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# Presbyterian Banner.

VOL. XI., NO. 43 PITTSBURGH, WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1863. WHOLE NO 563.

THE PRESBYTERIAN BANNER
Publication Office:
Gazette Buildings, 84 Fifth St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Philadelphia, South-West Cor. of 7th and Chestnut

ADVERTISEMENTS.
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A Square, (8 lines or less,) one insertion, 50 cents; each subsequent insertion, 40 cents; each line beyond eight, 5 cts
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REV. DAVID M'KINNEY,
Proprietor and Publisher.

[Selected.]

## Consolation.

*"Let not your hearts be troubled."*

How can we bear the heavy cross,
And sink not with the burden;
How can we harvest pain and loss,
Instead of Hope's sweet guerdon;
And while To-morrow mocks To-day,
And cares like clouds are doubled,
Without impatience hear one say,
"Let not your hearts be troubled!"

What strength of love shall give the right
To bosom friend to chide us,
As tossing through Affliction's night,
With Want or Woe beside us,
We pour into his patient ear,
Our fretful sighs redoubled,
In words that chill, though meant to cheer,
"Let not your hearts be troubled."

O, not a brother's faithful lips
These words so cold and taunting,
May breathe to us in Hope's eclipse,
With Life's wild conflicts panting;
Nor mother's tenderness—nor vows,
Beside the altar spoken,
Can rid them of their spell to rouse
Pride in our hearts, though broken.

They love us least who, in our stress,
Of poverty or sorrow,
Essay to make our anguish less—
By painting some bright morrow;
Or making light of what we bear,
And bidding us be cheery:
They love us most who silent share
Our griefs and vigils weary.

Yet more than brother there is One,
Than wife, or sister dearer,
Who when our morning brings no sun,
Nor noon of clouds breaks clearer—
When all our idols turn to clay,
And all our treasures vanish,
Can, with these simple words, away
Our pain, and pride too, banish.

He who to John and all the group
Of dear disciples said them,
Who bore their faltering footsteps up,
And through all shadows led them:
Christ only, always, by his might,
Though griefs were daily doubled,
Can say, with equal grace and right,
*"Let not your hearts be troubled."*

For the Presbyterian Banner.

## Army Life—Instruction Needed for the Colored Race.

168th Penna. Infantry, Co. G
Washington, N.C., June 11.

Friend Banner:—All who have tried the vicissitudes of the camp will agree with me in the remark, that there is no other manner of life that offers so many and such varied changes as that of the soldier; at least so I have been thinking this evening, lying under the boughs of a North Carolina pine, gazing at the stars in the bright belt of Orion—dreaming of the dear ones at home in the distant North. A soldier, more than any other, is able to appreciate the enjoyments and blessings of home. The utterance of that single word, sometimes, will cause the tear to start upon the bronzed cheek, the lip to quiver with emotion, that neither blanches nor pales in the roar and clash of battle. The utter and entire selfishness that so much characterizes soldiering, touches the heart, wearied and sick of the vileness and profanity of the tent, to look forward with thrills of joy to the time when the quiet and calm of home can be enjoyed—to look back upon the past, spent in its sacred shades, with that pleasing sense of sadness which, as some one has so beautifully written it,

"Resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain."

The little town we are now encamped by the side of, is very beautiful; but the marks of that awful scourge of our race, War, are painfully visible on every hand. In time of peace, it must have presented the appearance, almost, of another Paradise, with its long lines of arbors formed from cedar and elm, (each street is almost a complete arbor,) and its smiling bowers of rose and honey-suckle that creep out here and there from the heavy growth of ornamental shrubbery.

At present everything is quiet here, nothing having been seen of the rebels in this neighborhood since Gen. Foster raised the siege in April. The place is of so little importance to them, and so well garrisoned and fortified, that we are judged, for the time being, secure from attack, although rumors *ad infinitum* would seem to confirm the contrary. The town is situated just below the junction of Tar with the Pamlico river; from the bank above the town, almost to the bank of the river below it, a line of rifle-pits is thrown up, almost in the shape of a half-moon, strengthened by four block-houses built in the line, each containing two cannon; these again are strengthened by four small forts on the land, and one large one in the river, intended more especially, however, to protect the river. Gunboats and all, I suppose we could play from fifty to seventy-five pieces of ordnance, ranging from the 12-pound howitzer to the 100-pounder. To man the works, we have about five thousand troops; these, behind our breastworks, should be worth four or five times their number in the open field.

There is quite an excitement among the darkeys here, today, albeit it is raining pretty heavily. Uncle Abraham's necessity Proclamation is just being put into effect among them, in the way of enlistment. Whether they are intended to operate in this department, or farther South, I cannot say; from motives of policy, the mentioning of anything definite in the way of arrangement is avoided. It is *said* they are intended for the South Carolina department, and that Gen. Foster has offered two regiments of blacks from this department, for one of whites from that; but as matters stand, it is a little "mixed." The great dislike, however, of Pennsylvania troops to serve with negro regiments, makes such an exchange very desirable.

It is hard to determine, as yet, how far success will vindicate the propriety of this measure. It is bitterly opposed by the large majority of those citizens here who profess Union sentiment; but sound or not, it is evident to every observer to be the death-blow of slavery—that gigantic system of legalized iniquity and oppression.

It would be useless and out of place here, to enter into a discussion upon the act as a political measure, but whatever his party feelings may be, the heart of every Christian philanthropist must swell with joy when he sees, through that bloody and tearful baptism through which our beloved land is passing, looming up the glorious form of Liberty—freedom for the down-trodden, the hope and the almost certainty of release for the sable sons of Africa, the reformation and Christianization of that mysterious race. It is true, it *is* a fearful price that is paid—that vast army of mouldering skeletons, scattered from Arlington Hights to Galveston; but let us think, God's ways are not as our ways. The war has opened up an almost exhaustless field for Christian enterprise, and which, if properly directed, must result in untold benefit.

You at home can scarcely form an idea of the almost total intellectual and moral darkness of the slave as a class. As an example, I will transcribe a dialogue that passed between a gray headed slave just from the interior, and myself. I wish your readers to believe it not to be the exception, but almost the rule.

(Scene, street in Washington.)

*Soldier*—Uncle, we have been talking something of God. Tell me where is he; where does he live?

*Slave*—Dunno, sah, right smart distance from here, I spects.

*Soldier*—Well, Uncle, do you think he lives across the ocean?

*Slave*—Dunno, sah, never heard of Mr. Ocum; dunno where he lives.

Here resulted an explanation, and then continue.

*Soldier*—Well, uncle, who is God?

*Slave*—Dunno, sah—right heavy (a term used for wealthy) gemman, I 'spects—owns right smart of property—right smart, I 'spects.

To this he added his idea of his appearance as a man, which would only be profanity to transcribe. Thousands, eager, earnest thousands of such men are turned loose, almost daily, upon Christian charity. Will the great Northern heart respond to the Macedonian call? Your army chaplains, if they were *all* efficient working men—your "Christian Associations," are not enough. Send men among them—*trained teachers*—who know, by experience, the wants of expanding intellects, for this single purpose. And need I tell you, brethren, the last great harvest will return a rich reward. Active missionary spirit would here find constant employment; you will find in almost every colored person you meet upon the streets, that energetic faith that would fulfill the great Master's command: Go into the lanes, the highways and byways, and bring in hither the lame, halt, and blind, that my Father's house may be filled.

Among the most pleasant reminiscences of my army life, are those spent in the hovels of the negro, just freed from servitude, along our picket-lines. The earnest attention and deep interest visible in every lineament of their dark, rude features; the simple, but often searching question; the trusting and childlike faith which they seemed to render to every assertion, was often extremely touching. The influence of the white man—as always must be upon those with whom he comes in contact in the search of wealth—has been degrading. He has transplanted upon the wildness of a degraded barbarism a few of the decent forms, with all the vices of society—theft, profanity, and licentiousness, so much, I am almost compelled to believe, as to characterize the slave, that the contrary is the exception—but his naturally religious mind (if I may be allowed the expression) and susceptible feelings may be easily wrought upon for good. Great efforts are being made for this purpose, which must result in good—chaplains, in many cases, establishing day and Sabbath Schools, and having good men from their regiments detailed as teachers. Rev. Dr. Stone, of Boston, has established such schools in Newbern. An attempt, much on the same plan, I have been endeavoring to accomplish here. Whether I succeed or not, I cannot tell.

But my letter has grown much longer than I expected, so I will close for the present.

Yours, Soldier.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

## Laying up Treasures.

Matt. vi: 19—21:—"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through not steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

This does not forbid a proper attention to business, nor lawful endeavors to procure a livelihood for ourselves and families. "If we would eat, we must work, and procure our daily bread in the sweat of our brow or brain. We must be diligent in business, and provide things honest in the sight of all men."

Nor does it forbid the acquisition of property, or a reasonable increase of capital. We must, if possible, make some provision for the future so as to avoid dependence, and capital is necessary to the successful prosecution of business.

It does forbid our making the pursuit of wealth our chief aim; and it requires us to make our worldly pursuits subordinate to the service of God and the interests of the soul. We must not neglect our souls for the world, nor the service of God for the world. We must first secure our salvation and make sure the heavenly treasure, and then carry our religion into all our business affairs, regarding ourselves as the stewards of God, and using our property so as to advance his kingdom in the world, and promote our own spiritual interests, and by patient continuance in well-doing, strive to obtain a rich reward in the future world. We must not live to lay up treasures on earth; the great thing is to lay up treasures in heaven and to be rich toward God. Earthly treasures vanish, the heavenly endure. To be a rich man on earth is not of much consequence; the great thing is to be a rich man in heaven, with a brilliant crown and a bright reward. So to be poor on earth matters not; but who wants to be a poor man in heaven, saved so as by fire, and with a small measure of that inheritance provided for the saints? Yet do we not too often forget these instructions of our Saviour? And are we not too much under the influence of a worldly spirit?

Earthly treasures are unsatisfying. The more we have, the more we want. In general it holds true that the desire of acquisition increases with the means of acquiring. "He that loveth silver, shall not be satisfied with silver; nor he that loveth abundance, with increase.—Eccl. v: 10.

Earthly treasures are perishing. They are treasures of an hour. They appear, they glitter, they dazzle, they fade away! If they continue while life endures, at death where are they? They cannot sustain us then. All the treasures of the world cannot buy an hour's addition to our lives. No matter what our possessions, we must pass the dark valley without them; we must pass the Jordan of death as poor as we came into the world. Then why lay up treasures here? It has a tendency to harden the heart against the claims of God's humanity, to bar the mind against the truth, and endanger the salvation of the soul. Covetousness is idolatry. It makes men dishonest; it makes thieves, and robbers, and murderers. Where our treasures are, there will our hearts be. Our imaginations will run out after our wealth, and all our thoughts will be how we may acquire more. In our dreams we may count our dollars, and in our waking hours dream of unbounded riches, till our hearts, steeled against the truth, become the synagogues of Satan, and the very devil suggest methods of unlawful acquisition! Then lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth.

But is it wrong to hold property? No; holding property to a reasonable extent, is not wrong, if one makes a good use of it—if he who holds it considers it not his, but the Lord's, and uses it as a steward of God. Yet property may be held to that extent that it would be sinful, because it might interfere with one's usefulness, and prevent the discharge of duty, social, relative, and personal. As soon as a man's property hinders his usefulness, as soon as it prevents his doing the greatest possible amount of good, just so soon he should dispose of some part of it, for he cannot continue in such circumstances as curtail his usefulness, without guilt.

We may acquire property and hold property, but it is wrong to make it our chief business to acquire wealth. We must ever regard ourselves as God's stewards, and use our property to his glory and to advance his kingdom in the world. Says Scott: "It is incumbent on us to serve God, not only with our households, but likewise with all our substance; neither avariciously hoarding any part of it, nor spending it upon our pride and self-indulgence of any kind, but considering the whole as the Lord's property committed to our stewardship. And not knowing what he may immediately demand, we should be prepared to expend, or part with, any proportion which may be required, without hesitation and reluctance."—Ex. x: 12—29. The Church has much to learn respecting the use of property; and until it is learned, the rich blessing of God upon her efforts need not be expected. Let us catch the spirit of the Saviour's injunction, and let it control our lives. Let us use the world in God's service, and make it our chief business to lay up treasures in heaven, and to do good on the earth while God permits us to live.

W. J. M.

## EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

*Prussia, the Crown Prince, and the Future—Fresh Assaults on "Subscription" to Articles—The Office for the Burial of the Dead—Mr. Buxton's Motion—Conservative Fears—Manuel Matamoras and the Spanish Protestants—Sketch of the Movement and its Issues—"Banishment" to English Soil—Spain, and her Degradation—Lancashire Distress—Government Measures—Cotton, and its new Fields of Supply—The Weather and the Crops—Archbishop of Warsaw's Letter to the Czar—Severity and Bloodshed—Lord Ellenborough, and the Peers—Parliament and Sunday Liquor Traffic Bill—Permissive Legislation.*

*LONDON, June* 11, 1863.

Prussia has arrived at another stage of the formidable quarrel between the King and his Prime Minister on the one hand, and the Chamber of Deputies on the other. The Chamber has been dissolved, and soon after were issued "ordinances" suppressing entirely the liberty of the Press, and the right of free discussion in political affairs. A country is always in peril when this takes place, and a terrible reaction against the Government which thus dares and compels, may be deferred, but is sure to come. At Bonn, the well known University town on the Rhine, the district Deputies returning from Berlin were received with extraordinary enthusiasm.

The Crown Prince of Prussia, accompanied by his wife, the Princess Royal of England, was travelling at the time of the last outburst of Royal obstinacy, and coming to Dantzio, a Prussian sea-port, the authorities received him in an attitude of grief and mourning. They asked him not to consider this as a mark of disrespect toward himself, but as an expression of sorrow for the policy adopted at the capital. The Crown Prince replied in a short speech, in which, while speaking reverently and hopefully of the King, he distinctly affirmed that the recent "ordinances" had been resolved on and issued without his knowledge. The few words spoken by him, on the one hand, put the Cabinet in a paroxysm of terror, and drove them to the verge of resigning; while, on the other, they cheered and lifted from the borders of despair, the Constitutional party. The King, however, continues as pig-headed as ever, and like other Royal fools, praises and clings to the "favorite" who seems about to bring ruin both on himself and his master. Von Bismark has made himself a name by his boldness, but *nemo beatus ante obitum*; and it is likely that, long before his last hour comes, he will be reckoned amongst the gamblers who stake all upon a throw, and lose; while the King, compelled to abdicate, will be numbered with the "Kings who have gone out of business." The London *Weekly Examiner* thus remarks on the situation of affairs, and their ominous aspect:

"Nothing is more desirable, and few things are likely to prove more substantially useful, than the emancipation of Northern Germany from the remnant of its old dynastic fetters, and its consolidation under a popular and Protestant form of rule. And such we firmly believe to be the destiny in store for the fair land which lies between the frontiers of Poland and of France, and between the confines of Bavaria and the shore of the Baltic. But the conviction is fast forcing itself upon every German mind that is intelligent and impartial that the kingly pretensions of the Court of Berlin, instead of being a facility, are a hindrance, and instead of being an instrument are the chief impediment to the realization of that noble and legitimate desire. Above old preposses-sions and lingering remembrances, the logic of events is irresistible. Until the infatuation of Divine right is beaten out of the dull hereditary head of the house of Hohenzollern, progress, expansion, prosperity, or peace there cannot be. The wisest of royal seers has told us that, 'though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him," and Solomon makes no reservation in favor of kings. Never did a man's folly stick by him more obstinately than that of his fanatical Majesty of Prussia. Assuredly he and his family have not much time to lose. Their day of grace is rapidly going by. Their antiquated prerogative, on whose wheels they have trundled thus far, stops the way of a whole nation; and, though the nation has shown exemplary patience and forbearance, there is an end to all things, and to political politeness amongst the rest. If Prussian royalty cannot or will not get out of its preposterous old military wagon of misrule, wagon and wiseacre and all will assuredly be tilted speedily into the ditch. It is said that in the last hours of Louis Philippe at the Tuileries, he exclaimed, in the agony of his terror and confusion, 'Is there nothing I can do?' One who stood by him, and who loved him well, replied—'Yes, get on horseback, and die like a King,—for it was then too late for him to make a new offer of governing. But the Prince of Prussia is still a young man, and he has the advantage of hitherto having made no mistakes. There is yet time and a chance for him; and were he to throw himself cordially upon the people, and show himself prepared to head them, he might yet save his family and live a King. But again we say that he and those about him have not much more time to lose."

A Fresh Attempt has been made in Parliament to obtain relaxation in the matter of Subscription from the Clergy of the Church of England. Previously to this, Lord Ebury had agitated the oft vexed question of the burden imposed on the clergy, of using indiscriminately the Office for the Burial of the Dead, in which it is taken for granted that each person interred has died in "the true faith of God's holy name," and is "in joy and felicity." It was suggested by some petitioners, that a charge such as that which was in the Office in the American Book of Common Prayer, might suffice. The Bishop of London did not think it was sufficient, and while very chary as to meddling with the words now used, he did not hesitate, he said, to tell any clergyman whose conscience was aggrieved by being summoned to bury a person who had died in gross sin, to omit words, or refuse the service, and to take the legal risk of prosecution, which was small, because such prosecuting would infuriate with the Bishop. The new Archbishop of Canterbury took much the same views. At length the question was delegated to the Episcopal Bench, to see if, without hurting the feelings of survivors, a change of phraseology might not be made, which would save the consciences of the clergy.

But as to Subscription, it is being more and more agitated. Canon Stanley's bold letter to the Bishop of London, proposing virtually to abolish it, has produced a considerable sensation, and is a marked sign of the tendencies of religious thought both in and out of the Establishment. Last week there was a district clerical meeting in the West end of the Metropolis, and a vote was taken on Canon Stanley's proposal. About forty-five were against it, and seventeen in its favor; but small as the minority appears, it was in reality large, ominous, and serious. In Parliament, this week, Mr. Buxton, an Episcopal M. P., moved that Subscription should be "relaxed." Mr. Miles, another member, moved, as an amendment, that Subscription to the Prayer Book only should be relaxed. The Government opposed both motions. It was admitted that the law was in a very unsatisfactory state, and that a simple form of declaration might answer the purpose. Mr. Gladstone said that Subscription had been given up by degrees, and said if it was to be interfered with, it must be on unmistakable principles. Mr. D'Israeli ridiculed the proposal, and said that he could make out as good a case against the Bill of Rights. The real fear is, that if Subscription were relaxed, Negativism would come in like a flood. It is but a question of time, and is a most serious matter.

Manuel Matamoras, and the other Spanish Scripture readers, who have been long incarcerated, and twice tried—each time the sentence made more severe—are at last liberated. In consequence of the pressure brought to bear on the Court of Spain by enlightened European opinion, and in answer to earnest prayer on the part of Christian people, this result has been achieved. Last year, General Alexander, a retired officer of the British army, and eminent for his piety and zeal, waited on Marshal O'Donnel, then the Prime Minister of Spain. He was received with respect, and indications were not wanting that it was not the fault of O'Donnel if this persecution should be persevered in. Since then there has been an increased concentration of purpose and of effort. The lamented Sir Culling Eardley, early this year, wrote and circulated a pamphlet, heart-stirring and earnest, full of courage and hope, and powerfully tending to rouse British Christians afresh in what was beginning to be regarded as a hopeless enterprise. Many French people, Roman Catholics as well as Protestants, signed a memorial to the Queen of Spain; Prussia lent its aid; and while the Queen seemed inflexible, and a scene of bigoted rage was manifested, in connexion with the final trial of Matamoras—the Judge excited and abusive because the prisoner dared to speak for himself, and virtually to preach the Gospel in his presence, to the crowds assembled—the Queen's advisers prevailed, and the "banished" Protestants have been conveyed to Gibraltar, and probably ere long will be in England.

The history of this case is interesting. In 1860 a young man in Granada, who was being educated for the priesthood, was suspected of Protestantism, and considering himself in danger, fled to Gibraltar. José Alhama, a man greatly respected, was suspected of aiding his flight. He was seized and sent to prison. Among the letters found in his house, were some from Don Manuel Matamoras, of Barcelona, the son of a Lieut. Colonel in the Spanish Artillery, and who was himself for some time in the army. After leaving the army he, having been enlightened as to the Truth, was, in the midst of evangelistic efforts, arrested at Barcelona. Being taken before a magistrate, he was asked: "Do you profess the Catholic Apostolic Roman faith, and if not, what?" He answered: "My religion is that of Jesus Christ. My rule of faith is the Word of God, which, without a word altered, curtailed, or added, is the basis of my belief, and in this I am confirmed by the last few sentences of the Apocalypse, and the many distinct charges of the Apostles in their Epistles. The Roman Catholic Church not being based on these principles, I do not believe in her dogmas, and still less do I obey her in practice."

The Tribunal was astonished at these words. "Do you know what you are saying?" "Yes, sir. I cannot deny it; I have put my hand to the plough, and dare not look back." He was immediately hurried off to prison, kept for eight days in "terrible solitary confinement," from which he was only relieved to be "confined with criminals." After many weeks, he was removed to Granada, and put into the same prison with Alhama. There, Sir Robert Peel visited them, and his kind exertions secured for them for a time, better treatment. Subsequently, however, they were treated with increased rigor. The relatives and friends also of the prisoners were made to suffer. Eight more persons were arrested at Malaga, three out of one family, the father, mother, and eldest daughter—five little children being left wholly unprovided for. More arrests took place at Seville; several others from Malaga had fled and found refuge at Gibraltar. At one time there were not less than thirty-four Protestants in prison.

At first there was general terror, but the firmness of Alhama and Matamoras, inspired their brethren with courage, and forty of them signed a letter, dated December 26, 1860, declaring: "We do not belong, nor ever will belong, again, to the Church of Rome, whose dogmas we consider to be opposed to the Word of God." In another address, signed by 130 Protestants at Malaga, they said: "We cannot but protest against the devices and snares of the Church of Rome; and we witness with the deepest sorrow, the sufferings of her victims in this miserable land; while yet we cannot but rejoice to find that our English brethren unite with us in their sympathy." A third address, signed by 163 persons, was afterwards received, making a total of 330 persons who had renounced the errors of Romanism.

Nothing could more strongly indicate the persecuting spirit of the Spanish law, than the following remark of a Spanish gentleman to Matamoras: "I wish that you and Alhama had committed murder, robbery, or any other crime; that your offence, instead of being that of Protestantism, had been a political one; you would then have been set at liberty many days ago. But the clergy are your foes. * * Daily an agent of the bishop inquires about the progress of the trial.

A republican insurrection in July, 1861, was falsely attributed to the Protestants, and led to further severities. In December, 1861, Matamoras and Alhama were sentenced to seven years penal servitude at the galleys, and Trigo to four years for propagating Protestant principles. In September, 1862, another trial took place, and Alhama was sentenced to nine, and Matamoras to eight, years imprisonment. The Government prosecutor, dissatisfied with the lenience of that part of the sentence which acquitted eleven of the prisoners, caused a fresh trial to be instituted; a judge favorable to the accused, was removed, and a corrupt tool of the Government condemned one to seven years of penal servitude at the galleys, two to nine years, and to nine others, who were fugitives, a like punishment of seven years. Finally, Matamoras and Alhama, after an appeal to the Supreme Court, had their sentences made more heavy. All this while Matamoras was able to glory in imputations. The time of deliverance at length came, and now "the bird is escaped from the snare of the fowler."

Various reflections are suggested by this case. Spain's darkness and spiritual degradation; the faint glimmering dawn of the coming day; "the resurrection of the witnesses" (three centuries ago destroyed and burnt by the Inquisition,) in a fresh band, whose hearts God has touched; and the power also, even the influence over a bigotted priesthood, of a persevering protest made against persecution for conscience sake. As to Spain herself, liberal notions begin to be formed among her commercial classes, and to a certain extent the Scriptures are circulated. But the masses are still in thick darkness. Prayer for Spain should be ceaselessly offered by God's children.

The Lancashire Distress still continues largely to prevail. I have passed this week through Cheshire and a portion of Lancashire. At Warrington and Preston, almost all the tall chimneys are smokeless, and the cotton machinery stands still, and gloom and idleness prevail where once was the busy hum of trade and commerce. It is saddening, but it is and has been nobly borne. Sickness has been less than usual; the habits of the people are purer, and very many adults as well as young people have been taught to read and write, and have acquired moreover the knowledge of Christ savingly. About a million sterling has been subscribed toward the Relief Funds. Last week 192,000 were out of employment. The demands on these are less than formerly, and the different corporations and town councils are instituting public works, such as town drainage, the formation of public parks, money being lent by the Government for the purpose at a low rate of interest, and to be repaid during a long series of years in instalments. The manufacturers discourage emigration. They naturally wish to retain around them their old and skilled hands, in the hope that sooner or later there will be a supply of cotton, and that their mills shall be in full work again.

The stock of cotton at Liverpool last week was estimated at 371,530 bales. During the week, 30,000 bales were received, nearly half of which was from India. China also furnished a large quantity. The stock on hands is about 50,000 bales more than at this time last year. A great deal of cotton also comes to England from Egypt. The quantity of East India cotton now at sea is 200,000 bales, against 180,000 this time last yea. Since the 1st of January, 34,632 bales have been sent from Liverpool to the United States. Brazil is also taking large quantities. Of East India cotton, 142,330 bales have been exported from Liverpool since the beginning of the year.

The Weather is most favorable for the coming harvest. The Winter and Spring were unusually mild; last month cold east winds blew, and there was little rain. The farmers longed for rain, and on June 6th, and the following night and day, the clouds dropped fatness. England is now one vast cultivated, fragrant and beautiful garden; flowers are in full blow; meadows and fields, hill-side and vale, with swelling river and flowing stream—all laugh and sing in the sunshine of heaven.

We are blessed with peace, and, as a rule, the nation is prosperous. Every week we listen anxiously for the fresh news from American battle scenes, and sigh sadly in the recollection of past slaughter, and in the gloomy anticipations of further miseries brought on families. It recalls to mind our feelings when the British army lay before Sebastopol, and when, morning after morning, fresh telegrams came of struggles in the trenches, and the numbers of the wounded and the slain. There never was, I believe, any concealment or delay of actual losses sustained; the defeat at the Redan was faithfully reported, and telegrams from first to last were trustworthy. So was it in regard to India and the insurrection there, in 1857. People knew the worst, as well as the best. Any attempt to deceive or conceal, for any purpose, would have been intolerable.

The Archbishop of Warsaw has addressed a letter of remonstrance to the Emperor Alexander, as follows:

"Sire—It has always been the mission and the privilege of the Church to raise its voice toward the great powers of this world in moments of great misfortune and public calamity. It is in the name of that privilege, and of that duty, that in my character of chief pastor of the Kingdom of Poland, I take the liberty of addressing your Majesty with the view of explaining to you the pressing needs of my flock. Blood flows in torrents, and repression, instead of intimidating, only adds to the exasperation of the public mind. I entreat your Majesty, in the name of Christian charity, and the interests of the two countries, to put an end to this war of extermination. The institutions granted by your Majesty are not sufficient to insure the happiness of the country; Poland will not be satisfied with an administrative autonomy; it requires a political life. Sire, take the initiative with a strong hand in the Polish question, make Poland an independent nation united to Russia solely by the ties of your august dynasty; this is the only solution which can stay the effusion of blood and establish a solid basis of definitive pacification. Time presses. Every day lost widens the gulf between the throne and the nation. Do not wait, sire, the definitive issue of the contest; there is more true grandeur in the clemency which shrinks before carnage than in the victory which depopulates a kingdom. One noble word worthy of the magnanimity of a great sovereign, is sufficient to save us; we look for it from the lips of your Majesty. I am bold enough to hope that the monarch who, despite so many obstacles, delivered from serfdom twenty millions of his subjects to make them free citizens, will not shrink from the equally glorious task of assuring the happiness of a nation so grievously tried. Sire, Providence confided to you this nation: it will sustain you, and it will reserve for you a crown of eternal glory, if you stop once for all the torrents of blood and tears which have so long been flowing in Poland. Pardon, sire, the freedom of my language, but the moment is so solemn; pardon a pastor who, witnessing immense misfortunes, dares to intercede for his flock. In depositing at the foot of the throne my humble but fervent prayer, I am happy to be able to call myself your Majesty's most faithful and most obedient servant,

"Sigismond Felix Felinski,
"Archbishop of Warsaw.

"*Warsaw, May* 15."

There is both solemnity and dignity about this letter. Several Polish leaders have fallen into Russian hands lately, and have been shot—also an Abbé of eminence. A fanatical peasantry have in some places committed horrible cruelties on Polish landowners.

The Powers—at least France and England—it is said, have forwarded fresh requests to St. Petersburgh, that the Poles may have granted to them an independent kingdom, ruled by a Russian Prince—the free use of the native language in matters legal and public, and complete spiritual independence and freedom from the proselytizing attempts so long continued, to absorb the Poles into the orthodox Greek Church. But nothing is yet definitely known. The question of Poland has been agitated afresh this week in the House of Lords. The Earl of Ellenborough exhorted the Poles not to accept an amnesty, but to to fight on; otherwise, they would be betrayed. A Tory Peer defended the Russian Government.

A strong effort has been made to induce Parliament to suppress all Sunday traffic in liquor, and to shut up public houses from Saturday night till Monday morning. This has been done with the happiest results in Scotland, under what is known as the Forbes Mackenzie Act, aided by local acts empowering magistrates in towns to deal with offending publicans, and also with the keepers of "shebeens,"—unlicensed houses. Public opinion in Scotland sustains this law, because the *public conscience* has been educated there, on the Sabbath and its obligations, in a way not known in England. Yet, even in the latter, there is a very large body of earnest clergymen and laymen, who, living in large manufacturing towns and districts, see that the opening of the public houses on the Lord's day, enables the workman, flushed with money, to carry on the debauch begun on Saturday night, and so to waste his earnings, as to bring misery on his wife and children. The Temperance Agitation also has so far told as to lead to an agitation for a Permissive Legislation, in the spirit of the Maine Liquor Law. Some of the working men, feeling their weakness when exposed to temptations, and multitudes of *wives* have signed petitions to parliament. Besides all this, at Liverpool for example, householders' census has been made as to the number who desired, or did not desire, the public houses to be closed on the Lord's day. The majority *for* the closing was large. There was an animated debate on the question in the House of Commons on the bill of Mr. Lomes, M. P., for Hull, which proposed the closing referred to. I was present during the greater part of the discussion. It was very animated. The promoters of the bill—many of them crowding the galleries—got credit for benevolent intentions, but it was argued on the other side that as *beer* is the English working man's beverage, it was impossible for the people to have it drawn on Saturday night and kept till the next day in their miserable and unwholesome dwellings, and as the public houses were thus "the cellars" of the working classes, whither *the men* dining at home, could send and fetch the beer needed, that they ought to be open at one o'clock in the day for an hour. But there was no plausible reason given for the opening of the public houses from 6 to 11 P. M. Nevertheless the bill was thrown out by a majority of 175; 103 members voting for it. The *true* source of power is a healthy agitation; convincing the people by the Gospel of the sanctity of the Sabbath, instructing them as to the exaggerated notions attached to the use of malt liquor, and generally, lifting them up into fellowship with things sacred and divine. And this *is* being done largely; and legal *protection* will in the end coöperate with those convictions and set the people truly free. It is a pleasing fact that there is *less* drunkenness in London than in former times; year by year the number of persons taken up on the street in a state of intoxication, grows smaller.

The *Northern* towns, with *permissive* (legal) power, would shut up the public houses; London, however, will not, with its vast multitudes of godless people, and with "a will and a way" to get up riots in the parks, and ready to protest against the opening of the clubs of the rich, while the poor man's "pupic" was close, would resist any legislation at present.

It is a remarkable fact that the London City Missionaries go into the public houses on Sabbath nights (a special band of them appointed to the work), and there, with rare courage and prudence, mingling with the crowds at the bar, bear witness for Christ, gently reason and persuade, and give away useful and telling tracts. The publicans know them quite well, and in general do not interfere with them. Direct moral and spiritual fruits have already blessed this *true* work of faith, and labor of love. Whenever the public conscience is properly educated, and spiritual religion pervades the masses, the laws will be in accordance with all that is pure, just, and of good report.

J. W.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

## Dissolution of Pastoral Relation.

At a meeting of Academia congregation, on the 23d of May, 1863, William Nickle, Esq., in the chair, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, From circumstances over which we have no control, the Rev. S. P. Kinkead has requested Presbytery to dissolve the pastoral relation existing between him and the churches of Rockland, Richland, and Academia; in view of the above, we, as a church, with heartfelt sorrow and regret, do hereby acquiesce in his request, saying, "The will of the Lord be done;" and in token of our esteem and respect for him, as a man and minister of the Gospel, do offer the following:

*Resolved*, That in the discharge of his pastoral duties he has been diligent in teaching, not only publicly, but from house to house.

*Resolved*, That as a laborer in the vineyard of his Master, he has exhibited untiring zeal in behalf of never-dying souls, and the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

*Resolved*, That we view with thankfulness the blessing that has attended his labors amongst us, as the additions to this church will abundantly testify.

*Resolved*, That in taking leave of him as the beloved pastor of this church, we extend to him not only our wishes, but our prayers, that he may be made a blessing to the people over whom he may be placed as a watchman, and that many souls may be given him, which shall shine as stars in the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord.

*Resolved*, That these resolutions be signed by the Chairman, and forwarded to the *Presbyterian Banner*, for publication.

William Nickle, Chairman.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

## Congregation of Livermore.

At a meeting of the congregation of Livermore, Blairsville Presbytery, June 6th, 1863, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We have heard the request of our pastor, the Rev. J. B. Dickey, asking for the dissolution of the pastoral relation; and whereas, the church owes its present measure of prosperity mainly to his earnest zeal and untiring efforts; therefore,

*Resolved*, That it is with great reluctance and sorrow that we consent to grant him his request, and in yielding, desire to express our grateful sense of the affectionate fidelity with which he has labored to promote the spiritual and temporal interests of this church, and our high appreciation of his piety, talents, and social qualities, which have so much endeared him to us.

*Resolved*, That we shall ever remember, with heartfelt gratitude and admiration, the earnestness and fearlessness with which he rebuked everything bearing the appearance of evil; the faithful tenderness exhibited toward all in their afflictions and sorrows, and the pungency with which he pressed home upon the hearts and consciences of all, the things which make for their eternal well-being.

*Resolved*, That in our separation, we cordially and affectionately recommend him to those among whom his lot may be cast, as a faithful and efficient minister of Jesus Christ. And our united prayer to God is, that he may yet be made a further instrument in extending the Redeemer's kingdom.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the *Presbyterian Banner*, with the request to publish the same.

A. Cunningham, Pres't.
*T. J. Scott, Sec'y.*

I am convinced from daily heartfelt sensations—stronger than ten thousand arguments—that until we cease to do evil we shall never learn to do well. No acceptable worship can be either internally or externally offered to the God of Truth, while we are acting contrary to the dictates of truth in our own consciences.—*Scott's Diary.*

An old writer speaks thus sweetly his experience to sorrowing souls who bend under the burden of great griefs: "In every affliction I seem to hear my Father say, 'Take this medicine, my child, just suited to thy case, prepared by my own hand, and compounded of the richest drugs that heaven can afford.'"

He who never changed any of his opinions, never corrected any of his mistakes.