

American Volunteer.

"OUR COUNTRY—MAY IT ALWAYS BE RIGHT—BUT, RIGHT OR WRONG, OUR COUNTRY."

VOL. 46.

CARLISLE, PA., THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1860.

NO. 40.

AMERICAN VOLUNTEER.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY JOHN B. BRATTON.

TERMS.

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JOHN B. BRATTON, Editor & Proprietor.

CARLISLE, PA., MARCH 15, 1860.

For the American Volunteer.

PREBYTERIAN STATISTICS.—AGAIN.

Editor.—The communication in a recent issue of your paper, relating to the "Presbyterian Statistics," has been read with interest and truth requires that it should be answered. The opening paragraph evinces which, in view of the origin and destination of the article, is peculiarly appropriate. Why, asks the writer, "is it that the statistics of the Presbyterians are so much better than those of the other churches?" He has certainly misapprehended and would have others do so too; and his "questions" have a peculiar significance. The truth is known, will tell in its own way, and is not to be concealed by the interrogator. To show not by whom the communication was written, from which you had the extract been taken; but this I do not know. It is called for by the writer, and is published in the New School Presbyterian Quarterly Review, entitled "The Old School and New School Theology," where the writer asserts the superiority of the New over the Old School. To show that this is a groundless assertion, the author of the communication in question, says, among other things: "The two Theologies have had a trial of twenty years. They have had a fair opportunity to be tested as to their respective efficiency in preaching, by actual experiment. And the result must be admitted, far outweigh any mere speculations on the subject." He, then, introduces the "contrasts." The New School Review, by its arrogant claims to a superior theology and greater efficiency, gave origin to the communication containing the "contrasts"—the one was a complete answer to the other. The communication was not written for the "Presbyterian," but for the Philadelphian, and not with a sinister design, as it is in reply to an exceedingly objectionable article which had previously appeared in the "Africanist," but with a noble and noble aim, and calculated, if not intended, to "produce a strong impression." And yet your correspondent inquires, "why has he wished to be tested as to their respective efficiency?" If one man publishes what is false and dangerous, has not another man a right to point out his error, and to correct him, in whole or in part, or to publish a complete answer to his article? The "Africanist" is a party paper, and is published in opposition to the "Presbyterian," and is not a party paper, but a general one. The "Africanist" is a party paper, and is published in opposition to the "Presbyterian," and is not a party paper, but a general one. The "Africanist" is a party paper, and is published in opposition to the "Presbyterian," and is not a party paper, but a general one.

NEW SCHOOL. OLD SCHOOL.

1859. 1853. Increase.

Synods, 24 23 loss of 1.

Presbyteries, 85 208 27 per cent.

Ministers, 1181 1670 33 "

Churches, 228 1626 21 "

Communicants, 100,650 140,462 39 "

OLD SCHOOL.

1859. 1853. Increase.

Synods, 17 28 65 per cent.

Presbyteries, 96 143 49 "

Ministers, 215 219 45 "

Churches, 26 58 "

Communicants, 39 71 "

NEW SCHOOL. OLD SCHOOL.

1859. 1853. Increase.

Synods, loss of 1. 65 per cent.

Presbyteries, 27 per cent. 49 "

Ministers, 33 72 "

Churches, 29 58 "

Communicants, 39 71 "

CORRECTED STATEMENT.

New School. Old School.

1859. 1853. Increase.

Synods, loss of 1. 65 per cent.

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Ministers, 33 72 "

Churches, 29 58 "

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tion and preferences, that the division could be regarded as having been fairly completed; and it was therefore not until 1859 that each body could ascertain its own strength. We will therefore take the statistics of that year for both bodies as the starting-point, and comparing them with the published aggregates of both for the present year, (1859,) give the per cent of increase, affixing the data on which our calculations are made—which was not done by the Evangelist—that our readers may determine for themselves the true state of the case.

New School.		Old School.	
1859.	1853.	1859.	1853.
Synods,	24	23	loss of 1.
Presbyteries,	85	208	27 per cent.
Ministers,	1181	1670	33 "
Churches,	228	1626	21 "
Communicants,	100,650	140,462	39 "

Old School.		New School.	
1859.	1853.	1859.	1853.
Synods,	17	28	65 per cent.
Presbyteries,	96	143	49 "
Ministers,	215	219	45 "
Churches,	26	58	"
Communicants,	39	71	"

These results vary materially after the case from the aspect in which it was presented by the Evangelist. This may be seen still more forcibly, when the results are arranged in immediate contrast.

NEW SCHOOL. OLD SCHOOL.

1859. 1853. Increase.

Synods, loss of 1. 65 per cent.

Presbyteries, 27 per cent. 49 "

Ministers, 33 72 "

Churches, 29 58 "

Communicants, 39 71 "

EVANGELIST'S STATEMENT.

New School. Old School.

1859. 1853. Increase.

Synods, 65 per cent. 47 per cent.

Presbyteries, 49 26 "

Ministers, 42 23 "

Churches, 26 58 "

Communicants, 71 39 "

CORRECTED STATEMENT.

New School. Old School.

1859. 1853. Increase.

Synods, loss of 1. 65 per cent.

Presbyteries, 27 per cent. 49 "

Ministers, 33 72 "

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Communicants, 39 71 "

may be realized. But, inscrutable are the ways of Providence; I can but dream on and hope for the best.

I suppose you are aware that my father is a member of the firm that have undertaken to complete the "Second section" of the "Don Pedro II Railroad" in Brazil, a piece of road only seventeen miles long, but full of difficulties; probably no more difficult piece of road has ever been projected. The "Second section" includes the line between "Bolin" (pronounced Belling) and "Brandao" (pronounced Brandon).

The "First section" from Rio de Janeiro to Boleim (38 miles), is now in successful operation. It was built by an English contractor. The first section was of comparatively easy construction. The rainy season has now set in, which is a considerable drawback to the work outside of the tunnels entered; but so much has been done the first dry season, that the company will not suffer much inconvenience from the retardation of the road work. It is ample time to finish the work season does not entirely stop the outside work, but it renders progress slow.

"The job" of the second section, is the "Tunnel Grande," at Brandao. It is under the immediate supervision of an old and tried railroad contractor, and progresses as well as could be made to progress, by one who understands his business thoroughly.

My father, his sister, and four of his children, including myself, sailed from Baltimore for Rio de Janeiro on May 10th, 1859, in the new, comfortable, and fast barque, "Adeleide," (did any one ever go to sea in a slow vessel?) Our Captain proved to be a gentleman, a very pleasant companion, and a sailor; our Steward was a very kind and accommodating man; and he knew how to make good bread, and made it; our cook was a good one, because he was under the directions of a good steward. The crew were all young, willing and active, but no storms of any consequence arose to test their courage.

We were eight days in Chesapeake Bay, owing to head winds, during which time sea-sickness disguised, made its appearance amongst us. I hardly knew whether to be encouraged or discouraged by its appearance, as it only attacked my Aunt and Sister, and in a very light form. But we were upon the bosom of the "mighty deep" (I endorse that sentiment) when "sea-sickness" unadvised, seized me in its sickening grasp. I, who had been quite brave, that is, not much afraid of sea-sickness; I who had been upon the jibboom and watched our vessel pitching into the big waves (as I thought) on the bay and never felt a qualm; succeeded to a stronger power, the bigger waves of the Atlantic—and sickness, and myself sick.

A sickler by you never sail. I should like to convey to my friends of Carlisle, a full and graphic description of the feelings one has to labor under, who suffers from sea-sickness. There is no sickness on shore, that is "fear" or "character" or "a man-down," and "sea-sickness" power, can at all compare with sea-sickness. Leaving "Chloroform," "Yellow fever," and other diseases of that class, I would not suppose that it attacks every one pretty much in the same manner, so I shall endeavor to give a description of the feelings which I labored under during quite an aggravating attack of this malady, in a meaningful way for the genius of "Sheep" or "sheep" that I make my description tell—the truth, and nothing but the truth. Although attempted exaggeration of the strongest kind could not be avoided, yet my notion—make things out as you were than the truth.

I was sitting in the cabin reading, I believe, when suddenly a strange feeling crept over me, entirely new to me; and which I did not relish at all. Not liking the strange course of my internal arrangements, I started for my favorite seat, a strong and secure passage of defying the waves as I had done on the bay. "But often how futile are man's best efforts." I looked at the waves a short time, and concluded that defying "them fellows" did not make me feel a whit better, so I went back to the cabin and sat down. I had not better "try again" to shake the feeling off. I concluded to go on deck and try a little exercise, but alas! I could not go, my legs refused their office, my brain was in a whirl, I felt faint, and the ship kept bobbing round. Shortly the steward made me feel my true condition, by asking me what I would like for dinner. I could barely grunt, "nothing." He then asked me, what is the matter? (he knew and grinned.) I answered him that I thought I was getting a little sick. He cheered me, however, by telling me that when I got over it "I would feel much better," doubtless meaning better than before I was taken sick. For two days the vessel rolled in company. I drank chloroform broth, and grunted, "well, but not better." "Not of the deep blue sea," kindly administered by the Captain, brought me to my senses, and legs, and "Richard was himself again." During my sickness, my desire for a prolonged existence in this floating world, very materially diminished. A weaker person never gets any sympathy. Away, ye deceivers, that laughingly write about sea-sickness, and call it nothing, merely an unpleasant feeling of but short duration. If any one does need sympathy it is the sea-sick.

We were fifty days from "Cape Henry" to the entrance of the "Bay of Rio de Janeiro," which was considered quite a favorable voyage for the season of the year; our vessels having made passages of from sixty to seventy days.

You have no doubt heard of the beauties of the Bay of Rio, and its grand surrounding scenery. Oh! what a pleasure to us poor sailors and "cured ones of the sea," was the sight of this magnificent bay; lofty rugged outlines of mountains and peaks, far back in the interior of the country, and majestic mountains, stretching along both sides of the entrance of the bay; and peak after peak, hill after hill, as far as the eye could reach; the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro, stretched along the left shore of the bay, on steep hills, down in valleys, and majestic mountains perch upon the tops of the hills, and behold; but perfectly secure; for Rio stands upon solid granite rock, and is built of the same material.

The "Sugar Loaf," a solid rock of granite 1000 feet high, so named from its resemblance to a "loaf of sugar," is a strange and striking sight to one accustomed only to viewing sober nature, as I was before coming to Brazil. It stands to the left of the entrance of the harbor, and is a beacon to the mariner far out at sea. It is a most beautiful sight, and on the night of the entrance of the bay it is Santa Cruz, which with its white walls and brilliant cannon, presents a very imposing appearance. Every vessel, upon entering the harbor is hailed from this fort, in the language

that its "flag speaks for" it. An intelligent conversation was carried on between our Captain and the "man who hails" through speaking trumpets. The trumpet used at the fort is a tremendous affair, bearing some resemblance to a huge cannon. The vessel's name, port, cargo, and number of days out, are the questions generally put to vessels entering the harbor.

Being on an excursion on the bay not long since, I noticed small fortifications among the rocks in the manner of one of the fort places, some mounting one, some two, and some no guns; all wearing a very dilapidated and ancient appearance; they were built no doubt in times long past, when Brazil was the seat of troubles and turmoil.

In the last part of the "Sugar Loaf," a peak 2300 feet high; from the top of which a view, for variety, sublimity, and grandeur, cannot be surpassed by any in the world. In the morning we were out morning, and on the morning of the 10th, I once made the fort difficult access. Horses or mules can go nearly to the top, and even to the top with great difficulty; still my friend and myself, preferred our own natural propensities, and showing that we were not much afraid of heights, we attempted to think of and provide for. We started from the city at half past 10 o'clock, on a fine bright morning, and arrived at the summit, about 10 o'clock, distant about the included way, nine miles. We, however, walked for leisurely, and strayed often from the path to examine any object of interest which we discovered; and nine miles up hill on a warm day, caused us to stop and examine things, which had been going down hill, and our Steward was a very kind and accommodating man; and he knew how to make good bread, and made it; our cook was a good one, because he was under the directions of a good steward. The crew were all young, willing and active, but no storms of any consequence arose to test their courage.

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that its "flag speaks for" it. An intelligent conversation was carried on between our Captain and the "man who hails" through speaking trumpets. The trumpet used at the fort is a tremendous affair, bearing some resemblance to a huge cannon. The vessel's name, port, cargo, and number of days out, are the questions generally put to vessels entering the harbor.

Being on an excursion on the bay not long since, I noticed small fortifications among the rocks in the manner of one of the fort places, some mounting one, some two, and some no guns; all wearing a very dilapidated and ancient appearance; they were built no doubt in times long past, when Brazil was the seat of troubles and turmoil.

In the last part of the "Sugar Loaf," a peak 2300 feet high; from the top of which a view, for variety, sublimity, and grandeur, cannot be surpassed by any in the world. In the morning we were out morning, and on the morning of the 10th, I once made the fort difficult access. Horses or mules can go nearly to the top, and even to the top with great difficulty; still my friend and myself, preferred our own natural propensities, and showing that we were not much afraid of heights, we attempted to think of and provide for. We started from the city at half past 10 o'clock, on a fine bright morning, and arrived at the summit, about 10 o'clock, distant about the included way, nine miles. We, however, walked for leisurely, and strayed often from the path to examine any object of interest which we discovered; and nine miles up hill on a warm day, caused us to stop and examine things, which had been going down hill, and our Steward was a very kind and accommodating man; and he knew how to make good bread, and made it; our cook was a good one, because he was under the directions of a good steward. The crew were all young, willing and active, but no storms of any consequence arose to test their courage.

We were eight days in Chesapeake Bay, owing to head winds, during which time sea-sickness disguised, made its appearance amongst us. I hardly knew whether to be encouraged or discouraged by its appearance, as it only attacked my Aunt and Sister, and in a very light form. But we were upon the bosom of the "mighty deep" (I endorse that sentiment) when "sea-sickness" unadvised, seized me in its sickening grasp. I, who had been quite brave, that is, not much afraid of sea-sickness; I who had been upon the jibboom and watched our vessel pitching into the big waves (as I thought)