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BY M'CLANAHAN, TROUSDALE & DILL. MEMPHIS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1859. VOLUME X.—NUMBER 267.

Daily Appeal

ON THE FEAR OF DEATH.

When people have nothing more to live for, why should they be afraid of death? I do not understand it. When life is but just begun, and before experience has made us tired of it, I can well appreciate why it should be dear, and why we should be loth to give it up. Then we look forward to the future with fancy-colored expectation, in youth we enjoy the greater freedom and capacity of those who are a few years in advance of us. At 40, we are a few years in advance of youth, and long to be twenty. At twenty we have lasted care and are beginning to feel anxious about our future, and think that at thirty a position in life will be established. We will not then be thinking who will be our life partners; we will not be concerned with love, we will not be "singing the furnace with woeful ballad," but will be settled down with the one we love, and winning our way to wealth and fame. Oh, yes, the difficulties, struggles and anxieties of twenty will be all past at thirty, and then we will be in the full enjoyment of life.

But thirty comes, and with it comes its own cares and disappointments. The loss of beauty is not the love of thirty. The glow, the enthusiasm, the bright pictures, the Platonic attachment, to be brightened into a personal honor possessed, have all passed and gone, and her reality has come; and instead of that which was anticipated, the disappointment that embitters, and the sharp intellect that criticises, and causes the possessor is cynicism and disgust.

At this period the observant and reflective mind can well doubt the question whether this world which we inhabit has anything worth living for. If it has not, why then does any one wish to live?

I will suppose the case of one who has run the round of several pleasures, or rather of one who has been so far as to find that there is no real sensual pleasure to be found in the world—that what pleases for an hour palls in time, but the yearnings of excitement, to be distilled into repentance and pain. He looks forward to nothing different. In that direction in which he has lashed for a higher, purer, a more spiritual and ethereal life, he has been cut off by fickleness and faithlessness of some one to whom he had, like a clinging barnacle, attached his heart. Beyond and in the future he sees nothing that he cares for; nothing worth striving for; nothing that he thinks worth attaining. What, then, should he wish to live? Why he should be afraid of death? He looks back on the days that are gone, and asks himself if there has been more of sorrow than of joy; more of pleasure than of pain. In this retrospect, his answer, if he dares to listen to it is no; and if he could foresee that each future year would be like those which are gone, he would most likely say with Job, "It is better for me to die than to live."

It is not improbable that if one-half of the people we meet with in our intercourse with the world were to be asked if they would care to live some years beyond the wants of the last few years, their would say, unhesitatingly, no. If asked if they had any reason to suppose that the future would be no brighter than the past, they would say no. If then asked what they wanted to live for, they would say they did not know, but they were afraid to die—they stood in dread of death.

Such dread of a natural termination of life that is admitted to be unhappy, is unreasonable, irreligious and weak. The same power will be there in the next world. Why, then, be afraid of death? It is unphilosophical and absurd. Reason says this when it is, or not, sure at hand, and it is then that it is when it cannot cover. Why shall we dread to-morrow that which we think we could welcome to-day?

They I reason. It is true I might quake and tremble when I saw the grim monster before me, inevitable, fixed, inexorable; yet it seems to me that the man of clear conscience could in the line of duty meet him as indifferently, resolutely and conscientiously, as he could eat his dinner.

I leave quite out of view the religious aspect of the case. I come down to truth, reason and philosophy, and I ask why is man afraid or afraid of death? This fear is, as I maintain, unreasonable and as I believe, founded on false doctrine. We are taught, or at least the world of us are, from our childhood, that death is something very dreadful and solemn, and we are made to look forward to it as of all things to be feared and shunned.

Hence, the fear of it assumes the form of second nature. It seems to be an instinctive dread, whereas it is only the fear resulting from false education.

I hold that it is an accusation against divine mercy to assume that death is to be feared. It is irreligious; that religion (if, or rather it is that religion which believes in a God of anger, rather than the God of love. The joys and sorrows of this world we know, for we have experienced them, but of the world to come we are to judge by revelation and analogy. I leave the former out of the question, and, judging by the latter, we have no reason to expect the world to come will be more unhappy than this. The same Being will rule over us, and the same eternal laws of right, and justice, and love, will prevail; and who should we fear to trust ourselves to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns?"

It is not that man regret to leave this world that they are afraid to enter another. The influence is exactly the reverse.

Could a man have entire faith that at the end of forty, one hundred, or a thousand years, he could return to this earth again and live out the balance of his days, how many would choose to take a centennial nap? But they think, as they are going to another world, "it is an undiscovered country," there must be something very dreadful about it. They seem to forget that the same God rules in the heavens as in the earth, and they blasphemes him by their fears say that His are in a tyrannical, that He cannot save.

The infidel may ask me how I know there is a future state, and he may say that it is the dread of a final destruction of all the light of the spirit, the hope of man's existence in any form or sphere, that causes him to fear to "shuffle off this mortal coil." This cannot be so, for I know that not one in ten thousand believes when he comes to die that it is to be death of the soul as well as of the body. The few who have believed otherwise have arrived at their conclusion only by the hardest kind of disputation. They have studied and reasoned themselves into a belief that the unlearned could never reach, but the fear of death comes again from the dread of annihilation. It comes from a lack of faith in God's power and goodness. It is an unreasonable belief. Death will in no wise separate us from the love of God. "Yea," "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come—nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

MRS. CHILD AND THE INSURGENT BROWN.

From the Richmond Enquirer, November 8.]

Some imperfect extracts from the annexed letters having be published, we have thought it advisable, to a correct understanding of the subject, to give the entire correspondence. Mrs. L. Maria Child, (who seems to be allowed to "nurse" and "coddle" the insurrectionist Brown,) has heretofore been known in this section as an authoress of some pretensions, whose literary contributions have served to fill up the columns of one or two northern periodicals. Hereafter she will be regarded, in the South at least, as belonging to the Harriet Beecher Stowe "circle;" as one of whose morbid enthusiasm and fanatical zeal have beclouded and vitiated a judgment, otherwise, perhaps, clear and sound:

LETTER FROM MRS. CHILD TO GOV. WISE.

WAYLAND, MASS., Oct. 26, 1859.

GOVERNOR WISE: I have heard that you were a man of chivalrous sentiments, and I know you were opposed to the inquisitorial practices, were shocked at the execution, and horrent to the moral sense of her people. Relying upon these indications of honor and justice in your character, I venture to ask a favor of you. Inclosed is a letter to Captain John Brown. Will you have kindness, after reading it yourself, to transmit it to the prisoner?

I, and all my large circle of abolition acquaintances, were shocked by surprise when news came of Captain Brown's recent attempt; nor do I know of a single person who would have approved of it, had they been apprised of his intentions. Most of my friends, like others, feel a natural impulse of sympathy for the brave and suffering man. Perhaps God, who sees the inmost of our souls, sees in some such sentiment in your heart also. He sends neither or sister to dress his wounds, and speak soothingly to him. Will you allow me to perform this office? It may be only a mitigation of his sufferings, but it may be a great one. It may be the means of saving some such sentiment in your heart also. He needs