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Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Liv-
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ch settled upon his Lungs, at-
ith violent coughing, great diffi-
breathing, an abscess formed in
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nd discharged large quantities
ternally. This mournful state
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a certain cure.
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harmless in its effects, and
of the patient is always im-
its use, even when no worms
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he blood, they correct all the
the Liver, and as an altera-
psical affections, they are
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# Cambridge Democrat.

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Volume 6.---No. 43. CAMBRIDGE, MD.----WEDNESDAY MORNING, SEPTEMBER 17, 1851. Price $1 50, in advance.


## Choice Poetry.

### Death of an Aged Christian.

BY MRS. J. Y. FOSTER.

*"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."*

She is thine! Almighty Father!
Sure of love and mercy now;—
Of such spirits is Thy Kingdom,—
And they seal is on her brow;
Threescore years she walked among us,
With a gentle, upward tread;
Were Time marked by deeds of goodness,
Centuries had crowned her head.

In our hours of social gladness,
All her sympathies were stirred,
Youth and age around her gathered
To receive the kindly word;
Anger fled from her appearing,
And the heart forgot its pride,
Charity, that suffereth all things,
Was a dweller by her side.

In the hour of pain and trial,
Tender were her touch and tone,
Yet her presence seems a sunbeam
Bright'ning all where'er it shone;
Cheering the faint-hearted mother
Till the infant's wail was heard;
Then her arms received the stranger
As she spoke the welcome word.

But when Sorrow was our inmate,
Or when Trouble pressed us sore,
Or when Death approached our household,
She was ever at the door,
When of us our Heavenly Father
Asked the treasures that He gave,
Little loved ones she had welcomed,
She appareled for the grave.

Mother's hand was not more tender
To support each drooping limb,
Or to part the clustering ringlets,
While with tears her eyes were dim;
"This is but the little casket;"
She would say, in pleasant tone,
"And the jewel 'Master' lent us
He has taken for His own."

Little children, poor forsaken,
Ever in her heart had place;
They will miss her word in season,
They will miss her kindly face;
And the fallen she would plead with,
Letting no one cast a stone,
"Sister, come to seek our Father,
He His erring child will own."

Everything for HER had beauty,
Flowers that bloom or leaves that fall
She would spare the meanest insect,
"One Creator made us all."
Many a weary, foot-sore pilgrim
She hath cheered along Life's road,
Treading still the narrow pathway
That hath led her up to God.

Brief the time for soul-communing—
Few the hours for vain regret,—
But *her* lamp was trimed and burning,
And her house in order set;
Few her words, but fitly spoken,
"She awaited Master's call;
Poor and feeble—yet she trusted
She would pass the gates of Pearl!"

"Only just within," she murmured,
And we felt that she was near,—
Graven were the words she uttered,
As the last from one most dear;
"Some have thought my time and substance
To the poor too freely given;
But there's hope in this remembrance,
It may smooth my path to Heaven.

"For we read that 'he is blessed
Who considereth the poor;'
God hath said, 'in time of trouble
His deliverance is sure."
They who knew her well remember
When her voice the silence broke,
How she charmed a list'ning circle
With the happy thoughts she spoke.

Once she told us, and each feature
Lighted up with feeling warm,
"Through this world I bear a basket
Resting on my spirit's arm;
'Tis my Master's gift—and ever
In his service it shall be,
As I wonder forth, I gather
Crumbs of bread that fall for me.

"When I see a hopeful spirit
Struggling through temptation's hour;
When I see a poor, weak blossom
Bearing up against the shower;
Every word that falls is precious,
Every leaf becomes a gem,
And I lay them in my basket
For a priceless diadem.

"From the lips of little children
I have gained instruction sweet;
From the pris'ner, thoughts of wisdom,—
From the beggar in the street;
From the things of God's creation;
From the rainbow arching o'er—
And I lay them in my basket,
Adding ever to my store.

"Then when illness comes, or sorrow,
And I fain would comfort give,
Trustful turn I to my basket,
Words of healing to receive;
Thus I labor for my Master,
Never weary—never faint,—
Unaware, a cup of water
I may offer to a saint."

Thus she spake—and inspiration
Made her loving face more bright;
Now her lips have lost their sweetness,
And her eyes its holy light;
Strange it seemed to see *her* powerless,
Who so helpful was to all,
Oh! on some one now among us,
May her heavenly mantle fall!

When we gather with her children,
To perform the last sad rite,
Then we missed her cheerful spirit,
Always hopeful, always bright;
But we take from out her basket
Thoughts of comfort for each breast;
Through the blood of her Redeemer
She hath gained immortal rest.

[*Home Journal.*

## Select Tales.

### The Home of the Soul.

What a beautiful thought was that of Moses, the man of God, "O God, thou art our *dwelling place* in all generations!" Changes are continually occurring in this world;" "man being in honor, abideth not:" kingdoms rise and fall; the day is comming when the earth and all the works that are therein shall be burned up; they shall wax old like a garment, and as a vesture they shall be changed; they shall be folded up and laid aside as worn-out clothing, to be used no more in the same fashion: but the eternity and immutability of our God and Saviour shall ever remain the same for our consolation and refuge.

The holy apostle affords us the example of staying himself upon the same consideration. Since such is the steadfastness of the Most High every word of his is reliable, every promise is worthy of unterrupted trust. That promise can no more fail, than Jehovah himself can cease to exist. Our Lord has confirmed it, when he said, "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

Whatever changes or reverses, therefore may take place in the sublunary affairs, though we may lose house and home, and our worldly all, we have in our Maker a changeless dwelling-place The bosom of God is the *Home of the Soul.*

So saith St. John, "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God." To dwell in God, or to have God for our dwelling-place, implies *reconciliation*, for "how can two walk together,' much less dwell together, "except they be agreed?" It implies *nearness of access.* "They that are far from thee shall perish, but it is good for me to draw near unto God."—It implies *trust and confidence.* No one would build on the fluctuating sea. But "the Lord is my rock and my fortress; who is a rock save our God." "The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous run into it and are safe." It implies a *right* of some sort for a man's dwelling-place in his own. Every man's house is his castle. He is presumed to have the right of occupancy and use.—So the pious calleth, "O God, thou art my God, early will I seek thee." And God refuses not to acknowledge the claim. "Be not dismayed, for I am the God." Hear, O Israel. I am God even thy God." It implies *permanence.* A dwelling is not an inn, or a lodging place for a night. Neither is it a temporary harbor for an emergency; but a constant and habitual residence. Men are, indeed, ready enough to run to God in a storm, and to quit him as soon as the storm blows over: but to fly to him for refuge and treat him as a mere convenience, is a very different thing from making him our dwelling place at all times. "Trust in him *at all times*, pour out your heart before him; God is a refuge for us."

There have been those who have thought with lively pleasure of God as the home of the soul. The last words of David Brainard in his diary was, "O my dear God, I am speedily coming to thee, I hope! Hasten the day, O Lord, if it be thy blessed will.' Mrs. Rumphff's last words were, "I have been a stranger on the earth, but I return to my true country."—"And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end."

THE FIRE ANNIHILATOR.—The American patent for Philips' celebrated Fire Annihilator has been purchased by an association of eminent capitalists and men of the United States. Hon. Elisha Whittlesey, First Comptroller of the Treasury department, has been appointed Treasurer of the Company: Over a million dollars has been invested in the enterprise.

Nobody likes to be nobody, but everybody is pleased to think himself to be somebody; but the worst of the matter is, that when anybody thinks himself to be somebody, he is too much inclined to think everybody else to be nobody.

### A Sprinkling of Irish.

A Hibernian with a pole as red as the Red Lion at Brandford, and rendered still more red, by a copious discharge of blood, recent wound on his scalp, applied at Bowstreet at the begining of the week for a warrant, when the following dialogue took place:

Magistrate—"Well, Pat"—for his countenance operated as a sort of a finger post pointing to the road from whence he came—'What do you want?'

"I'd be after wanting a warrant, plase yer honor."

"Against whom?"

"Again Barney O'Leary plase yer Reverence."

"For what?"

"For murther, yer Grace."

"Whom did he murder."

"Divil a crature but myself, yer Honor."

"And has he murdered you?"

"By my shoul he has, bad luck to him! He cut a hole in my head big enough to burry his cat."

"He has'nt killed you outwright, I see."

"It's not his fault, if he has'nt yer Honor, for he intended it and nothing surer."

"I suppose an assault warrant will suit you."

"Yer honor knows what's best, and I'll take what I can get."

"When did he assault you?

"Last night, that iver was, Yer Reverence."

"Did he hit you with a stick?"

"For God he did'nt yer Honor, but wid a poker.

"A poker! That's a dangerous weapon."

"Divil a doubt of it."

"Where were you?"

"Where was I?—Why, in bed, to be sure yer Honor."

"Asleep or awake?

"As sound as a roach yer Honor."

"And what provocation did you give to him."

"Divil a provocation at all yer Honor—how could I when I was fast a slape?"

"What! do you mean to say that he came to your bedside and struck you in this manner."

"It's true what ye say, yer Honor, barring he came to his own bedside instead of mine."

"What! his own bedside—were you in his bed?"

"Faith ye jist gussed it, yer Honor."

"What brought you there?"

"That's more than I can tell you, yer Honor."

"And was that all you did to provoke his anger?"

"Divil a thing else."

"Was there any other person present?"

"Not a crature independent of his wife."

"His wife?"

"Of course."

"And dont you think you deserved what you got?"

"Is it me."

"Yes, you."

"Sure it was all a mistake, yer Honor, I thought it my own wife, and a divil of a hair of her head I touched."

"That may be; but you must be more careful in future, and I think under the circumstances you must be content with what you have got, but cannot give you a warrant."

"Thank yer honor, but when he hits me again, it won't be for nothing."

"Exit Pat, shrugging his shoulders and evidently disappointed.—*Ex.*

### Mrs. Swisshelm's Talk.

This lady after trying the new costume in Pittsburg, out-of-doors and in, thus discourseth:

"Trowsers worn without resting upon the shoulders are much worse than skirts because of the strain in sitting, and this strain is much greater with women than it is with men on account of the difference in their form. In stooping far enough to lift a thimble from the carpet, or to pluck a daisy, in a skirt six inches above the knee, the front of the drapery falls to the foot, and the back part rises some eight or ten inches above the knees, thus exposing the front part of the under-skirts almost to the waist. If one avoids the stooping position by "squatting," there must be a constant care and use of the hands to insure that the skirts do not lodge on the knees, but fall over. If they do not, one may exhibit her trowsers to the waist; and when a woman exhibits her form with no other covering than trowsers, we do not want to be there."

Scarce one person out of twenty marries his first love, and scarce one of twenty of the remainder has cause to rejoice at having done so. What we love in those early days is rather a fanciful creation of our own than a reality. We build statues of snow, and weep when they melt.

"Mother," said a little boy, "I'm tired of this pug nose; it's growing puggier and puggier every day."

### Shade & Ornamental Trees.

The "Silver Leaf Popular," and Silver Leaf Maple are both deserving of a place in the lawn or pleasure ground.—They possess the desirable properties of clean bark, large and beautiful foliage, with a speedy growth, and rapid development of head. The under side of the leaves have the appearance of having been plated with silver. When put in motion a gentle breeze of wind, and the silver side turned up to the sun, the appearance is beautiful. The popular forms a compact head without running very high—it shades a large space of ground, and does it well. The maple is more majestic in its habits, and requires a little shortning in of the branches for a few years. By this mode of treatment the head becomes compact, affording a better shade, and less liable to be injured by high winds. For street planting, the maple is preferable.

### Industry.

Every young man should remember that the world has and always will honor industry. The vulgar and useless idler whose energies of mind and body are rusting for the want of exercise, the mistaken being who pursues amusement as relief to his enervated muscles, or engages in exercises that produce no useful end, may look with scorn on the laborer engaged in his toil; but his scorn is praise; his contempt is an honor.—Honest industry will secure the respect of the wise and the good among men, and yield the rich fruit of an easy conscience, and that hearty self-respect which is above all price. Toil on, then young men and young women. Be diligent in business. Improve the heart and the mind, and you will find "the well-spring of enjoyment in your own souls," and secure the confidence and respect of all whose respect is worth an effort to obtain.

TO THE UNRIVERSAL GIRLDOM IN LONG SKIRTS.—The Editor of the *Adrian Expositor* sings the Bloomer in the following form: "Cut off those ugly skirts, girls; they're only in the way; and when you make a whirl, girls, and come the quick *chassee*; there'll be no mud a flying, girls, or stockings grimmed with dirt; then cease this useless crying, girls, and *off at once* the skirt. With Turkish pants and frock, girls, you're masters of the State; to skip and hop and run, girls, with joy and ease elate;—then where's the naughty man, girls, can catch you in a race? There's not one lives that can, girls, unless it is by "grace.' Then don the pretty pants, girls, and throw those skirts away; and as through life you prance, girls, you'll bless the *changing* day. Well you will." The Nantucket editor says it is stated that some of the Nantucket girls are about to appear in the Bloomer costume, consisting of a sailor's trousers, a pea jacket, and sou'-wester.

TO PRESERVE THE EYE-SIGHT.—Never sit long at a time in perfect darkness, nor expose to a blaze of light.—Sudden transitions are not good. Avoid reading small print, or straining the eyes by looking at minute objects.—If the eyes are disordered, do not read by candle-light, nor at dusk. Never gaze on glearing objects. Nor allow too much light in your sleeping apartment. The furniture drapery, &c., should not be altogether white, and if the eyes are weak, there will be much advantage in having green for the prevailing color in your room. The short-sighted should acccostom themselves to hold their book as far off as possible, and the long-sighted as near as may be. Bathing the head, eyes, face and neck in cold water every morning, strengthens the eyes and is an excellent practice.

MODEL OF THE SPERM WHALE.—The block which the city of New Bedford is to contribute to the Washington Monument is to bear the figure of the Sperm Whale—the most appropriate device which could of course be adopted. The original design for the block was drawn by Mr. Asa Wood, of New Bedford; the work is to be executed by Messrs. Bryant & Gooding. Mr. David Baker has moulded in clay a whale which is pronounced perfect, after a consultation with many old whalemen, copies of which are to be taken in iron.

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight, for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death; so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace,

A young man who lately took a wife, says he did no find it half as hard to get married as he did to buy the furnature.

The ladies every where are *pant*-ing after the Turkish costume—we mean the breeches.

A friend says the following is good grammar: "That that 'that' that that man uttered was not that 'that' that that other gentleman referred to."

## Original Letter.

[For the Cambridge Democrat.]

### LETTER IV.

MR. EDITOR:—We have already seen the views entertained by Mr. Wesley of the office of superintendent or Bishop and those entertained by the M. E. Church at present, and also the reasons upon which "his providential call" was founded, so far as the character of the clergy was concerned. The charge of "fraud" made against our venerated Bishop Asbury, we pass by as a matter unworthy refutation, as no one who is at all acquainted with the history of that man of God believes it. In the same way we shall treat the remarks made upon the letter written by Mr. Wesley rebuking Bishop Asbury, for suffering himself to be called a "Bishop" inasmuch as it has been explained so often, having been I believe first introduced by Alexander McCaine, a leader among what were then called "Reformers," who seceded from the M. E. Church, and formed a separate church, under the title of "the Methodist Protestant Church."

There is however one paragragh in connection with this letter, which we think, calculated to lead the leaders of the tract astray, the assertion we wish to notice is as follows (p. 11.) "In the "mean time Wesley had time for reflec-"tion. He had time for a further and "more deliberate investigation of the au-"thority of Presbyters to ordain and "however he might be blinded for a sea-son, by the sophistical book of Sir Peter King. Yet he now gives his more mature judgment &c. Upon this we remark, 1st. It is quite an unfortunate assertion for the credibility of the passage, for the author to say Mr. Wesley was "blinded by a *sophistical* book," or that he had ordained Dr. Coke without mature deliberation, all who know Mr. W's., history especially those who have read Moore's Life of Wesley, must know that none of his movements were hasty and without reflection, and that there were none in his day, and perhaps since who were his superiors in logical acumen, and besides he says "Lord Kings "account of the primitive church convin-"ced me *many years ago* that Bishops "and Presbyters are the same order, and "consequently have the same right to or-"dain," and it does seem that his views of Lord King's arguments are *quite* as likely to be correct as those of our tractarian. But secondly if Mr. Wesley's views *had* changed and under the influence of a "mature judgment," we should suppose he would have desisted from ordaining for the future. Let us see what Mr. Moore says, whom the author is so fond of quoting when it suits his purpose. "Mr. Wesley had hitherto ordained ministers only for America and Scotland. But during the period I have mentioned, being assisted by other presbyters of the church of England, he set apart a certain number of preachers for the sacred office by the imposition of his hands and prayer, without sending them out of England. One of these he ordained after writing the above letter, and but a short time before his death, (The letter refered to "is to a prelate" and dated June 26. 1790, about one year before Mr. Wesley's death) Moore's Life of Wesley Vol. 2. p. 227. Mr. W's views therefore on this subject *never* changed, and yet this *tract man* makes the positive assertion that they did and that too after having read and quoted from Moore's life of Wesley.—This is the man who charges Bishop Asbury with "*fruad!*" a *reliable* writer—verily.

We wish now to show thee utter fallacy of the claims set up by Puseyites to the apistolic succession and thereby shew, still further the propriety and scriptural character of Mr. Wesley's course in ordaining Bishops and ministers for America, (our readers will please bear in mind that Mr. Wesley ordained two classes of men for this work, 1st Dr. Coke as an *Episcopas*, superintendent, overseer or bishop, (for he was already a presbyter, or an Elder) and 2d Richard Whatcoat, and Thomas Vasey "to act as Elders" (or presbyters) "among them (the American Methodists) "by baptizing and administering the Lords Supper.")

If the reader has the tract he will please turn to page 24, to the list of Bishops, given here as "placing the facts beyond doubt, "testimony by which we receive the Bible as the word of God," and of which *We* assert that the author of this tract knew that the very first name on his list has been at, and ever since the time of Eusebius a subject of dispute, and that up to this hour even in his own denomination the question is unsettled. How dare he therefore urge this list on the authority of Eusebius, as being indisputable.—Now let us see what this historian says. He tells us (and he is the first spring of ecclesiastical history after the acts of the apostles) in the very begining of his narrative, that one thing he primarily had in his eye was to give us an account of the apostolic succession. He very fairly informs us that this was a new work, where he could trace no footsteps of others going before him except in a few particular narratives, and if, after this fair warning we place implicit confidence in the accounts he gives from the *reports* of others, we have more reason to accuse ourselves with being self-deceivers than to charge him with imposition. As to the apostles, he informs us that all the accounts he can procure, say that they went about the world publishing the christain faith. He adds that it was *reported* by his predecessors that Thomas had Parthia; Andrew, Scythia; John, Asia; that it was *likely* that Peter preached to the Jews dispersed in Pontus, &c. He does not pretend to know the manner by which they settled the various churches. What room then for the contempt which was poured upon Mr. Wesley and Dr. Coke, when according to Eusebius, our only guide, we know scarcely any thing more concerning the travels and manners of the apostles themselves, than we can collect from the sacred records.—"Who they were" says Eusebius "that, imitating these apostles (Peter and Paul) were by them thought worthy to govern the churches which they planted is no easy thing to tell excepting such as may be collected from Paul's own words." (Euseb. Eccl. His. iii. 4,) on this passage Bp. Stellingfleet makes this observation. "If the successors of the apostles, by the confession of Eusebius, are not certainly to be discovered, then what becomes of the *unquestionable* line of succession of the bishops of several churches, and the large diagrams made of the apostolic churches, with every ones name set down in his order, as if the writer had been *blarencieux* to the apostles themselves?" "Are all the great outcries of apostolic tradition, of personal succession, of unquestionable records, resolved at least into the scripture itself, by him from whom all these long pedigrees are fetched? Then let succession know its place; and learn to vaile bonnet to the scriptures for it will be hard for others to believe them when Eusebius professeth it is so hard to find them," (Stillingfleets Iren. p. 297.) another writer says of these tables of succession "Alas! the head of the Nile is not more obscure than the first part of these tales." "The church of Alexandria has been said to have been founded by St. Mark yet Eusebius says. "*They say it was so.*"

The church of Antioch is involved in equal if not still greater difficulties—Eusebius, Chrysostoum, St. Jerome, pope Leo, Innocent, Gelasius and Gregory the great all tell us this church was founded by Peter. The Bible however says "they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution of Stephen, traveled as far as Antioch, preaching the word to the Jews only." Acts X1. 9. Eusebius expressly says Euodius was the first bishop of Antioch. But on the contrary Chrysostum, Theodoret and the author of the "constitutions declare with equal assurance, that Peter and Paul both laid their hands on Ignatius as the first Bishop of antioch.

The settlement of the church of Rome and its much extolled apostolical succession of Bishops, is involved (if possible) in still greater perplexity, confusion and disorder—some say this church was founded by Peter; others say it was Paul, some say both, others assert it was neither. If Peter *was* there, it is equally certain Paul was also, under these circumstances it will be hard to determine who was Bishop. But it would be said they were both Bishops, but then we would have what Puseyites anathematize, two Bishops at the same time in the same church. If therefore there be uncertainty as to who was the first bishop, those who succeed him are known with even less assurance. Both ancients and moderns are divided, some will have Cletus expunged out of the table, and fix Linus at the head—some have Cletus and Anacletus and distinct Bishops and Linus between them. On this list. Stillingfleet, remarks "the succession here is as muddy as the Tiber itself." And yet our *veracious tractarian* endeavours to make the impression on the minds of his readers, that his list have never been refuted, he asserts their truth as if there never had been any doubt or difficulty upon this point. We admire his *modesty*, though we doubt his honesty. This is the man who charges Bishop Asbury with fraud!" If therefore this is the kind of authority upon their right to denounce all other churches as invalid organizations rests. We cannot wonder Mr. Wesley pronounced the "succession" a fable, and chose the scriptural mode of organizing the church in America.

(*Conclusion on Second Page.*)

A lady being asked what business her husband followed, said he was engaged in finishing. Further explanatton was necessary, and after a brief hesitation the lady continued, "finishing his time out in the state prison.

The pride of the father often is centered his son, but his affection is expended on his daughter.

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