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For the Central Presbyterian.

Notes of Travel at the North and North-West.

Lake Ontario.

Glady would I have lingered at Niagara, for several days, at the least. But away from my charge, through the considerate kindness of the people among whom God has cast my lot, and for the purpose of recruiting an exhausted nervous system, I had determined conscientiously to follow my physician's advice—"stop preaching and keep moving." So at 5 P. M. we took the cars, for a short run down to the lake, intending thence, to cross to Toronto. The road from the falls to the lake, on the Canada side of the river, is, much of the way, through a succession of deep cuts, so that you get neither the breeze, nor a sight of the country as you pass along. The road on the American side, is greatly to be preferred. Running close along the bank of the river, as it does for more than half the way, you get a fine view of the whirlpool and the foaming rapids below the falls, as well as of the river itself. And Niagara river, both above and below the falls, possesses scenery of more than ordinary beauty.

For a passage across the lake, we embarked in the Peerless, an iron steamer of about 200 tons burthen. And here, I must say a few words about this steamer. The Peerless and another iron steamer of about the same size, were built on the Clyde in Scotland, some two years ago. The Peerless was then taken to pieces, sent across the ocean in another vessel and here put together again. Her companion, left the Clyde, to make her way across the Atlantic, on her own bottom; and has never been heard of since. Her case is doubtless one of those melancholy cases of foundering at sea, and all on board perishing, none knowing where—none knowing how—none knowing when. The Peerless, well deserves her name, and is certainly one of the pleasantest steamers of her class I have ever sailed upon. Strong and substantially built, and yet neat and airy, with an open promenade deck stretching from stem to stern—and this is no small recommendation to a lake boat intended for summer travel—I could not help wishing that some of our boat-builders at the South might see and copy her model.

The route to Toronto, from the mouth of Niagara river, is nearly due North, and across the western end of Lake Ontario. By 7 P. M. we were so far out upon the lakes as to have lost sight of land. I do not know that such would have been the case in ordinary circumstances, and in perfectly clear weather,—but this evening on which we crossed Ontario, the atmosphere was almost as hazy as in Indian-summer, and this, while a pretty stiff breeze was blowing all the time. The smoke of our steamer, instead of dispersing, settled down upon the lake, in a long dark line, reaching, apparently, miles to the leeward of us. Along the horizon, long strips of cloud were lying, undistinguishable amid the haze until the setting sun brought them into view. The sun, as it neared the horizon, gradually assumed a dull coppery-red color, as the haze thickened, and then, partially and irregularly hidden by strips of cloud, it seemed as if, staggering, and breaking into pieces, and then, "going out." I would I had either a poet's genius or a painter's pencil to portray the scene. If such sunsets are of frequent occurrence here, it would be worth one's while to take a sail upon the lakes for the sunset scene alone.

The Fugitive-Slave Population of Canada. In crossing the lake, I made the acquaintance of an intelligent gentleman, a native of Scotland, but for many years now a naturalized citizen of Canada, who was returning from Rochester, whither he had been to place his boys at school. Knowing that they had a common school system in operation in Canada West, I asked him why he did not send his boys to school at home? "Because," said he "there are now so many negro children in our common schools, that those schools have become to all intents and purposes negro-schools, and with a majority of negro children, a white boy stands no chance of fair play. The inevitable effect of this state of things continuing," he added, "will be, to break up our common school system altogether." Finding him willing to speak freely upon this subject, I asked him what sort of a laboring class the fugitives in Canada proved to be. "The most miserable, worthless class we have among us," was his reply—"worse, greatly worse than the Canadian French." And if the reader would know, what that phrase means in the mouth of a Canadian of Anglo-saxon blood, let him read Judge Halyburton's (Sam Slick's) letters. "For all kinds of out-door work, especially for farm labor, they are not to compare with the Scotch and English or even the Irish emigrants who come to us from the old countries. The only thing they seemed fitted for, is the place of hotel waiters and house servants, and they soon become unfit even for this. When first they reach Canada, for six or eight months, they must take a trip over to the States, to visit some of the friends they have become acquainted with, on their way hither; and usually, they have a drunken frolic and spend all the money they have earned before they return. Then they come back, greatly de-

toriated, and remain for four or five months, when they must have another visit to the States, and another frolic,—and thus, in two or three years, they become utterly good for nothing, a burden to the community, in many ways."

These remarks, coming as they did from a Scotch Canadian, surprised me a little. Not more however, than the contents of an article I read in one of the Toronto papers, the next day, giving an account of a negro picnic party which had been driven by a thunder storm to take shelter under a farm shed, a few days before—in which the editor spoke of "the odor given forth by the reeking mass," &c. &c. showing an ill-concealed contempt for a class of his fellow-subjects, such as is irreconcilable with the idea, of their holding a very respectable position in society.

Toronto.

Toronto, is rather a gloomy looking place, especially along the water-front. As a place of business, it is said to have more active trade, and to be improving more rapidly, at the present time, than any other city in Canada. Its business, however, judging from what I saw, and particularly, the repeated signs, "New York grocery," "Boston clothing store," &c., is very little of it in the hands of native born Canadians.

One of the first impressions which Toronto makes upon the mind of a stranger, especially if from the South, is—that this is a country where they have a winter. Their houses, are built with double sashed windows and double doors, so that they can be shut up almost air-tight. The sleeping apartments in their hotels have no provision for the circulation of air, and one finds himself almost stifled on a warm night. The market-house (which I visited) is built with massive stone walls, and the space within, instead of being occupied with open stalls, is divided into a series of small apartments, all made with doors to shut in the winter, and many of them having stoves standing in them even in midsummer—the plank sidewalks, thus covered because such pavements are used further south, will not stand the severity of their winters. The woollen dress worn by most of the inhabitants even in July, and the heavy woollen goods exposed for sale, along with furs for covering the head and hands and feet and bodies—all tell the same tale—this is a country where they have a winter. As these evidences of the severity of the winter here met my eye, and I recalled what I had heard of the character of the fugitive-slave population in Canada West. I could not help feeling pity for them, and wishing that they could know what they were running away to, before they started.

The Under Ground Railroad.

Many years ago, when railroads were a novelty, one was constructed, on the inclined-plane principle, from the Mauch Chunk coal mines, in Pennsylvania to the banks of the Lehigh river, for convenience in shipping the coal. Down this road, the loaded cars ran by their own gravity. A part of the road was built over a ravine, on a truss-work—and some of the cars intended for carrying away the slate and refuse coal, were constructed with hinged bottoms; so arranged, that when they reached a certain point, a pin in the road struck a lever on the car, and the bottom fell; dropping the load without any further trouble. An Irishman being at the mines, and wishing to go down to the river, was on a certain occasion permitted—at least, so I have heard the story told by some of the more knowing ones, to take a free passage in one of these truss-bottomed cars, in preference to paying for his passage in the car intended for passengers. At the appointed time, the train started, and in great glee, Pat swung his hat around his head in response to the very courteous cheers of those who had planned his ride for him. But poor fellow—he had ridden but a little way, when the car, true to its construction, dropped him in the ravine, and there left him, in sorry plight and in a position, from which it was much more difficult to reach the river, than it would have been from the point at which he started. The ride of the fugitive, on the under-ground rail road to Canada, is, methinks, not unlike Pat's ride on the rail road at Mauch Chunk—with this difference however, that Pat's misfortune was easily remedied—he had but to pick himself up, and trudge along on foot. But the poor fugitive, shivering amid the intense cold of Canada, what can he do, and yet to lure him thither, is what some men call mercy—"doing as they would be done by."

A. D. G.

For the Central Presbyterian.

Montgomery Presbytery.

The Presbytery of Montgomery met in Princeton, Mercer Co. Va., Sept. 4th, 1856, at 11 o'clock, A. M., and was opened with a sermon by the Rev. James N. Lewis, the Moderator, on Pa. cxxi. 6. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, &c."

There were present during the sessions ten ministers and nine ruling elders. The Rev. J. M. P. Atkinson of the Presbytery of Baltimore and the Rev. M. H. Bittenger of the Presbytery of Greenbrier, being present were invited to sit as corresponding members.

Mr. Alex. W. Pitzer, after having undergone a thorough and satisfactory examination on all the branches required by the constitution, and being heard on the subjects assigned him as parts of trial, was licensed to preach the Gospel.

The committee to collect funds for the relief of the Pharr family, reported that since the last meeting of Presbytery they had received \$379 35. The committee was continued till next meeting.

The Presbyterian sermon on Domestic Missions was preached by the Rev. J. M. Rice, on 2 Cor. viii: 9.

The Rev. S. R. Campbell, with the Rev. C. A. Miller his alternate, was appointed to preach the Presbyterian sermon on education at the next meeting of Presbytery.

The Rev. B. T. Lacy, with the Rev. J. N. Lewis his alternate was appointed to preach a sermon at the next meeting on the religious instruction of servants.

After an interesting discussion on the subject of Domestic Missions, it was resolved that as soon as practicable the Presbytery will appoint and sustain an itinerant missionary within its own bounds.

A letter being received from the Rev. J. H. Wallace urging Presbytery to send a minister as soon as practicable, to supply the churches in Washington county, the committee on Missions was directed to employ a missionary to labor in the South Western part of our Presbytery as soon as a suitable person can be obtained.

The committee appointed at last meeting to report a systematic plan for the support of widows and orphans of deceased ministers, in needy circumstances, made a report, recommending a plan, which was adopted by Presbytery, for the accomplishment of the contemplated object, embracing also a plan by which to prevent, as far as possible, ministers dying involved in debt, by equalizing, as far as practicable, the salaries of ministers.

The committee recommended that all the members of all our churches be urged, and by a systematic plan if possible induced to contribute to the extent of their ability towards the support of the gospel.

That the contributions of vacant churches, the surplus of the stronger churches after paying their minister's salary, and any other contributions that might be made to this object, constitute a common fund for the relief of needy widows and orphans of deceased ministers, and to supply the deficiency in the salaries of ministers not adequately supported. With a view to carrying into effect the above plan, it was recommended that a committee be appointed to be called, the Standing Committee on the support of the ministry, consisting of five ruling elders, and three of which to constitute a quorum. That in case a quorum be not present at any regular meeting of Presbytery, temporary appointments be made to constitute a quorum. That this committee have charge of all funds contributed for the above purposes, and suggest to Presbytery from time to time such measures as may need attention. That all the reports on reciprocal duties be referred to this committee, and reported on by them, and that it be required in the reciprocal reports, besides giving information in regard to the punctuality of the churches in discharging their engagements, to state what amount of salary has been promised. So that the committee may have the whole matter before them, and may report if necessary to Presbytery in cases in which they may be of opinion that the relation of preacher and people should no longer subsist on account of the inadequacy of support.

Rev. J. M. P. Atkinson, general agent for the Washington Church, entertained the Presbytery with an interesting and effective address in behalf of that enterprise.

The standing committees of Presbytery were re-arranged and are as follows: 1. On Education; Rev. Messrs. Lacy, Rice, Junkin, and Mr. Wm. C. Hagan. 2. On Missions; Rev. Messrs. Powers, Lacy, Lewis and Mr. F. Johnson. 3. On Church Extension; Rev. Messrs. Hickman, Wilson, Hoghead, and Col. Wm. Thomas. 4. On Theology; Rev. Messrs. Powers, Lacy, and Hickman. 5. On Natural and Moral Sciences; Rev. Messrs. Junkin, Hoghead, and Campbell. 6. On Languages and Mathematics; Rev. Messrs. Hickman, Wilson, and Miller. 7. On Church History and the Sacraments; Rev. Messrs. Rice, Wilson and Lewis. 8. On Colportage; Rev. Messrs. Lewis, Campbell, Graham and Mr. F. Grayson. 9. On Ministerial support; Messrs. J. B. L. Logan, Hobson Johns, C. L. Crockett, J. W. Holt, and R. D. Montague.

The appointments for missionary supplies are as follows: Ewing; one Sabbath at Glenwood, one at Jennings's Creek, one at High Bridge—Powers; one at Catawba, one at Newcastle, Wallace; one at Bristol, two at discretion, Graham; two at Cripple Creek, one at Lead Mines. Hickman; one at Giles C. H., one at Newburn. Rice; one at Newcastle, one at Covington. Brown; two at discretion, Wilson; two at discretion. Lacy; one at Newcastle, one at Buchanan. Hoghead; one at discretion. Miller; one at Giles C. H. Calhoun; one at discretion. Lewis; two at discretion. Junkin; one at High Bridge, one at Jennings's Creek. Campbell; one at discretion. Rose; one at discretion.

Presbytery adjourned to meet in Lynchburg on the 1st Wednesday in April, 1857, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

A. L. HOGSHEAD, S. Clerk.

P. S. This was the first meeting of Presbytery ever held in this handsome and thriving village. There are but few Presbyterians in the county. But the congregations were large and attentive and the people unbounded in their kindness; and altogether it was an unusually interesting and delightful meeting of Presbytery. The attention to the preaching was so encouraging that two brethren remained and preached several days. We have not heard what were the results.

The young brother, Rev. H. B. Rose, who is laboring there, is much beloved and doing a good work both by his ministerial labors and his school.

A. L. H.

A Norwegian Lesson.

The Lutheran Observer says that a colony of Norwegians planted themselves in Iowa, "and, as is their custom, immediately provided for public worship. They were all poor—only one man owned real estate, but they bought a lot, and intended to build a church. A railroad passing near or through this lot, it was coveted by a sharper, who swindled them out of it. Not discouraged, they bought a house in an unfinished state for \$2,000. After they had put a roof on this, a storm blew their roof down and injured the building. This was a dark day, but in their distress they flew to a throne of grace for help. They assembled to pray and counsel with each other. After they

had invoked the blessing and grace of God, the brother who owned a six-acre lot, and the only landlord among them, went and brought his deed, gave it to his pastor, saying, "Take this and use it, if it will save the church. They then covenanted with each other and the Lord, that they would consecrate the half of their wages for a month or longer to the payment of their church. At the time of consecration they had paid nearly three thousand dollars, and owed yet eight hundred."

The Ex-Queen of Oude.

One of the most extraordinary spectacles of human inconsistency is exhibited, when we justify ourselves in that which we condemn in others as base and abominable.

And of these extraordinary spectacles, the Christian people of Great Britain are just presenting in themselves a most striking example. The visit of the Queen of Oude to implore redress for her wrongs is now attracting the attention of the civilized world, and the result of her application will be looked for with intense interest by the whole of Christendom. It is the first time, in the annals of the world, that a pagan princess has crossed seas and lands, performing a journey of ten thousand miles, to demand from a Christian government the restoration to her son, of his throne and sceptre, taken from him by that Christian power, without the shadow of right, but simply on the plea that his government was not administered for the good of his subjects. Yet so dense is the prejudice that obscures the intellect and the conscience, that the leaders of public sentiment in England, the representatives of British piety and philanthropy have no sympathy with this royal petitioner, but are prepared to justify the British Government in all that has been done, and to turn a deaf ear to this appeal.

The London Christian Times makes this brief but decisive announcement, in which the sentiment of the religious people of the country is probably embodied.

"The Ex-Queen of Oude, the mother of the lately dethroned Prince, with his brother and son, and a long train of native attendants, has arrived in this country to demand, at the foot of the throne, redress for the wrongs which, in her eyes, have been inflicted upon her self-willed son. We can allow for the blindness of a mother, and she too a mother brought up in the despotic notions of an Oriental Court, and we feel there is something approaching to the heroic in her venturing after advanced ages across the ocean which she had never before seen, and into a land of strangers, impelled only by the strong instinct of maternal affection. It is somewhat the more to be regretted that this heroism must prove barren of results. The public mind of this country is pretty well made up that the rule of the King of Oude was a nuisance, which cried loud for abatement; that it was one compact system of oppression, offensive to God, and intolerable to man. It is possible that her Majesty may have statements to make which will modify or altogether remove this impression; but it is much more likely that she will fall into the hands of men who, under pretence of assisting her to obtain redress, will only fleece her of her possessions, and amuse her with vain promises."

The facts in the case are briefly set forth in the following report of a speech recently made by Major Bird, of the British army, to the people of Southampton, Eng., from the Balcony of the Hotel at which the Ex-Queen and her retinue were resting on their arrival.

I am deputed by Her Majesty the Queen Dowager of Oude, by his Royal Highness the King of Oude's brother, and by his Royal Highness the Heir apparent, son of the King of Oude, to tender you their heartfelt thanks for the kind and warm manner in which you have welcomed them on their arrival in Great Britain. You naturally ask what is the cause of the advent of these royal personages? Why have they left their country and kingdom to visit Great Britain? And the inquiry is, under the circumstances, one, the reply to which is likely to enlist your sympathies.

You will pardon me while I picture to you an aged Queen, (nearly 90 years old) brought up in all the pomp and luxury of the East, the soles of whose feet were scarcely allowed to tread the ground, laying aside the prejudices of travel; and undertaking a journey of some ten thousand miles; with the King brother in one hand, and her grandson—the heir to the throne of Oude—in the other; and coming to the people of Great Britain, a suppliant for justice. Yes, fellow countrymen, the Royal family of Oude has come to appeal against that act of the East India Company which has deprived them of their throne and country. They have left the country of their birth to beg at the hands of the people of Great Britain a full and impartial inquiry into the causes which have led to the annexation of the Kingdom of Oude by the East India Government—an act which, I am sorry to say, appears to have been partially adopted by the British Government.

But, you will say what is the plea? The cause put forward for this act is the deliverance of the people of Oude from the oppression and misrule under which they had suffered.

Fellow countrymen, let us suppose that the Emperor of the French, or some potentate more powerful than Great Britain, were to break existing treaties, and deprive our most gracious majesty of her throne, to save you from what that power considered a misrule! Methinks I heard you say, "We would rather right ourselves." But, again, suppose your homes and hearths should be interfered with—suppose a more powerful neighbor was to deprive any of you of your homes and firesides because you mismanaged your house, would you allow it? (Cries of "No.")

Will you, whose fathers and brothers have shed their blood to save Turkey from the aggression of Russia, will you, who have poured forth the resources of this magnificent country, to repel Russia from the annexation of two small provinces—will you permit the East India Government to take from this Royal Family, a kingdom as large as Belgium? (Cries of "No, no.") Will you not grant a free inquiry into this act? It is through the people of Great Britain alone, borne on their shoulders, that the

cry for justice will be admitted. To you this Royal Family appeal for sympathy and support; and, if you are willing to give it, show your willingness by joining me in three cheers for the Royal Family of Oude.

The Major's address was warmly applauded, and at its close, three hearty rounds of cheering were given. When the case was presented, with the naked facts, and a comparison instituted between the seizure of Oude by England, and Turkey by the Russians, the plain sense of the British people apprehends the right, and pronounces an instant verdict of condemnation. But the question is decided by those who have the policy of nations to manage, and the rights of a dethroned Asiatic prince, whose territories are now in the grasp of the East India Company, stand a very poor chance of being respected.

We are not, however, to pronounce on this question, as if the right were all on one side, and the wrong all on the other. Such is not our object in directing attention to the spectacle which is now presented to the eyes of the world. It may be that the annexation of Oude to the British dominions in the East, will prove a great blessing to the inhabitants of that country, and that the spread of Christianity may be one of the results of the extension of British dominion over that part of the world. We know that India has been blessed by the government of Great Britain. It was doubtless for the good of China that the cannon of Britain broke down the barriers which that exclusive empire had erected in front of her ports, and opened them to the commerce of mankind. But these results do not justify the measures taken to bring them about.—It might be greatly for the advantage of Mexico for the United States to seize upon the government of that distracted country, and annex the whole to the territory of the American Union. Perhaps it would be for the best interests of Canada, to push the stars and stripes to the north, till our domain was extended from the Arctic sea to the Gulf. If we should adopt the reasoning by which the London Christian Times justifies annexation we might speedily take possession of Central America; we should immediately seize upon Cuba; and shortly add the South American Republics to our own. Says the Times:

The public mind of this country (England) is pretty well made up that the rule of the King of Oude was a nuisance, which cried loud for abatement; that it was one compact system of oppression, offensive to God and intolerable to man.

Therefore, the British government, in the person of the East India Company, annexes the Kingdom of Oude to the "British Possessions" in India, the sway of the British sceptre is stretched over a new empire, and streams of golden tribute flow into the coffers of the Company and swell the dividends of the capitalists in England, some of whom are the leading philanthropists of the age, and rejoice in this act of usurpation as all for the good of the pagans and the glory of God. So it may be, and perhaps it is the very best thing that could be done for Oude, as it is a "good thing" for the East India Company.

But turn the tables. Let the United States of America purchase a few millions of square miles of land from an adjoining country; open that land to the poor and oppressed of other lands; extend over them mild and wholesome laws; and thus strengthen her own state and increase the comforts of thousands of families; let the United States do such a deed as this, and the British press, especially the religious press, reprobates as a plundering race, laying hold of the possessions of our neighbors, and striving to extend our own domain without regard to the rights of our neighbors. We are charged with this crime so often and so loudly, that our national reputation is suffering among the nations of the earth, on this account. And while we are thus misrepresented abroad, it is a fact, which no reader of modern history can dispute that the United States have not added one foot of land to their original domain without paying a fair price; and usually more than a fair price, to the owner. If Spain should get a hundred millions of dollars for Cuba, we shall be accused of stealing it, though we should be wofully taken by the bargain. These facts are worthy of being taken into consideration when we are reading the cotemporaneous history of the world, and perhaps we may learn to see ourselves in the glass which others hold before our faces. Surely Great Britain may now learn that she has expended the lives of more than 20,000 men, and millions of pounds sterling, to prevent Russia from annexing Turkey, and while she was thus defending the weak against the rapacity of the strong, her own agents were at work annexing a kingdom as large as Belgium to the British Empire, and expelling its acknowledged monarch from his ancestral throne. When other people do such things, they are robbers and pirates, but when we do the deeds, we are merely abating misdeeds, and extending the blessings of civilization and Christianity over barbarous and pagan tribes.

Let us learn lessons of mutual charity from such chapters as this. It is not our right to pronounce this annexation of Oude an outrage; but we may safely say, and we do say, that no annexation of territory to the United States was ever made without a thousand fold more justification.—N. Y. Observer.

"To the Moles and to the Bats."

Some time ago an English Christian was travelling in the south of India, and in the course of his journey he passed by many deserted temples. At length he came very near one of these temples, which was very large, where in former years, thousands of people from all parts of the country worshipped a great idol, which was thought to be very holy and very powerful. As he had heard a great deal about this building, he went to see it. He found that it was now quite a ruin. The roof had fallen in, the walls were crumbling down, and grass, and weeds, and shrubs were growing from the floor of this once sacred spot. Having looked around him for a little while, he saw the passage which led to the place where the idol was, and he went towards it; but no sooner had he entered, than a large number of bats flew out against him. As he did not much like his company, and found that

many of these creatures were still clinging to the roof and walls, he went back, got a light, and having set fire to some dry grass, he flung it into the place. Immediately a flock of bats came flying out. His way was now cleared, and he walked through the passage. But, on entering the sacred spot within, the first thing he saw was the great idol fallen from its pedestal, and lying upon the ground covered with filth. As he looked upon that object, in the presence of which so many thousands of poor blinded heathen had trembled and worshipped, he rejoiced greatly; and you may suppose that, as it called to mind the prophecy, "They shall cast their idols to the moles and to the bats," he thanked God that he had seen his word so strikingly fulfilled.

India: Agra Mission.

PROFESSIONAL MURDERERS.

The following communication by the Rev. R. S. Fullerton, though intended more particularly for Sabbath-school children, will be read with painful interest by all classes of our readers. It would be difficult to find a more striking illustration of the truth of the scripture declaration, that "the dark places of the earth are filled with the habitations of cruelty," than we find in the description here given of the professional murderers of India. Surely Christians should pray that these dark places may be speedily filled with the light of the gospel.

The Thugs—Professional Murderers.

In my present letter I shall tell you something about the Thugs, and their deeds of treachery and blood. But who are the Thugs? They are a class of men scattered throughout the provinces of India, who live by the cruel trade of murder. The class is composed of men of all castes and callings, from the haughty Mahomedan, the Brahmin, and the Rajpoot, to the humble sweepster; and from the wealthy Zamindar, (landholder) to the day-labourer, who receives four or five cents a day, and out of this sum has to provide for the wants of his wife, his children, and himself.

Though they virtually give up their former occupation when they become Thugs, they all have some visible means of support to prevent suspicion, but this is the only end for which they use it as they look mainly to their ill-gotten gains for the means of subsistence.

But you may be interested in knowing how they become Thugs. Some become such through disappointment; some through the oppression of usurers, or their landlords, but the greater portion of them are trained to their profession from childhood. Children are, in India, brought up to the trade which their fathers followed before them, and the children of Thugs are not an exception to the rule.

Initiation into the Profession of Murdering.

The Thugs are not thieves, but robbers, that they never rob any one until they have murdered him, the reason is obvious, "Dead men tell no tales." They usually put their victims to death by strangling them with a handkerchief, but this no one is permitted to use until he has undergone a long course of training under an experienced Gauri (religious teacher). This latter personage is generally an old Thug, who has retired from active service, and lives upon the fees and contributions of his disciples, who regard him with the greatest reverence and implicitly obey his commands. He is sometimes a Hindu, and sometimes a Mahomedan. Few are invested with the handkerchief before they are twenty years of age, and in the case of some it is an honour to which they never attain. While yet boys they are allowed to accompany their parents and friends in their murdering expeditions, as decoys, watchmen, grave-diggers, and removers of bodies.—When a boy proves himself to be "hard breasted" (the expression which they use to denote nerve or resolution) he is authorized to hold the hands of victims while the stranglers put them to death. In addition to this training, his Gauri embraces every opportunity to teach him dexterity in the use of the handkerchief, by encouraging him to use it, in sport, upon the persons of his young companions.

After he has passed through all the requisite grades, and has, in the opinion of his Gauri, acquired sufficient "hard breastedness," the latter presents him a handkerchief in the presence of all the members of the gang to which he belongs, and reminding him of the deeds of his forefathers, exhorts him not to be a disgrace to his profession and to them. The investiture of the handkerchief is, in the eyes of the Thug, the highest honour that could be conferred upon him; he looks forward to it with as deep a solicitude, and strives as strenuously for it as the student looks forward to and strives for the honours which he hopes to receive on commencement day.

Besides all his toil and the fees which he pays his Gauri, the investiture of the handkerchief costs him about twenty dollars, a large sum in the estimation of a poor Hindu; but toil and expense are soon forgotten in his newly acquired honours, and in the profits which they bring with them. Formerly he held a position of neither honour nor profit, but once invested with the handkerchief, he is advanced to the dignity of a stranger, and receives a stranger's share of the spoils.

Principles upon which Murdering is carried on, and cruel mode of operation.

His first victims are not taken indiscriminately, but are selected with the greatest care from among those who are of a feeble form, and of a timid bearing. When he has strangled a number of these, he is considered equal to any work which the gang may have for him to do. Thugs seldom commit murder in their own neighborhood; here they bear the character of honest men.—Their operations are carried on at a distance from their home. When they set out on one of their expeditions the greatest precaution is employed to prevent suspicion.—A band is seldom made up of Thugs from the same village, but from a number of villages; a place of rendezvous is mentioned by their leader, many miles, perhaps, from their respective villages, where they are to meet on a day appointed. Here a council is held and their course determined on. Sometimes a treasure-guard is to be attacked; in this case they all keep together, and as they carry no arms, and as upon such occa-

sions they assume the garb of pilgrims, they excite no suspicion, as all our leading roads swarm with the latter class. At night they obtain permission to encamp near the escort, as a mutual protection against the "Thugs," of whom they profess to have a great dread. When all has become quiet in the camp of their neighbours, they manage, by stratagem, to strangle the guard, and the rest of the escort soon share the same fate.

That their cries may not be heard, in case the surprise should not be perfect, they are careful to keep their drummers busy, in their own camp, from the time they halt in the evening, until the deed is perpetrated. While the strangling is going on, the grave-diggers are busy preparing a grave. Into this the murdered men are hastily thrown, the earth is carefully closed over them, and a fire is kindled over the spot, that all traces of the Khodai (a kind of picket used for the same purposes as a mattock) may be removed. In this way they have secured thousands of rupees in a single night.

Advices with which murder is committed and concealed.

If they hear of no treasure-guard, they divide into small bands to meet again at a given point, and give an account of their adventures and their gains to their leader. Some resort to the house of a rich Zamindar, murder him, his wife, his children, and his dependents, and having secured his valuables, take their departure. Others disguise themselves as religious beggars, and sit down by the wayside in some solitary place to beg; as the Hindus believe that great merit is to be obtained by giving to this class of persons, the wealthy among them, especially if they are on a pilgrimage to one of their many shrines, seldom lose an opportunity to give them something, that they may by this means secure the favor of heaven, but while in the act of bestowing charity upon them, one Thug attracts his attention while another strangles him with his handkerchief. To rob him of his purse, and dispose of his body is but the work of a moment.

Others disguise themselves as travellers and resort to the highway, and when they see a company of this class of men, whom they believe to have money, they unite themselves to them, profess to be of the same caste, eat, drink, and smoke with them, until a good opportunity presents itself, when they strangle them, secure whatever they may have on their persons, and then throw them into a neighboring well, or bury them in a hastily prepared grave.

A wicked plot crowned with success.

Colonel Sleeman, late President of the East India Company at Lucknow, in the kingdom of Oude, and a man who has done more for the suppression of Thuggie, than any other man living, tells the following story as illustrative of the manner in which the Thugs impose upon this class of persons. A Moghul of noble bearing, mounted on a fine horse, and attended by two servants, was on his way from the Punjab to Oude. Soon after crossing the Ganges, he fell in with a small company of well dressed, modest looking men, going the same road. After addressing him respectfully, they attempted to enter into a conversation with him, but fearing that they might be Thugs, he told them to be off. They at first affected to laugh at his fears, but seeing him in earnest they obeyed. The next day he overtook the same number of men, but now dressed as Mohammedans, the Moghul being one himself. They now spoke of the dangers of the way and wished to place themselves under his protection; again he declined their company, and as they saw that his quiver was full of arrows, that he had a brace of pistols in his belt and a sword at his side, they thought it prudent not to insist on the point which they wished to carry. Under another disguise the same thing was attempted on the day following, but with no better success. On the fourth day, when near the centre of a great plain, the Moghul came up to a party of six poor Mussulmans, who were weeping by the body of a dead companion. They said that they were soldiers who had long been absent from their families; that they were now on their way to Lucknow, where they resided; that their companion, the hope and stay of his family, had sunk under the fatigues of the journey; and that they had dug his grave, but that being unlettered men, they could not read the burial service from the Koran.

The Moghul's heart was touched, and not suspecting treachery, he dismounted, laid aside his weapons and calling for water, washed his hands and feet that he might pronounce the holy words in an unclean state. He then knelt down and began to repeat the funeral service—the next moment, both he and his servants were strangled, and the money and jewels for which they had been striving, for several days, were theirs. Their companion of course had only feigned to be dead, and the grave was intended for the Moghul and his servants.

Their superstitious character.

Thugs though not wanting in courage are exceedingly superstitious. The Khodai is regarded by them as a sacred thing; all oaths are sworn upon it—and the consequence of swearing falsely would be, in the belief of a Thug, certain death by some terrible disease. This instrument is committed to the care of a trusty person, who wraps it in a clean white cloth, and carries it in his waist-band, but who never sleeps with it on his person, and who never lets any of his gang see where he conceals it at night. Should he at any time let it fall on the ground, it is

Take pleasure in announcing that we have made arrangements with the Danville, South-Side, and Central Railroads, by which delegates to the Synod which meets in this city on the 14th of October, may obtain return tickets free of charge.

MOB LAW.

"That other shape, If shape it might be called, that shape had none." Milton.

We hear much of late about what is called the "higher law," but there is another law, if it is entitled to so honorable a name, a lower law, the basest of all that is called law, which deserves more reprobation than it receives.

In looking over our exchanges, scarcely a week elapses in which we do not meet with some new instance of summary vengeance inflicted upon a guilty or suspected man, by an incensed community arrogating to itself the right to condemn and punish.

Though such things are rare in this latitude, yet even in Virginia there have been outbreaks of the kind, which have found apologists on the ground that the provocation to inflict immediate punishment was so great, as to justify the omission of the tedious forms of law. We protest against all such action and doctrines. Violently to set aside the existing laws, or to snatch the avenging sword from the hand of law, is to imperil the dearest interests of any community.

Such interference on the part of the people is utterly indefensible, whether it exhibit itself in the forcible rescue of a fugitive slave from his legal guardians by a Massachusetts mob, or in the lynching of a convicted negro in Virginia, or whether it be displayed on a wider scale, as it was in the Vigilance committee, numbering its thousands, in California.

"Of law there can be no less acknowledgment," says Hooker, "than that her seat is the bosom of God; her voice the harmony of the world, all things in Heaven and Earth do her homage, the very least in feeling her care, and the greatest not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of all condition sever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the Mother of their peace and joy."

The law is but the embodied right of us all, the sole and final protector of every one against injustice. Its processes for detecting guilt, trying the truth or falsehood of accusations, and affixing proper penalties, have been matured by the wisdom and experience of centuries, and are never on account of any provocation or temporary inconvenience to be interrupted, because their regularity in all cases is essential to their utility in any case. And the most remis and uncertain execution of these processes is always preferable to a resort to mob-law. There is one thing forgotten by these advocates of violence in extreme cases; that the precedent they have set against others may be turned against themselves, and that when they have violated the supremacy of law they have broken down the only barrier that protects their own rights, lives, and families. Let but the artful and hostile demagogue direct against them the appetite for vengeance which they themselves have awakened among the populace, and they will find innocence no sufficient protection, where there is no guardianship of law. Are infuriated mob doers not reason, its violence leaves no time to investigate, the sympathetic frenzy of excitement passes like a contagion from one to another, for the time brutalizing all, and thus men commit atrocities as a mob, of which, in their individual action they would be incapable. Tacitus relates in his Annals of Tiberius Caesar, that when this saturnal tyrant began to slay Roman citizens without regular processes of law, at first his strokes fell upon those whom all men regarded as wretches, and therefore the unthinking applauded. But they soon found to their sorrow that this illegal power which their approval had encouraged, proceeded from the worst to the best and raged against themselves also. So when men approve, or consent to the action of a mob in avenging some particular outrage, because the action of the law seems too slow, or too lenient, their folly is just this, they are eager to destroy some annoying pest and they chain against it a tiger which no power can tame—no strength again fetter—and which after destroying the object of their wrath proceeds to destroy their families and themselves.

The iniquity of interrupting the regular course of law is particularly glaring in those States whose Constitutions give the election of magistrates to the people themselves. If a magistrate violates his implied pledges of fidelity to the law, in his official acts, he should indeed be visited with the sternest reprobation when he next meets his fellow citizens at the ballot box. But if the people elect to office weak and unprincipled men—or old women of the male sex—who have they to blame but themselves for a feeble administration of justice? How extreme the folly of making an instance of bad-administration, which they themselves have caused, a pretext for trampling on the majesty of law!

Besides we would think, when the judicial authority is delegated so directly from themselves, by their own direct act, and for their own good, that respect for themselves

would lead the people to guard the dignity of the magisterial office more jealously than ever. In trampling on the authority of law, the people trample on their own honor, and their own sovereignty, in the persons of their magistrates.

Especially at this time, when the spirit of insubordination is so rife in many parts of the land, when the foundations of society seem moving, and when there are so many points to inflame and to complicate popular passion, does it become the duty of every good citizen to study quietness, to set an example of obedience to the requirements of law—and boldly rebuke every violent interruption of its regular processes, as subversive of justice, and dangerous to the best interests of society.

A POINT OF COURTESY.

We never visited or heard of a country congregation in any Southern State, to which the reprehension contained in the following paragraph from the Philadelphia Presbyterian, was applicable; but as the inhabitants of towns and cities, even in our latitude, are by no means so celebrated for the Christian virtue of hospitality, as the people of the country are, all over the South, there may be those this side of Pennsylvania, who might get a word in season out of the critique of our cotemporary.

"It sometimes happens when a minister is called upon to occupy the pulpit of a congregation where he is a stranger, either as a supply for a vacancy, or in exchange with the pastor, that he meets a very chilling reception. We have no doubt it usually arises from thoughtlessness, but this is no excuse for lack of courtesy. We have known various cases in illustration:—one was that of a pastor of a prominent church, who travelled about one hundred miles to preach the anniversary of a great benevolent institution,—a very excellent discourse it was too,—and not one of the officers or attaches of the society so much as remained to shake his hand and thank him for the service. One of our contemporaries of a sister denomination thus speaks on the subject:—

"It is chilling to a man's soul, when he goes and preaches to a congregation of strangers, to have them all leave the house,—pastor's wife, deacons, and all,—without giving him one salutation of any kind. Christian courtesy demands something different from this, and the minister has a right to expect it. All are not required to stop and speak to a stranger minister; that is evident. But he should not, therefore, be left to go away without the greeting of some Christian voice, and the pressure of some brotherly hand. More properly this belongs to the deacons of the church. As the minister comes down from the pulpit, let some of the officers speak to him, and give him a friendly greeting and a hearty welcome. And if there be persons in the congregation who know the minister, and have met him elsewhere, let them stop and recognize a Christian brother."

To this we would add, that merely to "stop and recognize" a brother, is rather cold courtesy. A friendly greeting and the pressure of brotherly hands, is well enough, but a cordial invitation to come and stay at the house of the saluting member is far better. When a minister is permitted to stay at a hotel, and pay his bill, at the very place where he has been performing a gratuitous service, "the greeting of a Christian voice," and "the pressure of a brotherly hand," is just so much gammon.

EUROPEAN SKETCHES.

GLASGOW.

After visiting everything worth seeing in and around Belfast, we embarked one beautiful evening on the steamer Stag, in company with a large number of passengers, bound like ourselves, for Scotland. The pitching and rolling of the vessel in crossing the channel was unpleasant to the last degree, but by daybreak we were in the calm waters of the Clyde, and recompensed for discomforts of the night by the beautiful scenery of the shores, and by the deeply interesting associations awakened by the familiar name of every place we passed. The traveller in this venerable land of "the mountain and the flood," enjoys a pleasure far richer and more elevated than that which is excited by the contemplation of natural scenery, of magnificent castles, or thriving towns. It is not the Scotland of to-day that enchants him, but the Scotland of the past—the Scotland of history, of romance, of song; the land of brave men, of heroic women, of great champions for truth, of confessors and martyrs, of intrepid souls, undaunted by persecution, and steadfast to the death, in unwavering allegiance to "Christ's crown and covenant."

It was by the light of as sweet a morning as ever rose over river and plain, that we ran up the river Clyde, along by the ruins of old Cardross Castle, where Robert the Bruce yielded up his gallant spirit—by Roseneath, with its smoothly shaven lawn, encircling the summer-house of the young Duke of Argyll,—by Glencairn and Leven Water—by Dumbarton Rock, covered with batteries, and crowned by Wallace's tower,—by Bishopston, the residence of Lord Blantyre, and so along by the beautiful residences of Glasgow merchants, until passing the mouth of the gentle Kelvin, we came to our landing beside the great commercial capital of the North. A rapid drive from the steamer brought us to the Queen's Hotel, where we obtained pleasant rooms overlooking St. George's Park, in which stands a statue of Sir Walter Scott, and one of Sir John Moore, the subject of Wolfe's fine monody. Through the kindness of Richmond friends we had been furnished with letters of introduction to gentlemen in Glasgow, whose constant and delicate attentions rendered our stay in the city one of prolonged interest and pleasure. One of these, a noble specimen of the old race of Scotch merchants, devoted himself to our entertainment during several hours each day while we

remained in Glasgow, and to him are we indebted for some of the most agreeable recollections we retain of the city.

One of our first visits was to the Cathedral, a grand old pile, which has braved "the shock of battle and of breeze." I know not how many centuries, and which will continue to stand a good deal longer than it has done, if all of Andrew Fairservice's boast about it be true, when he says, "Ah, its a brave kirk, nane o' yere whig-maleeries and curlewrees, and opensteek hems about it—a solid, well-jointed mason work, that will stand as lang as the wall, keep hands, and gun-powther aff it."

And speaking of Andrew Fairservice, reminds me to remark just here, that not only in the Cathedral, and in Glasgow, but all over Scotland, the American traveller will find that he is indebted to Sir Walter Scott, for most of his associations with the memorable places he visits. His genius has illustrated and irradiated the whole land. His spirit still seems to animate the shores of its lakes, its mountain passes, and its mouldering ruins. His characters are felt to be more historical and more real than those of Robertson or Hume. Wherever the tourist wanders, they fill his memory, excite his imagination, and dwell in his heart. "Job Roy" has enticed thousands of visitors to the Highlands—"The Lady of the Lake" has made every shore and island of Loch Katrine classic; while the "Heart of Midlothian" has thrown a charm about the environs of Edinburgh, which will remain as long as the name of Jennie Dean excites our tender memory.

A Presbyterian Cathedral is something not to be seen every day—but here is one—not built by Presbyterians, as every body knows, but consecrated to the Established Church of Scotland, during the Revolution, and ever since occupied by them.

It is a grand and massive pile, by far the most imposing structure of the kind in Scotland. Within and all around are venerable tombs, and stone-slabs covered with dim and scarcely legible inscriptions. Opposite to the Cathedral, and beyond a deep chasm through which a turbid stream flows with subdued murmur, rises a bold hill, bristling with monuments, the most conspicuous of which is that of John Knox, surmounted by a statue of the brave Reformer, with uplifted arm, as if he were still uttering those memorable words, "As for danger that may come to me; let no man be solicitous; my life is in the custody of Him whose glory I seek. I desire the hand or weapon of no man to defend me."

It would be pleasant to linger among the tombs of the mighty dead who lie buried in the Necropolis, but other scenes and places beckon us on. And yet, if we could, we would still linger here, that we might longer indulge in that luxury of retrospection, of which D'Aubigne so finely speaks, when he says—"As for me, I delight in going back into past ages, and as I contemplate what I meet with in the places I visit, to seek out what happened there in times gone by. I cannot look upon a field of battle, without marshalling armies upon it; or an ancient house, without bringing back its inhabitants; or a church, without placing in its pulpit the illustrious men who preached there; and in the nave the audiences they were wont to animate with their words. I cannot pass through a cemetery without calling up its dead."

The more ancient part of Glasgow is composed of narrow, filthy streets, made up of mean houses, all swarming with a dirty and ragged population, yet so civil and deferential in their demeanor as to present to an American a striking contrast to the rude and insulting bearing of the same class in the large cities of our country, toward those who occupy a higher station in society than their own.

The interior of the city, however, abounds with noble buildings, and in the "West End" the long lines of superb houses arranged in the form of crescents, built of beautiful stone with a yellow tinge, and sweeping around little parks and bits of lawns, give to the traveller an impression of taste and elegance which he would never derive from the commercial streets of the city.

But all these fine crescents did not exist in the time of honest "Balie Nicol Jarvie." In his estimation the "Saut Market" was not only the glory of Glasgow, but of the world. It would have been too great a slight to the memory of that worthy official, not to have visited the Salt Market—and I peered for a moment into the window of the Inn which bears his name, and passed long before the tower where he held his memorable interview with the wild McGregor. The ancient Tolbooth is no more; its place is occupied by a very different structure; but the veritable old Tower of the prison still remains, though now instead of being guarded by ponderous doors, it has been pierced, and an arched pass-way across the lower floor, forms a thorough-fare for the busy denizens of the Salt Market.

We happened to be in Glasgow during the week of the Annual Fair, and this gave me an opportunity of seeing a phase of life such as is exhibited by what may be truly called the lower orders of society—the *proletarian vulgus*. This Fair was originally designed to be an annual market for the sale of all kinds of commodities, but it has degenerated into a week of mere diversion, of low pastimes, in which about the only sales made, are those of refreshments and whiskey. Thousands of people from the country, and artisans and idlers from the city, flock to the Fair, and keep up their noisy revels for several days. I went down one morning to "the Green," as the fair ground is called, a kind of open common, near the Clyde. It was difficult to pass through the immense throngs of people who obstructed the way, not only near the centre of attraction, but even in the streets leading to it.

All the thoroughfares in the vicinity of the Green, especially High Street, the Tron, and the Salt Market, were crowded with people, filling not only the side-walks, but the entire street. The sides of the fair ground were occupied by sheds, temporary houses of plank rufely put together, booths, stalls, tents, platforms, extempore theatres, and the wagons of showmen. Scattered among these points of interest to the gaping crowd, were all sorts of performances in progress at once—girls dressed in the Highland costume, exhibiting the Highland fling, and the broadsword dance, with liberal display of amazonian limbs—together with equestrians, tumblers, thimble-riggers, jugglers, mountebanks, rope-walkers, and knaves and fools of every description. In the motley throng I saw a veritable Yankee, as genuine a son of a nutmeg as ever sounded a nasal organ, trying to turn an honest penny, by exhibiting an instrument into which any one had permission to breathe through a tube, thereby raising a weight, to show the strength of the lungs. During the exhibition of these various fooleries, drums were beating, horns sounding, gongs thundering, while the cries of refreshment vendors, shrill and dissonant, and the stentorian voices of the agents of the different shows, vociferating their invitations to outsiders to come and behold the wonders within, made a Babel of the place, to which the Vanity Fair of Pilgrims Progress was but a circumstance.

Though it was Fair week, the people were not merry. Most of them looked weary and dejected. There was little hearty laughter. Even the free circulation of whiskey did not seem to inspirit the crowd. So large a proportion of homely faces I never saw together in any other assembly. Here were peasant women fresh from the fields, and Highlanders just off their native heather, but if it had been a Fair at which premiums were offered for the representative ugliness of all Europe, there could not have been a richer collection. I was impressed too with the apparent poverty of these people. Most of the women were bareheaded and barefooted. Many of them clad not only in coarse, but ragged garments.

The insane abolitionists abroad, and in the U. S., are continually harping upon the destitution and degradation of the slaves of the Southern States. I have given sketches of but three foreign cities—Liverpool, Dublin, and Glasgow—and yet during the few days I passed in these places, I saw more squalor, poverty, and misery, than I ever witnessed during my previous life among the colored population of the Southern States.

From "the Green," I took a drive to Gordon and Hamilton Crescents. The contrast which the two extremities of the city presented was refreshing. To pass from vulgar booths and stalls, crowded with people reeking with the commingled odors of tobacco, gin and garlic, to the lofty and airy lines of elegant tenements, sweeping with curvilinear grace along the hills which overlook the valley of the Clyde, and inhabited by persons of cultivated minds, refined taste, and polished manners, was to experience a transition of the most exhilarating character.

But such are the lights and shades, the vivid contrasts which life presents in all the great cities of the world.

MINISTERIAL.

Rev. S. Finley, of the Associate Reformed Church, has become united with the Presbytery of Zanesville.

Rev. Mr. Maynard, of the Methodist Protestant Church, has joined the Presbytery of Zanesville.

The Presbytery of Susquehanna received under their care the Presbyterian church in Brookfield, dismissed the Rev. E. H. Snowden, to connect himself with the Presbytery of Luzerne, and deposed Rev. Moses Ingalls, from the office of the gospel ministry, for contumacy, and suspended him from the communion of the church.

EDUCATION IN NORTH CAROLINA.—From a card in the North Carolina papers, signed by C. H. Wiley, Superintendent of Common Schools and other distinguished individuals in different counties, we notice that an Educational Convention is to be held in Salisbury, on Tuesday the 21st inst.—to which Professors in Colleges, Teachers in Classical and Common Schools, Officers of the Common School system, and all friends of North Carolina, are cordially invited to attend as delegates.

The hospitalities of the place are tendered to the delegates. This is moving in the right direction.

METRICAL VERSION OF THE PSALMS.—The Louisville Herald speaking of the New Version of the Psalms which is in contemplation by the Assembly's Committee and the Committee of the Associate Reformed Synod of the South, says:

"Our readers have doubtless observed that we have published three or four Psalms rendered into metre. They are from the pen of a distinguished legal gentleman of Kentucky, who has devoted his leisure hours in that way for some time past. Whether he intends to go through the whole of the Psalms, we do not know. As he has some taste in that way, and is a man of most excellent judgment, he might possibly render the Committee some aid in the work which they have undertaken. He has frequently sat in the General Assembly as a member. A good metrical version of the Psalms is a great desideratum, whether it be adopted by the two bodies or not. If they can succeed in procuring one which they will both approve, it will be one step towards a union.

NEW TEMPERANCE PAPER.—Many of our readers will be gratified to learn that the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance in Virginia, have determined to establish a newspaper to be published monthly in the

city of Richmond, in a quarto form of eight pages, to be called "THE VIRGINIA CONDUCTOR." It will be edited by Thos. J. Evans, Esq., in connection with a publishing committee, consisting of W. T. Willey, of Morgantown, Rev. John A. Broadus, of the University of Va., and Lucian Minor, of Williamsburg; and to be devoted to the advocacy of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, to the diffusion of information concerning the Order and the general progress of the temperance reformation in this and other States.

All letters in regard to the paper, and all subscriptions thereto to be sent to Thos. J. Evans, Richmond, Virginia. Terms on which the paper will be furnished \$1 per annum payable in all cases in advance.

COMMUNICATIONS.

The Editors acknowledge the receipt of the following sums, viz: For Board of Foreign Missions, \$4 37 1/2; For Domestic do., 4 37 1/2; For Board of Education, 4 37 1/2; For Board of Publication, 4 37 1/2; from Jas. Rangeley, Esq., Patrick C. H., Va. For Foreign Missions, 5 00; For Domestic do., 5 00; from a member of Nottoway church.

For the Central Presbyterian.

A Lesson from Art.

In a collection of photographs, I have seen a representation of two sculptured figures holding each an antique water-pitcher and bearing together a light yoke with hooks hanging from the ends to support the pitchers when they are filled. The faces are towards each other, the same smile on either mouth, and the mutual glance full of the soul's mute language. The communion is beautiful, but the pitchers are empty. The two have forgotten their work in thinking of each other.

In the published volume of outline engravings from Washington Allston's sketches, there is one of two angels in the foreground of that great painting—"Jacob's Dream." They are embracing each other in the descent to earth, their long robes mingling on the heavenly stairs, their white wings lovingly pressed together. But their earnest glance is earthward. The two have forgotten each other in thinking of their work.

Fort Lewis, Roanoke Co.

For the Central Presbyterian.

West Hanover Presbytery.

Messrs. Editors.—There is one subject connected with the late meeting of our Presbytery at Buffalo which has not been noticed in your paper, and one involving very serious consequences to our Church, our College and Seminary. It is true that we had a most harmonious and pleasant meeting, and our susceptibilities were favorably impressed with the overflowing cordiality and hospitality of the people, but it was sad to see that there was almost nothing to report of the prosperity of our Zion and the numerical increase of membership from this large Presbytery. While death continues to thin our ranks we only report about one hundred members added to the Church as the fruits of the labors of thirty-three ministers in a population of upwards of 300,000 souls. Were this an annual occurrence in our history we might live in hope, but we have been in this languishing condition for many years. Much has been said and written concerning it, but no amendment has been the result, and therefore it would seem needless to say more. But one of our prominent brethren was called upon to give an address upon the subject with a view to impress upon the minds of both ministers and people the importance of more faithfulness. He said we had as a body a fair amount of talents, influence and popular favor, and all the elements of outward prosperity, and that there was not one member whose piety could be called in question, and yet we seemed almost to spend our strength for naught. Then the question was "what is the cause?" In reference to this point he made some good suggestions to both clergy and laity, and I would follow the train of thought and add a few more; but it is much more easy to see the evil than to ascertain the cause or causes and remove them. One general cause of apathy in religion at this time no doubt is our secular prosperity, being proud and extravagant, avarice and ambition, coldness and blindness. "Thou sayest that I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing, and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked," is the language of our ascended Lord and Master. No doubt every true Christian has felt this to some extent in himself and lamented it. But as other denominations with all their disadvantages are getting ahead of us, we cannot attribute our stationary condition wholly to the good providence of God in temporal things. Nor should we attribute it to the sovereignty of God, unless we are prepared to believe that he exerts his sovereignty in a special manner against Presbyterianism. An intelligent Methodist minister informed me a few days ago that his Church enjoyed extensive revivals this year in nearly all parts of the United States, and a Baptist friend has handed me the minutes of this Association embracing only three counties, showing an increase of 222; but this is considered an encouraging report from a body that two years ago reported 400. They, therefore, "Resolved, that in view of the prevailing coldness of our district, and our great destitution of ministers, we appoint the Friday before the 3rd Lord's day in October, as a day of fasting humiliation and prayer, for God's blessing to be poured out upon us." But we, with a district embracing twenty-two counties report one hundred! And yet where are our tears and lamentations? Would it not be well for our Synod to think of this matter, and appoint a day to mourn over it?

1. One of the causes then may be a neglect of earnest prayer and solemn fasting and humiliation in the sight of God. 2. Our preaching may not be sufficiently earnest. We must cease to read our sermons, and look at the people as if we felt what we said, as do lawyers and politicians. 3. We may be defective in family visitation. Dr. Chalmers said this was the only way to obey the command "Preach the gospel to every creature;" and we will go to the pulpit with more feeling and better knowledge than we can gain in the closet. But Bible reading and Bible preaching are all important in this day, in lieu of polished art and man's device.

4. We may be wrong in our Church music. We have now ceased generally to parcel out the lines of our hymns, and consequently the pauper who is not able to buy a book and the slave who cannot read are debarred from this delightful and animating part of God's worship. But Christ says, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them;" and this is given as one of the best evidences of his Messiahship. 5. We may not follow up impressions well, when they are made in our congregations, and they are soon lost by a worldly influence, or other denominations reap the fruit. We need not fall into the fanaticism sometimes seen, but in this day of heat and speed, fire and steam, we must not be idle if we would make progress. Indeed Christ and Paul and Peter were sometimes so earnest and urgent for the salvation of souls, they were thought to be beside themselves, but they cared not for it. Not many days past a good layman came to us with a complaint against a neighboring minister as too Methodist in his manner of preaching and conducting meetings. I told him he was that as it may, he had added more consistent members to the Church than any man in his Presbytery. Without a miracle one day's preaching will seldom make the gay and giddy very serious; and therefore we must meet again and follow up impressions with protracted meetings or prayer-meetings at private houses. And it is better to see each one apart and speak to his case, to shoot at a single bird than to shoot at random in the midst of a whole flock, as Dr. D. of our Seminary once said.

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Timely.

At the risk of again awakening the ire of those Editors of the secular press, whose tender and jealous regard for the purity of religion was so excited by the impety of the Richmond clergy in recommending the people to pray for their country, that they were constrained to relieve their troubled consciences by severely rebuking the meddling Parsons for their officiousness—we venture upon the liberty of making a quotation or two from a discourse on Prayer lately delivered in Lexington, Ky. It was preached by the Rev. Wm. L. Breckinridge, and published at the request of a number of his hearers. The great duty it urges is one which seems to become more solemnly imperative with the progress of each succeeding week. Let Christian patriots read—and be animated to look to Him, from whom cometh our help and our strength.

"I am not of them who despair of the republic. I was brought up in the firm persuasion that the hand of God laid the foundations of the Government in manifest relations to great events, that he has built it up in marvelous kindness, and with most especial care, and peculiar purposes of mercy, and so, that He has destined it to a great career for good and not evil to the world through many generations. And now that I am a man, in the maturity of my days, the impressions of childhood have not passed away. The beautiful visions of our youth are apt to lose their brightness as age steals over us, but those in which I used to dream of the enduring greatness and transcendent glory of the country are not dispelled. I love to think of the olden times. I cling to the memory of the noble men and women, who braved the ocean and the wilderness, and the savage, for conscience's sake, and out of love for truth and liberty. I love to recognize their spirit, in them that achieved the independence of the colonies, and cemented the Union of these States, and in them who have stood for the whole country, healing all divisions among the people, upholding the Constitution as it is, and insisting that the Federal Union must be preserved. I cannot bear to think that this spirit has departed from us.

But I freely acknowledge that my hope for the country is in God. I do not presume to intrude on the province of statesmen—neither to impugn their wisdom nor to doubt their virtue, but it seems to me, that in the present condition of our affairs, the help of man is vain. If the Lord will not interpose to save us from ourselves—I do not say that all is lost—but I shudder to contemplate the dreadful prospect. The danger is made manifest by the strange disorders and turbulence of these times, unknown, incredible, in other days. Had one foretold them to our fathers or ourselves a few years back, no man had believed him, like the fabled prophetess of antiquity with truth upon her lips, which seemed to all a lie.

The measures of policy in the government, the concessions of legislation, which might afford a remedy, it is not for me to suggest. This is the work of statesmen. Heated partisans insist that the only remedy is the triumph of their party. For myself, I firmly believe that the strength of our hope is in prayer. The cause of our trouble is in the hearts of the people, and they are in the hand of God, who only can change them in such a time as this. If indeed you love your country, if indeed you fear Him and hope in His mercy, you can bear it on your hearts before the throne of grace, and there you may wield a power which the worst passions of men cannot resist.

Out of the love of God, out of your love of country, lay the case before Him, and be quick and earnest in your requests. Let not your faith fail you, and all the more for the greatness and the urgency of the matter. The hearer of prayer will respect your importunity. He wishes you to love your country, and to give her your best service in her need, and that is now, most clearly, to pray for her. Let a cheerful hope give life and spirit to your prayer. Let the courage of brave hearts quicken your devotion to your country, and inspire you with new zeal for her honor.

It is related, to the enduring praise of an ancient city, that when a powerful enemy was thundering at her gates, the ground on which the daring soldiers stood was offered for sale, to test the virtue and patriotism of her citizens. In a moment it was taken at the largest price. That was love of country and the confidence of a great destiny. Let us imitate these heathen—the more, as we have a better government, a better people, and, best of all, the God of our fathers to put our trust in. To Him, then, let us look, anxious, indeed, but not doubting; hopeful, believing—remember His kindness to them who have gone before us, beseeching Him to grant the same to us and to them that shall come after us. And, if He will graciously incline his ear to hear us, and will unite the hearts of the people in peace and love, we will render the praise and thanksgiving to His most blessed and holy name, and we and our children and our children's children, throughout all generations. Amen.

The influence of this journal is a recognized power in Europe, and, of course, none is more conscious of it than its conductors. The usual plan of the Missionaries in the Free Church of Scotland in India, is to divide themselves into parties and thus go out to the villages by which their principal station is surrounded, and by this means they reach different sections of the population, and bring the truths of the gospel to bear upon much larger numbers. In giving a description of the work, Mr. McCallum, in company with a native preacher, thus writes to the Edinburgh Record. "Walking along to Hudson Pettah one morning with four of the native agents, we succeeded in attracting a number of the villagers, who followed us until we had reached a suitable place for preaching. We took our stand under the shade of a grotesque old tree in front of a large idol car, with three stone idols close beside us. During the singing of the 100th Psalm, about two hundred of all classes gathered round us, including a goodly number of respectable females. After a short prayer, translated into Tamil, had been offered up, Acts xvii: 21-31 was read, and a simple exposition given of the 30th verse, and S. Ramanojum followed this up by an interesting and effective address on the nature and necessity of repentance. The attention given throughout was such as to induce the preachers unconsciously to continue the service for an hour and a half. Almost all who were passing along the road stood and listened to the close, and although several stragglers kept moving and talking when the sin and folly of idolatry were exposed, they always remained within sound of the preacher's voice. Towards the conclusion of the address there was some interruption, but it was got rid of by the assurance that an opportunity would be given of stating objections to anything that had been said, and when afterwards asked to come forward, they all quietly dispersed. In the evening we went to Pooypankum, and, standing within the court of an idol temple, united in singing the praises of the Great Jehovah. Men, women, and children came running to us in all directions, and by the time we had sung eight lines, about three hundred were eagerly waiting to hear what strange tidings were to be made known to them. A rude self-confident fellow came dashing through the crowd in breathless haste, and attempted to interrupt our work by asking some impudent questions, when the Rev. P. Rajahogopal, with much tact and self-possession, told him to breathe a little first, as he was evidently exhausted. This well-timed remark at once secured the sympathy of all in favor of the speaker, and he went on at once to address his deeply interesting audience from the first line of the Kural. The subject was, God the author of all things. It were difficult to describe the effect of his withering exposure of the sin, folly, and danger of idolatry, while standing within the very precincts of the temple—and then unfolding the glory and grace of Him who is both the Creator and Saviour of the world. The ever-changing countenances of the hearers as the preacher proceeded with his impassionate and soul-stirring discourse, the arresting of every passer-by, and then their riveted attention, while some were tottering under their varied loads, plainly told that all understood and felt its power, while the burning rage and profanity of a few revealed the desperate enmity of man's heart to God."

It may here be suggested that this was very probably the primitive mode of publishing the gospel. The shade of a tree—the hill side—the bank of a river—any place might serve as a pulpit from which instruction could be given to those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. And it seems to be indicated in the direction—"As ye go, preach"—that the pulpit has no fixed position, but that in all places and at all times; the word of the Lord may be sounded forth.

A Pulpit in India.

The usual plan of the Missionaries in the Free Church of Scotland in India, is to divide themselves into parties and thus go out to the villages by which their principal station is surrounded, and by this means they reach different sections of the population, and bring the truths of the gospel to bear upon much larger numbers. In giving a description of the work, Mr. McCallum, in company with a native preacher, thus writes to the Edinburgh Record. "Walking along to Hudson Pettah one morning with four of the native agents, we succeeded in attracting a number of the villagers, who followed us until we had reached a suitable place for preaching. We took our stand under the shade of a grotesque old tree in front of a large idol car, with three stone idols close beside us. During the singing of the 100th Psalm, about two hundred of all classes gathered round us, including a goodly number of respectable females. After a short prayer, translated into Tamil, had been offered up, Acts xvii: 21-31 was read, and a simple exposition given of the 30th verse, and S. Ramanojum followed this up by an interesting and effective address on the nature and necessity of repentance. The attention given throughout was such as to induce the preachers unconsciously to continue the service for an hour and a half. Almost all who were passing along the road stood and listened to the close, and although several stragglers kept moving and talking when the