

# The Central Presbyterian.

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## Central Presbyterian.

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Richardson & Southall,  
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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### Letter from Massachusetts.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD, MASS.,  
July 21, 1881.

#### Notes of Travel.

The exigencies of a protracted invalidity necessitated a sudden exodus from the fearful temperature of the "heated term" which re-tered, like a sirocco, on the burning pavements of the beautiful "flower city."

#### From Rochester to Troy.

We left our adopted home in Rochester, N. Y., July 9th, via that best constructed, best conducted railroad in the world, the New York Central, with its four tracks of steel rails all the way from Rochester to Albany, 229 miles. To a large class of your readers a description of this route will be uninteresting, and as dull as a tale twice told. It is the grand highway to Niagara Falls, which wonder of the world many of your readers have doubtless visited. But there are other readers who have not "done" this great thoroughfare who will be interested while I am telling them that in this distance of 229 miles one passes through twenty-nine towns and cities of all sizes, with populations varying from 1,000 to 90,963—a city for about every eight miles. From this statement one can form some idea of the density of the population of the Empire State. This idea of denseness of population is further enhanced by the assurance that the interspaces of these numerous cities are occupied by farms of sizes from two to two hundred acres—a two hundred acre farm always spoken of as a very large farm.

The four-track railroad runs right alongside the celebrated Erie canal, whose measurements are seventy feet wide and seven feet deep and 300 miles long, and extends from Buffalo to Albany. On its bosom float hundreds of canal boats, carrying eight to 10,000 bushels of grain.—If one will keep his eyes open, while he is surprised by meeting or passing passenger and freight trains of interminable lengths every few minutes, he is no less surprised that these great big canal boats, almost as large as small ships, follow and pass each other in such numbers as to suggest, in some places, the possibility of one's walking as on a bridge of boats.—And all this day and night, and, alas! Sunday too. What must the freightage and the tonnage be?

As the voyager flies along, averaging a speed of thirty miles an hour, and, if he land time, sixty miles an hour, he passes through many cities with which are associated some peculiar interests—a few only of which I will mention.

The city of Syracuse, with a population of 51,000, midway between Buffalo and Albany, near Lake Onondaga, is the largest salt market in the country, sending out annually nine millions of bushels of salt, made in a large way by solar evaporation. This evaporation is effected in this way, viz: Literally acres of shallow tanks are filled with the salt water, and each tank is covered by movable roofs, which can be slipped off when the sun is shining, and instantly replaced when rain is threatened. To the stranger it is a great wonder, as he sees acres of what appear to him to be low chicken coops sitting upon the ground, to be told they are salt-vats for making salt by solar evaporation. This is soon explained, as he sees these roofs slipped off or indeed car-loads and boat-loads of the pure immaculate salt glittering in bulk in the sunlight.

#### The Home of the Isms.

Oneida is the head-centre of the famous Communistic Society called the Oneida Commune, which, strange to say, as a festering sore on the body politic, is permitted to canker and stink in the nostrils of all conservative people. It is, or was, until recently the only full-blown, thoroughly organized Free-Love Society in the country. It is composed of some 300 men and women, holding all things—men and women as well—in common, marriage religiously prohibited, yet their existence "winked at" and allowed, by the outside

world, because of their exemplary habits of industry and strict honesty in all their dealings.

Strange, passing strange it is, that New York State, confessedly the Empire State of this Union, not only in wealth and all the items of an advanced material civilization, but also of the highest type of pure Christianity, should have the unenviable notoriety of being the "fons et origo" of the most heaven-defying, God-insulting, blasphemous infidelity. This is illustrated, not only in the permitted existence of the law-defying "Oneida Commune," but of Mormonism, Spiritualism, Abolitionism, Woman's-Rights-ism, and half a dozen other isms. For it was near the small town of Palmyra (of a population of 3,000) that Joe Smith, the father and founder of Mormonism, is reported to have found the golden plates of the Mormon Bible. Here he formed his first Society, then removed to Nauvoo, Illinois, where he was murdered in 1844 by the citizens. Brigham Young then became Prophet of the Latter-Day Saints, and in 1847 he founded Salt Lake City, Utah. "Ex uno disce omnia." Spiritualism dates its original existence and infamy from this same town. The first spiritual "raps" were heard by the notorious Fox family near Palmyra, March 31st, 1849. Woman's-Rights-ism and Abolitionism, in the persons of Susan B. Anthony and "all the Beechers," ranted, and fumed, and perfumed the vital air of this grand "Empire." Par nobile sororum et fratrum.

Ilion is the sight of the great "Remington Rifle Works," where 800 rifles and thousands of small arms are finished daily. But this "descriptive catalogue" is enough to excite the interest of the traveller. Something of interest could be said of almost each one of the twenty-nine towns. Each traveller must see for himself. Verb. sap. sat.

#### From Troy by Hoosac Tunnel to Boston.

By the "Hoosac Tunnel Route" we passed through Vermont and Northern Massachusetts, over the most picturesquely beautiful and fascinating country I ever saw. We were flying along forty miles an hour, when the conductor began to light the lamps, and in a moment we dashed into that wonder of engineering skill, the Hoosac Tunnel, which is nearly five miles long, and but little, if in anything but its length, inferior to the world-famed Mount Cenis Tunnel. Imagine our surprise, while the lamp-lighting was yet going on—presto, quick, in a moment, from the bright, broad daylight of a cloudless ten o'clock in the morning, in a temperature well up in the nineties, even in the mountains, in a moment we were (except for the lamps) in pitchy darkness, and the temperature so cold as to necessitate the tightening of our wraps and closing all the windows to exclude the cold air. After enjoying, rather suffering from, these extremes for fifteen minutes, we emerged into the open light and warm air, and to our amazement found all the glass windows trickling with the vapor condensed by the outside cold air, as if we had been in mid-winter. It is stated that engineers are puzzling their brains to invent some means by which the oppressively heated air of Mount Cenis Tunnel may be cooled. We respectfully suggest they consult our inventive Yankee engineers, and that our engineers consult the Mount Cenis engineers to learn the art of heating Hoosac Tunnel; for really one would very easily take severe cold from the sudden fall of temperature on such a hot day as we passed through Hoosac Tunnel.

Along this enchanting route one can truly say "every prospect pleases." Here in full bloom is witnessed the practical utilization of every inch of water-power, and village after village, and town after town, is vocal with the hum and din of the busy and industrious manufactory in which is produced everything, from the sumptuous piano, suited to adorn the parlors of a palace, to the bone button or wooden comb.

Through miles of travel we see miles of stone fences, suggesting to the careless observer the thrift and energy of the farmer. But these stone fences are "ex necessitate rei," and easily explained, viz: The earth is so monopolized by the stone, unless the farmer takes them off the land he will have no land to cultivate, and the best disposal or use he can make of these stones is to put them out of the way by putting them into the shape of barns and fences. He makes a virtue of necessity; for I observed, where there was no stone convenient or in the way, his fences were just like our fences, even the Virginia worm-fence not despised. So while the poet, rather poetess, I believe, sings of New England's "rock-bound coast," she might have sung

of New England's "rock-bound" farms; for above, and more than any country I ever saw, the lands of New England are the rockiest. Acres of these lands are so rocky that even the enterprise and ingenuity of the thrifty Yankee have abandoned these rocks, and in despair have let them severely alone.

But to their credit be it said, wherever soil can be found the Yankee farmer has brought his land to the finest tilth and highest cultivation. It is claimed that the hay crop of New England is equal in value to the cotton crop of the South.

But this is a long divergence. You see I am writing with a very "currente calamo," and I beg pardon for this digression.

#### A First-Class Hotel.

After emerging from Hoosac Tunnel, being "behind time," we flew through the country with a speed actually frightful, accomplishing the remarkable feat of making seventeen miles in fifteen minutes (sixty eight miles an hour), or a mile and a quarter to the minute—too fast to be pleasant or safe—for the engine broke down, and we lost an hour and all our connections; so we were compelled to lie over in the "Hub" (Boston). This necessity was utilized very profitably and pleasantly by our seeing what was to be seen and realizing the exquisite sensation of being punctured and sucked at every pore accessible to the inventive ingenuity of a swindling, first-class hotel. In such a house we lodged, and fed a l'Européenne, and in our simplicity were highly amused by the legion (for their name was many) modes of extorting for "extras." I was almost afraid to ask for my bill, for fear the stately, condescending whipper-snapper of a clerk would put that request as an "extra" into the bill. What do you think of thirty-five cents each for eggs, and one dollar sixty cents for a "spring chicken" about the size of a small robin. We felt we had encountered a foul swindle, and let fowls severely alone afterwards.

But it was really funny to witness and endure the whole proceeding, if not repeated too often; as musicians say, "da capo." Like the vampire, while he sucked he soothed by the ineffably amusing adroitness of the open imposture. I am afraid to give the name of the "House," for fear the proprietor would send me another bill for "extras."

#### From Boston to Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

But we left the Hub with our bottom-dollar barely escaping the rapacious grasp of our extortioner, and, via the Old Colony road, wended our way towards our point of destination, Martha's Vineyard, which point we reached about noon, and of which more anon, if I can get up energy enough to draw out another letter; for this, above all places at which I have ever sojourned, is the laziest, loungingest, sleep-provokingest spot. Everybody sleeps here all day and all night of the first week, and it should be yclept "Sleepy Hollow," par excellence. Rip Van Winkle might have been here.

En route from Boston to Wood's Hall, the terminus of the Old Colony railroad, and the landing of the line of steamers to the Vineyard, every mile presents items and points of interest. Quaintest, queerest old-time buildings and peoples arrest your eye at every turn. This is ye old New England gone to seed. Houses weatherboarded with shingles instead of boards, old dilapidated wind-mills—the wind played out—tumble-down dwellings, barns, and stone fences, all take us back to past historic periods, even the red sandstone, and record the verity and severity of the rasping "tempus edax rerum," and Ichabod is imprinted deeply upon all of man's handiwork. It is impossible to conceive that one is yet in active, alive, awake Massachusetts. For very shame, they have poked all this antiquity away out into the sea, and rounded it off like a broken horn, in Cape Cod.

But it pays profitably to take this trip, and, taking all in all, one will ne'er look on its like again anywhere but in this Vineyard and Nantucket, of which I will tell you in my next. W. B. F.

—The failure of the Porte to make good its promises to either effect or permit a junction of its railway system with that of Austria, has been followed by the promised forward movement on the part of the latter country. It will be remembered that, some weeks ago, Austria made a peremptory demand for the promised concessions, accompanied with a hint that troops would be posted in such a manner as to cut Turkey in two in the event of a refusal. The Porte procrastinated as usual, and last week Austria occupied Novi Bazar, as the initial step in carrying out her threat. The movement was made ostensibly to stop existing brigandage, but really to force the Porte to grant the railway privileges promised. The occupation once made, however, it will be strange if Austria does not make it a basis for a further advance upon Salonica, and ultimately upon Constantinople. The Porte may protest, but Austria knows right well that her hope of empire lies south of the Danube. Slowly but surely she is crawling toward the Dardanelles, willing that her northern provinces should fall into the hands of Germany if only she may gain possession of the remnants of the Ottoman Empire.—Interior.

Never associate with bad company; have good company or none.

#### Questions About the Sabbath.

LOUISA COURT HOUSE, VA.

Messrs. Editors.—The Sabbath question is one concerning which the masses of the people are almost entirely ignorant. Indeed very few persons among religionists have given the subject any attention.

I desire to ask a few questions on the subject, not with a view to controversy, but for the sole purpose of obtaining information.

1. Is the law in the Decalogue binding on us in this age?

2. If so, why do we not keep the seventh-day, or Saturday?

3. What scriptural authority is there for a change from the seventh to the first?

4. In fact, has there been any change at all? Were not all the typical and ceremonial institutions and ordinances of the Patriarchal and Jewish ages abolished by the death of Christ? See Rom vii: 1-6, Gal. iii: 19-25, Heb. viii: 6-13, etc.

5. Are not the Sabbath day and the Lord's day—the seventh day and the first day—two different and distinct days, commemorative of two entirely distinct events? Does any one, indeed, keep the Sabbath day according to the rules ordained by the Almighty for its observance by the Jews?

Very Respectfully, L. A. CUTLER.  
[An answer to the questions will be found on our editorial page.]

#### A Card from Dr. Mullally.

LEXINGTON, VA., July 27th, 1881.

Messrs. Editors.—The statement made in connection with my name in the *Richmond Whig* of yesterday, is an utter misrepresentation. To convince you of this it is only necessary to lay before you the plan of the discourse which I did deliver in Lexington, Va., by invitation of the Good Templars of this town on the 17th inst. The theme was Drunkenness. So far, and only so far, was the item referred to in the *Whig*, a true account of my discourse. I discussed *Drunkenness*—1st. In relation to the State, showing that it is a crime, and ought to be dealt with as a crime; 2d. In relation to the Philanthropist, showing that suitable recreation and means of proper excitement ought to be provided for the young; 3d. In relation to the Church, presenting the duty of Christians to those in danger of becoming drunkards and to those who have fallen into the horrible snare. Let any one compare this with the discourse described in the *Whig* as having been delivered by me at the same time and place as the above plan was elaborated, and he will be convinced that I am perfectly correct when I pronounce the statement in the *Whig* to be an ugly fiction. I am, gentlemen, Your humble servant and friend, FRANCIS P. MULLALLY.

## NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

### Southern Presbyterian.

**Suffolk Church, Va.**—The readers of the *Central*, and especially those who responded so liberally to the card of Dr. T. D. Witherspoon, asking aid for the Suffolk church, will be pleased, no doubt, to learn that this church will be ready for our use in a few weeks. All who see the building, pronounce it a model little church, our building committee have added a pastor's study and session-room to the building. Although the entire \$500 called for in Dr. Witherspoon's card has not been raised, (something over \$50 yet lacking,) it is proper to say that with commendable promptness all that was promised has been paid.

I will add that our church has been further encouraged by the addition of five new members, four of these heads of families. We hope very soon to be able to extend to you, Messrs. Editors, and those who have furnished help to Suffolk church, an invitation to be present at the dedicatory services.

Your faithfully, L. E. SCOTT.

**Rev. J. R. Graham, D. D.**, of Winchester, Va., with a party of ladies, including Mrs. Graham, spent the Sabbath, July 31st, in Lexington, Va., being on a visit to the family of Hon. J. R. Tucker, the uncle of Mrs. Graham. Dr. Graham preached in the Presbyterian church morning and night. The sermons were models in every respect; such sermons as a pastor would desire a visiting brother to preach in his pulpit.

**Rev. Dr. Read, of Richmond**, preached at the Rockbridge Alum Springs last Sunday. A correspondent writes, "The morning was lovely, and the parlors, porches, and halls were crowded to hear him. The L. M. doxology was first sung; then Dr. Read offered a short invocatory prayer; read the first and second lessons, and offered a most touching prayer. His petitions for the President, his family, the country, etc., brought tears to the eyes of many, and he concluded with the Lord's prayer, in which hundreds united with him. Then without a book he recited the hymn commencing, 'O could I speak the matchless worth,' and all arose and sang. His text was 'Ye are complete in Him.' The sermon produced a profound sensation and the people have been talking about it ever since."

**Rev. James B. Converse**, formerly editor of the *Christian Observer*, and for the last two years the evangelist of Holston and Knoxville Presbyteries, has accepted, subject to the approval of the Presbytery, pastoral calls from the Blountsville, New Bethel, and Pleasant Grove churches in the western part of Sullivan county, Tenn. They form a large field of missionary labor. His address is Blountsville, Sullivan county, Tenn.

**Rev. W. Hooper, D. D.**, of Selma, Ala., preached Sunday morning in the Grace Street Read's church of this city, and in the evening at the First Church (Dr. Preston's). These two congregations have been worshipping together for several Sabbaths in the absence of Dr. Read, and services are held alternately at the two churches. Dr. Hooper is a native of Hanover county, not far from Richmond, and his first pastoral charge was near the home of his youth. He has many friends in this city who were glad to welcome him back. His sermons were very fine and full of instruction.

**Rev. D. O. Davies**, of Henderson, Ky., was in Richmond last week. He was on his way to Florida, on a business trip.

**The Columbia Theological Seminary**—The Board of Directors of the Columbia Theological Seminary met on July 19th, 1881.

A letter from the Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer was read, declining to accept the Professorship of Pastoral Theology. After a full and free conference on the condition of the Seminary, a Committee was appointed to prepare an appropriate paper. They made the following report, which was unanimously adopted:

"The Committee appointed to embody the results of the conference on the condition of the Seminary, would recommend the following action, viz:

"1. The Board hereby records its profound regret at the conclusion to which Dr. Palmer has arrived in declining the Professorship to which he was elected last May, but feels itself reluctantly shut up to acquiesce, at least for the present, in his conscientious views of the matter.

"2. Furthermore, the Board now finds that, because of the delay inevitably occasioned by the steps taken to obtain Dr. Palmer's services for the Seminary, sufficient time is not now left to secure the needed addition to the Faculty, in order to resume the exercises of the institution in September next. The Board therefore expresses its great reluctance at being compelled to keep the Seminary closed for another year.

"3. Encouraged by the extraordinary liberality of the friends of the institution, and firmly resolved to resume its exercises in 1882, the Board now sees its way clear to elect two additional Professors—which step is judged to be the more necessary in order that the associated Synods may have the opportunity for such action as may be deemed proper at their next regular meetings."

The Board then entered upon the election of two additional Professors, viz., a Professor of "Church Government and History," and an Associate Professor of "Biblical Literature."

Rev. Dr. T. D. Witherspoon of Petersburg, Va., was elected Professor of Church Government and History, and Rev. Prof. Charles R. Hemphill, of the Southwestern Presbyterian University, was elected Associate Professor of Biblical Literature. Both of these brethren were elected on the first ballot, and by a unanimous vote. As, however, the exercises of the Seminary will not be resumed until September, 1882, their tenure of office will not begin until July 1st, 1882.

The following resolution was also adopted:

"Resolved, That the Board appoint a Committee of three to confer with the chairmen of the Synodical Commissions, regarding the modifications of the existing Constitution of this Seminary, which may be useful in order to adapt it to the new relations of the institution to the Synods."

The Rev. Drs. Boggs, Mack, and Clisby were appointed this Committee. J. B. M.

### Linville Creek, Rockingham Co., Va.

We have just closed a series of services in connection with our communion on the 17th inst. Two persons were received by letter. Linville Creek church is growing in membership slowly but steadily. Congregations are good and increasing in number, and give serious attention to the preaching of the word. A wonderful advance has been made in their deportment, in the house of God. We were assisted at our communion by Rev. Robert Hall, D. D., of Alabama, "whose praise is in all the churches." His preaching is largely expository. His application is pointed and practical; truth and the sinner are brought face to face; the sinner is stripped of every refuge of lies, and shut up to the faith of Christ. Such preaching cannot fail to bring forth fruit; we look for it. God's "word shall not return unto him void." We know that we shall "reap in due season, if we faint not." We do not like to look at the discouragements that surround us in our work, but at the promises of God, on which he has made us to hope. A. H. P.

**Cooper Colored Church.**—The commission appointed by North Mississippi Presbytery to organize a colored Presbyterian church at Sand Springs, completed the organization in June. The church has thirteen members; is named "Cooper Colored Presbyterian church," has two elders and one deacon. They have a Bible class, under the tuition of Rev. B. W. Mecklin, of twenty-five members, which meets every Sabbath.—*Christian Observer*.

**Weimar, Texas.**—A communion meeting was held on the second Sabbath in July, at Weimar, Colorado county, Texas, the first in the Presbyterian church since its removal to Weimar from Osage. Rev. W. Kilpatrick is the supply. Thomas Hubbard was elected and ordained ruling elder. Three young persons were received on profession of faith into the church, and two children were baptized.—*Texas Presbyterian*.

(Continued on 5th page.)