

THE EMIGRANTS AND THE SCOTTISH TRACT PEDLAR.

[By the Ettrick Shepherd.]

"I know of nothing in the world so distressing as the last sight of a fine, industrious, independent peasant, taking the last look of their native country, never to behold it more. I have witnessed several of these scenes now, and I wish I may never witness another; for each of them has made tears burst every now and then into my eyes for days and nights, and all the while in that mood of mind that I could think about nothing else."

But the little affecting story I set out with the purpose of telling is not begun yet. I went the other year to see some particular friends on board gallant ship Henry Douglass, for the British settlements of America. Among the rest was Adam Halliday, a small farmer, who had lost his farm, and whom I had known intimately in my young days. He had a wife, and I think, nine sons and daughters; but his funds being short, he was obliged to leave his two eldest sons behind, until they themselves could procure the means of following him. An old pedlar, whom I think they named Simon Ainslie, was there distributing little religious tracts among the emigrants gratis, and perhaps trying to sell some of his cheap wares. The captain and he, and Mr. Nicholson, the owner of the vessel, myself, and some others, were standing around the dialogue took place:

"Now Ainsie, my man, ye're to behave yousel, and not be like a woman and greet. I canna bide to see the tears comin' pappin' ower the manly young cheeks; for though you, an' Jamie wad have been my riches, an' shield in America, in helpin' me to clear my farm, it is out of my power to take ye wi' me just now. Therefore be good lads, an' mind the thing that's good. Read your Bibles, tell aye the truth, an' be obedient to your masters; an' the next year, or the next again, you will be able to join your mother an' the bairns an' me, an' we'll a' work together to ane another's hands."

"I dinna want to gang, father," said Adam, "until I can bring something wi' me to help you. I ken well how you are circumstanced, an' how ye have been screwed at home. But if there's siller to be made in Scotland in an honest way, Jamie an' me will join you in a year or twa wi' something that will do ye good."

By this time poor little James' heart was like to burst with crying. He was a fine boy, about fourteen. His father went to comfort him, but he made matters only the worse. "Hout, Jamie, dinna greet that gate, man, for a thing that canna be helped," said he. "Ye ken how weel I wad hae likin to hae had ye wi' me, for the leaving ye is takin the pith out o' my arm. But it's out o' my power to take ye just now—for, as it is, before I win to the settlement, I'll not have a siller sixpence. But ye're young an' healthy, an' stout, and gin ye be a good lad, wi' the blessing o' God, ye'll soon be able to join your auld father and mother, an' help them."

"But since friends are partin, an' half o' the globe between them, there's but a small chance that they ever meet again," said poor James, with the most disconsolate look. "I wad hae likin to hae gaen wi' ye, and helpit ye, an' wrought wi' ye, an' leev'd and deev'd wi' ye. It's an awful thing to be left in a country where aye has nae home to gang to whatever befa' him."

The old man burst into tears. He saw the prospect of helpless desolation, that preyed on his boy's heart, in the event of his being laid on a bed of sickness. But he had no resource. The boat came to the quay, in which they were about to step—but word came with her that the vessel could not sail before high tide to-morrow—so the family got one other night to spend together, at which they seemed excessively happy, though lodged in a hay loft.

Having resolved to sail with the Helen Douglass as far as the Point of Cumberland, I attended the next day, on the quay, where a great number of persons were assembled, to take a farewell of their friends. There were four boats lying ready to take the emigrants on board. The two brothers embraced their parents and sisters, and were just parting, rather decently, when the captain, stepping out of a handsome boat, said to Halliday, "Sir, your two sons are entered as passengers with me, so you need not be in such a hurry in taking farewell of them."

"Entered as passengers!" said Halliday, "why the poor fellows hae nae left themselves a boddie in helpin to fit out their mother an' me; how can they enter themselves as passengers?"

"They are entered, however," said the captain, "and both their fare and board, paid for to Montreal, from which place you can easily reach your destination, but if any more is required, I am authorized to advance that likewise."

"An, who is the generous friend that has done this?" cried Halliday, in raptures, the tears streaming from his eyes. "He has strengthened my arms and encouraged my heart, and rendered me an independent man—at once, tell me who is the kind good man—that is Mr. Hogg!"

The captain shook his head. "I am debarred from telling you Mr. Halliday," said he, "it suffices that the young men are franked to Montreal. Here are both their tickets, and their names registered as paid."

"I winna sit my fit aff the coast of Scotland, sir," said Halliday, "until I ken who has done this generous deed. If he should never be paid mair, he can be nae the waur o' an auld man's prayers night and morning—no, I winna set a foot into the boat—I winna leave the shores of auld Scotland till I ken who my benefactor is. Can I gang away without kenning who the friend is that has rendered me the greatest service ever conferred on me sin' I was born! Na, na, canna, captain—say ye may as well just tell me at ance."

"Then, since I must tell you, I must," said the captain; "it was no other than that old packman with the ragged coat."

"God bless him! God bless him!" fell, I think, from every tongue that was present. The mother of the young men was first at the auld pedlar, and clapping her hands about his neck, she kissed him again and again, even mauling some resistance. Old Halliday ran and took the pedlar by both hands and with ecstasy mixed with tears and convulsive laughter, said, "Now, honest man, tell me your direction, for the first money that I can either win or beg, or borrow, shall be sent to reimburse you for this. There never was such a benefit conferred on a poor father an' mother, sin' the world stood up." An' ye shall hae your money, good auld Christian—ye shall hae your siller!" exclaimed both the young lads.

"Na, na, Ainsie Halliday, say nae mair about the payment just now," said the pedlar, "d'ye ken, nan, I had sundry verra strong motives for this—in the first place, I saw that you could not do without the lads—an' mair than that I am coming up among my countrymen about New Dumfries an' Loch Eir, to vend my wares for a year or twa. An' I wanted to hae a house at any rate where I wad be sure of a night's quarters. I'll call for my siller, Ainsie, an' I'm sure to get it, or value for't—and if I dinna ca' for't be sure to send it. It wad be lost by the way, for there's never siller reaches this fine America."

I never envied any man's feelings more than I did the old pedlar that day, when all the grateful family were hanging around him and every eye turned on him with admiration.

From the Zion's Herald.

NEWS FROM THE FLAT HEAD INDIANS.

Phillipsburg, Miss. Sept. 17, 1835.

BRO. KINGSBURY, I send you a copy of a letter from Bro. CYRUS SHEPARD, one of the Missionaries to the Flat Head Indians, to his brother residing in this town. I think it is dated more recently than any thing which has been published concerning that Mission.

Oregon Territory, Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia River, 45° 37' North Latitude, 122° 39' West Longitude.

November 3, 1834.

DEAR BROTHER AND FRIENDS.—When I wrote you last, we were encamped at Ham's fork, on the Rocky Mountains. In a few days from that date, viz: on the 2nd of July, we resumed our journey, and after a rough and toilsome travel, arrived here on the 15th of September, all in health, but much fatigued by the length and weariness of the journey, having slept in our clothes, either in a tent or in the open air, one hundred and fifty-two nights! But though weary in body, we have never regretted that we left our home and comforts, for the purpose of coming to benefit the poor natives in this remote and secluded region; but rather rejoice that we are permitted to labor in the glorious work before us, relying on Jehovah alone for the increase, after having done our duty toward these red men.

One and flesh of our flesh!—I think you must feel more than ever interested in the natives and more than ever willing to spend my strength and life, laboring for the bettering of their condition, both spiritual and temporal. An acquaintance with some of them and their character, is much calculated to interest me in their behalf, and the prospect of usefulness among them is very encouraging.

We have witnessed many natural curiosities, in passing over the mountains and deserts, on our way, and have also had an opportunity of seeing many animals in their wild state, to which we were strangers before, except by description. A number of warm and hot soda and sulphur springs, were to us objects of curiosity. I have seen some which rose in temperature to boiling heat. Some of the bluffs, hills and mountains are of the most curious and pleasing construction. The land generally, till within a short distance from this place, is a dreary desert, for six or seven hundred miles—sometimes scarcely affording verdure on their sides, for the sustenance of our animals. We have left our horses, mules and three neat cattle, at Fort Wallah-wallah, some distance up the Columbia; and came thence to this place, in a boat belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, who own that Fort, as well as the one from which I now date my letter. The Company is composed of English, Scotch and Canadian gentlemen, who have long been engaged in the fur trade. They have stations all through the country, from Hudson's Bay to the Pacific Ocean, and have by said trade become immensely rich. They have here a large farming establishment, several hundred cattle, sheep, horses, goats and swine; and raise in great abundance, wheat, barley, peas, potatoes, garden vegetables, and melons, together with some apples, peaches, grapes, &c. They have been established here about nine years. Indian corn flourishes tolerably well, but it is not extensively cultivated. I have tarried here since our arrival, to take charge of the school at the Fort, (the former instructor having left,) which is composed of half-breed children, having French Canadian fathers, and Chinook mothers. The Chinooks are a tribe who inhabit from this place to the shores of the Pacific. These children have now some of them been at school nearly two years, and what is rather singular, have always been taught by Americans. I intend leaving next week, to join my brethren on the Willamette river, known on Onley's maps by the name Multnomah, where they are busily employed in erecting a log house, for our winter quarters—I earnestly long to be with them, and shall feel homesick, till the anticipated time arrives.

I intend sending this by the way of the Sandwich Islands, which will be the way for you to send letters to me. There will probably be some information given in the Herald, how letters should be directed, and where left, in order to have them come to me. A vessel passes from this place to the Islands, and back again, as often as once in two months—My health is better at present than it has been for years, and to all appearance likely to remain so. During a great part of the journey, I suffered considerably from a diarrhoea, attended with considerable pain, which reduced my strength quite low, but not so that I was unable to labor.—Bro. Jason and Daniel Lee and myself were sick at different periods of the journey, being all seized alike, with violent pain in the head, back and limbs, attended with high fever. But the kind care of Providence was manifestly visible, in that there was but one sick at a time, and our sickness happened when we were staying in the camp, or while we were making only short journeys daily. The debilitating effects of our sickness we did not get over for several weeks.

For more than two months we were destitute of bread, and subsisted on buffalo meat. We however kept a little flour, in case of sickness, and were never entirely destitute of sufficient to thicken broth, except a day or two before reaching Wallah-wallah. The reason, however, of our having it so long, was, that a gentleman from this place, who overtook us in the mountains, where he had come on a trading and trapping excursion, gave us at two different times, about a dozen pounds each time, of excellent flour raised on the Columbia.—We also received several other presents of food from him, although an entire stranger. From the Napierce and Kious Indians, we also received the present of six good horses, for which Bro. Lee, afterwards made them suitable presents in return.—Horses among them are very plenty, and are valued at eight dollars a piece.

After coming to the Kious camp, we purchased a quantity of cammas root, which in shape resembles a small onion. The Indians dig them in large quantities, and having previously prepared a hole in the ground, lay in a quantity of wood, and covering it with earth, spread mair or something else over it. They then put on the cammas and cover it in a similar manner. The wood is then fired and the root is roasted. After roasting, it tastes much like baked pumpkin, and is very nutritious. To preserve it for future use, they pound it with a kind of black moss, which grows on the trees, and make it into small cakes, in which state, it is kept good for months, and, with dried salmon, serves them for food during the winter. Trout were caught here, (at the Kious camp,) weighing from ten to twenty pounds. They are very different from our trout in the States. During the latter part of our journey, we subsisted on salmon, which we purchased from the Indians. Farewell, dear friends; more particulars when I write again.

Yours in bonds of love.

CYRUS SHEPARD.

AN IRRELIGIOUS HOME.—"If there be one curse more bitter than another to man, it is to be the offspring of an irreligious home—of a home where the voice of praise and prayer ascends not to God, and where the ties of human affection are not purified and elevated by the refining influence of religious feeling; of a home, to which, if the cares or the sorrows of life shall bring religion to the heart in after days, that heart cannot turn without bitterness of feeling, without anguish and vexation of spirit. If there be a curse to any country where the truths of religion are known, the deepest and bitterest curse which can be inflicted on it is a multitude of homes like that which I have supposed! Such homes send forth their sons unchecked in evil thoughts, untaught in their habits, and untaught in love to God—the name and cross of Jesus Christ stamped perhaps upon their foreheads, but not written in their hearts—and they send them forth to prey upon the land, and to become its curse and its destruction. But, on the other hand, there is a blessing to the religious home, which no tongue can speak, no language can describe! The home, where, in early years, the heart is trained to a love of God, and to take pleasure in his worship and service, interweaves with the existence of man's holy affections, which die not with the circumstances which gave them birth—which last long, even though they may for a season be forgotten and neglected—and which exercise at least some check on the evil of the human heart, and often, may commonly, recall it to hear again the voice of God, and to return to the paths of holiness and peace! How great, how unspeakable is the happiness of a land where homes like this are common!—Rose's Hudson Lectures.

MOSAIC COSMOGONY.

Among the attacks which science has attempted to make upon the authority of the Pentateuch, none more recent or notorious than those of which Egyptian antiquities have been the occasion. Some distinguished men who were associated in a celebrated expedition, all the perils of which they fearlessly shared; who studied, both with courage and perseverance, the hitherto superficially noticed wonders of ancient Egypt, and naturally enthusiastic on the subject of these monuments which were the objects of their labors and the pledges of their fame, fell into some errors as to their importance and antiquity. The famous zodiacs, among others those of Esne and Denderah, appeared to them to be of incalculable antiquity. This pretended discovery was immediately published, as having decided the question, and carrying back Egyptian civilization beyond the time of Moses, and even of the Deluge. But after the lapse of some years, and particularly since one of these zodiacs has been brought to Europe and exposed to view, since the accumulated researches of travellers have given other learned men an opportunity of examining an abundance of Egyptian monuments, pyramids, tombs, temples and obelisks, together with their hieroglyphics and inscriptions, circumstances have changed, and it is in favor of the book of Genesis that the question is decided. In the first place the examination of these different monuments, carried with more coolness, has considerably lessened the idea which was entertained of their grandeur and their importance, as well as of the sciences and state of civilization of which they were the pledge. The delusion once exposed, and the first exaggeration set aside, the question was discussed with more impartial criticism. Particular attention was paid to the zodiacs. They were compared with the descriptions of their learned admirers; and doubts very soon arose and gathered strength. The calculations were again made, and found inaccurate, and hypotheses were brought to the test, and found untenable. Many other new hypotheses, all different to each other, and from the first were tried, with but little success. One thing only was ascertained by this discussion—that it was no longer possible to believe in the extreme antiquity of these zodiacs. All the new systems agreed upon this point.—It was not long, however, before fresh resources presented themselves; and we can now speak with more certainty upon the subject.

Two learned men, both of deserved celebrity, though on different accounts, powerfully aided by the vast treasures with which the museums of Europe have been gradually enriched, have at last raised the veil which concealed from us the history of these wonders of the ancient world. Certainly, no one expected, that on the front of these ruined temples, erected, as it had been asserted, three thousand years before Jesus Christ,—that under these mysterious paintings, which were supposed to be the depositories of the knowledge of the infant world, would be discovered the names Ptolemy, of Cleopatra, or of Trajan. This, however, has been done. M. Letronne, by examining at once the construction of these monuments, and the Greek inscriptions which are found on some of them; M. Champollion, the younger, by at length making himself acquainted with the import of the three classes of hieroglyphics with which they are covered; have arrived at the same conclusion. It is remarkable, too, that at the same time, artists have arrived at the same conclusion by studying the sculpture and the architecture of the monuments in question. At the same time, also, travellers undesignedly confirmed these discoveries by the manuscripts and mummies which they brought to Europe. And it was proved indisputably, in three or four different ways, that these famous zodiacs, unworthy of the celebrity they have acquired, as well as the edifices upon the ceilings of which they were painted, were of later date than the time of Jesus Christ. The labors of M. Champollion have also proved, that those monuments of Egypt, which were of real antiquity, did not exist prior to the Pharaohs of Exodus; or of Genesis; and that the profane documents which their hieroglyphics discover in no respect contradict, but rather confirm the sacred records.

The question is now decided. The adversaries of Moses have made no reply to the positive assertions of his advocates, nor to the well established facts upon which those assertions rest; by their silence they have confessed the precipitancy of their judgments, and the incorrectness of their calculations. A victory such as this should reach men who believe in the word of God how little they have to fear from any similar attacks.—Cellerier.

PUNCTUALITY.—A mechanic promised to do a piece of work for me at a certain time. I called at the time—it was not done—he had forgotten it but promised to do it by ten o'clock the next day. I called again—it was not done—could not possibly get it done.—Discharged him and left what he had done towards it on his own hands. I engaged another mechanic to do the same piece of work at a certain time. I called at the time—it was not done. I discharged him. These mechanics had violated their word, disappointed me (by which I sustained a loss in money and time,) and lost a customer. So much for want of punctuality. I went to another mechanic. He promised to do the work at a certain time. I called at the time—it was ready for me. This mechanic enjoyed the consciousness of having kept his word, performed his contract, and done justice to his customer, by which he secured not only my work in future, but my good will, which gained him many more customers. So much for punctuality.

It is but ten years since the occurrence of these things, and during the interval I have marked the progress of these three mechanics. A crisis towards which the affairs of all three had been gradually approaching, had just been reached. The two first had lost their business, their little property had been squandered, their little property, and their large and helpless families are suffering for the necessities of life. If you would know their names seek for them in the records of insolvency—their persons, seek for them in the gaol-house. The last has retired with a comfortable independence to a large farm, is blessed by his family, admired by his friends, and possesses the good will of all.

THE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1835.

LITERARY DEPARTMENT.—We take pleasure in announcing to our readers, that an arrangement has been made by which more attention will be devoted to the literary character of our paper than has hitherto been done. It will not, perhaps, be safe to make specific pledges; but we deem it safe to say, that no pains and expense will be spared to render this department of our paper interesting and profitable to the general scholar. This arrangement, so far from diminishing the attention paid to the religious character of the "Standard," contemplates greater efforts in this department. Our readers may, therefore, expect, weekly, a sort of *Literary Syngemma*, embracing original and selected articles, which we trust will not offend the taste of the christian or the scholar. Our object will be to promote a correct and chaste literature, as well as give entertainment to our patrons. We shall express opinions on such literary works as meet our eye, commendatory or the reverse, with independence; at the same time endeavoring to avoid arrogance. We have such frequent occasion to render the effect of decisions passed, as it were, *ex cathedra*, that we shall strive to prevent such experience on the part of our readers. Still we hold it to be among the privileges of the journalist to express opinions freely, even if they should not be concurrent with the views of those who "speak with authority."

Nor shall we deem it a departure from our appropriate sphere, to give critical notices of interesting passages of scripture. There are certain texts of scripture to which a current interpretation is given, which we consider incorrect. Such, for example, as "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."—"I could wish myself accursed from Christ!"—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," &c., and many others of like frequent quotation. And in particular, we invite the notice of the Biblical critic to the English translation of Rom. 5, 12.—Query, Why is there a change of tense in the English, while, in the Greek, the same tense is used? "Entered," "passed," and "have sinned," are in the same tense in the original, and if the same tense be employed in the English, the sense is somewhat modified.

We trust the time is not far distant when polite learning shall be exalted to its appropriate place—when it shall be subsidiary to the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Refined literature is rather regarded with suspicion by many truly pious men; and no marvel: it has been prostituted to the basest purposes; but, when subservient to such purposes, we should remember that it is prostituted. Let it find a house of refuge in the christian scholar, since it is found, in its most splendid drapery, in the Bible.

"W. MONTHLY" vs. DR. REED'S JOURNAL.

In a recent No. we made some strictures on the "Critical Notices" of the Oct. No. of the "Western Monthly," and animadverted particularly on the notice of Dr. Reed's Journal. We considered the notice "an abusive misrepresentation," and still consider it so. We envy not the disposition which leads one to abuse and vilify a high-minded and praise-worthy performance, on account of the casual occurrence of something a little exceptional. He who can stand before a majestic and beautifully proportioned specimen of architecture, and be wholly intent on an occasional scratch of the mason's instrument, can sustain but feeble claims to the character of a connoisseur in the art.

That our readers may not think our previous remarks unwarrantable assertion, we give below the notice of the "Monthly" of that part of the Journal which describes the celebration of the 4th of July, and then the passage itself.

"The Doctor," says the "Monthly," "was at Cincinnati on the 4th of July, and attended the celebration at one of our churches. He speaks favorably of the exercises, except the reading of the Declaration of Independence. * * * * * Then follows a page of good sound scolding at the people of the United States, for reading the Declaration of Independence and indulging in expressions of hate and vindictiveness, which are the proper language of fear." p. 277.

How just these remarks are, may be inferred by reading the passage alluded to, which is as follows:

"As the service was at Dr. Beecher's church, he was the chaplain for the occasion. I went with him to secure a good sitting; but declined going into the pulpit, or engaging in the exercise, for obvious reasons. The spectacle was singular for a place of worship. There were in the pulpit the chaplain, the reader of the declaration in a fustian jacket, and the orator. On their right and left were seated the ensigns, bearing the national colors; and beyond these were resting the flags of the several trades. The companies occupied a large portion of the area, and the band possessed the gallery. The church was quite full."

A national air was played by the band. An ode was then sung by the choir, sustained by instruments. Dr. Beecher offered prayer. Then came the Declaration. It was read by a tradesman, who looked intelligent; but he read badly, and what was worse, rather bitterly; and in trying to give those terms which hit the Father Land a hard and angry expression, he contorted his face so as to be very ridiculous. Another ode followed. * * * I confess, to speak seriously, and to give you, as I always seek to do, first impressions, I was somewhat startled at the extraordinary mixture of the secular and the spiritual; and it was a question whether the tendency was not to make religion worldly, rather than the worldly religious. But when I reflect on the improved character given to these occasions, by not abandoning them to the irreligious, I am disposed to think that the ministers and friends of religion are acting a wise part in employing that degree of influence which they can legitimately exert in its favor. Nor, if one could have all one wished, would I desire, as some do, to make exercises of such a day purely religious. Our true wisdom, in consulting the good of the people, lies, not in excluding their secular concerns and pleasures from religion, but in diffusing religion through the whole of them.

There is one thing, however, that may justly claim the calm consideration of a great and generous people. Now, that half a century has passed away, it is necessary to the pleasures of this day to revive feelings in the children, which, if they were found in the parent, were to be excused.

sed only by the extremities to which they were pressed! Is it generous, now that they have achieved the victory, now that they have no more to fear from Britain, to indulge in expressions of hate and vindictiveness, which are the proper language of fear? Would there be less patriotism because there was more charity? America should feel that her destinies are high and peculiar. She should scorn the patriotism which cherishes the love of one's own country by the hatred of all others. This would be to forego her vocation, and to follow examples which have already filled the world with war and bloodshed. She should carry out her sympathy to all men, and become the resolved and noble advocate of universal freedom and universal peace. O! how would the birth-day of her own liberties be hallowed and blessed if it were devoted with wisdom and ardor to such an issue!"

Who is the generous-hearted American citizen—at least, who is the patriotic christian of America, whose heart does not respond to what, in the classical language of Judge Hall, is called "good-sound scolding"? If this be "scolding," we confess we have not had a correct notion of the word. In a moral point of view, we might comment on the dishonour of giving such a false impression of what is really a complimentary and respectful notice of the celebration described. But we leave the facts to speak for themselves. Nor will we dwell upon the undignified, or rather logish, facetiousness which generally characterizes his critical notices. But Judge Hall must not expect that his *ipse dixit* will be sufficient to counteract the favorable impression which Dr. Reed's excellent Journal has made in America. The lovers of elegant and impartial narrative, breathing a spirit truly christian, will read it with avidity, the mandate of the "W. Monthly" to the contrary notwithstanding. Nay, more, those who have previously confided in Judge Hall's opinions as a critic, will withdraw their confidence when they find a few more such burlesques of criticism.

It may be proper to add, that the part which is left out is no part of the "scolding," and would not, if inserted, modify our remarks.

WESTERN LUMINARY EXTINGUISHED.—We could not help feeling regret on seeing announced the proposed merging of this pioneer paper of the West with the "Cincinnati Journal." It seems, however, as a memento of the mutability of all time things.

The Luminary flung its light through the gloom of the Far West, for several years, alone; and many pious hearts rejoiced in its mild radiance.—Through its columns was communicated the intelligence of the "waking up" of the church from the slumber of ages, to the benevolent efforts that now promise so much in ameliorating the condition of a lost world. But with the Wheat sprung up the Tares. Innovations in the doctrines and discipline of our venerable church were attempted; and, in the opinion of many, the Luminary was wanting in zeal for the truth, and did not "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." To supply its lack of service on this subject, the "Pioneer" was got up, and seemed successfully to maintain its ground, until its venerable Editor, Dr. Wilson, found it encroaching too much on parochial duties, and another Editor was called in. Very soon its name was changed to the "Cincinnati Christian Journal." And, without any breach of charity, it may be affirmed, that, with the name, it changed its character; and became the unwavering advocate of those very doctrines and measures which it had been got up to oppose. This gave rise to a third paper, which fearlessly entered the lists of controversy with the Journal. The Luminary resolved to maintain a "strict neutrality;" and in that neutrality has been languishing for several years, until the recent arrangement has thrown all its subscribers on the lists of the Journal. Whether they will consent to be thrown into the belligerent ranks, without the privilege of making choice of sides, remains to be determined.

THE WINE QUESTION.—This subject is assuming a very serious aspect east of the mountains. So important, in the estimation of some, is entire abstinence from all alcoholic drinks, that they would exclude wine from the Eucharist, or the Lord's Supper, and substitute water. Others, rejecting this innovation on a divinely instituted ordinance, nevertheless contend that juice of the grape before fermentation takes place, should be used, inasmuch as fermented, or alcoholic wine, when used, even in this most sacred ordinance, has been known to revive a sinner so unconquerable for ardent spirits, as to drive men from the communion table, to the intoxicating bowl. "How," says one, in the ardour of his zeal, "can it be right for the Church to put such a cup (alcoholic wine) to the lips of her members! Shall the cup of salvation become the cup of damnation? Assuredly the churches are bound to look into this matter, and to have a care that the guilt and apostasy of some of their members, be not induced by the liquid damnation in the consecrated chalice."

Now we confess, with all our zeal for the Temperance cause, such language appears to us not only objectionable, but shockingly profane. The wine used by the Corinthian Church was evidently fermented, as it made some of the members drunk; yet the Apostle condemns, not the wine, but their impious abuse of the ordinance, by drinking it to excess.

INDIANA AURORA.

This is the name of a new paper published at Indianapolis, and devoted to Agriculture, Education, Internal Improvements, &c. A hasty examination of the 6th number impresses us very favorably. The plan appears to be judicious, and the execution respectable. It occupies an important field, and we wish its Editors abundant success. It is published weekly in a quarto form, at \$2 00 in advance.

The Cincinnati Mirror, edited by Gallagher, Shreve and Perkins, having finished its fourth volume, now falls into the hands of Mr. James E. Marshall.