, but certainly not modelled after the latest and most approved style of architecture. The minister, the Rev. Mr. Smoot, is quite a young man, of very serious and thoughtful countenance. He read from the 16th chapter of 1st Kings. He made the last verse of the chapter the foundation of his sermon—began by a very graphic and pointed outline of the geography of the country; then the temptations to rebuild the domed city; then he spoke of the prevention, the curse recorded by Joshua at the time of the conquest, of the reverential awe with which the Hebrew mind looked upon these Divine prohibitions, and recoiled from the thought of violating one of them; accounted for the bold and daring spirit of Hiel in making the venture, from the spirit of the age, which he lived, the wicked idolatry of the court of Ahab, which "blurred its way through the strata of society, from the king and his queen down to the subject and his slave;" and closed with a most solemn and impressive warning to the man who would attempt, in a defiant spirit, to resist Jehovah, either in his solemn prohibitions or in his earnest invitations to salvation. His preaching was entirely extemporaneous—his discourse abounded in copious and apt illustrations; while his manner was elegant, and his language chaste and refined. Seldom have I ever heard a better sermon from any young man. But there was one thing in all this service still wanting to me. There was no allusion to this distressed and bleeding country in sermon or prayer—no invocation to God for his blessing upon our arms. It was a prayer for sinner and sinner, for old and young, for the present and the absent, for the friend and the foe, and the stranger in the house—but not for rulers, for generals, for armies. I am told that he is a native of Tennessee, has relatives in the rebellion in the rebel army, and himself so silent that even with his most intimate friends he never converses on the subject, while the congregation presents that remarkable phase of society known only to these Border States, of loyal and rebel in the proportions of perhaps half and half. The fact will be gratifying to every true Presbyter, to know that those portions of our country where Presbyterianism is strongest, treason is scarcely known; and conversely, where rebellion and treason are defiant and strong, Presbyterianism is scarcely known. By a reference to our Assembly's Minutes, you will see that our strength in this State is all above the line of the railroad, and the unflinching loyalty of that portion of the State gives every one reason to believe that the Synod, in the fall, will make good and true the statement of that mightiest of men in the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Breckinridge, that the Assembly's action would have a hearty and welcome response from the Synod of Kentucky.

There are more or less troops scattered all over the State of Kentucky, to protect the towns from incursions of guerrillas from Tennessee. Colonel Bruce, an officer of great courage and firmness, is commanding at this post, and, strange to tell, is a brother-in-law of the bandit Morgan. The Colonel received a letter from Morgan when he captured Colonel Boone and his whole command at Gallatin, in Tennessee. He continued all night importuning his friend for the leaves, until at length he arose, and gave them for his impertinence, when he could not prevail by the claims of friendship. And this importunate prayer is a figure of the manner in which we should seek the Spirit, with the assurance that we shall obtain it. "For if you will, you can know how to give good gifts, and how many shall your heavenly Father give his Holy Spirit to him that asketh?"—to them that ask in this importunate manner. Not that he needs to be importuned, for he is represented as being more willing to give to us, than we are to give our children bread; and that we know how willing we are to supply our children's wants, and how much pleasure it affords us to be able to do so. Where, then, is the necessity for this importunity that is implied in this parable? It does not consist in his unwillingness to receive it, but in our unpreparedness to receive it; not that it requires any preparation but that of a sincere desire to receive it, and a willingness to receive it upon such conditions as he offers. He does not desire about this willingness, for all are not willing to renounce the flesh; and the spiritual mind and the carnal mind can never coalesce, because the carnal mind is enemy against God, and of course at variance with the spiritual mind. One contains the elements of strife, the other of peace. "For to be spiritual is to be at peace with God." But there is no peace, saith the Lord, to the wicked; for they are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest. Where, then, is there room for burden of soul, and casting down in the spiritual mind, which is peace? And is not a delusion to think that any state outside of this is desirable, or to cease to importune in prayer until we obtain it? For "thy faith" we may say, "is that" "witness," and that witness will deliver us from the bondage of fear," and assures us that there is no "condemnation" to them that are in Christ Jesus, "who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit;" for the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made us free from the law of sin and death. It is this faith that there is now no condemnation for us—that is the basis of spiritual peace. Until this point is cleared up, we cannot have a haven of permanent rest; and that hope which is "the anchor" of the soul, "both sure and steadfast." Mental faith, which some mistake for spiritual faith, can never have this anchor of unshaking hope. A vague faith, that hopes indistinctly that in some way there will be ultimate safety, because they believe in an orthodox creed, and conform to the ordinances of religion, is not the witness of the spirit; and nothing less can give abiding peace. Then, instead of hindering our peace by falling into doctrinal snares that we can do nothing, and must sit idly and wait for it to come, let us continue to seek until we find, for every one who seeks, he shall find. "Therefore seek, and you shall find." Be not ensnared by any doctrine that would hinder your utmost efforts, for though the grace of God's, the effort is ours.

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For the Presbyterian.

THE DOINGS OF FAITH.—NO. V.

By faith, Abel obtained witness that he was righteous. Heb. xi. 4.

Here we see the possibility of obtaining witness of our deliverance from sin; and we ought not to be satisfied with less. Sinners, who are apparently sincere, Christians say, the most desirable state is to be always cast down on account of our sins. If they intend to remain in them, and make no effort to be delivered from them, surely it is best to sorrow over the depravity of will it evinces. But since there is a way of deliverance from the burden and bondage of sin, why go on sinning, and sorrowing over it? Why wrestle to be delivered from it, that the cause of sorrow may cease? It is a mistake to think that we must necessarily sorrow, for the injunction to rejoice is continuous throughout the Scriptures. Paul, under the most depressing circumstances, spoke of being exceedingly joyful in all his tribulations, and exhorted the Church repeatedly to "rejoice evermore." (2 Cor. i. 4, and 1 Thess. v. 16.) His injunctions and prayers for religious, not worldly joy, are among the most remarkable characteristics of his Epistles. Such as the following: "My God of hope fill you with all joy and peace by believing." (Rom. xv. 13); "We are helpers of your joy." (2 Cor. i. 24); "Letting confidence in you all, that my joy is the joy of you all." (2 Cor. ii. 3); "I pray making request with joy." (Philipp. i. 4.) These are only a few of Paul's exhortations to rejoicing. James, and Peter, and John gave many similar injunctions. James calls upon them to rejoice in "divers trials;" Peter speaks of "joy unspeakable and full of glory;" John writes that "their joy be full;" and Jude speaks of presenting them "faithful with exceeding joy." But whence all this joy? Did it not come from that witness of the spirit which Abel obtained, and which is also our privilege? "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba Father. For the Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." (Rom. viii. 15, 16.) Joy is also mentioned as one of the fruits of the Spirit. Where, then, do we see any scriptural authority for being always cast down, and sorrowing for sin, since we are exhorted to adopt the joyful witness of the Spirit? Abel did not weep, but he was a man of sorrow, and wait for it to come to him, for "he obtained witness that he was righteous, God testifying of his gifts." What language does it speak? That we also must use effort to obtain it. The kind of effort is designed in Luke xi. 8-13, in the parable of the importunate friend. He continued all night importuning his friend for the leaves, until at length he arose, and gave them for his impertinence, when he could not prevail by the claims of friendship. And this importunate prayer is a figure of the manner in which we should seek the Spirit, with the assurance that we shall obtain it. 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THE TREE OF LIFE.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life.—Rev. xxi. 14.

Our first parents were placed in the garden of Eden, with right to use the fruit of all the trees except one; that was forbidden under the tree of death. There was also the tree of life—a sacramental pledge of immortality. Had they been obedient, they would have had right to the tree of life—been confirmed in a state of holiness and happiness for ever. But they disobeyed, and were driven from the garden, and a flaming sword, which turned every way, kept and guarded the way of the tree of life. They were excluded from life and hope, and under sentence of death, temporal, spiritual, and eternal. Gen. ii. 9; iii. 22-24.

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The tree of life, which was guarded by the flaming sword, indicates that there is no life now in sin. The covenant is broken, and all right now to the tree of life, and to life itself, is forfeited. Man is a sinner, and condemned. By the deeds of the law, no flesh can be justified. But Christ has come. He has died in our stead, been made a curse for us, and through him the way of life is open, and it is written, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life." Rev. xxi. 14. The law is still our rule; but there is no life by it. We must believe in Jesus Christ, or we cannot be saved. And this is his commandment, "That we should believe on the name of his Son, Jesus Christ." 1 John iii. 23. They who believe will show their faith by their works, and take the law as their rule of life, and striving to walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless. And they who truly believe in Jesus Christ, receive and rest upon him, and do his commandments in their daily walk, have right to the tree of life—yea, they have right to Christ himself with all his benefits, life spiritual and eternal. Just as Adam would have had a right to the tree of life in the garden of Eden, and been confirmed in a state of holiness and happiness, had he been obedient, so they who embrace Jesus Christ by faith, have a right to Christ and all his benefits—they have right to the tree of life—to Christ himself and all his benefits, yea, they have had him as it were written into their hearts, and the Son hath everlasting life. John iii. 36, and v. 24. Let us rejoice, then, in the joyful announcement, Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life." Reader, believe in Jesus Christ, and show your faith, by your works, that you may have right to the tree of life—that you may have life itself, spiritual and eternal—Christ and all his benefits may be yours for ever!

JESUS LIVES.

The following is said to be by Louisa Henrietta, Electress of Brandenburg in 1635, and is a general favourite.

Jesus lives! no longer now
By sorrow, grief, or death, appeal us;
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in verdure and in flowers, now smiles down upon the bright waters, where erst the stern rocks frowned; whilst a Christian home, marked by elegance of architecture, and all the appliances of comfort, occupies the spot which might so lately have been selected as the emblem of desolation.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

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can see at a glance that the building was large and spacious, and beautifully situated. There are five beautiful churches in the town, one of them being an African church. They are Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Episcopalian. I attended service on yesterday at the Presbyterian, and was pleased to see quite a well-filled church of attentive and devout worshippers. The whole service was impressive and unique. The house is a plain, neat one, of a good size, but certainly not modelled after the latest and most approved style of architecture. The minister, the Rev. Mr. Smoot, is quite a young man, of very serious and thoughtful countenance. He read from the 16th chapter of 1st Kings. He made the last verse of the chapter the foundation of his sermon—began by a very graphic and pointed outline of the geography of the country; then the temptations to rebuild the domed city; then he spoke of the prevention, the curse recorded by Joshua at the time of the conquest, of the reverential awe with which the Hebrew mind looked upon these Divine prohibitions, and recoiled from the thought of violating one of them; accounted for the bold and daring spirit of Hiel in making the venture, from the spirit of the age, which he lived, the wicked idolatry of the court of Ahab, which "blurred its way through the strata of society, from the king and his queen down to the subject and his slave;" and closed with a most solemn and impressive warning to the man who would attempt, in a defiant spirit, to resist Jehovah, either in his solemn prohibitions or in his earnest invitations to salvation. His preaching was entirely extemporaneous—his discourse abounded in copious and apt illustrations; while his manner was elegant, and his language chaste and refined. Seldom have I ever heard a better sermon from any young man. But there was one thing in all this service still wanting to me. There was no allusion to this distressed and bleeding country in sermon or prayer—no invocation to God for his blessing upon our arms. It was a prayer for sinner and sinner, for old and young, for the present and the absent, for the friend and the foe, and the stranger in the house—but not for rulers, for generals, for armies. I am told that he is a native of Tennessee, has relatives in the rebellion in the rebel army, and himself so silent that even with his most intimate friends he never converses on the subject, while the congregation presents that remarkable phase of society known only to these Border States, of loyal and rebel in the proportions of perhaps half and half. The fact will be gratifying to every true Presbyter, to know that those portions of our country where Presbyterianism is strongest, treason is scarcely known; and conversely, where rebellion and treason are defiant and strong, Presbyterianism is scarcely known. By a reference to our Assembly's Minutes, you will see that our strength in this State is all above the line of the railroad, and the unflinching loyalty of that portion of the State gives every one reason to believe that the Synod, in the fall, will make good and true the statement of that mightiest of men in the Presbyterian Church, Dr. Breckinridge, that the Assembly's action would have a hearty and welcome response from the Synod of Kentucky.

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parents had looked into eternity, and there was only reproach in its wild glance. There was no forgiveness for those who had thus "ruined her soul," and thus she passed into eternity. O, mother! when you take your child to ball rooms, when you instruct and bid her mind with its vanities, are you teaching her how to die? Could you bear to hear from her lips the words, "You have ruined my soul, mother!" when you know the harvest-time was past for ever? O! when you lie on your own death bed, the memory of such unfaithfulness "will bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder." B. K. C.

LETTER FROM KENTUCKY.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN.]

Bowling Green, Ky., August

The Presbyterian.

Published at 406 Chestnut street, PHILADELPHIA, and at 150 Broadway, New York.

SATURDAY, September 6, 1862.

PRAYER-MEETINGS IN PHILADELPHIA.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON MEETING.

Arrangement for September.

Second Thursday—Union Church, Thirteenth street, below Spruce. Subject—"The value of soul."

Third Thursday—Second Church, Arch street, below Seventh.

Fourth Thursday—Spring Garden Church, Eleventh street, above Spring Garden. Subject—"Household Religion."

Time of meeting—Four o'clock, P. M.

THE THURSDAY AFTERNOON PRAYER-MEETINGS—These meetings, in which all the churches of the Presbyteries in the city of Philadelphia are expected to join, are to be resumed next week, commencing with a meeting in the church of the Rev. Mr. Gamble. Is it not a time to pray? If fervent supplications were ever answered, they need not be made, when dark clouds hang around our country, and desolation is coming into so many households? Shall not the Church arise, and cry out God, and his Spirit may be poured out abundantly upon his heritage? We hope to see these meetings largely attended during the coming fall and winter.

DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.—The Rev. William Clemens, a member of the Corvico Mission of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, died at sea on the 24th of June last, being at the time on his return to this country. Mr. Clemens was a native of Wheeling, Virginia, and had been a faithful and efficient missionary for some years previous to his decease.

ANOTHER MINISTER DECEASED.—On the 21st inst., at his residence, in Abingdon, Pennsylvania, the Rev. Robert Steel, D.D., departed this life, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. From an early period of his settlement we have known the deceased, and have ever esteemed him as a warm-hearted and zealous Christian, a direct and pious preacher, laborious in every good work, and as a cordial friend, abounding in hospitality and all the social virtues. He spent his whole ministerial life with the people of his first charge, and like all the preceding pastors of that church, now has his grave among them. We make this simple note, in the expectation of a fuller and more befitting memorial.

COMING TO THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH.—The North western Church, an Episcopal parson, published, we believe, in Chicago, begins to see some truths which have been apparent to many students of ecclesiastical history for a long time. Speaking of the articles in the last number of the Church Review, (an Episcopal Quarterly), it says:—Article II., on the "Site of the Apostolic and Ante-Nicene Dioceses," shows acquaintance with Bingham, but is far from proving any thing for the advocates of small territorial dioceses. Those ancient bishops were pastors, not confessor merely." Perhaps when our contemporary gets a little more into the light, it will be able to see that the ancient bishops were not only, and not confessor merely, at all, and find his way thus into primitive and apostolic Presbyterianism.

THE INSANE.—At the last annual meeting of the Medical Superintendents of American Institutions for the Insane, Dr. Tyler, of the Maine Asylum, Somerville, Massachusetts, in referring to the importance of well-regulated labour and occupation as a remedial agent in insanity, stated the following interesting fact:—"It is always much easier to occupy the ladies of the house than the gentlemen. Still, there will always be some who are not willing to work for themselves, or their friends, or for the asylum, unless they are paid, and yet would be much happier if employed. I have found, however, an almost universal willingness to engage in charitable labour. Some time since, a gentleman placed funds at my disposal to procure materials for socks and shirts to be given to the poor, and almost every one engaged in their manufacture eagerly and immediately. Emotions of civility and pleasure were associated in the work. So it has been with working for the soldiers. We have had but few idle fingers among those ladies who were able to work, since this 'new field of labour' has been opened."

REPEATING SERMONS.

WE are not among those who flourish and fret at hearing a minister repeat a sermon, for we have settled it in our mind, that a sermon must be a poor affair which will not bear the operation. There are abuses, however, which should be guarded against. While it is freely admitted that a settled pastor may occasionally repeat himself with advantage, or may be under the necessity of doing so from some providential hindrance to his studies, care should be exercised that it is not done in the indulgence of an indolent habit. Uninteresting study in a minister is an essential part of his vocation, and if this fact be lost sight of, he may repeat upon it, but will never meet the demands of a thoughtful congregation; and instead of growing in efficiency, he will retrograde, and lose reputation. He makes a serious mistake, if he flatters himself that he can fall back on his old preparations. We have known this to be tried, in some instances, with any thing but pleasing results. In most cases, a sermon prepared with careful study, depends for its effect on the fresh and awakened feeling of his who has prepared it, and which is manifest in its delivery. When the occasion has passed which led to its preparation, and the feelings which led to it are in a measure departed, its delivery is apt to become a cold recitation, which neither interests the speaker or hearer. The plan of construction is the same, the words are the same, and yet it is a very different thing, which no artificial attention can galvanize into life. We have known ministers who have relaxed in their studious habits, earnestly coveting a change of place, under the false impression that in this way they could, by the use of their old sermons, very greatly lighten their labours; and we have seen such go from place to place, repeating the same series of discourses, which, however good in the first instance, failed to awaken their own hearts, and, by inevitable consequence, the hearts of their auditors. The life and freshness of them had evaporated—the skeletons alone were left. The thoughts and expressions were the conceptions of the author in former years, and, of course, could not have the vigour and richness of the productions of yesterday. The people are disappointed, because they are put off with stale rehash,

REBEL CRUELTY.—The following, as will be seen, is from one of the ministers of our Church, long settled in the South. It affords one of a thousand instances of the barbarous treatment to which persons are subjected in the South, who are suspected to be favourable to the Union. It was enough for Mr. Aughey to be suspected of unfriendliness to the Confederacy, to be cruelly incarcerated, and threatened with death. His escape was remarkable. How many situated like him have not been permitted to tell their own story, a violent death having effectually silenced their lips? We are thankful to God, that while our Government has been compelled to restrict the liberty of some four-mouthed traitors, it has been guilty of no such enormity.

AMSTERDAM, Ohio, August 22, 1862. Messrs. Editors—Please change the address of my paper from Poplar Creek, Choctaw county, Mississippi, to Amsterdam, Jefferson county, Ohio. Beneficial property, of health, and almost of life, I have reached Amsterdam, a refugee from Southern cruelty. I was incarcerated in the military prison at Tupelo, on a charge of being a Union man, and was held there for a few days; but by the good providence of God, I escaped the guards, and, after wandering through the swamps of Mississippi, travelling by night, and lying concealed during the day, and subsisting on green corn, water, and blackberries, and having none but stagnant water to drink, I at length reached the Federal lines at Rienzi, a mere skeleton, my system shattered, and my health so much impaired that I fear it will be a long time ere I fully recover from the shock. Heavily injured and closely guarded, nothing less than the almost miraculous interposition of the God of Providence could have secured my escape and led me through the camps and guard-lines of the enemy, and have preserved me in my flight through a hostile country. Having laboured eleven years in the South as a minister and teacher, and having committed to offense worthy of death, (though they charge against me of treason against the Confederate States was true) I was heavily ironed, insulted, starved, and had I not escaped, would have been hanged in a few days. Yours truly, JOHN H. AUGHEY."

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

WHEN the Apostle Paul was in Athens, he detected a characteristic of the Athenians, and the strangers who visited their city, in that "they spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing." It was characteristic of that ancient people, but by no means an exclusive one, for it is not at all improbable that the same curiosity was felt by the nations which preceded the Greeks, as it has certainly been transmitted to those which followed them. "What's the news?" is as common a salutation now as it used to be in Athens, and although Americans may not have the leisure to attend their brethren in "nothing else" than to retail or hear something new, still, they can find time to be curious in the same way. Especially in these times of war, the news-monger performs a very prominent part, and he that has something new to tell is never at a loss for listeners. We dare not assume a demure and staid look, as if we had escaped the infection, for we should soon be detected as partakers of the common weakness, if it be really a weakness. We confess we were curious, and if there is news abroad, we like to hear it. Still, it must be a weakness to be too curious and eager about passing events, as in this way we may neglect higher duties, and lay ourselves open to various temptations. Many are too excitable, and are impatiently waiting for the news, which they wish they had excitement. Gossip may become the staple of life; and it is not always innocent food. It may gladden our hearts, but it should never have been made, invade privacies which should have been sacred, exaggerate failings into criminal offences, and make havoc of the peace of society.

The present exciting state of affairs, no one should be willing to remain ignorant of leading events, but how many are there who are ready to take advantage of our credulity, by manufacturing facts to appease our craving? How many things have been reported, without a shadow of foundation, to keep the public mind in a state of tumultuous excitement? No many battles have been fought in newspapers, which have occurred nowhere else! How many generals have been killed who are still alive; how many cowards have been posted who have never run from an enemy; how much blood has been shed which still circulates in the veins. "What's the news?" cries the eager citizen, and as the appetite must be kept, he will purchase some issue their extras with capital headings, to secure ready purchasers. Army correspondents, whose means of information are extremely limited, like the noble Russell of the London Times, undertake to describe the movements of armies and the collision of arms as actual spectators, when, in fact, they are not. How many papers are there which profess to report the news, and are in reality nothing more than a repetition of what is sufficiently true, or to fall back on their invention when truth is not at hand. The public likes sensational papers, and are ready to be made miserable by the details of disasters, which are the very next day to be contradicted. What has been falsely reported during the present war will fill folios; and this is surely an evil, as it fills the mind with untrue statements, which become mingled with true history, and furnishes to our enemies the means of misrepresenting us. No one acquainted with the British periodical press can fail to have observed with what nice discrimination it selects from our own journals every thing which can be retailed to our disparagement. With a little fact and much fiction, it manages to abuse us most readily; and there is this peculiarity, that it never recalls or apologizes for errors, however clearly they may be pointed out. It is not what they seek, and that which is most acceptable to their readers, and they are not at all fastidious about the matter of authenticity. Surely there is an evil which should be abated in regard to our newspapers. While the government has adopted measures to exclude reporters from the lines of the army, and to prevent the public from being imposed upon by false statements and crude speculations, the law has dropped out in another direction in sheer inventions, or in plausible narratives, with the smallest grain of truth. A newspaper which confines itself to simple fact and official statements, is branded as a foggy and dead concern; the newspaper is the one which should be read, and which can find most fault with our army movements, and the incompetency of our officers. Thus public confidence is shaken, and the government is slandered by professed friends.

THE NOBLE DEED OF ONE MAN. EVERY man may not be able to build a church, but who can estimate the fruits and influences of such a work does not covet the ability and will to perform it? How many souls may be born into Christ's kingdom within it. How many troubled hearts may be comforted. How many children nurtured there for usefulness on earth, and glory in heaven. How many erring, wandering sinners may find their way to the way of life. What civilizing, elevating influences may go forth from such a centre into the community around it. Happy is the man to whom God gives the grace and the means to open such a fountain of blessing.

There are many men in the Presbyterian Church who could purchase such happiness and usefulness very cheaply, by parting with a small portion of that wealth which gives them continual anxiety, and threatens to be a curse to their heirs. We commend to them the following example, which we find in a description given in a Buffalo, New York, paper, of a new church in that city.

"The building is an ornament to the city, and, in beauty of location, in architectural design, and in neatness of finish, is not excelled, in our judgment, by any house of worship in Western New York. The edifice, with carpets and other needed furniture, is the generous gift of our excellent townsman, George Palmer, Esq., at whose sole expense, and under whose personal direction, it has been constructed. We are informed that the only conditions in the deed making over the edifice to the congregation, are, that the house shall be perpetually and exclusively consecrated to the service of Almighty God, and that the Society worshipping in it shall maintain a fund sufficient to keep the house in thorough repair. By the terms of the deed the Society has an ecclesiastical connection with the Old-school branch of the Presbyterian Church; but the probability of a union of the two branches of the Church is contemplated and provided for in the conveyance. The value of the lot, building, and appurtenances, is estimated at \$60,000."

REV. DR. BETHUNE. THE remains of this eminent preacher of the gospel, which were brought to this country for burial, were committed to the grave on Wednesday last, 3d inst., and were followed by a large procession of those in whom his public services had begotten admiration, or in whom private personal intercourse had produced warm, abiding affection. Of his life and character, we have before spoken, and do not purpose to add any thing new, save to express the sadness which we feel that the grave has finally closed over one whose rare gifts had been sedulously cultivated, and then so unobtrusively consecrated to the great work of preaching the gospel of God's grace to men. It was, doubtless, a blessed thing for him to enter into rest; but it is not well for the world to lose such shining lights, or well either for Church or State, in these days of darkness, to lose so wise and faithful a defender.

Dr. Bethune never ministered to a Presbyterian church, having entered the Reformed Dutch Church early, and remained in it during his whole life. But he was the son of an honored ruling elder in the Presbyterian Church, and he received his theological education at Princeton Seminary. We mention this fact, because it is proper that this Institution should be credited with its share of the training of this distinguished man, and because we have seen within a short time disparaging criticisms which are styled "Princetonian Homilies." We do not understand precisely what is meant by this phrase; but if those using it mean to assert that the mode of preaching most in favour at Princeton, is the simple, unadorned, lifeless "reading" of the glad tidings, then we say that they have fallen into an entire error. We believe that no such "homilies" are taught in any lecture-room in that Institution. We believe that they do teach the students, that next to extemporaneous rant, "bad" reading is the poorest form of preaching, and that the general strain of the instruction there is now, as it has been in the past, rather against, than in, favour of the use of notes, or a manuscript, in the pulpit. And whatever may be the character of the instruction in this respect, given in the lecture-rooms, it is certain that some of the most effective extemporaneous preachers in the American Church have been trained within the walls of Princeton Seminary.

It is probable, at the same time, that the instructors in this department at the Seminary do not teach that every one who reads must necessarily be an ineffective and uninteresting preacher. They do not forget that the doors of a Glasgow church were broken in by an excited crowd, to hear Dr. Chalmers "read" a sermon. They cannot have forgotten that one of their own number, now no more shedding the light of his genius upon the Seminary which we loved—we mean Dr. Addison Alexander—was able to attract large audiences, and keep them in fixed at-

tion, while he read one of his grand discourses. And to go no further in the enumeration, it ought not to be forgotten that the noted preacher who was borne to his burial in New York during the past week, and who stood in the first rank of pulpit orators, habitually read his sermons. Dr. Bethune, it is true, read well—with due emphasis, and with an animation and force which many extemporaneous preachers never attain. It may be that he would have still greater power without his manuscript, but this is his chosen, customary method of addressing his fellow-men. He conscientiously and diligently studied the art of oratory, and brought all the attractions of that splendid art with him into the sacred desk, seeking to win souls thereby to the truth as it is in Jesus, and concerning thus his study and his practice of the art to the glory of God, as far as his training for the work of preaching was the result of "Princetonian homilies," it certainly does honour to this venerable institution, that his name is upon her catalogue.

We may add to this brief reply to an unjust slur, the following extract, which we have cut from one of our exchanges of last week, reminding that one who is described in it as reading, is one of the victims of "Princetonian homilies," the other not.

"The preacher in the evening read rather closely; but you are so absorbed in his thoughts, so quickened by the life-imparting of his preaching, that you are not aware of his reading. The preacher on miracles, in the morning, had no notes, closed the Bible, and preached, as the advocates for extemporaneous preaching would say, and the sermon was dull, lifeless, and uninteresting. In the evening, the preacher read closely, and there was life and enthusiasm in the preacher, which touched and moved the people, and carried them along with the speaker, in responsive sympathy."

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN.)

Excitement about the Army—Frustrations of Policy—Sad State of Public Morals—Encouraging Indices—New Daily Prayer-meeting—Dr. Bethune's Remains—Drinking and Smoking College Class.

New York, September 2, 1862. Messrs. Editors—Such has been the absorbing interest of affairs at the seat of war, that men in this city seem not to notice passing events. The tidings were for some days conflicting and obscure. Then came an sorry story to say that amid the thronging rear of General Pope's forces, a certain much consternation set upon all faces; then came the news of the four days' fight, leaving victory with our armies—and this was followed, on Sabbath, by the intelligence of Pope's retreat, reversing the state of public feeling. In the midst of all this, every-day events seemed to pass unobserved, still at times—Wall street throbbed with an intense anxiety concerning our army, and the fate of Washington and of the Government, throbbed in the public heart. I think—I am, indeed, that Christian patriots pressed nearer to the throne of grace, and implored our fathers' God to save our Union and our Government. But I am sorry to say that amid the thronging masses whom I occasionally encountered around the bulletins, on the ferry-boats, and at the public war-meetings, I could not perceive much abatement of that characteristic profanity that is the disgrace of our countrymen. Drunkenness, too, seems rather on the increase—and it is painful to see women drunk, and dragged along the streets to the stations, by the police.

As in Philadelphia, so in New York, Sabbath desecration is alarmingly rife. In going to and from public worship, I sometimes pass through sections of the city where the shops, stores, and markets seem almost all open and doing business, as on other days, and the lights are burning, and scarcely a white abated. The front doors of the saloons are sometimes closed, and screens sometimes partly conceal the orgies; but the noise of the wassail from within often salutes the ear of the passer-by.

In the midst of our public calamities, the roll of this fearful tide of sin is enough to appal and paralyze the heart. God's restraints seem to be fearfully withdrawn, iniquity abounds, and it is to be feared that the trust of the masses of our people is too much in an arm of flesh. Still, in our cities and throughout the land, there is much of the salt of the earth; and it cannot be that our country, in its infancy, is to be rejected of God, and blotted from the catalogue of nations. The darkest hour is just before day.

Amongst the encouraging indices, is the increased attendance at meetings for prayer, and the inauguration of additional meetings. A daily prayer-meeting has been started at the Belvue hospital. There are many soldiers there, and at first a weekly, and afterwards, at their request, daily prayer-meetings. The Belvue hospital, in Fulton street, was established. Thirty-six were present at the first meeting. The number was considerably increased at the second. The soldiers took part in the exercises, and one led the meeting. Seven roses, and asked for special prayer for their conversion. There are about fifty Christian soldiers from Western Pennsylvania lately died here. He was a Methodist, and died a happy death.

The remains of the Rev. Dr. Bethune have at length arrived, on the barque Undine. They were, as I before informed you, shipped at Lehigh on the 27th of April, and after a tedious voyage of ninety days, have arrived in this city. The embalming process was so perfect, that the remains are in a state of very good preservation, bearing a life-like appearance. The body was buried, in pursuance of his own request, in his pulpit gown and bands, and his pocket Bible in his right hand. The remains were removed from the ship to the church of which he was lately pastor, in Twenty-first street. There they will lie until to-morrow (Wednesday), when the funeral solemnities will take place.

I notice in the Boston Transcript a quotation from the Harvard Magazine, in regard to the last class at Harvard College, that does not urge very favourably for the habits of the students of that ancient seat of learning. The class numbers ninety, and of them sixty-five drank intoxicating liquors, fifty-one smoke, fifty-seven do both; two-thirds of the whole number use intoxicating beverages. Sad prospect for their influence in society! It is vexatious enough to have the foundations of this ancient seat of learning perverted to false doctrine; and if, in addition, it is to send forth educated drinkers and smokers to poison society with the poison of the age, it is painfully reminds us of the ancient adage, "Physician heal thyself."

themselves." Since the inception of the American rebellion, the same Christian Observer has not hesitated to pour forth vituperation and invective on the righteous efforts of our Government to uphold itself against the slave oligarchy of the South. Falsehoods the most foul it has freely vented, and in its crusade seems to have ignored all its religious antecedents. How would Wilberforce have blushed in anticipating such degeneracy.

MEETINGS OF BIBLE SOCIETIES IN NEW JERSEY.

THE Somerset County Bible Society held its Forty-fifth Anniversary on the 12th ult. at Middlebrook. The meeting was unusually large, and the exercises interesting. The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. James T. English, of Liberty Corner. The Rev. W. J. Taylor, D.D., a newly chosen Secretary of the American Bible Society, was present, and made an address. Addresses were also made by the Rev. Dr. McNair, of Clinton; Rev. W. W. Voorhees, and W. Voorhees, delegates from the Hunterdon County Bible Society; and Messrs. D. Irving and L. R. Dana, from Morris county.

The Hunterdon County Bible Society held its Forty-sixth Anniversary on the 19th ult. in Dr. Studdiford's church, Lambertville. The several parts of the country were well represented. The annual sermon was preached by the Rev. John Van Lein, The venerable Secretary, Dr. Jacob Kirkpatrick, who was one of the founders of the Society forty-five years ago, was present, and read the minutes. He is still vigorous and active, although he has been pastor in fifty-two churches (Amwell, last United) for the same church. This Society has recently contributed fifteen hundred dollars to the present meeting. Addresses were made by Dr. Taylor, of the American Bible Society; by Rev. Mr. Doolittle, Peter A. Voorhees, and Peter I. Clark, Esqs. Both the above Societies have made contributions in aid of the Union and the Government.

VOYAGE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN.)

They have been afflictively, but they hope, wisely taught. May they arise confirmed, and established, and made faithful unto death! Many a returning one joins me in this prayer.

THE UNION TABERNACLE.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE PRESBYTERIAN.)

STANBURY, PA., Aug. 23, 1862. Messrs. Editors—The Union Tabernacle, under the superintendence of the Rev. E. M. Long, is just about being removed from its present site, where it has stood for half weeks. During this time Mr. Long has been assisted by the Rev. Dr. E. H. Nevin and the Rev. E. J. Pierce. The daily exercises consisted of a sunrise prayer-meeting, a children's meeting in the afternoon, inquirers' meeting at seven o'clock, and preaching at eight.

Since these brethren came among us, we have had some delightful meetings. We feel it due to them to say they have labored faithfully, and with so much discretion as not to interfere in the least with the pastoral relations, and on principles so purely union, as to promote a fraternal feeling among the different churches. We are happy to state that these labours have been owned by the Head of the Church. More than thirty have been under deep conviction, while several are entertaining a hope in Christ.

Dr. Nevin did most of the preaching to adults. He evidently takes great delight in preaching the gospel of Christ. In these sermons under the Tabernacle, the Doctor speaks entirely without manuscript. His sermons were truly every lover of the gospel, and the souls of men, delight to hear. Cogent argument, simplicity of speech, apt illustration, earnest and animated delivery, and often soul-stirring eloquence, are characteristic traits of his preaching. I may add, in this connection, that after an absence of a few years, the Doctor has returned to the State of New York, with the design of making it the place of his residence. As he does not intend remaining with the Tabernacle, he is ready to accept a pastoral charge. I am persuaded that any of our vacant churches, desiring a faithful and able preacher of the gospel, would feel that they have great reason to be thankful, should they be so happy as to secure his services.

Yours, &c. J. B. K.

PARAGRAPHS FROM A COUNTRY STUDY.—NO. II. HONESTY IN FRIENDLY PROFESSIONS. Though a true friend is a rare acquisition, it is not, however, owing, in great measure, to a want of honesty in those who seek to make friends? Are they not too much of the disposition that the Apostle speaks of, when—that idea of the Apostle—all things to that man—when that idea is looked at on its wrong side? There is, indeed, too little of heart going out to heart, in most of friendships. The matter never gets down to the habitation of the affections; it knocks not at their door, but contents itself with the display of the affections. At certain points, and in certain places, and in certain ways, men are so entirely engaged in getting money, in seeking "their own" in various ways, that they make no provision for cementing kindness, and really heartily interested in no one, (excepting the all-around eye) they hear the pro and con concerning others with equal apathy and indifference. Such people would crowd every where. They are found in all grades of society, and were it not for "the knees which have not bowed unto Baal"—a noble, choice few—friendship, in its true sense, would be a thing taking refuge in the stories of David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias.

Every day I meet those who enter other people's lives as if they were a mere probation is evidently about to close. He has but a few days to live, and of this he seems fully conscious. He has been reared in the Sabbath-school; he has been faithfully taught from God's blessed word; yet, knowing his duty, he has neglected to perform it. He feels that he deserves the "many stripes," and he now cries, "Sir, we would see Jesus," with more earnestness than did "certain Greeks," for he would look with an eye of faith upon Him whom he has pierced. I could not hasten from this bed-side. As Andrew brought his brother, Simon Peter, to Jesus, so I tried to lead this, my poor dying brother, to that Saviour who yet waits to be glorified. There is no chaplain here (should there not be one?) whose Christian ministrations I can commend this dying boy; and so, after talking with him, and committing him to the Saviour's care, I was compelled to leave him. That he found Him, I most sincerely hope.

For the Presbyterian.

WORK OF THE BOARD OF PUBLICATION.

MILWAUKEE PRISON, Alton, Ill., July, 1862.

Rev. Dr. SCHAEFER, Corresponding Secretary.

All who pray for and aid the great work of our Board of Publication among soldiers of our Army will rejoice to learn that the copies have not been neglected—that every prisoner here has just been furnished with suitable religious reading. Not because we sympathize with the political theories of these misguided and erring men, but because we regard them as our fellow-travellers to the joyful or awful trials of the eternal world, have we endeavored to labour faithfully among them. This brief recital of what has been done here is forwarded in the earnest hope that it may secure pecuniary aid from some, for there are such, who have hitherto looked, with folded hands, upon the great and interesting work so providentially devolved upon our Church. Colonel Farrar, the Provost Marshal General, and Captain Washington, the officer in command, kindly furnished us with passes upon ascertaining the purpose of our visit. Safely passing the flashing bayonets of the sentinels at the prison gates, I at once directed my steps, with a well-filled basket of books and tracts on my arm, to the large and crowded hospital. After all, this is the most promising field of labour, and these sick, suffering, and dying men shall be first visited, conversed with, and supplied. I cannot tell you, and I shall not attempt to do so, of the unfeigned gratitude with which these men looked up into my face from their lonely beds. I passed among them, conversing with them, not of temporal, but of eternal things, and leaving behind me our acceptable books and tracts. Such visitors were rare at these bedside. Words of kindness are seldom breathed in that atmosphere. That these men are sincere in their expressions of gratitude, that reliable witness, the tear-moistened eye sufficiently attests. As I pass from bed to bed, telling of the Balm and the Great Physician in Gilead, there are many expressions of a resolution to go to Him and be healed.

Our books, tracts, and papers are most thankfully received. Strange as it may appear, I did not find a man who seemed offended at the patriotic and loyal sentiments expressed in the "Soldier's Pocket-Book." All seemed to be thinking of something "beyond the flight of time—beyond the reign of death." Said a man to whom I had given one of those little books half an hour before, and who had read the address to soldiers on the first twelve pages, "I would cheerfully give five dollars if the Federal Government would allow me to send this little book to my two sons in the Confederate army." What an attention to the worth of that book! "Fas est bene doceri"—it is right to be taught by an enemy, and I was taught, and strengthened, and encouraged. Why, sir, I had rather be the author of the "Soldier's Pocket-Book" than wear the laurels of a Napoleon—aye, of a Washington. Shall such a book be put into the hands of our soldiers? Answer, ye Sabbath-schools and churches, and individual followers of Jesus Christ, the Lord.

Of course, the usual variety of character is found here. Here are the careless and indifferent, upon whom we endeavour to impress a sense of the importance of eternal things, and, if the promises made to us were sincere, God would save our work. In one corner of the room lies a youth of scarcely seventeen summers, whose brief probation is evidently about to close. He has but a few days to live, and of this he seems fully conscious. He has been reared in the Sabbath-school; he has been faithfully taught from God's blessed word; yet, knowing his duty, he has neglected to perform it. He feels that he deserves the "many stripes," and he now cries, "Sir, we would see Jesus," with more earnestness than did "certain Greeks," for he would look with an eye of faith upon Him whom he has pierced. I could not hasten from this bed-side. As Andrew brought his brother, Simon Peter, to Jesus, so I tried to lead this, my poor dying brother, to that Saviour who yet waits to be glorified. There is no chaplain here (should there not be one?) whose Christian ministrations I can commend this dying boy; and so, after talking with him, and committing him to the Saviour's care, I was compelled to leave him. That he found Him, I most sincerely hope.

On another bed, at a window overlooking the broad, free river, rolling gulf—among them, I see just recovering from a severe and dangerous illness. He is coming back from the gates of death, which he has well nigh entered, and whence there are no returning footsteps. He feels that the life which God's compassion has spared should be devoted to God's service. He has a pious wife, who often, in his distant home, has besought him to be reconciled to God. He knows that she prays for him; he believes that she has followed him with tears and prayers; and that, in answer to her wrestling supplications, God has lifted him from the grave's dark portals. Learning these facts from his own lips, I sit beside him, and try to guide his uncertain footsteps into that new and living way to the mercy-seat, through the rent veil of the Saviour's flesh. Amid such hopeful seed-sowing the hours pass away. It is a blessed privilege thus to labour, for we feel that the "Great Day, for which all other days were made," will surely reveal a most precious harvest. After thoroughly canvassing and supplying the hospital, we directed our attention to the hundreds without. Suffice it to say that, with such pertinent and kindly admonitions as we could give, all were supplied with such religious reading as their circumstances seemed to require. By every one it was eagerly and thankfully received, and if followed, as it surely should be, with the earnest prayers of God's people, it will not be without its glorious fruits of immortality. Who cares enough for the conversion and salvation of these captives, to pray for them? There are two things, besides the gratitude of these men, and their susceptibility to religious impressions, which have arrested my attention as I passed among them. The first is the unusual number of singers which I have found among them. Never have I found such a demand for sheet hymns and sheet music; and that they were given to those who could use them, was abundantly shown by the cheerful notes of song which succeeded from many a bed, and many a group of singers, in that old prison hospital. Every heart seemed to be made glad—every one seemed to breathe a purer and better atmosphere as they sang. Never have I found such a demand for sheet hymns and sheet music; and that they were given to those who could use them, was abundantly shown by the cheerful notes of song which succeeded from many a bed, and many a group of singers, in that old prison hospital. Every heart seemed to be made glad—every one seemed to breathe a purer and better atmosphere as they sang. Never have I found such a demand for sheet hymns and sheet music; and that they were given to those who could use them, was abundantly shown by the cheerful notes of song which succeeded from many a bed, and many a group of singers, in that old prison hospital. 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