

THE TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE

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GALVESTON, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1857.

WHOLE NO. 425.

For the Texas Christian Advocate. REVERIES OF AN EPICURE.

Having finished a hearty dinner, which, though not purely in style epicurean, yet consisted, in addition to the necessities, of the comforts and some of the luxuries of refined life, I took a well perfumed Havana, and having lighted it, threw myself at ease upon a sofa in the hall, and commencing to read leisurely and sleepily away, some falling into that peculiarly happy mood known to all genuine smokers to be the concomitant of a full stomach, operated upon by the benign influence of a good cigar. Some circumstance to me unknown, perhaps a remark let fall by our Bible agent, or the preacher in his prophetic sermon; the source I know not, but the whispering of a spirit, or the suggestion of my good angel, for I am a Christian man, at least so I hope, and would not for the world relinquish my belief in the presence and offices of ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation, the origin is immaterial, the suggestion, "Our society prays very neat. Testaments for sixpence," sounded in my ear, or was rolled back upon the sand beach of memory from some wreck of the ocean of the past, and became the first stick about and around which lodged and hung many such thoughts and suggestions as these: "Destroy not him with thy meat for whom Christ died." "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof." "Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "For him, and through him, and of him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." "And as the smoke went up in graceful curls, and my nerves were brought partially under the dominion of the narcotical-imaginative power of the tobacco, ideality and imagination took their pencil, and commenced to trace these circling waves with creatures of life.

Before me swept in gloomy majesty, laid a primeval forest of eternal verdure, a dark, calm, awful stream, looking in the silent roll of its dark waters, like a mighty serpent of that ferocious class, dragging his fearful length through the luxuriance of an equatorial savanna, cogitating as he goes, the destruction of some thoughtless denizen of nature's pastures. Another puff, and the scene is changed; the grey curtains sweep aside in graceful folds, and reveals to the sight a female form, bearing in her nude arms the young innocent fruit of her womb. What means this mother? And why that wild fearful look, glancing first at the stream, and then at her babe? And why that shudder--that tear--that convulsive clasping of the tender, tiny being that clings to her bosom, and looks with innocent wistfulness up into her maternal eyes? "God! And is it true! Do my senses deceive me! She pushes it from her, and--Oh, horror! She dashes it, heedless of its cries and dark rays, which, swallowing up its delicate form, sends it itself in many a circle, whirling themselves to the farther shore. And here a vision failed. For my feelings being overwrought by what had passed before me, my cigar was suffered to lie neglected by, until the canvas grew too thin for even Egypt to paint scenery thereon. But recollection, viewing the scene over again, said it was a heathen mother sacrificing in the Ganges.

A dimly remembered saying of St. James has intruded itself, and like a word or name which sometimes disturbs by its ceaseless ringing, did this gloomy memory hunt me for some time, saying, "Faith without works is dead." "Faith without works is dead." But my cigar burning freely, and the smoke once more kissing the ceiling, and spreading itself in rolls and waves upon its shining surface, I shut out the impertinent ding-donging of that very singular text, and gave myself up to the influences around me.

The yeast of imagination once more began to work, and upon its scum came other figures and danced a second and went down, until in its more powerful workings a scene was brought to view, which perception caught and held a moment. It was a court scene, I judged it such, portraying anything of an exactly similar character, and as it passed before me it seemed an occasion of solemn pomp, strangely blended with what had the appearance of revel, but what the exact nature I could not determine at first. A turn in the affairs brought to light a funeral procession, of dancers and weepers, of singers and sighers, of howlers and of those whose exclamations were as they had been conceived of the howl of a damned ghost, and the bark of the dog that plays waltz to the guests of Plato. Following these are scenes of wretches, fall robbed in nature's own sable habiliments, led with solemn tread up a slight ascent, and there before the gaze of thousands, who fill the air with the wild notes of their savage song, mingled with instrumental clangor, they take their stand. What means this? Are these creatures of a fierce ungodly spirit, doomed for some high crime against the State, to pay the forfeit of their lives? I know not. But the grim executioner, as he cleaves the skulls of these sable children of nature, lets fall some words about "a fit effort for a mighty prince to bear him company to the spirit land; and turning away leaves their carcasses to the fenshion organs of their benighted kindred, or to swell and putrify, and exhalate their kindred colors in the torrid heat. Shuddering, I half arose, and smoke to the pleasing consciousness that it was all a dream, and that I was luxuriating amid the elegancies and refinements of christian enlightenment; and that this was but a dream of some of the scenes which transpire at the death of a king in Africa!

"And, oh! how thankful was I, that my lot was cast in a land of Bibles and gospel privileges. Ruminating thus, I was interrupted by, "And Antioch shall stretch out her arms." "Every knee shall bow, and every tongue shall confess that Christ is Lord, to the glory of God." "It is required of a steward that a man be found faithful." Another moment and my senses were in fullest play, having got rid of a sense of horror produced by the late scene. But for the life of me I could not see what connection there might be between the fearful tragedy which I had witnessed, these scriptures, and my present condition; why they should flock together, by what law of association? Why Ethiopia stretching forth her arms should be suggested by luxuriating here, in my own richly furnished establishment, I could not guess, and what they

or all of it had to do with stewardship, I could not possibly comprehend. So having done what I could to chase these idle phantasms from my mind, and having puffed away pretty heartily for a few moments, the blue vapor once more arose in swelling volumes, and draped the room in misty curtains, and restlessly turning thought arrayed many a shape which imagination painted in more or less perfect form. Once, for a moment, I thought I saw, but dimly at first, was a huge ear, and in its onward march it crushed unnumbered victims, without distinction of age or sex. Surely, thought I, this is the ear of despotism. No, it does not exactly represent that. It must be the ear of general ignorance, which causes many to choose their poison instead of their food, or makes them, from ignorance of the laws of hygiene, destroy themselves by too much labor, or too little food; or it is the shade of some monstrous error that ruined republics, come to teach me the ruinous consequences of the want of a thorough understanding of political economy on the part of many statesmen. No, not any of these. Well--but I see the victims rush purposely, and with something of a seeming of joy and devotion, and place their necks under the cruel whet of this monster ear, and now that I recollect, I have heard of the ear of Juggernaut. "As I live," saith the Lord, "every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess that Christ is Lord, to the glory of God." "My brethren, let us not live in *error* but in *truth*." These and other passages in the "word of life" came rushing into my mind, and though I could not tell why, seemed engraven there in lines of glory. However, through the somnifluous influence of my magic cigar, and the effects of a full stomach, I succeeded in getting measurably rid of these singular and harassing thoughts, and was soon in a sound sleep. Sleeping, I dreamed--it must have been a dream--that I was in a court once more, but it was so different from anything that I had ever seen, as one thing, can be from another. "Him that sat upon the throne?" "Oh! How that sat upon the throne! What man glared! What beauty! What terror! What grace! His glances! How it seemed to pierce me to the very soul, and made my knees to smite against each other, and a shuddering to pass through the whole frame, and confusion and terror to take possession of me.

While in this awful condition, whether from the late rums which my reveries had taken, or whether from cause "all unexplained," I had my ears greeted ("twas all a dream") with the cries of *aloud*, *haggard*, *red-looking* and *barbarians* all around me, and I looked and some had their heads split open by the executioner's axe, and they were an "escort to some mighty prince," and were here as such. Some had no heads at all, and their bodies were mutilated as by the wheel of some mighty car, and some were persons of the very first respectability of my acquaintance, and in my *chance*, but oh, how changed! There was on the other side of the king from where we stood, a great company of persons of every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and all in a beautiful white uniform, but--And here the terror of the scene, and the singular and unexplained position I was made to occupy--how singular the workings of the mind in sleep--annoyed me so, that, in connection with all I had beheld, I was effectually roused up, and could sleep no more.

And there lingered in my mind some dim traces of recollection, that some of these horrid creatures had somewhat to say *against* me, and that one of them essayed to thrust me through with an instrument of torture. I was almost overcome with a sense of horror--a sense of something undefined and undefinable, that gave me little ease. And when I would shut these out, and turn, in memory, to the Bible, that book which Christians draw comfort in times of distress, I could recollect no passage suited to my spiritual condition, while such as these stood ever first, "Whoso hath this world's goods, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" "Let his mercies' sake, All truly converted people feel like praising God aloud in the congregation, and I would not make this a test of any man's piety, but I do believe there would be many more who would thus feel, if they would encourage the influence of God's Spirit upon their hearts. I do believe that in all remarkable revivals there are some converted and unconverted, who cannot refrain from expressing their feelings, in tears and sighs, unless they do violence to God's Spirit. Therefore, says the apostle Paul, "Quench not the spirit."

Lawrence, September 1, 1857.

For the Texas Christian Advocate. REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

MR. EDITOR:--There are but few professed Christians, but acknowledge the necessity and importance of revivals of religion, in order to the conversion of our fellow-men. Their utility has been so clearly demonstrated in so many instances that it would seem spent in vain to make an argument in their favor. Nine-tenths of Protestant christians, perhaps, proclaim with great unanimity the great importance to the Church of revivals of religion. Indeed, the church of Christ ought always to be in a revival. Or, it should live so near to God, and to be so devoted to His work, that a glorious revival would be with the Church until the millennial glory ushers in. But while Protestants nearly all preach the great importance of revivals, they differ widely as to the means to promote such a work, and in what that work consists. First, there is a large class of Christians who profess to believe in revivals, but say they must be conducted without any unusual outward manifestations of interest. They are always saying, "Order, order." They often quote Paul's saying, "Let all things be done in decency and order." They cannot bear for a poor sinner to cry out in the Church, "God be merciful to me sinner." It is considered very much out of place for one Christian to say, "Amen" or audibly sanction another's prayer. It is considered out of all credit for all to pray audibly at once in meeting. In short, when we look closely at their method of promoting a revival, the means are not adapted to accomplish the end.

No revival of God's work ever occurred until the minds of the people became enlightened upon the subject of the salvation of the soul. They must be interested--moved on the subject. If properly enlisted, they will manifest it externally. It is contrary to every law of the human mind for great interest and deep feeling to exist only internally. As well might we expect all the fires of Hecla and Vesuvius to be excited, and not have an eruption. If all the powers of the soul be excited on any subject, that soul is just as sure to exhibit visible signs of its invisible state, as an eruption of the volcano is the result of the ignition of its internal fires. To undertake, therefore, to enlist a people on the subject of religion, and keep them at the same time from manifesting their interest in tears and sighs, groans and outcries, is about as philosophical and sensible as for a man to set a magazine of powder on fire, and then undertake to prevent the noise of an explosion. Oh, how unreasonably to expect men to contemplate the awful realities of eternity, the solemnities of death, the danger to which they are exposed, without feeling the deepest possible interest and anxiety on the subject. When Paul saw his condition, he fell to the ground, and cried out, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" When Peter preached on the day of Pentecost, there was a great commotion in the multitude, "the people were pricked to their hearts," and cried, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" When Peter preached at the house of Cornelius, there were the same external marks of interest. "They heard then speak with tongues and magnify God." When the Philippian jailor saw his condition, he trembled, and fell down before the apostles, and said, "What must I do to be saved?" When Jesus Christ rode into Jerusalem, the people shouted, "Hosanna to the son of David." The Pharisees wished him to command them to hold their peace. His reply ought to be an everlasting rebuke to those who are always talking about order in church. "If these hold their peace the stones will cry out." The benedictus man was "walking and leaping and praising God."

David, a man after God's own heart, danced for joy before the ark of God. The everlasting love of the Christian is represented as a place of shouting and singing, and exercises which convey an idea of the most intense joy. Hell and the miseries of the damned, are pictured to our minds by figures representing the most bitter crying and lamentation. The souls lost are represented as weeping and wailing, and gnashing their teeth forever. Indeed, there never has been an extensive revival of God's gracious work, where the people were not powerfully wrought upon, bodily, and where there were not weeping, an crying out, and great outward signs of deep emotion. The truth is, when the soul is filled with the love of God, it feels like telling it to others. And many will have to "quench the spirit," and smother their feelings, or they must speak aloud of the goodness of God to them. When they feel thus, we say, let it come, no matter if they be in the town or city. No matter if you are in a cushioned pew, with silks, satins, and velvets all around you. Let it come, and tell the wonders of redeeming grace. God will bless you and bless the expression to the good of others.

I once attended a meeting where a poor soul felt so happy, when he first felt the pardoning love of Jesus, that he shouted aloud, "Glory to God," and some of the congregation were frightened, and ran home in great haste, supposing the man to be crazy. So thought many concerning the people at Pentecost; they charged them with being drunk; at other times they were charged with being beside themselves. Paul was charged with turning the world upside down. These charges are as old as Christianity, and have been made a thousand times by cold-hearted professors of religion. But they have been as often refuted by the consistent lives and triumphant deaths of those thus slandered. God grant that there may be more who feel like praising God, even before men, for His goodness and His mercies' sake. All truly converted people feel like praising God aloud in the congregation, and I would not make this a test of any man's piety, but I do believe there would be many more who would thus feel, if they would encourage the influence of God's Spirit upon their hearts. I do believe that in all remarkable revivals there are some converted and unconverted, who cannot refrain from expressing their feelings, in tears and sighs, unless they do violence to God's Spirit. Therefore, says the apostle Paul, "Quench not the spirit."

For the Texas Christian Advocate. NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. EDITOR:--This, as you know, is the brisk season in our great city, but the "times" at present are "hard." Hundreds of ocean vessels are lying idle, and without crews, at the wharfs, waiting some favorable turn in the commercial tide for their employment. In the meanwhile, many magnificent edifices are building all over the city, whose corporation limits now reach to Harlem, distant some twelve miles; one or two of the avenues are settled with houses nearly the whole distance.

New York is becoming celebrated, not only for its magnificent stores and residences, but also for her costly and beautiful churches. We have some three hundred, and Trinity, I suppose may be named as the pride of the New Yorkers, in the way of sacred edifices. The hands of its great three-faced dial, but all true and alike, regulate the money lions with their millions daily on Wall street. It is the largest clock in the United States, weighing nearly seven thousand pounds, and cost \$5,000. The pendulum is twenty feet long, its ball weighs two hundred pounds, and makes twenty-four vibrations in a minute. There are several weights--one striking seven hundred, and five hundred each, one compelling the time, the other two the striking movements, the hours and quarters chiming. The escapement which is brass exquisitely finished--the escapement itself of the finest hard steel, fitted with massive jewels, making it almost indestructible. The clock is an eight day work, and if the Episcopalians of our city keep as "correct time," in their spiritual matters, as this regulator does of the passing hours, they will improve the important moments. They have public prayers here every day of the year.

"The Old Brick," Dr. Spring's, near the Park, has been demolished, and Mammon is erecting stores over the once honored graves. This congregation is to build a new house of worship on the Fifth Avenue, at a cost of \$150,000. The celebrated Broadway Tabernacle is to be removed "up town," and rebuilt at an expense of \$130,000. A white marble new Dutch Reformed Church has been finished for \$400,000! The Methodists share in this general wish for fine churches. "Mulberry" is to be rebuilt, but on the Fourth Avenue, for \$60,000; another on Thirty-fourth street, has cost some \$60,000, and a third \$40,000. These costly churches are all new, and they could not be erected on any other plan. There are about twenty Methodist Episcopal Churches, not including those of the colored people, and the John Wesley Sailor's floating Bethel.

New York city and State, is now provided with an excellent and general system of Common Schools. That eminent statesman, Henry Clay, accomplished one of the noblest deeds of his illustrious life, when, in the national councils, he secured the distribution among the several States of the Union, a portion of the Surplus Revenue. The result in other States I know not much about, but in this it has been most beneficial. We were allowed \$60,000,000, and have received nearly all, if not the whole sum. Every cent of the income from these millions have gone to purposes of public education, in the establishment of public schools, academies, colleges and libraries for the common people.

By the constitution of this State, the capital of this fund must be preserved inviolate for these noble purposes. Its net income for the last quarter of a century has been nearly \$500,000 yearly. Our population is now over three millions, and there is not one child in our wide borders, from the Atlantic to the Lakes, citizen or foreign, from five years old to twenty-one, who may not be educated at the public expense. The Common Schools are now all free, and made so by the Legislative enactment of 1849. It will ever be a source of grateful remembrance to the writer, that he belonged to the committee who reported that generous and noble act to the assembly.

In New York, the schoolmaster is literally abroad everywhere, and all the time. Every school-house has its library--history, literature, geography, etc. These collections contain between one and two millions of volumes, and open their pages gratuitously to all, man, woman, and child, in the Empire State. This Deposit Fund has done still more. It teaches the blind to read the Bible, and the deaf and dumb man to converse, and to give expression to his gratitude to God and man, for his elevation from an ignorance and misfortune, to the light of knowledge and freedom. It will ever be a source of grateful remembrance to the writer, that he belonged to the committee who reported that generous and noble act to the assembly.

For the Texas Christian Advocate. LETTER FROM REV. P. A. MOELLING.

"By their fruits shall ye know them."

DEAR BROTHER GILLESPIE:--Several thousands of miles from our beloved Texas, for the first time, an impulse takes hold of my heart to "send a few lines." I have reached the outposts of civilization; I have seen and traveled extensively through all the Western States, from Ohio to Nebraska, and have come finally to the conclusion, that no flower in the gardens of this Union, is so beautiful and fragrant as the flower of Texas. The sweet, balmy and refreshing breezes of our tropical nights, pouring coolly in from the Gulf, inspiring upon our thresholds, make Texas the Paradi of the Globe. It took me for several days the warmest clothes to keep me comfortable up here in these regions, and the landscape has already a wintry expression; other use than yellow, pale-looking flowers, bloom on the dying wreck of Minnesota. But Texas has her beautiful flowers yet; yes, at all seasons, a rose to adorn the bosom of her brides, and cleander blossoms enough to smile around the exhilarating fane of the New Year's pie. But, thank God! I am well, good care has been taken of me by God and men! I have found warm-hearted German brethren, in every sense of the word. I have lived with them for nearly two months, under the old sturdy oaks of Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin. I have lived with them in the Camp-nesting tents, and felt glorious and happy under the blessings of an All-Present Redeemer.

St. Paul, Minnesota, is the most lovely spot on earth I ever have seen. It is so much like the home of my childhood, and has so much enough to attract any poetic soul. The population is at present about 13,000, and not very floating. Several churches tell you that there are many that desire to go to heaven. One thousand steamers will have arrived here up to the end of this season, and the many stern-wheeled steamers going up the Minnesota river, having their star spangled banner floating over their cabins, indicate clearly enough that in the course of time, St. Paul, now an outpost, will be the central point of a large commercial and industrial empire. It does my wondering heart so much good to have traveled for months, farther, and ever farther from home, and yet the same stars and stripes that float over our office on Washington's Birthday, or on the glorious Fourth of July, are greeting me from the cupola of the Minnesota Capitol.

I was yesterday out to Salem Mission, six miles from here, and even there got fifteen new subscribers, and I have thirty here in St. Paul. The description of the Indian antiquities I have seen in these regions would fill several columns, for which you will neither have patience, nor the time to describe. Let some of your students translate it from our *Apologist*. There I give every item in full. The Falls of St. Anthony I sketched for your office, also the Chimney Rock, and the Indian Mounds near Dunleith, besides all the other interesting spots along the path of my travels. The far-famed Red Stone near here I have also visited, and took several pieces with me, containing antique drawings of old Indian chiefs. The whole stone is painted, and is an interesting relic, saving the shape of a tent; they believe all sorts of devilish things about and in it. A mile above St. Paul, on the banks of the Mississippi river, I visited a deep grove, with torches. A little rivulet winds its icy crystal stream through it, and we explored it for over three hundred yards, and found the name of "Volney" in it. I will now come to a close.

If the good Lord should spare my life, I will reach home by the middle of November, time enough to get ready for Conference. I have received many hundreds of new subscribers. After the dedication of a new church here on Sunday next, which I have to perform, I shall leave again for Chicago, the Falls of Niagara, and New York, and thence through Nashville home again. The Lord be with you, and all the Israel of God, and should we never meet on earth, let us rejoice in heaven. Give my love to my dear wife and children, and Brother Engel; he has done nobly in the editing during my absence.--Yours, in Christ.

St. Paul, Minnesota, September 16, 1857.

For the Texas Christian Advocate. THE GERMAN CHURCH IN HOUSTON.

MR. EDITOR:--On last Sabbath, the German Methodists of this city, dedicated their new church building to the worship of Almighty God. Rev. J. W. DeVillibis, the Presiding Elder of the German District, was not present, as was expected, nor yourself, who also was expected. The services were conducted in the German language, in the morning by the Rev. Knipps Indestry, which consisted of singing, prayer, reading the Holy Scriptures, and singing again, and sermon. At the close of the sermon, Bro. Warrs read the invitation, and prayer of confession of the communion service, in German, and the writer conducted the rest of the service in English.

A good congregation was in attendance, and they gave good heed to all the services, and it was gratified at the large number who came to the communion; I would judge about fifty. At three o'clock, the services consisted of singing in German, and prayer in English by Rev. H. S. Thrall, Presiding Elder of Galveston District, which consisted of singing, prayer, reading the Holy Scriptures, and singing again, and sermon. At the close of the sermon, Bro. Warrs read the invitation, and prayer of confession of the communion service, in German, and the writer conducted the rest of the service in English.

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OUR FREE BLACKS.

"By their fruits shall ye know them."

Under the above head we find in the Philadelphia Press, the following paragraph: "Information has been received at the Methodist Mission Rooms in New York city, that there are apprehensions of a general famine in the West Indies, and that the negroes, who have been on the community for years. It is attributed to the great number of idle and worthless persons in the nation."

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PRECAUTIONS OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.

The Paris correspondent of the Boston *Traillor* sends the following account of the great entrenched military camp which Louis Napoleon is now forming at Chalons: In my opinion, Louis Napoleon is now engaged in building a scheme by which he hopes to secure his throne against accidents, even so great a casualty as his assassination. The plan he has adopted is, like everything he does, marked by a great show of foresight and a good deal of astuteness. I dare say you have seen by the papers, that a great camp has been formed at Chalons. It occupies a space which covers about thirty thousand acres. There will be some sixty or one hundred thousand men of the best regiments in the army. The camp will be an entrenched camp; that is it will be a fortified camp of thirty thousand men. Marshal Canrolet, that devoted personal adherent of the Emperor, will command it. The Project of the department is to be a picked man, of approved fidelity. The troops are to be constantly employed in strengthening the camp and all its approaches, so as to render it as impregnable, as the citadel of Alesia. The Project of the department is to be a picked man, of approved fidelity. The troops are to be constantly employed in strengthening the camp and all its approaches, so as to render it as impregnable, as the citadel of Alesia.

THE LAW VINDICATED IN ENGLAND.

A ship lately sailed from England with a remarkable cargo, the following paragraph: "It bore as condemned prisoners Sir John Deane Paul and his two partners, Bates and Strahan; Redpath, a wholesale fencer; Robson, the Crystal Palace swindler; and several others, who after a successful career of fraud, that had lasted for more than twenty years, had been finally detected. These men were all well educated, and had acquired considerable wealth, and were apparently above the reach of suspicion. The impudency of a petty falsehood, or a mean stratagem, to quote the words of a London newspaper, 'would not have been sufficient to ruin a man who had fallen into the hands of the law. What mighty destinies hang upon the life of this man!'

MR. FILLMORE AT ROME.

A correspondent of the New York *Observer*, a religious paper--who visited Lexington, Ky., at the meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and traveled leisurely homeward, thus describes an interview he had with Mr. Fillmore, at Buffalo.

On Monday morning, before leaving the city, I availed myself of the few moments left me, to visit the mansion of Mr. Fillmore, and to see his estimable and honored occupant. I had last seen in his apartment overlooking the bay of Naples. As I entered his library, I found him searching for some concluding piece of Arabic in an Arabic lexicon. I found him in a state of repose, and he had his eyes closed. He had taken up in literary researches--for which his late extended tour has given him an increasing zest. I was exceedingly interested in many things he said, and he had a number of valuable ones which I might advert to without a lack of the laws of social propriety.

THE ANGLIO SAXON RACE.

Of the races which at this day occupy the scene of the world the most active, and that which has the greatest influence on the human race, is unquestionably the Anglo-Saxon race. Other nations may be more noisy and brilliant than the United States--they may exhibit more external glories, but their hearts are cold, and they can be considered so necessary as both these people. The Anglo-Saxon and Anglo-American races form one of the most important springs of the great political machine of the universe; with one it would perish, or be abandoned to the contempt of the future of some of the most important facts of history, and some of those moral notions which are so essential to humanity.

MR. MONROE AND THE LAST WAR WITH GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Gales, in his reminiscences of the civil history of the War of 1812, speaks of several interviews he had with Mr. Monroe, then Secretary of State, previous to the declaration of war, at which Mr. Monroe related his experience during his residence at different times in the Courts of different Powers, and Europe, and of the various nations with which the Representatives of the United States, as well as their remonstrances against systematic wrongs were treated, ending these conversations frequently with the following expressions, such as this:-- "There is no alternative! We must resist, or be irretrievably disgraced in the eyes of the world, and even in our own."

A PEN AND INK SKETCH OF PARLIAMENT

The Christian Intelligencer has a letter from an American in London, dated Oct. 21, giving a pen and ink sketch of Parliament, as follows: At 4 o'clock, last evening, I went to visit the House of Parliament, with Mr. Kimball, member from Perth. The House of Commons is a perfect wilderness of Gothic towers, grained ceilings, superb halls, lined with marble statues of departed statesmen and warriors. Millions of people--enough to fill the streets in every parish--have been lavished on this gorgeous edifice. As we reached the door of the House of Commons, our eyes were directed to a magnificent hall. "The Speaker is in the chair," was shown a seat in the small Speaker's gallery. The hall is superb in ornament, of oblong shape, with rows of grand and cushioned benches on each side, and no desks in front of members. The Speaker wears a huge wig and gown. The members, most outlandishly, all wear their hats except while speaking, and five or six exceedingly bad. I was also surprised at the yard appearance of many of the House; at least a score of them seemed like a senior class in college. A considerable number of resolutions was carried on during the debates, and members were walking about continually.

The speaker of the evening most listened to was Mr. Charles Napier and Lord Coleridge, but his style was very attractive. While he was speaking there was a constant cry of "Hear, hear, hear," and "well done," and "yea, yea, yea." After him came the Chancellor of the Exchequer, a graceful, fluent, stentorian speaker. Lord Palmerston pulled off his hat and spoke in a slow, careless tone, but in front of the House does not look so ill expected. Sir James Graham is a huge, easy country gentleman, who sat like a man of leisure in a coffee house. The only other and shabby member, in fancy dress and dress, is the Radical Roebuck, of Sheffield. He has a wash-pail hanging in his home, and is a man for "inquiries and investigations." The old horses, Mr. Charles Napier and Lord Coleridge, attracted much attention. As a body of men, the House of Commons is not so imposing in appearance as our American Senate. Lord John Russell, with his long hair, and the looked sarcastic and sulky. He is the sharpest doppel of them all.

From the House of Commons we go by a splendid hall to the House of Lords. Their room is the most superb in the kingdom. It is a blaze of crimson and gold. As we enter we see the noble Lord Shaftesbury on the cushion by the door. Beside him that handsome young Duke, under the thick golden hair, belongs to the Duke of Argyll, the rising hope of Scotch Presbyterianism. Old Lord Aberdeen sits next, in a deep robe. Across the room, in the front of the "Woolsack," walks feebly an old man in green coat, buff vest, and check trousers, with short white hair, and that unmistakable turn-up nose. As we look at the bench, a disreputable veteran, it is hard to recognise the once gallant "Harry Drummond," of the House of Commons. He sits by Aberdeen--two anti-podes together. We hear Mr. Scotchman, Lord Coleridge, Granville, and from the dusky Duke of Newcastle.

These magnificent views in your gallery are the five and six hundred lords of the kingdom, who know enough of military to describe their "rig" for your lady readers; but it may be some gratification to Amer can ladies to know that the face and partial bonnet of the Duke of Devonshire, and Countess were fully as large as a saucer! Their faces were generally fair and brilliant in beauty.

As we came away from the House of Lords which contains many able and noble characters, in no way converted to belief in hereditary houses of legislation.

TEXAS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE. GALVESTON, TEXAS. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1857.

LABOR FOR THE CHURCH.

Many well-meaning people, and many who think themselves wise in the things of God, have a piety that satisfies their own ill-informed consciences...

being sent in return. On the subscription lists of this man Akarman, which have since been discovered in his official style, may be found scores of respectable names, men, women and youths of both sexes.

This abominable publication, reeking with impurity, and familiarizing the youthful beholder with all the shocking details of vice known in the common brothel, has been found circulating in a respectable female boarding school.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY BACKS DOWN.

It will be recollectied by our readers that at the late Anniversary of the American Tract Society, action was taken, for the first time, on the slavery question.

IMMORAL LITERATURE.

The people of the United States, several years since, became generally aroused to the great dangers with which the country was threatened, growing out of the increasing prevalence of drunkenness.

Mrs. S. S. PAKE, at the Advocate office, has a considerable lot of our Sunday School publications, just from Nashville, and they are selling off rapidly.

The Evangelische Apologete closed its second volume with the issue of this week. It has prospered at a rate fully equal to the most sanguine expectations of its friends.

GEN. LAMAR'S "VERSE MEMORIALS."

We have received a copy of this work from Armstrong's Book Store, in this city. It is one of the most elegantly printed and bound publications we have ever seen, and is an honor to the publishers, W. P. FETRIE & CO., New York.

"I write because there's joy in rhyme: It cheers an evening's idle time; And though my verse the tongue sublime May never reach, Yet heaven will never call it crime, If truth it teach."

"NOT WE." Last week in the Book Editor's Department, appeared a very complimentary notice of this paper.

"Inflict upon the rosy post Some fifty kisses long drawn out, And thus a sweet revenge impose, The only one that honor knows."

The "Soldiers of the Cross, inscribed to the Pioneer Preacher of Texas," was written at the suggestion of Mrs. Dr. Hoxie, an old Alabama friend of our better-half, who once lived in Texas, but now inhabits the Spirit-land.

The "Star and Cup" is inscribed to Mrs. Mary Ann Moreland, formerly of Alabama, now of Texas, a sister of General Lamar, and an acquaintance of Miss Octavia Walton, now Madame Le Vert.

"O Lady, if the Stars so Bright," was addressed to Miss Henrietta Mallit, now Mrs. Gen. Lamar. "Grieve Not for Me," addressed to Mrs. Randle, another sister of General Lamar, and another old friend of the writer of this.

"THE NASHVILLE INQUIRER." Our Baptist brethren have the prospect, we trust, of getting rid of the domination of J. R. Graves, who has been for years an ecclesiastical Jemalmeite, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him," in self-defence.

AUSTIN CAMP-MEETING.

DEAR BROTHER GILLESPIE:—The camping-meeting on Walnut creek, near Austin, beginning on the 18th of this month, continuing until the 28th, was truly "a time long to be remembered" by those who attended.

Physical nature, on the part of those who labored most, seemed for a short time to complain; but truly "the spirit itself helped our infirmities," and we were enabled to rise o'er pain and languor, and rejoice that we were accounted worthy to work for our Master.

If I remember correctly, we had over twenty conversions; which repaid us doubly for all our toil. Father of wisdom, impart grace sufficient to carry those young converts safely through trial and temptation, and land them, with "Ship's company," in the haven of peace.

A SCENE ON CALVARY, on our fourth page, was composed by a lady of this city. In some parts it is really Miltonian in its solemn tread, and pathetic grandeur. We hope to receive more poetic contributions from the same source.

SUPPORT OF NEWSPAPERS.

Sometimes since the Christian of this city had a very sensible article, caused by the continued failures of Texas interior newspapers, and urging the folly of wasting money, time, energy, and the prime of life in the futile attempt to establish newspapers without sufficient capital, and in a place, and under circumstances, where the demand for them would not justify the hope of sufficient support.

Another experiment was then made—it consisted of speaking the notes instead of playing them. The Emperor wrote, "Ploemiers est une ville charmante et vive," and Monsieur Sudre after reading the phrase, pronounced without any intonation of voice, certain notes.

"NOT WE."

Last week in the Book Editor's Department, appeared a very complimentary notice of this paper. But not being sufficiently separated from the editorial matter, it looks very much like the editor had complimented his own paper.

The Buffalo Christian Advocate speaks in a really brotherly tone. Speaking of the Texas Christian Advocate, it says: "This excellent paper is a beauty beside. Its new and clean appearance makes it really attractive."

A correspondent of the New York Day Book, in a recent issue, speaks in no measured terms of some of the proposals to establish a Southern Methodist paper in New York city.

We publish these things because we desire to encourage our friends to double our circulation.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND.

A correspondent of the Christian Advocate and Journal says: "As soon as you enter Scotland the land becomes more barren and bleak, finally settling down to the great moor plains, stretching far away to the Highlands in the dim distance, covered with heather, which was in full bloom, and gave a delicate tinge of pink and lilac color to the whole region."

The university gives to this city its high literary character, and thousands are attracted here to educate their children.

A LONDON SABBATH.

It is estimated that at least two hundred and fifty thousand of the inhabitants of London are engaged on a fine Sunday, in the public desecration of the Sabbath, in the pleasure grounds within the city, or in the other places resorted to by means of the Sunday trains and steamboats, which carry sixty thousand to seventy thousand persons each way, during the day.

It seems that this Graves is jealous of the Southern Baptist Publication Society, located in Charleston.

When cornered by any one he offers to pray for him, forgive him, etc.

"And now this editor," adds Dr. Kendrick, "who has been bandying Billingsgate for many long years, who has written 'abusive articles,' enough to fill a dozen great 'Iron Wheels,' who has ruthlessly assailed and insulted Christian gentlemen, because they chanced to have a D.D. attached to their names, who has been spotting, stabbing and damaging, according to his paltry ability, every minister who happened in any way to get in his light, turns up the whites of his eyes, and lifts up his hands in holy horror at our great wickedness, and offers us forgiveness."

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CONVERSATION BY MEANS OF MUSIC.

The Franco Musicale gave an interesting account of some experiments made in the presence of the Emperor when at Plombieres, to test the efficiency of Monsieur Sudre's plan for transmitting signals to the troops of an army or navy, by means of musical sounds.

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The Emperor wrote, "Ploemiers est une ville charmante et vive," and Monsieur Sudre after reading the phrase, pronounced without any intonation of voice, certain notes.

The Emperor asked if proper names and names of towns could be transmitted by the system, and on being answered in the affirmative, wrote the name of Nabuchodonosor; some sounds from the trumpet emitted Madame Sudre to repeat the name aloud. In addition to these experiments he and Madame Sudre exhibited a system which had been invented for enabling deaf and dumb persons to communicate by signs, which system has been favorably reported on by the Institute.

NORTHERN METHODIST MISSIONARY TREASURY.

We are sorry to learn that our Northern Methodist brethren are in a great strait, in reference to their mission finances, as well as ourselves. We give the following from the Christian Advocate and Journal, and wish our readers to consider that our own Missionary treasury is in the same predicament, and is making the same appeal.

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ENGLISH EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING.

While many Methodist and Baptist, most Presbyterian, and all Episcopal clergymen, in this country, are reading their sermons, even the stereotyped Establishment of England is beginning to preach extemporaneously to the people.

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Book Editor's Department.

THE SOUTHERN METHODIST ALMANAC for 1858 is in press, and will be out in due time. We have postponed its issue in order to secure for it the latest statistics, particularly those of the British Conference.

NEW ORLEANS MAILS.

We understand, says the New-Orleans Advocate, that the contract for carrying a semi-weekly mail from here to Texas, (distributing points Galveston and Indianola), has been given to the Vanderbilt line of steamers, that run on the inland route in connection with the Opelousas Railroad Company.

Another experiment was then made—it consisted of speaking the notes instead of playing them.

MUNICIPAL LIBERALITY.

The English "Patriotic Fund," for the benefit of sufferers in the Crimean War, turns out to be a grand affair. Prince Albert, chairman of the commission, has distributed the fund, lately stated that the total amount was \$7,234,925.

THE NEW YORK Independent (Congregationalist), which has advertised its subscription at "nearly thirty thousand," and as the largest list sustaining any American religious paper, has had some considerable controversy with the Evangelist and Puritan on this and other subjects.

THE NEW ORLEANS CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE is full, from week to week, in its Revival Department, of good news from the churches. It also has increasing evidence of its popularity among its large circle of readers.

THE EDITOR, Rev. H. McTyeire, is "Presiding Elder" considerably during the absence of Dr. Keweenaw.

FOR THE PAST TWO WEEKS, the editor of this paper has been in a revival meeting in the colored Methodist Church, in this city, consequently he is considerably behind in several things—books and catalogues of schools to notice, correspondence to attend to, and communications to examine.

THE GERMAN WORK in Texas, should be fostered in every possible way. They are crowding here by thousands. We hear good tidings from the most of Rev. J. W. DeVilliers' District. Rev. J. E. Ferguson gives an interesting account of the dedication, in Houston, of a new Church. Rev. P. A. Molling writes an interesting letter from Minnesota. Both will be found on our outside. The latter is increasing the circulation of the Apologete wonderfully. Our German people in Texas have suffered awfully from drought the last two years; but our circulation should be increased among them more than it is. Help the Apologete, brethren.

DEATH OF REV. D. F. LEWIS.—A letter from Rev. E. A. Flowers informs us, says the New Orleans Advocate, that Brother Lewis died, after four week's illness, at his residence in Wilkinson county, Mississippi, September 14. He was a member of the Mississippi Conference, a native of Kentucky, born in 1812. His end was marked by peace and tranquillity.

WE PRINTED OUR FIRST "JOB" last week, at the "Texas Christian Advocate Book and Job Office." This is "the beginning of the end." Send us the work. We will do it handsomely and cheap—always for cash.

WE HAVE JUST PRINTED our second "job." "Despite not the day of small things." Send us your printing friends. Let all our Agents labor to procure us job printing. We will do it cheap and handsomely; for cash, no credit. And we will do it promptly. We have an excellent job printer, and new and beautiful materials.

OUR FRIENDS will please not send us unmerciful bills. They are of no use to us, and we shall hereafter be compelled to return them. Texas and Louisiana bills, and gold, are current here, and nothing else.

NEW YORK CORRESPONDENCE, this week, on the first page, is from the pen of one of the most eminent Methodist citizens of the State of New York. We trust he may frequently converse through these columns with his brethren in Texas.

GEORGIA will not suffer Bishop Pierce to remove. He yields, and purposes living and dying in his native State. The editor of the Memphis Christian Advocate yields gracefully, like the christian gentleman that he is. Bishop Pierce has done right, we think. He is a Georgian, and they will not allow him to be anything else. But his Methodism and usefulness are not bound by any geographical limits.

A TEMPERANCE ADDRESS, by Miss Sallie E. Hall, of Rock county, Texas, has been sent us by a large and respectable committee, with a request for its publication. It is beautiful in penmanship, in sentiment, and in style; but it is too long for our columns. Sermons and addresses are not read in newspapers, unless they are extraordinary.

MR. E. H. CUSHING, Editor of the Houston Telegraph, we regret to learn, has been so unfortunate as to lose both his wife and his infant child.

