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(FOR THE BANNER.)

FORGIVENESS.

Mr. Editor—The obvious tendency of the doctrines of the Gospel, is to establish the reign of universal peace on earth. The prophet, in holy vision, saw the glorious consummation of this sublime result, upon the character and condition of the human family: and the Christian now fervently prays for the dawn of that millennial day, when the instruments of war and bloodshed, shall be constructed into the implements of peace. The principle embodied in the Scripture doctrine of forgiveness, is among the most effective of those moral agencies, appointed to renovate the entire structure of society. But this principle, in order to produce its legitimate result, must be CORRECTLY understood and appreciated. The usual strain of remark from the pulpit and press, we believe to be radically wrong, and the practice impossible. Forgiveness without a just atonement is furiously demanded of us by these rampant declaimers, and if we demur, they attempt to grasp, and hurl the thunderbolts of eternal wrath, against the presumptuous sinner, who has the effrontery to neglect their demands. Such forgiveness as they require, finds no parallel in the gracious proceedings of that divine Being who so rejoices in mercy, that the execution of his threatenings, is called his strange work. That the Most High forgives without atonement, is not the doctrine of inspiration. We are pardoned upon the ground that the Messiah, in his life, death and sufferings, has honored the broken law, and satisfied the demands of the most rigorous justice. But the divine procedure is the best interpreter of the divine law, and if we forgive as He forgives, we have no reason to dread the anathema of those who would be wiser and holier than Heaven. This exposition of the law of forgiveness, the doctrine of offences contained in the 14th chap. of Luke, and 18th chap. Math. is evidently opposed. In the first cited place, Christ denounces a *wee* upon the offender, and teaches that his repentance furnishes THE REASON why we should forgive; in the other place we are taught to regard the offender, as a heathen man, and publican, if he does not repent. Now Scripture repentance, like Scripture faith and charity, consists in something more than mere words; includes restitution or atonement, or satisfaction. An inspired apostle also commands us to separate from those, who persevere in a disorderly walk. To require a satisfaction of those who offend and injure us, before we forgive, is not a requirement, which does violence to the Bible law of forgiveness.

This theory of forgiveness against which we contend is not more repugnant to the teachings of scripture, than to the dictates of common sense. The good order of every form of society, and the purity of the church can only be secured by the punishment of those who offend. Without law there can be no offence, and law that has no provision for its enforcement is powerless; to call such a *thing* law, would be unmeaning.

While the REQUIREMENT of satisfaction is not wrong, yet we may err in the KIND of satisfaction we demand, and by claiming more to appease than the nature of the offence warrants. Against such a spirit we should carefully guard, for we are evidently required to be ready to be reconciled, and even to seek reconciliation, and while we may, without sin, take less than our dues, yet other circumstances may arise when we would sin against truth and virtue—sin against morality and religion—sin

against God and man if we give back one inch of the ground we occupy—we must contend for it, even though that contest should bring us to the stake, or the scaffold. But having obtained we must forgive,—return the sword to its scabbard and be at peace. N. V. R.

From the Philadelphia Saturday Courier not Small Beginnings.

It is in the Gentleman's Magazine, a Chantry, the celebrated sculptor, that, when a boy, he was observed by a gentleman in the neighborhood of Sheffield very attentively engaged in cutting a stick of wood with a penknife. He asked the lad what he was doing; when, with great simplicity of manner, but with great courtesy, he replied, "I am cutting old Fox's head." Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this, the gentleman asked to see what he had done, and pronouncing it to be an excellent likeness, gave the youth a sixpence. And this may be reckoned the first money Chantry ever received for the production of his art.

This anecdote is but one in a thousand that might be cited of as many different men who from small beginnings rise to station and influence; and shows the importance of not despising the day of small things, in any condition or circumstance of life. All nature, in fact, is full of instructive lessons on this point, which it would be well for us more thoroughly to study and appreciate.

The river rolling onward its accumulated waters to the ocean, was in its small beginning but an oozing rill, trickling down some moss-covered rock, and winding like a silver thread between the green banks to which it imparted verdure. The tree that sweeps the air with its hundred branches, and mocks at the howling of the tempest, was in its small beginning but a little seed trodden under foot, unnoticed; then a small shoot that the leaping hare might have forever crushed.

Everything around us tells us not to despise small beginnings; for they are the lower rounds of a ladder that reaches to great results, and we must step upon these before we can ascend higher.

Despise not small beginnings of wealth. The Rothschilds, Girard, and most of the richest men, began with small means. From cents they proceeded to dollars; from hundreds to thousands; and from thousands to millions. Had they neglected these first earnings, had they said within themselves, what is the use of these few cents? they are not of much value, and I will just spend them, and enjoy myself as I go—they would never have risen to be the wealthiest among their fellows. It is only by this economical husbanding of means that they increase to large sums. It is the hardest part of success to gain a little; this little once gained, more will easily follow.

Despise not small beginnings of education.

Franklin had but little early education; yet look at what he became, and how he is revered. Fergusson, feeding his sheep on the hills of Scotland, picked up merely the rudiments of learning, but subsequently rose to be one of the first astronomers of Europe. Herschell, the great astronomer, was in his youth a drummer-boy to a marching regiment, and received but a little more than a drummer-boy's education; but this name is now associated with the brightest discoveries of science, and is borne by the planet that his zeal discovered. A host of instances rise up to testify that, by properly improving the small and perhaps imperfect beginnings of knowledge, they may become as foundation stones of a temple of learning, which the future shall gaze upon and admire.

A man can scarcely be too avaricious in the acquisition of learning; he should hoard up his intellectual gain with the utmost assiduity and diligence; but, unlike the lucre-seeking miser, must put out his knowledge at usury, by lending out his stock to others, increase by the commerce of his thoughts his capital, until his talent shall have become five, and these five shall have gained to them other five.

Despise not small beginnings of fame and honor.

The fame which springs up on a sudden, like a mushroom plant, is seldom lasting. True fame and honor are of slow growth, ascending by degrees from the lowest offices to the highest stations—from the regard of a few to the applause of a nation. But he, who despises the lower steps of honor, because they are low, will seldom reach the higher; and he who spurns at the commendation of his own circle, as too small a thing to seek after, will never secure the esteem and renown of a State or kingdom.

Despise not small beginnings of error. The walls of a castle have been undermined by the burrowings of small and despised animals; and the beginning of error, though at first unheeded, will soon, if not checked, sap the foundations of truth, and build up its own wretched dogmas on its ruins. All first errors are small; despise them not; they will soon increase to great ones, and, perhaps, devastate society.

Wars and their Consequences.

BY E. BERRITT.

The newspaper press has long perpetuated Reminiscences of War, seasoned to the most ardent fancy of youth, with the gorgeous heroics of patriotism, and poetry, and romance. I should be exceedingly grateful to your courtesy, and you might lay mankind under some obligation to that bland quality of Christianity, if you would occasionally admit into your columns some of those *Reminiscences of War* calculated to inspire both the young and the old, of this enlightened age, with an indomitable abhorrence of all that savors of the spirit, or tends to perpetuate the existence, of that sanguinary monster. These unpoetical reminiscences are living, without any association with romance, or the heroics of the imagination, in the sleepless misery of millions of your fellow beings—the burning inheritance of war. The down-crushed poor of Christendom, with the bleared vision of their starved intellects, are groping for the cause of their poverty and degradation, and grasping it in its slow revelation.

They had discovered in the monstrous lineaments of war, the pampered Gordon which for ages has fed at the veins of Labor, and is now eating out the substance and subsistence of their bodies and souls, and enslaving them to want, wretchedness, and hopeless ignorance. They appeal to you to indict this horrid cannibal war, before the tribunal of humanity, and enter there the evidence of its savage atrocities perpetrated on the human race, and written in lines of fire and rivers of blood around the globe.

Here, then, are a few of the Reminiscences of War, entirely shorn of poetry. They are bloody witnesses to the truth, and let them testify. In the perpetual butcheries in the human family, the following hecatombs have been offered up to that God of battles which both Christians and Pagans have worshiped with the same devotion:

Loss of life in the Jewish wars,	25,000,000
By wars in the time of Sesostris,	15,000,000
By those of Semiramis, Cyrus and Alexander,	30,000,000
By Alexander's successors,	20,000,000
War of the twelve Cæsars, Roman wars before Julius Cæsar,	60,000,000
Wars of the Roman Empire, Turks and Saracens,	180,000,000
Wars of Reformation,	30,000,000
Wars of the Middle Ages, and nine Crusades,	80,000,000
Tartar and African wars, American Indians destroyed by the Spaniards,	12,000,000
Wars of Napoleon,	6,000,000
Total	668,000,000

The above is a mere extract from the bloody statistics of glorious War, one chapter in the annals of violence, crime and misery, that have followed in the footprints of the Great Destroyer. The loss of soul is entered where human eyes may not read the list. Dr. Dick estimates the number of those who have perished directly and indirectly by war, at *fourteen thousand millions*, or about *one-tenth of the human race*. Edmund Burke placed the number at *thirty-five thousand millions*. Taking the estimate

of Dr. Dick, and assuming the average quantity of blood in a common sized person, the veins of fourteen thousand millions would fill a circular lake of more than *seventeen miles in circumference—ten feet deep!* in which all the navies of the world might float! Supposing these slaughtered millions to average, each, four feet in length, if placed in a row, they would reach nearly four hundred and forty-two times round the earth, and four times around the sun. Supposing they average one hundred thirty pounds each, then they would weigh 1,820,000,000,000 lbs., fourteen times more than all the human beings now living on the globe.

FRIGHTFUL RESULT OF A PRACTICAL JOKE.—A shocking occurrence lately took place in the vicinity of Perth. The well known courage and dauntless temperament of a young nobleman of that country, had stimulated some of his companions to various ways of intimidating him. He was himself aware of their designs against his hardihood, and readily joined in the sport, so far as to give the free permission to test his intrepidity by either natural or supernatural means. Every scheme however, proved abortive, and the attempt was apparently, and as the young hero believed, really relinquished as hopeless. But after the lapse of some weeks, it unfortunately, again became a subject of discussion, and one of the thoughtless youths, his ingenuity stimulated by a considerable wager, resolved once more to subject his friend's strength to new trial. Having bribed his valet to admit him into the bed chamber of the wholly unsuspecting youth, his first care was to withdraw the bullet from a brace of pistols, suspended at the head of the bed, under which he then crept to await the arrival of his companion, who, returning home at his usual hour, went to bed and fell asleep. The concealed plotter stole cautiously forth wrapped himself in a white coverlet, and standing at the foot of the couch, began to jerk the sheet in which the sleeper lay; he awoke, and saw the tall white figure, and calling out, "What humbug are you about now?" turned himself round again to sleep. The sheet jerking was, however renewed and the youth, tormented out of his good temper, exclaimed, "begone foolish fellow, or I will shoot you!" Still the white figure neither spoke or moved away, but continued pulling at the bed clothes as before. Either alarmed or angry, the young nobleman got up, seized one of his pistols, and fired right at the motionless figure, and the bullet was rolled back harmlessly upon the coverlet! Amazed he discharged the other pistol; the gaunt figure tossed the second bullet towards him? A horrible conviction of an unearthly visitor before him, probably seized his imagination, and the fine promising youth fell back upon the couch, a corpse. A cerebral paralysis had deprived him of life.

A SCENE AT THE GATE OF PARADISE.—A poor tailor, being released from this world and a scolding wife, appeared at the gate of Paradise. Peter asked him if he had ever been in Purgatory.

"No," said the tailor, "but I have been married."

"Oh!" said Peter, "that is all the same."

The tailor had scarcely got in, before a turtle-eating alderman came puffing and blowing.

"Hallo! you fellow, said he, open the door."

"Not so fast," said Peter, have you ever been in Purgatory?"

"No," said the alderman, "but what is that to the purpose! You let that poor half starved tailor in, and he has no more in Purgatory than myself."

"But he has been married," said Peter.

"Married!" exclaimed the alderman, "why I've been married twice."

"Then please go back again," said Peter, Paradise is not the place for fools."

READ THIS.—A B never lent and chair cat table man is all ways come for table in the eye dear of may king his neigh bores and as O she eats joy fool. It is threw a cents of dew tea 2 his all my tea make her, and just ice 2 his fell low more tails, that he bees toes a few pen eyes up on those who D serve a nee pea Q nigh hairy ass east ants, or claim our come pass I on and pea tea.

A WELL GUARDED SAFE.—The Rothschilds, of France, have invented a wonderful piece of mechanism to prevent any removal of their deposits. If a person attempts the lock, or tampers with it in the slightest degree, an iron hand and arm is thrust out from the door, clenches the offender and holds him motionless in its iron embrace, while at the same instant a bell is struck in a room over head, occupied by a watchman, giving him notice that his presence is required in the room below. Should this watchman not get down to the assistance and release of the wretch held by the arm in fifteen minutes time, then a blunderbuss is discharged into the body of the trespasser. Thus he is mercifully allowed fifteen minutes grace to reflect upon the enormity of his offence. It is told that a few years since a man was caught by the iron nippers, and the watchman came to his release only two minutes before the blunderbuss would have been discharged.

Four Lawyers practised in the same Court in North Carolina—their names were Hillman, Swain, Dews, and Dodge. While the last named was making a speech, in a cause, the three first wrote on a strip of paper an Epitaph, and cast it directly before Mr. Dodge, where he must necessarily see it, as follows:

Here lies a Dodge who *dodg'd* all good,
And *dodg'd* a deal of evil;
But after *dodging* all he could,
He could not dodge the Devil.
He raised the paper—read it, and immediately composed the following bone cutter:
"Here lies a Hillman and a Swain,
Whose lot let no man choose;
They liv'd in sin and died in pain,
And the devil got his Dews (dues)."
Greensboro' Patriot.

One of the soldiers of the army of occupation in Texas, set his boots by the side of his sleeping place, ready to be slipped on in the morning, but, at dawn, in drawing them on, a small snake with eleven rattles, having taken peaceable possession during the night, contested the place with the foot.

GEN. JACKSON'S EPITAPH.—The Union, (Nashville Tenn.) says the following will be the epitaph on General Jackson's tombstone:—"Andrew Jackson, was born on the 15th of March, 1767—died on the 8th of June 1845.

TO CURE A BURN.—A lady a preacher of the Society of Friends, in N. York, was so successful in curing burns, that many of the lower class supposed her possessed of the power of working miracles. The following is the recipe for the medicine: Take one ounce of bees-wax, with four ounces burgundy pitch, simmered in an earthen vessel together, with as much sweet oil as will soften them into the consistency of salve when cool—stir the liquid after taken from the fire till quite cool. Keep it from the air in a tight box or jar. When used, spread thinly on a cloth and apply it to the part injured. Open the burn with a needle and let out the water till it heels.—*Ex. paper.*

HON. SAM HOUSTON.—Gen. Houston, twice President of the Republic of Texas, has taken his seat in the Senate of the United States as one of the Senators of the State of Texas. The history of this personage, says the Baltimore American, is full of remarkable events; of these his appearance at Washington, at this time, under the circumstances of the case, is not the least remarkable. Twelve years ago Samuel Houston stood at the bar of the House of Representatives of the United States to be reprimanded by the Speaker. Since that he has dismembered a nation, achieved a revolution, organised an independent sovereignty and now crowned with the glory of a conqueror and a statesman, he returns with his trophies to this Capitol having brought to this Republic a territory large enough to form what would be considered in Europe an Empire. Fortunate in acquisition, he has been not less so in surrender; *vicit cedendo.*