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future homes. Our affections would proclaim the doctrine of immortality. Think you that true love can die? Think you that the cherished images of the departed could be torn away from us? Think you that the names of the honored and beloved dead could ever leave our lips? No. Age cannot weaken affection—misfortune cannot blight it—death cannot destroy it. The sentiment engraved on the tomb-stone of the celebrated German poet, Korner, is—“*forget not the faithful dead*”—and it is a sentiment that all practice. Will you tell me that such hearts can ever crumble like the dust? Will you mock me with the sentiment of mortality for soul and body? The only reason that the material dies, is that the spiritual may live. The plucked flower gives more fragrance than the flower upon the parent stem—and the freed spirit is a nobler spirit out of the body than in the body; and therefore, the edict of death is executed. And will you turn this into an argument against the existence of the spirit? The strongest proof of immortality is death itself. We die because we are immortal. We die to live forever. We die to triumph over death. Throw us upon the light of nature, and we would exclaim in Addison’s words—

“It must be so, Plato,” &c.

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## PICTURESQUE NARRATIVES.

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### SOUTH WEST RANGE.

BY REV. T. B. BALCH.

THE South West Range consists of a family of mountains which run off from the Blue Ridge a distance of forty miles. After extending through a portion of Orange and Albemarle counties, Virginia, they appear to the beholder as though they were on a chase to regain the line from whence they had diverged. This re-union taking place in a South Westerly direction, gives name to the group. In this way small vallies are created, which are watered by clear streams. We know of no better piece of scenery. It is a district enchanted by clumps of the forest oak—abounding in chaste and melodious brooks, and the chorus of the birds frequently sounds like a collection of small bells, all ringing at the same time. ’T is the most Arcadian part of Virginia, and its pensive flocks are not to be overlooked whilst the field of vision is overhung by a convex sky, in which clouds seem like portions of a distant beach, or capes jutting out into a very blue and profound sea. We wonder that this South West Mountain has never become as renowned as Mænalus,—but Pastoral Poetry may be compared to a queen who has once swayed an extensive empire, but to whom nothing remains at her decease except a mausoleum inscribed all over by the Idyls of Theocritus, or the Eclogues of Virgil, or by the names of Milton, Pope, Gay, Gesner, Spenser, and many others in addition, who had flourished in her reign.

The design of this paper is to give some account of a pedestrian ramble which the writer once took along the South West Range. We do not suppose that it will prove so interesting a pilgrimage as that of Goethe’s about Ettersburg—or that of Wieland over the thirty hills of Iona—or that of Gray about Malvern—or that of Wordsworth about Helvellyn—or Graham’s over Perthshire—or Irving’s over the environs of Stratford-on-Avon,

Newstead Abbey, or Abbotsford. We have nothing to tell in the shape of romance—no striking adventures or remarkable escapes. The Rambler found no grey ruin among the green nooks which he traversed. He called at no poet's corner, like the boudoir of Cowper, or the west end of Gray, or the grotto of Pope, or the Ashbourne Cottage of Moore, or the Rydal tent of Wordsworth. It would have been delightful to have stopped and leaned on my staff in sight of some dwelling where resided a poet, living apart from his species, and, like Dante, communing with things invisible—or like Tasso, whose imagination stood open to the gifts of the Eastern Muses—or Spenser on his watch tower, planted over the age of chivalry—or Milton warbling psalms among the richer hymns of the Cherubim. A long time probably will elapse before such a sight will be seen in proximity to the South West Range, but such localities as it may possess, it is my intention briefly to describe.

Montpelier, the seat of ex-president Madison, is located in sight of the Range. A Rambler in search of the curious, could not easily be excused for neglecting a spot so redolent in interest, at least to politicians and statesmen. The farm is about three miles distant from the capital of Orange county, on what is called the Barboursville road; but concealed from the road by a thicket of wood, through which there is a sylvan avenue leading towards the house. The house is a large and commodious brick establishment. It was on a warm and cloudy morning in June, that the writer had turned from the main road to inspect the premises of Montpelier, and to lower his scallop at the grave of Madison. Having passed up a lane and leaped the wall of the grave-yard, we approached the corner in which the sage lies buried. Two stakes designated the spot, and the mound was quite overgrown with tangled herbage. These are the grounds, thought I, in which the pyramid gradually mouldered, until it had so deeply mingled with the dust as to be no longer visible. Few, if any, of our public men were purer in morals than Madison; and this fact we attribute in a great degree to his having been educated by Dr. Witherspoon. And intellectually he was a remarkable man. One obelisk is still standing to mark the spot where anciently shone an Egyptian temple, sacred to the sun; and that temple held a mirror, so arranged as to throw splendor over the whole temple. To our constitution, laws, and freedom, the mind of Madison was a mirror, drawing to a point, and then reflecting far and wide, the rays of political truth. My attention, however, was now drawn to the portico of the building. The house was closed, for Mrs. Madison at that time was residing in Washington. The portico overlooked the lawn, and away in the distance the South West Mountain was wielding its forests as though they had been the plants of a garden. A thunder cloud was passing down the Range, which shot out such fiery sparks as to remind me of the storm which Lord Byron witnessed on the steeps of Jura. But leaving the portico I turned to the right, and passing beyond the house entered the gate of the garden. An old colored man was working in the beds; but he paused, and leaning on his rake seemed to await my inquiries. He took me down the inclined plane of the garden, and showed me various plants and grafted trees, and it was pleasing to notice the fruits of China, Spain and France, in juxtaposition with those indigenous to America. But the manager of the estate was now making his way to the portico, having heard that a stranger had come to view the premises.

"It is my wish," said I, to the manager, "to see the interior of this building."

"That you can't see," he replied.

We had by this time reached the portico, and sat down on a bench.

"The ex-president," said I, to the man, "used to walk to and fro on this porch, — did he not?"

"He did," replied the man, "and that in a loose gown and a velvet cap."

It was evident that the attention of my new acquaintance was taken up with my pilgrim garb, and more than once he laid hold of my staff which was reclining on one of the pillars of the portico.

"Your staff," said he, seems to be notched."

"A notch," replied I, "for each weary mile."

"And are these all the miles you have walked?" he rejoined.

"Not by a good many," I answered, "for it has happened to me as to the Indian who went over to England with Pochahontas."

"How was that?" he inquired.

"Powhatan," I replied, "gave him the limb of an oak on which to mark down the people of England; but after being in London five minutes, he threw away the limb in despair."

"It's a pity, then," said he, "that you should have come so far and not see the inside of this house."

At that he rose up and opened the door, and showed me to the different rooms, which contained a number of Indian curiosities, a gallery of paintings imported from Europe, and busts of La Fayette, John Quincy Adams, and Henry Clay.

"Could you put me into a way," said I, to my guide, "to strike the road to Gordonsville?"

"It's rather a blind path," he remarked, "but I'll go along as far as the marble quarry." And we trudged on till we reached that point.

"Here we part," said my kind-hearted cicerone; "but allow me first to ask a question."

"As many as you please," answered I.

"Then," rejoined he, "are you a spy, or a yankee?"

"Neither," I replied—"but a true Virginian."

"What then," said he, "makes you walk?"

"Because of health. Were I not to walk, I should soon be riding a pale horse, who would carry me down to the grave."

He seemed satisfied with my answer.

"If you come back this way," said he "give me a call." And with that invitation he returned to Montpelier.

My ramble now led me forward on a road lined on each side with the finest oaks—the round waists of which served as a kind of Doric pillars to hold up a Corinthian foliage; whilst the foliage was receiving fresh interest every minute from birds which lighted on its wreaths. Having just left the seat of James Madison, my thoughts were turned for the moment to the city of Montpelier, in France, celebrated for its University, founded in 1180, and its Academy of Science, instituted 1706. But I doubted whether its air were more salubrious, or its prospects of the Alps and Pyrenees combined, more inviting than those furnished by this part of Virginia. The city in France, however, is a place of great resort for the literati of various countries. Some of the Essays of Montaigne, Atterbury, and Lord Clarendon are dated at Montpelier; and it is probable, on the principle of association, that Wirt was influenced to become an Essayist by the scenery visible from all parts of the county of Orange. But this part

of Virginia is most remarkable for its politicians; and politicians, with the exception of Burke, care little for matters of taste. James Barbour was Minister to England—Judge Nelson to Spain—and Senator Rives to France; and their dwellings are all on the South West Range. The parks of England, in consequence, the deer of the Seine, the flocks of the Pyrenees, and the pageantry of the Moors, rose to my imagination. Some ambassadors, even in the midst of diplomacy, have redeemed an hour for letters. Rush has given us a work on England, Cass on France, and John Quincy Adams on Silesia, whilst Prior, Cumberland, and Sir William Temple, were not inattentive spectators of foreign courts. Who would not read with pleasure a work from the pen of Daniel Webster, since his late visit to England? His pencil may not be flexible enough for lighter works. It may not catch the mountain mist, or collect the moss which time is throwing from its wheels; but it can draw over the Constitution of England a line of intellectual light clear as the milky way. It can measure the parent orbs of science, which are holding inferior planets to fountains of mental splendor. It can depict the Sage of St. Albans—or Butler, who made the dispersed voices of nature to chime in with the sweeter sounds of revelation—or Newton, in the shrine of whose understanding light left the offering of its variegated tints, and towards which constellations paid their dumb and distant homage. By executing such a work, he might be exempted from turning as a guest into the hundred rings of English landscape, surmounted by the feudal castle or the Norman Hall.

After passing Gordonsville, the country becomes more open, and the view of the South West Range perfectly distinct. Farms in succession run down from the mountain, and are bounded by the county road. I frequently met persons on horseback, and sometimes handsome ladies would lower the windows of carriages that they might take a better look at my scallop, vest and shoon.

“It’s some poet,” said a fair daughter of Eve, one day, as she looked out from a vehicle drawn by a pair of cream colored horses; but this lady paid me a very undeserved compliment.

My garb, however, gave more offence to the dogs than to utilitarian men; for in calling at a farm house, they not only made a prodigious noise, but one of them tore my robe rather more than I could have wished. Nor was it mended till a day or two after the event. The incident made my calls off the road less frequent, and at last the tower of the University rose like the water-mark of a rural sea. Every thing about the establishment looks perfectly new. Oxford was founded as far back as the ninth century, and we should have approached a whole city devoted to learning, with emotions of reverence far greater than we experienced in approaching Charlottesville. We expected to find no moth-eaten folios from which Gibbon had chased the worms—no couch on which Johnson had reclined—no antique room which Locke had occupied—no recess which Wesley, Whitfield, and Hervey, had anointed by the breath of prayer. Or if we might turn one moment to Cambridge, we expected to see no spot on which Gray had heard the toll of the curfew—no grove in which Kirke White had loitered—no lake on which Byron had stretched his sail—no chair once filled by Sir William Jones—no harp touched by Milton—no prism turned by Newton. But Oxford, in the time of Alfred, was young as this University, and we cannot yet tell what niche this seat of learning is destined to fill. It is true that the University of Salamanca had well

nigh prevented the discovery of America, and that of Ingolstadt opposed the Reformation—but Wittenberg protected Luther, and Oxford was the alma-mater of Wesley. The library of the Virginia Institution is extensive, and the hall in which it is fixed is set round with engravings of towns in all the cantons of Switzerland. Its architecture does not affect a stranger favorably as he stands on the portico of the rotunda and looks down the parallel ranges of dormitories, topped by the houses of professors; for the dormitories look as if made more for fairies than students. But the intervening lawn, and the slopes into which it falls, are beautiful, whilst the distant scenery is most magnificent. Like Gunter's chain, it seemed to consist of a hundred links, yet the links were not measured off into inches, but into ranging curves, far as the eye could reach. If men of letters should not arise from this University, it will not be owing to a destitution of inspiring objects, or to a want of interest on the part of patriots, philanthropists and Christians, in the welfare of the Institution.

Monticello is in sight from the University, and it overlooks the house in which Jefferson was born. It was Walter who wished to die just where the stag had been aroused. If the ex-president ever entertained such a wish, he must have been amply gratified. The localities of distinguished men are exceedingly interesting. Connecting objects with events, is a kind of inherent propensity. Pope's tree at Binfield, the cell in which Tasso was imprisoned, and the vale in which Petrarch wrote, are examples in point. The castle of Penshurst is connected with the memory of Sir Philip Sidney—and that of Hawthornden with the verse of Drummond—and Gorhambury with the philosophy of Bacon—and a farm-house in Lincolnshire with the experiments of Newton. Monticello derives interest from the eventful life of its former occupant. It is true, we differ from the ex-president very widely in his system of religion, and we should as soon have looked for oranges on the top of Mont Blanc, as for fruits of piety at Monticello. But we differ from the religion of Plato, and yet he fringed the banks of the Ulyssus with taste. The ex-president struck on a rock when he attempted to guide men over the ocean of theology, instead of keeping in the sea of politics. For what did he know of theology by the side of Calvin or Zuinglius? But he was a patriot and an advocate of the rights of man, and therefore as much entitled to our veneration as was Miltiades to that of Greece, or Tell to that of Switzerland, or Doria to that of Genoa. His usefulness did not lie in battles, for no one has ever pretended to hold him up as a hero. Demosthenes, Cicero, and Horace were destitute of personal courage. Jefferson could not have set a squadron in the field, but his tact all lay in the region of the intellect. It is, and ought to be, a cause of profound regret, that such an intellect did not discover the claims of Christianity. All founders of science, like Linnæus, Galileo, Kepler, Newton, Locke and Wilson, have believed in the system; and it has been left to imitative and inferior minds, like those of Hume, Voltaire, Rousseau and Shaftesbury, to be skeptical. Some such reflection occurred as we passed a half cultivated field, and began to wind the mountain, said to be five hundred feet above the Rivanna river. The trees were of stunted growth, and the mountain so barren that it reminded me of Parnassus. The taste which dictated the selection of such an abode, must have been singular. Chastellux states, in his Travels, that one night he and the ex-president sat up till a very late hour, reading to each other the Poems of Ossian. The Poems were in keeping with the bleakness of Monticello, and I should

have thought better of their taste if they had read Oliver Goldy. In the act of ascending, my mind began to ruminate about Jefferson, and my having seen him several times in my boyhood. He was a tall, spare man, with a face not remarkably smooth; plain in his dress, but of winning manners. He used to ride a large bay horse, with a silver plate on the forehead of the animal, and his name cut in full on the plate. We have seen him in company with the ex-Bashaw of Tripoli, Chinese Mandarins, and old Indian Chiefs. At that time the grounds of the President's House were in a state remarkably rude, and were full of Arabian steeds, of Cashmere goats, and Peruvian lamas, sent to Jefferson by foreign potentates. Among the goats, happened to be one remarkably ill-natured; and one day a boy (he was a beautiful boy) was passing over the grounds, when the goat made on him a furious assault, in which the boy was killed. Jefferson wept profusely on the occasion, and the letter which he wrote to the afflicted parents is said to have been unrivalled for its pathos. He subsequently did the parents many acts of kindness,—acts in which, like Snowdoun's Knight, he drank

The holiest, sweetest draught of power.

We were musing in this way, when, on making a sudden turn to the right, we came on a rugged grave-yard. It was not embellished in the least degree. The most conspicuous object was the granite shaft beneath which the sage reposed, in a sleep as sound as death. The slab was gone which had been appended to the pillar; and nothing legible remained but the birth and death of the deceased. After surveying the enclosure, I made for the apex of the hill, and then paused to see what dangers might surround me. At this moment a young man was coming to accost me, and accompanied by two dogs. He walked with a brisk, agitated step, as if he were coming to cut off the progress of an intruder. Like Cæsar, I tucked up my robe, determining that it should not be rent again; and then handed him a letter.

“What number,” said I, “annually visit this place?”

“About a thousand, on an average,” he rejoined.

“The same number,” I replied, “as visit Stratford-on-Avon.”

We were now approaching the mansion, an irregular octagonal building, made up of additions, and the front of which, it was difficult to find. Having reached a Grecian portico, “Permit me,” said I, “before entering the house, to look at this boundless prospect.”

And it indeed strained the eye to reach the outer rim of the horizon. The vast sea of forest was on the roll, and the landscape would have been enchanting had it been threaded by winding rivers. The gentleman now opened the door and gave me ingress to a spacious room, which held a bust of Jefferson. The room had a portrait of Napoleon, and a centre table, with some porcelain, once belonging to the Corsican, and two tumblers out of which Queen Victoria had drunk at the great London entertainment. He showed me a ladder which the ex-president had constructed. After Charles Fifth retired from empire, he employed himself about watches, perhaps because as a politician he had been accustomed to *time things*. The ex-president, however, employed himself on this ladder, which shuts and opens. It might suit some politicians, who might close it when they want to keep dark, and unfold it when they might wish to ascend to places of power and trust. We then passed into a room with a kind of Mosaic

tesselated floor, and then to the terraces which brought the University to view, and after that to the apartment in which the library used to be kept; but the sybilline books had all been scattered by the fierce winds of adversity.

The young man attended me to where the mountain shelves off towards its descent into the valley, and he appeared anxious to engage me in a conversation much like one of the Colloquies of Erasmus. The truth is that he was a Hebrew, and quite intelligent. He questioned me as to my knowledge of that language, but we differed as to the points. He then asked my opinion of Lord Byron's Hebrew Melodies; and my opinion was, that they were not worthy the pen by which they were written, and we were here agreed. He then inquired whether Parnell's Hermit was not one of my favorite works; and was answered in the affirmative.

"Perhaps, then," said he, "like the hermit, you have set out on your travels with a view to unravel some intricate web of Providence."

"The world," I replied, "is full of mysteries. Your own nation constitutes a secret, kept at present in impenetrable obscurity; but not to be resolved by a pedestrian excursion."

"Pedestrian!" he remarked with some surprise, "and did you ride neither mule nor camel into this vicinity?"

"Neither the one nor the other," was my reply.

"And how far will your excursion extend?"

"For the present," said I, "it is bounded by this part of the South West Range; and it is my purpose to get back to Ringwood."

"Ringwood," said he, "and where is Ringwood?"

"It's a spot," I replied, "unknown to fame; but it holds some little princes, who will re-install their Parent King after a week's abdication."

This stands yon aged oak in ivy bound,  
And youthful ivy clasps that oak around.

This young Hebrew was a relative of Captain Levy, who is the present owner of Monticello; and we did not part without my calling to mind the pictures of oriental hospitality, which are found in the writings of the Jewish Lawgiver. But in the meantime evening had come,—and an evening too, which was without a parallel in all my previous acquaintance with nature. We never coveted so intently a talent for description. The sun was wheeling down the western mountains, and the forests were all inflamed. The clouds were bent into arches to which the stars seemed like diamond keystones; and the queen of night entered the saloon in one of her most graceful curves. The peaks of the Blue Ridge rose like columns into the rings of purple and gold leaf clouds; and the round hills were like periods of indigo, to divide the field of vision. But though delightful, the coloring soon died away; and all human enjoyments are liable to fade, as Sir Walter Scott has sung in one of his coronachs. The birds fell off as if they all had died, and as if their nests had been transformed into so many osier and wooded urns. The hopes of men often perish after a few melodies in life; but even life is not destitute of solid pleasures. In reaching home, time and space seemed to be annihilated, and my gazelle-like knee found repose, after it had bounded for a summer's week along the South West Range. My arrival produced quite a commotion among the Ringwood bairns. One hung my vest on a bush among a multitude of roses, and Lin carried off my dusty sandals to the garret, and



my little Oliver Goldy hid my staff among the violets. The queen mother put my scallop carefully away, and suspended my mountain reed in the summer-house,—

Then led me in with woman's kindest looks,  
And show'd me all my antique, household books.

And thus ended one of my rambles, which is here given in the dull angles of prose; but we have since taken another, which may be told in the rounder turns of rhyme.

Ringwood Cottage, Va. June 17, 1843.

## POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

FROM A SERMON BY REV. JACOB M. DOUGLASS.\*

And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul, when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us.—Gen. xlii. 21.

THE history of Joseph and his brethren is the most remarkable of all the patriarchal histories, for the characters of the actors, and the surprising revolutions of their fortunes. As far as relates to the text, and is necessary for explaining it, the story is as follows:

Joseph, the youngest but one of Jacob's sons, was distinguished by his father with such marks of peculiar affection as excited the envy of his brethren. He related to them, in the openness of his heart, certain dreams that foretold his future advancement above them, and in consequence, their jealousy rose to such a height that they conspired to take away his life. They seized the opportunity of his being at a distance from home, and first threw him into a pit, and afterwards sold him for a slave, and imposed on their father by a false account of his death. When they had thus gratified their resentment, they lost all remembrance of their crime. The family of Jacob was rich and powerful; and several years passed away, during which they lived in prosperity. And it does not appear that they were touched with the least remorse for the deed of cruelty of which they had been guilty.

In the mean time, Joseph was safely conducted by the hand of Providence, through a variety of dangers. And, from the lowest condition, he rose, at last, to be the chief favorite of the king of Egypt, then the most powerful monarch in the world. While he possessed this high dignity, a general famine distressed all the neighboring countries. But plenty still reigned in Egypt, owing to the foresight and prudent administration of Joseph. As the brethren of Joseph were compelled to resort to Egypt for a supply of food, they appeared before him—they made obeisance to him—they humbly supplicated liberty to purchase corn. Ah! they little suspected that the governor of the land, before whom they bowed their faces to the ground, was the brother whom, long time ago, they had sold as a slave to the Ishmaelites. But Joseph no sooner saw his brethren than he knew them, and his heart melted within him.

The tenderness of a *brother* arose in him, in all its warmth, and totally effaced the remembrance of their former cruelty. From that moment, he began to prepare for them a surprise of joy; yet he constrained himself so

\* For the first of this discourse, the writer is considerably indebted to a sermon by Dr. Blair.