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For the Presbyterian Banner.

Six Weeks in the Potomac Army;

OR,

HOW THE SICK MAN GOT WELL.

No. XI.

From the "Wilderness" to Fredericksburg.

"Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
And in heaven's own time succeeding,
God speed the right."

Up early! How much sleep have you had?

About four hours; and we must move on before we breakfast.

Just as "the Captain" says.

What confusion—apparent at least—along the road this morning! Wagons, cattle, and men, seem to be all in "a mix." The slightly wounded who have left the hospitals on foot, don't know where to go, and each is inquiring for the whereabouts of *his* hospital. But if, as report tends to make it, our army was rather worsted yesterday, it is well that we are only in confusion—not in captivity.

Guess one of our company thinks we are about as *good* as captured—intimates that we will probably be *carried* to Richmond. He is evidently *scared*.

Sorry for him—don't see any use in troubling so much—better take things coolly. For our part, we feel disposed to let Field Agent do the troubling for whole party, while we simply obey orders.

Well, you *are* taking it coolly—sound asleep on a brush heap! Wake up, and give account of yourself.

Only carrying out our theory. Agent is off looking up our hospital—our place, you know, is in its train—and having nothing special to do here but wait, we just bent two or three green bushes upon this little pile of dry brush, you see, and coiled down for a nap. Kept the wagon "in sight," however—save when our eyes were shut.

Why did you remain so long under that small pine tree up there?

Because we could n't well help it. Our nap over, we sat down there to write home. In the meantime, a large drove of army cattle came up in our rear. We supposed they would keep to right or left, but they divided, "flanking" us on both sides—and closing up again in front, they kept us completely *surrounded* until the whole drove had leisurely passed beyond.

But here comes your Agent.

And you hear his orders. He has found our hospital in the rear, and bids us drive back to it; so let us be moving.

I don't see how you can drive back much farther in face of these thronging regiments which fill the road, and on double-quick are marching in the opposite direction. What does it all mean?

It is said that Lee is retreating, and that these are hasting to cut him off—"a fight or a foot-race?"—"on to Richmond!"

And what are *we* going to do?—proceed to our hospital, or go with the tide?

Neither, just now, because we *can't*. Our agent directs, however, that as soon as we can get a proper place in the train, we shall turn and follow the army. In the meantime, we are to go across the road to that Commission tent there, and get something to eat, as we may have to march all night.

The right thing in the right place, that tent is; good for *us* just now, as well as for the sick and wounded; and we are not to be *carried* to Richmond, but to join in the "foot-race."

It is now well on in the night, and Mr. S——, our Agent, has concluded that *our* company will not keep abreast in the "race" any longer, but put up in this vacant house, by which we have halted, till morning. Let us light a candle, go in and reconnoitre.

Here is a good room, in which we can spread our blankets and sleep nicely.

Yes; and here's a bunch of long straw, with which we can brush up the dusty floor a little.

About ready to "turn in," are we not?

Yes; the driver has the horses unharnessed, I believe, hay is out for them, and everything appears to be fixed for a good night's rest for man and beast.

But who comes here claiming acquaintance with Mr. S——?

An army correspondent of the *New-York Herald*, to be sure—listen!

"About to bunk down, are you?" "Yes sir." "Do you think it quite safe to do so?" "I guess it is—don't you?" "By no manner of means! Our army will have passed this point by about two o'clock, and in an hour after, the rebels will follow in their wake."

Sensation, is n't it!

Guess our Agent is not quite satisfied to take it as such, at any rate; hear him.

"Boys, we must roll our blankets, hitch up, and *move on*, instead of resting here."

Unless we wish to be "*carried*" to Richmond! Won't our driver be in a good humor?—but just unharnessed, for the night as he supposed, and now must harness up again, and lose his sleep, which last he particularly dislikes!

At length we have daylight, and breakfast!

And facing toward Spottsylvania Court House, it seems. What an immense camp we have here.

A little farther in the direction of Spottsylvania—and here we have come upon a cavalry hospital.

And a sorry, scrry looking hospital it is—an old dilapidated log house, with its floors and yard covered with about one hundred wounded men—some of them badly, and many with scarce a bit of tent cloth to shield them from this hot sun.

There has been hard fighting hereabouts.

An officer back where we took breakfast, said he had lost sixty men in six minutes, and the ground about this hospital is said to have been fought over, four times.

But here come the ambulances!

To take these poor fellows to Fredericksburg, we are told. Glad to see them go from such a place as this, but it will be a hard ride for them. We will precede them, in search of our corps again; but we must first help them into the ambulances.

Poor fellows!—one short of a leg, and the other of an arm; both in the same ambulance.

Well, this does exceed all the marching or driving we have yet experienced!—making headway in the face of an army train that seems *endless*, while its wagons are sometimes three abreast, is no child's play!

Little by little, we are gaining, however. There is nothing like waiting and working, *patiently*.

At last we have reached the Fredericksburg road! and more, with it, have found the Ninth Army Corps again. While the corps is passing, we will have some refreshment, and then take our place in the hospital train for the city.

Darkness is upon us again, and another night-march before us.

And what a weary way for these poor fellows in the ambulances! We would gladly do more than give them the smooth-side track, while we, with the wagon train, lumber over these broken remnants of what was once a plank road.

Three o'clock in the morning! and halted at last—a little out of Fredericksburg.

And the teamsters are ordered to "unhitch and feed," in the road, just as they stand. We can but do the same.

Shall we get any sleep?

Those who can, may.

You mean those who have played "squatter sovereignty," and "preëmpted" the wagon?

I do: and the balance of us may wait and watch for the day. Will not have long to watch, however.

But poor G—— ought to have sleep; he is not fit to stand so much "grief," yet has continued to march on foot when he ought to have been in the wagon, and he is utterly exhausted.

All true; but to "*have* been" in the wagon is the only way to be in it now, and he will have to go sleepless as well as we. But come, take this water-bucket, and let us sit by the fire here, while we watch for the morning.

Did you hear that one poor fellow died in his ambulance a little while ago?

You see those men with a lantern down there below the road; they are digging his grave. A way-side burial—how sad and lonely! But with the poor soldier, it is "dust to dust" wherever he falls. How cruel it was, that when wagons were found on the side track to-night, the ambulances behind should be ordered out upon the broken planks.

It was cruel. I was there at the time, and as each ambulance began to jolt over the pieces, I could hear the poor wounded fellows groan out with pain.

And before the move was made, we heard some one say, "I will take the responsibility." If he were a surgeon we pity the sufferers all the more, as it is probable that this is not the last they will experience of his "tender mercies."

Daylight once more—and glad of it!

So are we; and this makes two nights in succession, in which we have not had ten minutes' sleep—preceded, too, by *eleven*, in which we have probably averaged but about four hours to each night. If "the sick man" can stand this, I guess he will get "well" when he gets a chance.

And with the early morning we enter the little city of Fredericksburg, Va.—of sad memory, and now to be of sadder memory still. This long line of ambulances, with those that shall follow, will make it one grand hospital for our brave wounded. Here thousands will suffer; here hundreds will die; and here they will be buried. Flowers plucked from many a distant garden will here drop their faded leaves, in strange dust commingling. C.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

All Hail, Maryland!

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I think I have not seen in your columns any notice of the acts and debates of "the Convention of the State of Maryland for the formation of a new Constitution." A friend who is a member of the Convention, has been sending me the stenographer's report of their proceedings, and I have read them with great interest, especially as that is my native State. Permit me to direct attention to two particulars.

1. The Convention has adopted by a very large majority an article repudiating *the State Rights* or *Secession* doctrine, as follows: "The Constitution of the United States and the laws made in pursuance thereof being the supreme law of the land, every citizen of this State owes paramount allegiance to the Constitution and Government of the United States, and is not bound by any law or ordinance of this State in contravention or subversion thereof."

This article did not pass without a very strenuous and persistent opposition, especially to the clause, "this State owes *paramount allegiance* to the Constitution and Government of the United States." The opponents of the article, however, with scarce an exception, disavowed the right of Secession, but discoursed largely upon "State sovereignty," "State rights," &c. The inconsistency manifested in not following their arguments to their legitimate conclusion, as South Carolina and other rebel States have done, was very clearly demonstrated.

2. But on the question of the continuance of slavery in Maryland, the discussion was still more animated and protracted, and the vote on the utter and final destruction of the whole system was even more decisive. The following is the article as adopted: "Hereafter, in this State, there shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted; and all persons held to service or labor, as slaves, are hereby declared free."

In reference to this action, it may be remarked, that so recently as 1850 a similar Convention inserted in the Constitution of the State an article expressly forbidding the Legislature to take any steps toward the manumission of the slaves. Of course the slaveholders and their friends were triumphantly the majority; and the people ratified their action. Compared with the act just quoted, it will appear that public sentiment has greatly changed since the year 1850.

How it has come to pass that in so short a term public opinion has undergone so entire a revolution in regard to slavery, may be gathered from the speeches of the members. I have room for only two specimens. Says one member:

"The final argument that I shall urge in favor of the abolition of slavery in Maryland is that which has been repeatedly used in this debate. Slavery is the link that connects us with the rebellion, and it must be severed. Loss of property may ensue; what matter? immense loss of property has ensued from this rebellion throughout the whole of the State. I make the charge, and challenge refutation, that slavery was the cause of this rebellion; that the rebellion is to-day nothing more, nothing less, than slavery fighting for power; and that inasmuch as we sympathize with, or attempt to bolster up, or defer the obliteration of slavery in this State, by just so much do we sympathize with, bolster up, and defer the crushing out of the rebellion; and by just so much do we add to the burdens of our already overburdened country struggling for life. Not for an instant of time, not by a breath of my nostrils, will I now, or ever while God gives me life, approach or seem to approach by a hair's breadth, toward even the imagined commission of that damning deed."

Another speaker closes an eloquent argument as follows:

"The conviction has gone down into the very depths of my soul that the great enemy of my country, the enemy at whose door I lay all the evils that have fallen upon her, the enemy which has tried to strike her down from her proud place in the van of nations; which has for the first time draggled her proud starry flag in the mud and mire—that enemy, as God is my judge, I believe to be the institution of human slavery. Right or wrong, I believe it. Nay, sir, I take that back, and say that I *know* it. And though I am the friend and daily companion and associate of the slaveholder, I am as true and earnest a hater of the system as breathes God's free air this night. Many a day and many a night have I followed the bloody history of the times, and as I have done so I have promised myself that if the day should ever come when I could strike that system a blow, when I could put the knife to its heart, God helping me, I would strike strong and sure. The gentleman from Anne Arundel quoted the lines:

"'The flesh will quiver when the pincers tear,
The blood will follow where the knife is driven.'"

I have marked for three long years, three long, dark, terrible years, the quivering flesh of my torn and bleeding country. I have marked the flowing of the precious, priceless blood which slavery has drawn from veins that ought to be immortal. And loving her as I do, watching her agonies as I have watched them, I will never forgive, so help me heaven, that thing which has torn her flesh, her quivering flesh, and drawn her precious, her priceless blood!"

The final vote gave very nearly *two-thirds* of the Convention in favor of immediate emancipation. Of course the *one-third* minority did their best to prevent it. All the usual arguments in defence of slavery were adduced and reiterated at great length, and often with a remarkable eloquence worthy of a better cause. But all in vain! Slavery, thanks be to God, is doomed in Maryland. It is nearly certain that the people of the State will adopt the new Constitution. The value of the slaves is estimated by the speakers at from thirty to eighty millions of dollars. Maryland owes a vote of thanks to Jefferson Davis & Co. W. A.

P. S.—Since preparing the foregoing, I have received, through the attentions of my friend, the action of the Convention on the question of excluding clergymen from the Legislature. The old Constitution of Maryland, it appears, had made this invidious distinction. This has been now altered, so that ministers of the Gospel may no longer be disqualified for holding seats in that body; yeas 40, nays 10.

The debate on the subject was very interesting, and presented some singular points. For example, a member from the city of Baltimore, in closing an eloquent speech, said:

"It is an invidious and odious distinction, extremely so. Who are excluded, by your Constitution, from your Legislature? First, those holding certain civil and military offices. Now, although in some of its applications that is a hardship, still there is some show of reason for it; because a man appointed to a civil or military office gives an implied pledge to the public that he will devote his whole time, or so much as is necessary, to the faithful discharge of his duties. And to accept another office might be incompatible with the proper discharge of those duties, and he would be holding two offices, and receiving two emoluments at the same time. Who else are excluded? Negroes and convicted felons; no one else.

"Mr. DANIEL.—And women.

"Mr. STOCKBRIDGE.—Women have certain legal rights, but no political privileges. But all men in the State are admissible in your Legislature, negroes, convicted felons, and ministers of the Gospel excepted. A pretty row, certainly. I say this is a disgrace to our legislation, and an outrage upon the common sense of the community; and I hope it will be stricken out of our Constitution."

FROM OUR LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

BELFAST, August 13, 1864.

I HAVE happily escaped, by being "out of town," a fierce and continuous assault of Summer heat in London, unrelieved by even a shower for weeks together. The Southern and Eastern counties of England have been suffering from severe drought, and while I, at Oban in the Highlands, at Greenock and Glasgow on the Clyde, saw the clouds burst in blessing on valley, hill and gardens, all around the metropolis the grass was burnt up, the cattle pined, and the city itself became so hot for all that *could* get away, that last week every watering place on the Southern coast—Herne Bay, Dover, Folkstown, Hastings, Brighton, Ramsgate, and Margate—were crowded to excess.

At last came the precious rain, "the sound of abundance of rain," on town and suburb, on Park and Crystal Palace garden, on the hills of Surrey, on the hop-fields, wheat, and other cereals of beautiful and historic Kent, and the wealds of fruitful Essex. It was a great relief, this rain; prayer had been offered. There had gone up from many lips and hearts a cry

"From dewless hill and thirsty plain,
God of the harvest send us rain,"

and the answer came in plenteous effusion.

It is worthy of notice, that from the prevalence of southwesterly winds the eastern and southern coasts and counties of England and of Scotland, also have much drier climate than have the western shores and districts of Ireland and Britain. Londoners also are taught by Admiral Fitzroy, our illustrious Weather-chronicler, to expect storm and rain *two days after* they have begun to spend their force in Ireland.

Here at Belfast is a basin, as it were, never quite dry—save in exceptional years, such as the Revival year of 1859, when, for months together, there was not a drop of rain, and old and young could remain—as they did remain—from dewy eve till near the hour of midnight, under the starlit, cloudless skies, listening with eager delight to the Word of Life, ever and anon filling the ear of night with songs of praise, which found a final and jubilant utterance as they reluctantly parted at the cross-roads at midnight, and wended their way to their respective homes.

The Cove Hill with Lough-Neagh to its west, the Lough of Belfast and the Atlantic sweeping along the coasts of Donegal, Derry and Antrim, all combine to condense and precipitate the vapors in the form of rain. Belfast has its full share generally, and this year, hitherto has not been left unvisited. As I write, the heavens are bright; the air is warm and balmy, the sea (at Bangor, County Down,) calm as an infant in slumber, and the Scotch coast distinctly revealed—the "fatherland" of those Presbyterian settlers and immigrants in Ulster, who 250 years ago began that colonization of the Northern counties perfected by the defeat of the rebellious Irish chiefs, which has made Evangelical Presbytery so powerful in this land, and which, besides its contributions of the "Scotch Irish" element to that rare and wondrous composite, the American nation, has made the barren places teem with plenty, and causes Belfast and the counties around commercially to flourish with a wondrous and ever-advancing prosperity.

American visitors to these regions were always frequent in the Summer time, and even now, when war is raging on your side of the Atlantic, they are not wanting. Thus I met last week, at a minister's table, an American clergyman and a worthy citizen, both from Ohio. At Coleraine also I saw the Rev. Dr. Macaulay, of New-York, under another minister's *roof*; and both there, and previously at Belfast, lending friendly pulpit help.

THE LINEN TRADE of Ulster has, as the result of the dearness of cotton, received a revival within the last few years, which far transcends its most palmy days in the olden time. The demand for fine and coarser linens is unparalleled from every continental country, as well as from India and the East. America and the West have also made large demands. Every kind of other business thrives by reason of the prosperity of the staple trade of Ulster. The hand-loom weavers residing on their small farms, each of which in itself is quite inadequate to support a family, are able, with the help of the little girl or boy who "winds the bobbins," and the elder sons and daughters who have looms of their own, to earn a comfortable subsistence. In point of fact the *food standard* of the Irish population generally is wonderfully elevated, as contrasted with the period *before* the Famine of 1846–47. Emigration to America and the colonies, as well as *immigration* into England and Scotland, has thinned the labor-market. "Poor Pat" used to get but 6d. a day and his "mate" (at the farmer's table); but now he earns 1s. 6d. per day, and in harvest season a larger sum. His wife and children also are employed in weeding and other farm-work, and his cabin accommodation as well as food, are much improved, as is his clothing, also. *Not* that pauperism is quite gone; certainly not; *not* that you never see a wandering "Gaberlunzeo" man or woman with garments patched and repatched, and of all the colors of the rainbow. Verily, such a figure to one who has lived long in England is a *study*; and as most of these beggars have a light heart, a twinkling eye, and a droll saying ready, as well as a "blessin" on "your Reverence," or any other stranger that places even a penny in the palm of the hand, and as there is no urgent hunger or distress, evident, you can *smile* while you study the comical figure before you, even while you are saluted at the same time with "The Lord reward you," "The heavens be your bed," "May you niver know want or sorrow!" The *eloquence* of the Irish beggars has not quite died out, and it is very importunate and demonstrative at the Lakes of Killarney. But by reason of Workhouses and Poor Laws, and the death of its original professors, who used to gather in troops round the Mail-coach on its arrival in the various towns through which it passed, and by a never-to-be-forgotten mixture of fun, whining, wheedling, and sometimes (if you were obstinate) satire and scolding, obtain a precarious pittance—from these and other causes the present mendicant eloquence of Ireland is far inferior to the "good *ould* times."

I HAD the pleasure this week of attending a meeting of the Mission Board of the Irish General Assembly, in the town of Coleraine, where assembled the ministers and elders entrusted with the management of the various Schemes of the Church. A most valuable Presbyterian pastor, the Rev. James Canning, a Christian gentleman, and an excellent preacher, had two months before been suddenly called away by death. Roman Catholics and Episcopalians, in every possible way, showed their profound grief at his removal, and his fatherless children, for their dead father's sake, have received innumerable expressions of tender sympathy.

At the Mission Board were present most of the leading ministers of the Irish Assembly. Home Mission business, bearing on the interests of weak congregations in the North, together with mission stations in the South and West, Jewish Continental, and Colonial and Foreign Missions, all receive attention at these gatherings. Reports are given in, grants are made, counsel is taken, and a vigorous supervision is maintained. It was very gratifying to hear, through Dr. Morgan, the convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, that in Guyzerat, at one station, thirteen persons had been recently baptized. Dr. Denham, at the request of the Moderator, offered up special thanksgivings for the mercy thus vouchsafed, coupled with supplication of still more abundant blessings both on the Gentile and the Jew.

The standard of ministerial income has risen wonderfully all over Ulster, and has not attained its culmination. Manses also are being provided more numerously, and church debts are being paid off. The effects of the Revival largely remain and are apparent, in devotional habits, personal piety, Sabbath observance, the service of song skilfully and unitedly given, the love of the written Word and preached Gospel, family worship conducted with fervor and regularity, and a great increase of religious reading. The Colportage Society and the Sabbath School Society, in connexion with the Irish Presbyterians, have achieved a vast amount of good. Every year their position becomes more consolidated, and their prospects of usefulness are increasingly bright.

AMONG recent deaths in London is that of George Offor, well and widely known as one of the most successful collectors of the earliest English editions of Wycliffe's and Tyndal's translations of the Scriptures into English, and especially as an editor of the works of John Bunyan, as well as the writer of a memoir of the life of the great Allegorist and Dreamer. I had once the privilege of visiting him at his house at Hackney, London, and of being conducted over the rooms which contained his literary treasures. His father had been a Bibliopole in Paternoster Row, and dealt chiefly in old and rare books. His son inherited his business and his predilections. He was rich enough to retire from bookselling many years before his death, and he carried with him into retirement a passion to accumulate precious memorials and reminiscences of the past. He possessed some of the finest folio editions of Tyndal in existence; and as to Bunyan, he had instituted and carried out such a minute search, both in town and country, in London bookstores and on stalls on the streets, that he has published nobler and fuller editions of Bunyan's works than ever were seen before. In his library I found several editions of the Pilgrim's Progress, published in Bunyan's lifetime, and all in excellent preservation. They were of duodecimo size, clearly printed and well bound. Each copy had prefixed to it a wood-engraving, representing Bunyan asleep on a grassy bank, his head resting on his hand. The face and figure were evidently drawn from life. A fine formed head, covered with thick, bushy black locks, the forehead broad and ample, the arch of the eyebrows very marked, the cheeks full and without beard, a moustache on the upper lip, and the whole face at once comely and expressive; the dress was that of a Puritan, with doublet and hose, and a broad linen collar over the upper robe. Such was the contour of John Bunyan, as thus presented by a cotemporary limner. In the background are seen the City of Destruction, and Christian fleeing from its open gates, while wife, children and neighbors all in vain urge him to remain.

There were also shown to me by Mr. Offor, the scales and weights which Bunyan, when a "brazier" and tinker, used for weighing metals and coins, in his wanderings over the country. Still more interesting were his penknife, with its corkscrew and other appendages, and also, in excellent preservation, a number of *quill pens* which had been *used* by him in the composition of his works.

Ere I left Mr. Offor's house, he showed me a small pamphlet which had been discovered in Liverpool, *after* the supposed "complete" edition of his works had been published. Of the authenticity of the fresh letters and pamphlets discovered, there were very satisfactory proofs, as well as of those relics which I have just mentioned.

Mr. Offor was a fine specimen of a courteous English gentleman of the old school. He was reclining on a couch when I entered his house at the twilight hour of a Winter day, and he immediately and with great enthusiasm, began to show me his treasures. He was a Magistrate of the County of Middlesex. He loved liberty very much as Milton did; and was a thorough Nonconformist, regarding Established Churches as alike unwarranted by Scripture, and as inimical to popular liberty. Mr. Offor had lived to a good old age, but his mind was vigorous to the last. It would be melancholy if his collection of books and other antiquarian relics were to be dispersed by a public sale. They ought to be purchased by the Directors of a Public Museum, and be carefully preserved for public inspection.

A Mr. Daniel of Islington, whose immediate relatives I know well, having lately died, his rare old library has been sold for enormous prices—especially his Editions of Shakespeare's plays, published in the life time of the Bard of Avon. One printed copy of Hamlet, published at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, brought a price almost fabulous, at least £700 sterling. It is the rarity, coupled with the intrinsic preciousness of such publications, as well as of those collections of ancient pictures, engravings, vases, cabinets, and articles of *vertu* generally, which in London sales attract the attendance of the noble and the wealthy as well as of booksellers and picture dealers and others who, in different parts of the metropolis are constantly replenishing their stores. The love of Art, and antiquarian tastes, always develop themselves with advancing civilization and refinement. An astonishing impulse also was given to Art and Architecture, by the late Prince Consort. The Great Exhibition of 1851 was of *his* suggestion, and was an era in the history of progress all over the kingdom. The Exhibition at Manchester in 1856, and International Exhibition of 1862, in London, was a fresh and mighty stimulus. Wood Engraving also has reached a high position, and the first of our artists, including Millair, Tenniel, Harrison Weir, and many others, through this form of illustration, have crowned our Christmas books and our periodical literature with an artistic beauty and fulness which half a generation back was not dreamt of.

We have had recent Exhibitions at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, of dogs of every breed and kind, from that "Member of the Humane Society" (as illustrated in Landseer's famous picture representing a Newfoundland dog who had often rescued children from drowning) down through the ranks of sleuth hounds, mastiffs, spotted carriage dogs, and spaniels, to the tiny "King Charles," the Scotch "Dandie Dinmont," the lady's poodle, and last and best, in my opinion, the faithful, sagacious Skye Terrier, "beautiful with ugliness."

But a more unique Exhibition has been held this week, namely, of donkies. The poor, despised and ill-used ass is really coming into favor. There are prizes annually given in London to costermongers and others who produce their donkies at a stated time, in a sleek and comfortable condition. The Prince of Wales himself was an exhibitor at the Islington donkey show, and carried off a prize. The aspect of the donkies exhibited by persons in humble life, showed that there is an increasing tenderness toward this hitherto *pariah* class of the brute creation. J.W.

P.S.—A splendid spectacle, three evenings since, was presented in the Western sky, in the conjunction of the moon and the planet Jupiter. I longed for a fresh telescopic view, such as I once enjoyed of the satellites of Jupiter. From the light of the planet from behind the moon, the latter was revealed with extraordinary distinctness and beauty, hanging as it were, in the etherial expanse.

The admirers of the late Daniel O'Connel have laid the foundation stone of a monument to his memory in Dublin. Headed by the Lord Mayor, 50,000 or 60,000 men marched in procession through the streets, with banners, emblems, bands of music, &c.

The Orange men of the North complain that they are forbidden to use, or are punished with imprisonment if they use scarfs, ribbons, and flags, while these were virtually licensed in Dublin. As I write, Belfast is agitated by party riots and deeds of violence.

A statue of King William III. is likely to be erected in this town. The place where he landed, before marching to the Boyne, a little below Carrickfergus, is not marked by any memorial.

Earl Carlisle has resigned the office of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, in consequence of the failure of his health. His successor is not officially announced. Lord Wodehouse, who has had some experience in statesmanship and is able, is spoken of as the coming man.

For the Presbyterian Banner.

More About the Ark.

MESSRS EDITORS:—In the *Banner* of August 31st, "Enquirer's" inquiry about the time the Ark was building, deserves notice.

It was a hundred and twenty years from the time the Lord said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man," until the flood came. This was a plain warning of what was coming on the world for its wickedness. There is no evidence that the Lord commanded Noah to commence building the ark at *that* time. But there is proof, it seems to me, that Noah was not a *hundred* years building the Ark. By reference to Genesis vi: 10, he may see that Noah's sons were born before the command to build the ark was given; we do not know how long, but certainly sometime before.

By turning to the 10th verse of the 11th chapter of Genesis, we see that Shem was only a hundred years old, two years after the flood. The flood lasted one year. This, with the two years after the flood, shows that Shem was only ninety-seven years of age when the flood came, and yet he was born before the ark was begun. It took several years, doubtless, to build the Ark, which was a standing sermon to the people that the flood was coming. And Noah faithfully preached the truth all the time, and God waited while the Ark was preparing, but it was not 120 years, though a plain warning had been given that long before. The ark was, therefore, less that ninety-seven years in building. J.H.P.

Christian Vigilance.

"What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."—ST. MARK.

Art thou in life's delightful morning
With all its charming visions gay?
Does pleasure, deck'd in fair adorning,
Seek to entice thy feet astray?
Watch! lest her syren song allure thee;
Oh guard thy youthful footsteps well!
Her wretched victims all assure thee,
She leads her votaries down to hell.

While friendship's tender ties are twining
Around thy young and buoyant breast—
Ere life's dim day-star, fast declining,
Shall sink forever in the West—
Watch! that thou wisdom's pearl discover;
And when from all below thou part,
That shall remain, and be forever
The talisman to cheer thy heart.

Hear'st thou, in dreams, Fame's trumpet sounding?
Dost seek her garlands of renown?
Ah, see the victor's brow surrounding,
Her laurels prove a thorny crown!
While, on to fame, Ambition's wading
Through scenes of slaughter, seas of blood,
See, see, time's honors all are fading!
Watch! that they lure thee not from God.

Watch! lest temptation's toils surrounding
Involve thee in some fatal snare;
Perhaps, thy soul, it deeply wounding
May cloud with sorrow and despair.
Now for thy fall the foe is waiting,
And hell would triumph in thy shame;
Watch! oh, let not thy love abating,
Dishonor the Redeemer's name.

Watch! when thy skies are all unclouded—
'Tis God alone can joy impart;
Adversity, in darkness shrouded,
May now be aiming at thy heart.
When one faint ray alone is gleaming
Through sullen clouds that o'er thee roll,
Watch! and ere long will hope be beaming,
And smiling peace shall soothe thy soul.

Watch! to its close thy life is drawing,
And thou art passing to the tomb;
Immortal light for thee is dawning,
'Tis beaming through this gathering gloom.
Yon Beacon on the holy mountain
Illumes for thee the awful vale.
Thy watchings o'er, rest by yon Fountain,
Whose living waters never fail.

Cross Creek Village. J. M. B.

Religious Teachings in the South.

The following, from *The Southern Presbyterian*, will give our readers some idea of the kind of teaching the people of the South get, and the source of their hatred of the North. Truly, the Rebellion is founded and fed on lies:

GOD IN THE WAR.

"For this thing is done of me."—2. CHRONICLES II: 4.

At the death of King Solomon, Israel had attained the zenith of national glory. The arts and sciences had been cultivated to a degree hitherto unknown, stimulated by the revelation of Divine Wisdom for the construction of the Temple, that wonder of the world of art. Silver had been made in Jerusalem as stones, and cedar trees as sycamore trees of the low plains, for abundance. Peaceful and prosperous at home, respected abroad, the resort of foreign potentates who brought up to it their glory and honor, this nation, even Israel, is that of whom the Psalmist exclaims: "Happy is that people that is in such a case; yea, happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

Seldom has a reign begun under more favorable auspices and with fairer prospects than did Rehoboam's. Now a cloud appears in the horizon, not larger than a man's hand, which might be dispelled by the gentlest breeze, but which gathering in blackness, soon overspreads the sky. By acceding to the reasonable request of Israel for relief from the excessive burdens formerly imposed, Rehoboam would have made them his faithful servants forever. But no. Hearkening to the counsel of his youthful and rash advisers, he refuses their petition, and Israel withdraws from the confederation of tribes, notwithstanding the brightest assurance of the continuation of national prosperity as a union, "for the cause was of God."—2. Chronicles x: 15. Thus was excited a war, from the very thought of the nature of which, the mind recoils with horror. Sister States are arrayed in mortal strife. The tenderest relationships are to be ruthlessly sundered, and the hand of brother is to be imbued in his brother's blood.

Never in the history of the world has there arisen a war so dire! Surely, it was a fit occasion for the interposition of the Almighty: "Ye shall not go up nor fight against your brethren; return every man to his own house; for this thing is done of me. And they obeyed the word of the Lord and returned." In like manner had the United States reached the acme of its prosperity; the sails of its merchant vessels whitened every sea; it was universally respected and feared, as one of the greatest Powers of the earth. The same sable cloud—servitude—has poured forth upon this devoted land the elements of dissolution. The Almighty, in his providence, had made the South the custodian of a race which has been under his curse since the days of Ham, their sinful progenitor. Brought, in times long past, from their native wilds, where the savage beasts of the forest were almost upon an equality with them, to this Southern land, they have here been educated for heaven, and multitudes are now among the redeemed, and still is this people being trained for eternal glory.

The African explorer, well known to our Missionary Board, has testified that the poorest slave of the most indifferent Southern master, is a prince compared with the most favored African in his native State; and that were he the arbiter, every African, were the advantage of each individual consulted, would be subjected to the control of even an irreligious Southern master; so terrible is the negro's native condition, and so inestimable are even the temporal blessings here accruing. For thirty years has the North endeavored to remove the blacks from a condition assigned them by an all wise, benevolent Providence. Persistent and perverse have been their efforts to revolutionize our social system, and thus deprive the negro of the appointed blessings God has interposed. He has separated the sections. Is it not in order that the South shall continue unconstrained in its Christian mission, as the educator of the black race for time and eternity? How else may we account, humanly speaking, for this separation and internecine war of brethren, which it has been reserved for the enlightenment and Christianity of the nineteenth century to behold? Would that our enemies, before plunging into this strife, abhorrent to human nature itself, had obeyed the word of God, proclaimed unto and felt by the very instincts of man: "Ye shall not go up nor fight against your brethren. Return every man to his house; for this thing is done of me."

Would that it might have been inscribed upon the page of history for the instruction of all future generations: "and they obeyed the words of the Lord and returned."

This view of the object of the secession of the South, inspires unfaltering confidence in the final and glorious triumph of Southern arms. Thus may be explained the continued success of a numerically inferior and isolated section, against a mighty foe to whom an open world furnishes all the arts and appliances of warfare. Because "the cause is of God," it must, eventually, succeed. In this must be our main confidence; though we may also be encouraged in that all history testifies that a people united in the determination to be free *can never be conquered!* Christian patriots of the South, be firm and courageous. Fear no evil, *for God is with us.* Worthy of imitation was the unfaltering confidence of one who, laboring alone to further a righteous cause, was ridiculed and contemned, "Tell me not," nobly and triumphantly he replied, "tell me not I am in a hopeless minority: *one*, with God, is a majority!" He who doeth his will among the inhabitants of the earth, as well as in the army of heaven, will, in his own good time, break the bow and cut the spear in sunder. He will burn the chariot in the fire, and exalt us to be a nation. In the meantime let us be still and know that he is God. This scourge of war is the purifying fire, purging away national and individual pollution. He is chastening his people in token of his love; and how great must that love be, if it is *proportioned* to the severity of his chastisement! We shall come forth from the furnace a nation of pure gold.

Let us then enter our chambers, and shut our doors about us, and hide ourselves as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be past.

There, as though all depended upon God, let us pray for our country. Then let us labor for the final triumph as though all depended upon ourselves. Strictly let us obey the Divine command, "When the host goeth forth against thine enemies, then keep thee from every wicked thing."—Deut. xxiii: 9. Especially is it our bounden duty to discharge every obligation, moral and religious, to promote the welfare of our colored population, and thus shall we, in this war, be laborers together with God. Then shall peace be upon Israel: then will the Almighty cut off the chariot from Ephraim and the horse from Jerusalem, and the battle-bow shall be cut off, and he shall speak peace unto the heathen; and the glad time shall be hastened when his dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth.

SELECTIONS.

HOW TO ADMONISH.—We must consult the gentlest manner and softest seasons; for advice must not fall like a violent storm, bearing down and making those to droop whom it is meant to cherish and refresh. It must descend as dew upon the tender herb, or like melting flakes of snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon and deeper it sinks into the mind. If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are as few who have the discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and to qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which corrupt nature is apt to revolt, by an artful mixture of sweet and pleasant ingredients. To probe the wound to the bottom, with all the boldness and resolution of a good spiritual surgeon, and yet with all the delicacy and tenderness of a friend, requires a very dexterous and masterly hand. An affable deportment and a complacency of behaviour will disarm the most obstinate. Whereas, if, instead of pointing out their mistake, we break out into unseemly sallies of passion, we cease to have an influence over them, or rather create a feeling antagonistic to the advice we wish to give them.

BUT ONE SABBATH IN THE WEEK.—A person being invited to go on an excursion for pleasure on the holy Sabbath, replied, "I should like an excursion very well; but I have but one Sabbath in the week, and I can't spare that." This expresses an important truth in an impressive manner. When we have but one day in the week exclusively devoted to the concerns of eternity, while six are devoted to the affairs of time, can we spare that one day for pleasure? It is the best day of the seven. It is worth more than all the rest. If rightly employed, it will bring us a high return. What we can earn in six days is perishable; but the fruits of a well-spent Sabbath will endure forever. The Sabbath, when properly spent, is the day for the highest kind of employment, or rather enjoyment. If, therefore, you would seek mere earthly pleasure, you can better afford to take any other day in the week for it than to take the holy Sabbath.

THE CLOSING SCENE.—Let all remember that the closing scene of death must sooner or later be realized. Your friends shall stand round your dying bed, in the heart-sinking stillness of anxious suspense, gazing through tears of affectionate anguish on your changing countenance, and watching for that breath that shall part you from them forever. O, that when that breath shall be drawn by you with the softness that leaves attending relations uncertain whether it has passed your lips, or shall be heaved aloud with the strongest convulsive gaspings of violent dissolution, you may possess in your departure the blessed hope of the Gospel—that when you are laid in the mansions of silence, it may be said over you with truth by surviving friends, sorrowful, yet rejoicing, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

THE PEACE OF GOD.—Were the sky always without a cloud, and the ocean without a ripple, the believer would not know so well the God with whom he has to do; for alas! we know how prone the heart is to mistake the peace of *circumstances* for the peace of God. When everything is going on smoothly and pleasantly, our property safe, our business prosperous, our children and servants carrying themselves agreeably, our residence comfortable, our health excellent, everything in short, just to our mind, how apt we are to mistake the pe