

THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST, AND General Intelligence.

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THEOLOGY.

God is Holy.

Before I proceed to prove the truth of Revelation, it may not be out of place to establish the moral character of God. Theologians have generally applied the terms Holiness, Justice and Truth to Deity, as distinct attributes; but I cannot possibly comprehend a God of holiness, unless he be at the same time a just God, and a God of Truth. We cannot consider him a virtuous or holy being, who may directly assert falsehood, or indirectly deceive by withholding the truth; nor can he be holy, whom we may accuse of injustice. If, therefore, we prove the holiness of God, we at once establish his truth and his justice.—To prove any proposition, one demonstration must be as satisfactory as a hundred; I shall therefore make one suffice for the subject in hand. No one subsisting in himself, and originating his own character, would hold a character which might be odious to his fellow-creatures. God, indeed, is hated by man because he is holy; not, however, because he does not admire his character, but because he feels sensible God will bring him to account for acting contrary to the dictates of reason. Reason bids us admire, love, and act like God; but our depraved natures lead us against reason to delight in sin. Man, acting upon principles of reason, is led to the admiration of virtue and the detestation of vice, however he may be himself implicated in such disapprobation. The greatest villain that ever lived, detests villainy in others, and stands in admiration of the strictly virtuous and holy man. God, therefore, by making creatures, who, upon rational principles, must abhor his character, would evidently have reflected upon himself a deficiency of wisdom; and a God, defective in intellect, could not possibly implant in man a mind sufficiently comprehensible to give good reasons against the character of his Maker. But man has the best reasons for detesting vice, and as his reason must originate in the primal cause of his being, so God must be infinitely wise, and of wise, by the above hypothesis, he must be Holy, Just and True. B.

Inspiration of the Scriptures.

A just and holy God, whose delight is righteousness, would not leave his rational creatures to grope in entire ignorance of the principles of holiness. Our God has therefore implanted in us a consciousness of what is morally right, and what is morally wrong.—This we call the *Light of Nature*. Since, however, the fall of our common ancestors, mankind insensibly lost, in a great measure, the knowledge of God; not because the light of nature is not as brilliant as ever, but rather because their propensity to sin prevented the free operation of the reasoning faculty, on the subject of morals. As the design of God in the creation

must be the glorifying of himself; and as he had already given glory to his character of holiness in the ruin of rebellious angels; and to his character of goodness in the preservation of other spirits; so now, if it were his intention to glorify himself in the exhibition of his character of mercy, it cannot remain a matter of surprise, that mankind are not left to the delusions of their own sinful propensities. He has therefore given us the Revelation of his will in the Book called the Bible. And it is now my purpose to prove that this is indeed God's Book. I take it for granted, that every one concedes—and surely it is indisputable—that God had a right, if he thought fit, to publish a Revelation of his will, as well as a perfect ability to do so; and that by any mode he should prefer. And it would be absurd to suppose, that God, in giving the book of his Revelation, would withhold the evidences of its authorship. A few of those evidences will answer my present purpose.

1. The Bible, though evidently written by various persons, and in remote ages apart, is, nevertheless, one continued doctrine, exhibiting by its types and antitypes, its prophecies and fulfillments, the great and sublime plan of man's Redemption. Now that so many different persons, and in different ages, could have presented such a regular, continued and harmonious system, is utterly beyond credibility, unless the combination be attributed to divine inspiration.

2. The Bible though directly opposed to man's natural propensities, has nevertheless withstood the storms of persecution, and open and secret hostility with which it has been assailed; and though every attempt has been made to destroy it, which ingenuity could invent, it has nevertheless been handed down from generation to generation as the Word of God. It is incredible that such could have been the case, had it not been protected by God himself. No such opposition has ever been made to any other work without success.

3. It bears internal evidence of its genuineness, authenticity, and inspiration, in the minutiae of its details, the coincidence of circumstances respecting the different writers, the nature of its prophecies, the impartiality of biographical delineations, and in the often apparent disagreement of the different writers, or unimportant points.

4. The coincidence of historic narration with profane authors, and the yet continued fulfillments of the prophecies of the Bible, prove it to be authentic and inspired.

5. The effect the Bible has upon society, in deterring from vice and the change called regeneration, on the heart of man, making him actually to love those things to which he is naturally concave, are proof positive of the inspiration of the Bible.

6. Finally, this trite argument is sufficient to settle the question—The Bible is either written by God

men or by good;—bad men would not have labored to condemn themselves, and good men would not have combined to impose a forgery on the world. It must consequently be what it professes to be—**THE WORD OF GOD.**

B.

Exposition of Rom. IX. 1-5.

I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, (my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost) that I have great heaviness, and continual sorrows in my heart for my brethren, (for I did wish myself accursed from Christ) my kinsmen according to the flesh, who are Israelites, to whom pertaineth the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants, and the giving of the law, and the service of God and the promises. Whose are the fathers, and of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God blessed forever. Amen.

By comparing the above with the common version it will be seen that there is a little alteration in the pointing, and translation. It, however, is much more agreeable to the original. By this reading, the passage is freed from all the difficulty which attaches to the common text. The "heaviness and sorrow" the Apostle felt "in his heart," was for, or on account of, his brethren: because they wished themselves separated from Christ. Having himself been in the same condition, and knowing the danger to which they were exposed, his heart yawned with the anguish of a brother, towards the dejected and perishing Jews.

The Apostle assures them, that he had not become alienated from them, neither was he speaking at random. He knew that their hatred to Christ and his cause was so great, that without immediate repentance they must inevitably perish. So he says, "I speak the truth—that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart for by brethren, &c." This manner of speaking is according to the Apostle Paul's usage. When he would urge others to watchfulness, he says, "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection: lest that by any means when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway," I Cor. 9. 27. When he would exhort to perseverance, he says, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. iii. 14. So when he would express the awful situation of his "kinsmen according to the flesh," he expresses himself in this mild and inoffensive manner, "I did wish myself accursed, or separated from Christ." The Jews could not be offended with this expression, neither could they mistake his meaning. His anxiety and meaning are more deeply marked by this form of speech than if he had made a direct charge against them. They were left to make the application to themselves.

* H. *

TEMPERANCE.

FOR THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST.

Something more about Tobacco.

5. The use of the narcotic plant, aids very much the causes of intemperance. A hard smoker or chower labors under a stronger temptation than most men to become a hard drinker. His system becomes accustomed to high and unnatural excitement. He perhaps has lost his quid, and his pocket happens to be empty. He is restless and unhappy. His spirits flag, he is like a fish out of water. His disordered system cries out, "give me something to satisfy this craving." He steps into a grog shop, partakes of the tempting beverage, and finding a pleasant and momentary relief from his uneasiness, he repeats his vi-

sits and his draughts, and finally perhaps becomes a drunkard. Surely we should make no truce with the auxiliaries of intemperance. And what is the use of Tobacco but a species of intemperance? Let the enemies of dram drinking consider this matter. Let them not weaken their nerves against the enemy, by cherishing another. Let them be consistent. Let them throw around themselves and their cause a perfect entrenchment. Ye that say, a man should not taste the alcoholic portion, no, not one drop, do you chew, do you smoke, do you take snuff!

6. The use of tobacco is often a serious encroachment upon domestic comfort. It often makes a man's domicile an unpleasant and filthy abode. The floor is stained, the fire place is bespattered, the whole house is impregnated with the revolting odor. But suppose the good woman of the house wages a resolute war against these impurities. O what labor, what toil, what washing and scrubbing, and then think of the trial of her patience and temper. See there, she has seen her house in order; the fire-place is white washed, the dogs and fender are nicely cleaned, and the hearth is painted with bright red lead. Every thing around seems to reflect the smile of the industrious, happy house wife. But in comes a most inconsiderate and incorrigible tobacco chewer, he seems lost to all the dictates of good breeding. Bright dogs, fenders, hearth are nothing to him. The labor of a long summer's day is soon disgracefully marred, and the good woman beareth the pressure of mortification and insult, loses her sweet temper, at least for a season, and waxes into fretfulness and indignation. But few are really conscious how much the good feelings of our fair country women are trespassed on in this manner. It is a serious calamity in our land, and I hope that the spirit of reform which is abroad, will bring a thorough and speedy remedy.

7. The pollutions of tobacco have even desecrated the churches of the living God. Who has not been disgusted, and even shocked at the narcotic defilements which he has there seen? Surely in such places, neatness, purity and order should be maintained. Ministers are sometimes incommoded by the maxillary operations of his congregation even when he is preaching. I heard of a minister, who, on a certain occasion, was so much incommoded by the tobacco chewing of the people when he was preaching, that he afterwards declared he would not preach to them again if they would not treat him with more consideration. On another occasion a minister declined calling forward mourners to be prayed for, because the floor was so much defiled, that there was no place for them to kneel. How often do the garments of the ladies become polluted by—what!—the pollutions of the sanctuary. Christians, for shame! Tell it not in Gath. Purge your altars from this uncleanness, and that without delay.

8. The use of Tobacco involves a needless waste of money. Only think—this great free, magnanimous American people, crouch down to the Tobacco plant, and pay it their tribute of many millions of dollars. Is this a noble act? Does it magnify one national character? Ten or fifteen millions annually expended for Tobacco! And Christians too engaged in this foolish expenditure. Yes, I hesitate not to say, that the professed disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ in the United States, expend more money for snuff, segars, and chewing tobacco, than they contribute to Bible, Tract, Education, Sabbath-School, and Missionary Societies. Baptists of South Carolina,

pay us the money that you expend for tobacco for ten years, and the Furman Institution shall be richly endowed, we shall have the means of educating and sending forth to Burmah, 50 Missionaries, provided suitable persons could be obtained, and we can support in addition, for a considerable length of time, domestic Missionaries to preach in hundreds of the destitute regions of our own state. Let us use our arithmetic for a moment. There are 30 thousand Baptists, or more, in the state. Some spend ten dollars a year for tobacco, some five, some two, some one. But suppose they spend upon an average 50 cents. We are at once brought to the enormous expenditure of 15 thousand dollars per annum—for what! for honor! for fame! for happiness! No: for that filthy, pernicious thing—Tobacco. In ten years, \$150,000!! Christians—Baptists, ought these things to be so! Our benevolent operations languish—when we ask for money to sustain them, many reproach us and the cause we advocate, they will not give a cent for the destitute at home, and the perishing abroad—and yet they have money enough to pay for tobacco.

A reform has commenced. Many at the South are taking high ground in this good work. An Anti-narcotic Society has been formed in the Furman Institution, and another in the Mercer Institute in Georgia. The venerable Father Mercer is at the head of another Society of the same character. Success to the veteran soldier. May he fight the battle manfully.

I conclude by one short word of exhortation: "Let the whole world, as speedily as possible, resolve itself into an Anti-Narcotic Society." K.

BELIEVERS MISCELLANY.

From the Cross and Journal.

Report

ON THE STATE OF RELIGION IN ILLINOIS.

The committee (appointed by the Baptist Convention of Illinois) report, that the state of religion amongst the churches of our denomination in Illinois, is by no means as prosperous as desirable; that tho' there has been no extensive revivals of religion under the labors of our travelling preachers on the Military Tract, the cause has been considerably advanced, several new churches formed, the old ones strengthened, and the errors of the day have been met successfully—the wavering have been established—prejudices against benevolent operations have been removed from the minds of many, and the children of God are beginning to understand their duty better. Five new churches and one new association with ten churches have been formed. Some additions have been made to the number of useful preachers in that region, both by ordination and emigration—the temperance cause has made advances, especially in McDonough county,—and Sabbath schools have been kept up in a number of the churches and settlements. Still much remains to be done in this interesting portion of the state, and a great work is before us,—a wide field, ripe for the harvest—a missionary field in the strict sense of the word, having strong claims upon the labors and prayers of the servants of Christ.

In Morgan and Sangamon counties, some churches have been revived, the members more firmly established in the truth, and opposition to benevolent ef-

forts has abated with some, and been entirely removed with others.

We regret to find the same spirit of misrepresentation, calumny, and opposition to every benevolent enterprise, which has formerly paralyzed several associations, again show itself in the circular of the Morgan county association at its late session; and pray that while we endeavor to follow the "footsteps of the flock," in the usages of orthodox and orderly Baptists, we may be kept far from the spirit that appears to affect that body.

Above Sangamon county, the information reports the field white for the harvest, with scarcely a laborer of our order. Towards lake Michigan, three or four churches have been recently formed, and as many preachers migrated to the country.

From the general character of the population, and the rapidity with which that part of the state is settling, we expect in a few years to find a body of enterprising brethren with whom we can co-operate in every good work.

Some favorable indications of the progress of more liberal opinions have been manifested in the southern and middle sections of the state, but it seems to have been rather a wintry season with regard to revivals.

While your committee would offer devout thankfulness to God for those mercies, they also lament over the inactivity and worldly mindedness of many professors, which indicate a low state of vital godliness, and excite fears that many foolish virgins are slumbering with the wise.

The prevalence of infidelity, intemperance, and stupidity, and indifference of many to the subject of religion, that exist among us, call upon all friends of the Redeemer, and especially the ministers of the gospel, for self-examination, deep humiliation, fervent and importunate prayer, and self-denying exertion for the promotion of his cause, and for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the church and the world.

Respecting the "destitute fields that require gospel labors," your committee would say that every portion of the state needs far more ministerial labor than it now has. Nearly every Baptist church is destitute of preaching every sabbath in the month but one,—family instruction is neglected,—and the religious instruction of the young is too frequently forgotten. Those portions of the state that are filling up with the greatest rapidity, are the most promising fields of labor.

"The measures necessary to supply those fields" are for ministers who are now in the field to labor more abundantly—devote themselves wholly to the work, both on Lord's days and through the week, as God has called them,—and the people to sustain them and their families, as the scriptures teach.

More fervent and persevering prayers to the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth more laborers, should be offered. At the same time we must remember that God works by means, and not by miracles in this day, and provides for the instruction of those who give evidence of ministerial talent and usefulness.

Relative to the "most advisable course to be pursued to promote union and mutual co-operation in benevolent efforts," the committee would say, that while we continue to circulate information by the press, from the stand, and in private conversation, let us strive to manifest more of the spirit of our Divine Master towards those erring and mistaken brethren who oppose, who, "when he was reviled, he

reviled not again, when he suffered he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

All which is respectfully submitted.

G. BARTLETT, *Chairman.*

The Evidences of a Hard Heart,

BY PROFESSOR HOOPER.

To be able to pursue a course of conduct which is in opposition to the dictates of judgment and conscience, and in spite of the denunciation of the most awful penalties, and in contrariety to the reception of the greatest kindnesses, would be impossible, without exceeding obduracy, and insensibility of spirit. Now these evidences of hardness of heart, every sinner is continually exhibiting. You need not tell him that misery is the sure companion of sin—that guilty pleasure brings shame and remorse and despair along with it. He knows it already—he has experienced it a thousand times. Many and many a miserable hour has he spent in the bitterest self-reproaches, for doing what he knew would rack his mind with the pangs of remorse, and fasten within him the unenvomed sting of guilty recollections. Yet with all this sad and sore experience, fresh in remembrance, will he continue the same round of conduct from year to year, and rush with ever new avidity into the same soul-tormenting sins, to be lashed and scourged anew by an exasperated conscience, with her whip of scorpions, like a stubborn, and incorrigible slave, under the hand of a ruthless master. No one could act in this manner, without great hardness of heart. We should say so with regard to all the common affairs of life. If a child should continue to commit the same offence after repeated rebukes and stripes from its parent—if a school-boy were to persevere in the same habits of laziness and vice which had drawn down upon him again and again the vindictive rod of his master—if a criminal were to perpetrate, time after time, those breaches of the law for which he had been more than once imprisoned and whipped and pilloried, we should pronounce of such child or school-boy or criminal, that he was perfectly hardened and beyond the reach of reformation or cure. But of such inexcusable hardness, thou, oh sinner, art perfectly guilty—nay, thy obstinacy is more unpardonable than theirs—the child and the boy may plead inconsideration—the criminal may plead hard necessity; but thou canst not have forgotten thy past suffering from a guilty conscience—God has infused it as a barbed arrow in your side, whose incessant rankling he intends shall deter you from the re-commission of the same acts—the smart which you have felt from conscious guilt, he means as wholesome anticipation of hell—to enable you to form some idea, from the bitterness of a single drop of his wrath, what it will be to drink of the full cup to all eternity! Yet severe as is this inward punishment inflicted by the sinner on himself, it reaches not the centre of his heart—that heart is too hard for it to penetrate to the core, it only irritates the surface, and makes there a festering, but not a mortal wound. He is not weaned from his sins by all the torments of past remorse, but returns with greediness whenever the appetite and the temper revive. Again, a sinful life is adopted and persevered in, in the face of the strict prohibitions and awful threatenings of Almighty God. The pains and torments forewarned in scripture as about

to fall upon the sinner, are such as ought to appal the stoutest heart. They would make every sinner's heart ache and tremble, if it were not desperately hard. God being determined to inflict on transgressors, the sorest and most intolerable woes, has not kept it secret from them—he has not used soft terms, through a fear of alarming them too much, and of keeping them in a state of too great uneasiness—No: Aware what a stubborn, insensible thing he had to deal with, when he was addressing the heart of man, he has come forth arrayed in all the sublime terrors of infinite power and endless wrath—he has mustered all the army of pains and horrors with which his wide creation could supply him—he has surrounded and clothed himself with all the thunderings and lightnings that were laid up in the magazines of heaven, and thus arrayed, presents himself before the sinners view, and asks him if he will dare to provoke such a Being, and have discharged upon him a tempest of avenging justice, from which the dismayed soul will one day be glad to shelter itself under the ruins of a dissolving world. This is certainly no exaggeration, I defy human language to portray the God who shall judge the wicked in more terrific characters, than those which the Holy Ghost himself has made use of by the inspired penmen—I defy mortal imagination in its utmost stretch to conceive of any mightier woes, and more frightful destiny capable of being inflicted on an accountable creation than God has most plainly and positively told us he will inflict on the sinners of our race. What image of punishment can created fancy conjure up more horrible than eternal, unequivocal fire, ages of endless torment in a lake of flame! Yet this description the sinner reads and hears from day to day without emotion—he knows that if God be true and have any regard for his character as a God of veracity and justice, this intolerable anguish must be his lot, if he die in his sins, and yet he ventures to live on as he has done, and lies down to sleep at night composed and fearless, with the sword of God's wrath hanging over him, suspended by a single thread, the brittle thread of a precarious life—judge ye then, whether this is not an evidence of a heart awfully hard and stupid.

Could your heart, oh careless sinner, unless cased in ribs of triple steel, and made of something harder than adamant, thus set at naught Almighty power and justice, stand up braving Omnipotence to do its worst, and putting, (if I may so speak without irreverence) putting the great God to a non-plus; showing yourself proof against all those terrible representations by which he has endeavored to daunt your spirit—calling upon him with audacious defiance, to muster more terror, to threaten something more dreadful than damnation, if he wants your heart, as a quail before him! Such a stretch of hardness is implied, my unconverted friend, in your impatient career. You as much as tell God, by remaining so easy and light-minded under the threatening of his wrath, that God is not able to utter menaces that will intimidate your soul—he must try his legislative skill again, throw himself upon his resources, and seek the invention of his deep mind for some punishment adequate to subdue your courage—for as to eternal torment in hellfire, you can disregard that—it does not alarm you at all—your heart feels quite easy and cheerful when no more than that is threatened against you, that when he was contriving an awful sanction to his law, to keep the universe in dread of disobedience, it is a pity he did not anticipate having such

indomitable spirit as yours to deal with; if he had, he surely would have enacted a penalty sufficiently respectable to inspire such a soul as yours with some awe! Such is the bold and scornful defiance of God Almighty's power and vengeance, that is implied in a sinner's peaceful, easy state of mind under the present threatenings of the divine word, that he is able to feel so unconcerned while the black cloud of divine wrath, fraught with red hot thunderbolts hangs over his head, is the highest possible affront to the truth and majesty of the Omnipotent; for it is saying to him in your heart (and the heart is what God looks at) "I do not believe that you will inflict what you have threatened, or even if you do, I don't regard it—I can stand it, do your worst." If this does not indicate hardness of heart to the last degree, it would be impossible to say what does. But oh, poor, presumptuous wretch, who thus seizes thy Maker's anger at defiance, soon wilt thou hold a different language, when he shall come forth in flaming fire to burn up his enemies round about them: all the proud, and they that do wickedly, shall be as stubble—thy stout heart will become as feeble as a child's—thy bravadoes shall be changed into pitiful supplications—thou wilt then find to thy cost, that the pains of hellfire ought not to have been lightly esteemed—thou wilt find that they are full sufficient to quell the courage, even of those strong and mighty angels for whom they were originally prepared, much more to break in pieces, and melt down the heart of a poor feeble mortal like thyself, five or six feet high above the ground, whom oftentimes the feeblest of God's creatures, a hornet or a wasp is sufficient to put to flight. Then shalt thou find that though thou wert ten thousand times stronger than thou art—if thou could pluck up the seated hills from their deep foundation. Alas and Tamarisk, the Alps and Andes, and hurl them against the Almighty; even then, "he that sitteth in the heavens would laugh; the Lord would have thee in derision"—he would even then with infinite ease, have thee bound hand and foot, and cast into the fiery abyss—and then thou wouldst have no ground to boast that it was not hot enough to tame thy spirit, and avenge thy rebellion—thou wouldst prove it amply terrible enough to meet the deserts of the strongest and most guilty rebel in the universe, who hath attempted to crush the Creator under the ruins of his own works. But you reply perhaps, that the security and unconcern of man under the divine threatenings, is not a proof of their hardness of heart, but only of their inconsideration—that it is only thoughtlessness which makes them neglect the commands and the warnings of heaven. This however is only acknowledging the charge in another form, for if the heart were not dreadfully hard, to remain thus unmoved under the denunciation of everlasting misery, would be impossible! Could you give a better definition of a hard heart, a heart of stone, than to say it could remain careless and unalarmed, while threatened with the heaviest calamities? The man who should walk, seeking shells or flowers at the foot of a precipice, with vast cliffs hanging loosely over his head, which had tumbled and crashed other loiterers before him, would offer a very poor defence for such rash exposure of his life, by saying that he did not think of the danger. We should all agree, that not thinking in such circumstances, is a crime, and an evidence of fool-hardiness and stupidity, wanting all excuse.

Thus far we have been proving the hardness of the

human heart, by its insensibility to danger, by its being incapable of being acted upon by considerations of personal safety. The same hardness is equally conspicuous, and if possible, more odious by insensibility to kindness—by being proof against all the arguments and persuasives addressed to it by benefits constant and innumerable. If a man were guilty of a thousandth part of the indifference towards a parent or any earthly benefactor that he shows towards his Maker, he would be branded as a monster of ingratitude, possessing a thoroughly bad and rotten heart. The very apology that is made for not feeling a lively gratitude for daily blessings, is a confession of the enormity of our wickedness, rather than an extenuation or disproof of it. It is alleged that God's blessings are so common and perpetual, that we cannot feel grateful for their familiarity, which in this case as in others, breeds indifference and contempt. It seems then, by this rule of inverse proportion, that more requires less, and less requires more; that the more numerous the benefits received from our Creator, the less are our obligations—and that if his mercies were fewer, thanks would be greater—what a beautiful moral arithmetic is this! By this wonderful mode of calculation, we may annihilate all obligation. You have done several substantial acts of kindness to a certain individual, and have thereby made him your attached friend; but you go on heaping upon him one benefit after another, until gratitude is crushed under the weight of your favors, (like Tarpeia under her reward, the shields of the Sabines,) and the man is completely discharged of all his debt to you, and at liberty to treat you as a perfect stranger whom he has never seen or heard of! By this ingenious process, we are furnished with a very convenient method of getting rid of unpleasant obligations. If your benefactor should ever become hateful to you, and of course it should be painful to feel yourself indebted to him, all you have to do to get quit of all his claims, is to put yourself under the cloud of his benevolence, and let it shower benefits upon you for a few years longer. This is just the kind of reasoning that a man makes use of in his heart, when he apologizes for not being grateful to God, pleading the commonness and constancy of them. He says: your favors have become so common and cheap, that I set no value upon them, and I cannot thank you for that which you lavish upon me at so prodigal a rate—and if you wish for any acknowledgement from me, you must bestow some new and rare blessings—I am full, even to surfeiting, of these every-day good things! "there is nothing at all besides this manna before our eyes" which you have been cloving us with for these forty years—"who will give us flesh to eat!" Could there be a stronger proof of the hardness of the natural heart, than that its insensibility to the Divine goodness should be in proportion to the profusion of his gifts—that no man is apt to be less grateful to God than he whom Providence has most abundantly prospered?

If we had not experience of the fact, it would be difficult to believe that rational and moral beings could live in the constant enjoyment of such a perpetual stream of beneficence as flows upon us from heaven, without any sense of gratitude. The mercies of God are so numerous, so various, and so great, that they would seem capable, not only of warding off frigid indifference into ardent attachment, but of transforming absolute enmity into love—you might

take the bitterest enemy that ever man had, and let him for a series of years receive at your hands a constant succession of kindness, and the enmity of his heart would melt away before it, he would from a foe become a friend. If the rebellious subject of a king were seized in his rebellion, and brought before his sovereign with a heart full of hatred and defiance, he would of course expect chains and a dungeon, or speedy death as his recompense. If, instead of this, his sovereign were to allow him to breathe the air at large, were to give him a commodious mansion to dwell in, furnish his table and his wardrobe, and settle on him an ample pension for life, it would be impossible for any rebel's heart to stand out against it, from a rebel he must become a devoted and grateful servant. Yet no rebel against an earthly monarch can be treated with half the clemency and generosity which God displays towards us, his rebellious creatures; nor can any king confer on a revolted subject, a thousandth part of the favors which we daily receive from above. Here then, in the thankless reception of heaven's daily mercies, is a proof and an example of hardness of heart, of which there is no parallel in the intercourse of mankind. Oh how hard must be that heart which can withstand and overcome such motives to gratitude and obedience! And when to all this we add the stupendous mercy of redemption, by the blood of the son of God, when the king of glory cared so much for his unworthy creatures, (whose character and hearts he saw to be vile, polluted, thankless, and full of enmity against him,) as to stoop to become flesh, and be made in the likeness of sinful man—and thus to expose himself to be esteemed and treated as a malefactor—to bear all the ills of poverty and labour, to live in the midst of malicious enemies; and meekly put up with all their contumely, and to close all, with allowing them to put him to death in the most painful and cruel manner, feeling no resentment, but pitying and praying for them in his last agonies, showing the highest possible love to them in the very moment when they were showing the deadliest malice against him, that all this should be known by these ransomed captives, stated to them over and over again, with all its sorrowful circumstances, and yet gain no attention, wake no repentance, kindle no gratitude, lead to no obedience, would be impossible, if the story were not told to hearts in a most deplorable degree hard and depraved. So much forgiveness, such tender compassion and love, strong even in death, it might be expected could not make an appeal in vain to any being possessing the least susceptibility of gratitude—yet is the heart of man found capable of resisting all these claims, and remaining cold and unmoved, by a Saviour's love, and a Saviour's sorrows. We estimate the force of any thing by the force of the antagonists which it is able to overcome. Thus we estimate the strength of a man's integrity by the splendour of the bribe which he rejects—we estimate the strength of covetousness, by the toils it is willing to undergo, by the credit it consents to forfeit, and by the feelings of pity and humanity, which it is able to stifle.

If we estimate in this way, the hardness of our hearts, we shall be obliged to form a very strong conception of it—what words can give an adequate representation of that impenetrability which can resist all the motives to love and obedience furnished by divine beneficence in its various acts of creation, providence and redemption! Let us then plead guilty to the charge—let us not only confess the fact, but

admit its atrocious criminality! Let us acknowledge that if exercised against our fellow creatures, it would stamp us as unnatural monsters, unworthy of any of the privileges of social life, and that therefore, it merits God's most heavy indignation:

Any thing from the late THOS. S. GRIMKE, Esq. distinguished no less for his piety than learning, ought to be considered worthy of attention. Here is his testimony in favor of our peculiar views of Baptism, being extracts from a correspondence recently published, to the perusal of which we invite our readers. The following extracts contain all of his remarks on this subject in the correspondence.

“CHARLESTON, June 20, 1833.

My Dear Sir,

“I often have an indefinite impression that I may yet settle in Connecticut for the residue of my life. I regard it already as a home; and it would be to me like moving out of one house in the same city, to another, &c.

“You have given the right reply to my question. The New Testament is your standard, and the only one you want. The truth is, I have been for a considerable time engaged in the examination of the question of infant baptism; and I have proceeded on the very principle on which you have answered my questions. I have looked to the New Testament as all sufficient. Although, therefore, I have read Dwight, Calvin, and others, in favor of infant baptism; I have resolved to read nothing against it; although I have Gale's great work, and Robinson's History, neither of which do you mention.

“I must frankly confess, the difficulty is to account for the origin and progress of infant baptism, when the New Testament is so profoundly silent on every thing of the kind. The Baptists certainly have the advantage over all other christians, (the Quakers, perhaps, excepted in this) that they do indeed act upon, and carry out Chillingworth's principle—the Bible the religion of Protestants.

Truly yours,

“THOMAS S. GRIMKE.

“Rev. J. H. Linsley.”

“CHARLESTON, Dec. 18, 1833.

“My dear Sir,

Yours of the 9th July and 1st Nov'r., on the same sheet, came to hand some time since, accompanied by another bundle of autographs, for which I pray you to accept my thanks.

“If you were surprised at my communication on the subject of infant baptism, I assure you I am still more surprised at the view which you have taken of it.—Most assuredly I must have expressed myself in a very awkward and imperfect manner, to have made such impressions upon you, as to have led to such sentences as the following:—I am surprised that you should read so much in favor of, and not be willing to balance that account by an equal portion against, this tradition of men, and then take your New Testament on equal grounds. You now read the New Testament with all preconceived prejudices. You will pardon me, my dear sir, when I say that your remark hardly comports with a desire to know the truth, and hardly corresponds with the habits of a thorough-going scholar, as I know you to be. Never mind being convinced by argument.”

“Now, my dear sir, you entirely misunderstand the

matter. 1st. I have no prejudices on the subject at all—I assure you not the least. Although I was born and brought up in, and still belong to the Pædobaptist church, my prejudices, if I have any, are actually in favor of adult baptism. 2d. I do not decline the reading of writers in favor of the views of the Baptists, on account of any apprehension that I may be convinced by argument. Still less is it because I have not a desire to know the truth. The course which I am pursuing, my dear sir, is precisely like that taken by a judge, before whom a question is to be urged on the constitutionality of a law. He is already acquainted with the constitution, and, without having made out a decisive opinion on the question, his impressions are favorable to the plaintiff. He says then to the plaintiff, I do not desire to hear your arguments, although in the regular course of business you have to speak first. I would rather hear the defendant; and if he makes any serious impressions on my mind, it will be time enough to call upon you to reply.

"Now, I am precisely in the situation of the Judge. The New Testament is the constitution. The Baptist is the plaintiff, alledging the unconstitutionality of Pædobaptism. The Pædobaptist stands on the defensive—relies on his traditions and the opinions and acts of the Christian church for many centuries.—With the New Testament in my hand, I say at once to the Pædobaptist, I would rather hear what you have to say, because my impressions are against you. I see instances innumerable of adult baptism, but not a single case of infant baptism. I see abundant reason for infant circumcision—I see none for infant baptism.

"Let me, therefore, hear what you have to say in favor of your claim; for I acknowledge no prescription, no authority of tradition, in a Christian question. Thus, my dear sir, I think my case is precisely that which becomes 'a desire to know the truth,' and 'the habits of a thorough-going scholar.' My desire is, if I am to become a Baptist, that I should be able to say, I have read nothing in favor of anti-pædobaptist opinions, but have wrought out my conviction from the Bible as my text-book. I have not resorted to the commentaries of Gale, and Robinson, and Carson, and Cox, but preferred to oppose the Bible, single-handed, to the arguments of Dwight and Calvin, of Wall and Woods, satisfied that if they could not convince me they are right, I needed not to hear their antagonists.

"Now, my dear sir, if I should finish by becoming a 'thorough-going Baptist,' would not the course I have taken be a nobler triumph to the cause of truth, and far more satisfactory to Baptists themselves, than if my change were referred to the writings of the great advocates of Baptist principles?

"Yours truly. "THOMAS S. GRIMES.

•Rev. J. H. Linsley, Stratford, (Conn.)

ORDINATION.

The Rev. Joseph Thomas Robert, was ordained on the 4th Lords day in January, as Pastor of the Black Swamp Church, at Robertville, South Carolina. Rev. Richard Fuller, preached the Ordination Sermon from Heb. 13th Chap. and part of the 17th verse: "for they watch for your souls, as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief." Rev. C. Jones examined the Candidate, and made the Ordination Prayer; Rev. Joseph J. Lawton, gave the right hand of fellowship, and the Rev. Josiah Law, delivered the charge.

POETRY.

FOR THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST.

Charity.

Love, queen of all the graces, how divine!
Another name for joy, for holiness,
For heaven. Sweetner of the soul: to love
Is to be pure and god-like; God is love.
Where love abounds, pain is no longer pain;
Labor is blessedness, and tears are balm.
Around it, as the central force and light,
Life's duties all revolve in harmony,
And shine and sing to our Redeemer's praise.
Love strengthens all the graces, and perfects,
In bright and fair perspective draws them out,
Displays their beauty, softly interlinks
Their heaven-born tints, as Phœbus gently spreads,
And links his glories in the rainbow's arch.
Fear and alarm love scourges from the heart,
And nurtures confidence. She suffers long;
Kind is her heart, no envy rankles there;
She vaunteth not, and scorns the puffs of pride;
In her demeanor, she is seemly, chaste;
Her own she seeks not, but all others good;
Not easily provoked, she thinks no ill;
In truth is her rejoicing, not in sin;
All things she hears, believes and hopes,
All things endures with meek and patient soul.
Love is immortal as her sire. Tongues cease,
Prophetic glories die. All earthly wit
Must find a winding sheet, a sepulchre;
The orbs roll on to sad decrepitude
And lay them in the dust; but Love shall live,—
Creation's funeral is her second birth;
The urn which holds the ashes of the spheres
Is the high goal from which she guides her wheels,
On in a new, and endless, bright career.

FOR THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST.

To Amanda.

As grateful as the fragrance shed,
By flow'rs on the airs of even,
Amanda, are the blessings spread,
Around thee, by a bounty's Heaven.
Parental love, the smiles of friends,
A pure and gentle joy impart;
A peaceful home its soothing blends
With these, to cheer thy youthful heart.
A face adorn'd with mental grace,
Each day some added charm revealing;
An eye, in whose mild glance we trace
Benevolence and gentle feeling.
But better far, than these, the light,
Unmix'd with aught of earth's alloy,
That holy hope, whose influence bright,
Not grief itself can e'er destroy.
That light, that hope, fair girl, are thine,
To lead thee through life's chequer'd way;
And clearer still in life's decline,
Will shine their heav'nly guiding ray.

LAURA.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 8, 1835.

"An Enquiring Protestant," having declined the interview solicited, for reasons which he has not assigned, but which he says "are obvious enough," we must respectfully decline taking up "the question abandoned by the *Observer*," for reasons which we deem injudicious to make known to the public. An interview however, might tend to remove our objections—otherwise we hope "An Enquiring Protestant," will make application elsewhere, for a solution to his query—Perhaps his Pastor, or the Bishop of his Diocese would take pleasure in satisfying his mind.

We have requested all Baptist Ministers and Post Masters, to act as Agents for this paper, in addition to whom we now request the following persons to act in that capacity, viz.—Mr. Wm. Fripp, of Beaufort, Mr. R. W. Singleton, of Coosawhatie, Col. A. J. Lawton, of Robertville, Mr. Robert T. Lawton, of Lawtonville, Mr. Jennings O'Bannon, of Barnwell, Mr. Mathew Mims and Mr. Griffin, of Edgesfield Village, General Griffin of Newberry, Col. Miller, of Sumterville, Col. Wm. Hill, of Laurens, Major I. D. Wilson, of Society Hill, Mr. Wm. Roberts, of Greenville, Mr. Michael Myers, of Silverton, Mr. Lewis M. Ayer, of Buford's Bridge, and Dr. Young, of Spartanburg.

We have been favored with a copy of the Minutes of the Baptist Missionary Convention of New York, held at Utica, in October last. We admire the following resolution.

"Resolved, That in view of the increasing ability of our denomination in this State, and the just and pressing claims which the great valley of the West and other portions of our country embraced in the field of the American Baptist Home Mission Society present, we pledge to that body \$10,000, to be raised in this State the ensuing year."

SUMMARY.

Mr. Leigh has been re-elected U. S. Senator from Virginia by a majority of 4 over his opponent Mr. Rives.

Mr. Ruggles has been elected U. S. Senator from Maine.

There is a petition on foot in the French Chambers, to have Bonaparte's remains removed from St. Helena.

Mr. Cogswell had declined a Professorship in the So. Car. College, and also Professor Dew, of Va.

Dr. Cooper has been selected by the Governor, under a resolution of the Legislature, to prepare a new and revised edition of the laws of South Carolina, and no longer belongs to the College.

Senator Preston has been admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the U. S.

Dr. Barber, a favorite pupil of Spurzheim, is delivering a course of lectures in this city, on Phrenology.

Receipts for the Southern Baptist.

Received on subscription for 1835, three dollars in full from the following persons, viz. Miss C. Herriot, Mr. Mackinnak, George N. Reynolds, Jennings O'Bannon, A. B. O'Bannon, Wm. Riley, Robert Kirkland, George Kearse, John Hallman, Rev. Saml. Fant, Wm. Flin, Amos A. Nettles, N. Lowe, C. Hulseway, senr. Wm. Brunson, Joel Roper, Jas. Hawerton, Evin Morgan, Joseph Canfield C. Hardy, Mrs. Mary Hudson, Robert Lanier, Luke Devore, J. Sigler, Edward Seale, John Childs, Wm. Childs, Rev. James M. Childs, Thos. Lake, Tandy L. Martin, Ansel Talbert, jun. and Mary L. Yaddell, Rev. Jas. Dugre, John Glover, R. T. Wians, Rev. I. Marshall paid 4 dollars.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Twenty Third Congress.—2d Session.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1835.
HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

A petition was presented by Mr. Peyton, of Tenn., and referred appropriately.

Mr. E. Everett, from the Joint Library committee, reported a Joint resolution, authorizing the Master of the Mint to strike off a gold medal of the Battle of Cowpens, fought 17th January, 1781, to replace one originally presented by the Continental Congress to the late General Daniel Morgan, from the original dye, and at the expense of Morgan Nevell.

Mr. E. stated, that a medal was presented by the Continental Congress to Gen. Daniel Morgan, in honor of the battle fought on the 17th January, 1781. It was bequeathed to Mr. Morgan Nevell, who was now in Cincinnati, Ohio, he being the oldest male descendant. Mr. Nevell stated in his petition, that this valuable family memorial had been stolen from the Bank of Pittsburg, in Penn.; and that all efforts to recover or trace it, had proved useless. The value of the medal was supposed to be about thirty-one guineas, and he (Mr. Nevell) solicited Congress to authorize a new impression to be taken from the original, which was, or ought to be, in the Mint at Philadelphia. He had not asked Congress to incur the expense. He (Mr. E.) should have been willing to do so, under the circumstances, but as the memorialist had not requested it, and as such a provision might embarrass the passage of the resolution, the committee wished that it might be adopted in its present form. He should, therefore, move that the resolution be engrossed for a third reading.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Everett said, he was instructed by the same committee, to move that another member be appointed on that committee, in the place of Judge Wayno.

The Speaker said it would be so ordered.

Mr. J. Q. Adams, from the select committee, to whom was referred the bill from the Senate, to separate and establish the Northern boundaries of the States of Ohio, Illinois, &c., reported the same without amendment, and with a recommendation that it do not pass.

The House then proceeded to the unfinished business, being, first, the resolution offered sometime since by Mr. Hamer, instructing "the Committee on the Judiciary to inquire into the expediency of amending the Constitution, so as to limit the service of the Judges of the Supreme and other Courts to a term of years;"—together with an amendment heretofore offered to the same resolution, instructing the same committee further "to inquire into the expediency of so amending the Constitution, as to prohibit the President of the United States from removing officers of the Government, without the concurrence of the Senate.

Mr. Allen, of Ohio, said, that his colleague who offered the resolution, and who might desire to express his views, was not present; he moved, therefore, to postpone its further consideration until Monday next.

Mr. Gamble said, he wished to offer a substitute for the original resolution.

The Speaker said it would not be in order to do so, whilst the resolution was pending.

So the further consideration was postponed.

The resolution heretofore submitted by Mr. Reynolds, of Illinois, coming up, viz:

Resolved, That hereafter in all elections made by the House of Representatives for officers, the vote shall be given *viva voce*, each member in his place, naming aloud the person for whom he votes.

Mr. Crockett then moved to lay the resolution on the table.

Mr. Speight having moved a call of the House, the roll was called; and after a considerable time was occupied in motions to suspend, despatching messengers to, and receiving excuses for, absentees, &c., and in various ineffectual motions to proceed to the order of the day, the call was suspended; 45 members being absent without excuse.

After a lengthened debate, in which Messrs. Fillmore, Reynolds, and McKinley took part,

Mr. Harden obtained the floor, and moved to amend the resolution, by adding thereto, a proviso, in substance, "that the election of Printer to the House should be in conformity to the Joint Resolution of Congress."

The debate was renewed by Messrs. Gilmer, Miller and Briggs; and before any action on the resolution, The House adjourned.

MONDAY, Jan. 26, 1835.

SENATE.

After the usual and ordinary business,

Mr. Ewing brought up the report of the Post Office Committee, which was read.

The Report of the Committee having occupied the Senate nearly four hours in reading, and not being yet finished,

Mr. Clay observed, that as it was now late, and he heard that there was a counter-report to be read from the minority of the committee, he would move that the Senate adjourn, and the conclusion of the report be read to-morrow.

The Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

After the presentation of memorials, &c.

The House refused, by a vote of 103 to 100, to suspend the rule to permit the presentation of the following resolutions, submitted by Mr. Patton, one of the committee on Foreign Relations,

Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to which was referred that part of the message of the President which concerns our relations with France, be instructed to report the following resolutions to the House:

1. *Resolved*, That the claims of our citizens for reparation from France, provided for in the treaty of the 4th July 1831, rest upon the strongest grounds of right and justice, and their validity, and extent have been rendered incontestible, as between the two governments, by that convention.

2. *Resolved*, That the idea of acquiescing in the refusal of France to execute the treaty, will not be entertained by any branch of this government, and that we ought to insist, and have a right to expect, that France will not persist in the failure to comply with her engagements made in that treaty.

3. *Resolved*, That as the King of the French has, in some of the most recent communications which have passed between the ministers of the two Governments, from repeated and reiterated assurances of his sincere desire to have the treaty carried into effect—has declared his intention to present the bill for that purpose, as soon as the Chambers can be assembled;

and his determination to use every exertion in his power to obtain the appropriation, as the bill was heretofore rejected in the Chamber of Delegates by a very small majority, and as that body is now in session at an earlier period than was anticipated when Congress met, we ought, at present to confide in the sincerity of the professions of the French Executive, and relying still upon his honor and the integrity of France, notwithstanding the unjustifiable delays which have taken place, not now abandon the hope, that the obligations of good faith, and a due sense of the justice of our claims will not be finally disregarded and overlooked by the French Government in any of its departments.

Resolved, That it is not expedient at this time and under existing circumstances, to adopt any legislative measure in relation to our affairs with France.

A resolution, offered by Mr. Chilton, was adopted, sitting apart Friday, the 6th February, for the consideration of bills for the relief of those persons whose cases had been favorably reported upon by the Committee on Invalid Pensions, &c.

The debate on Mr. Reynolds' resolution, to alter the mode of electing officers of the House, was resumed by Mr. Preston, who moved that the resolution should be committed to the Committee on the Judiciary, with instructions to report a joint resolution, providing that the election of printer to each House of Congress, shall hereafter take place within the first end of the Session of each Congress, and that all elections by the two houses shall hereafter be decided by a *viva voce* vote.

The debate was continued by Messrs. Pope, Vanderpool, Pearce, Gillet, Clayton, and Jarvis.

Mr. Hawes having obtained the floor, moved the previous question, which not being seconded—Ayes, 78; Nocs 90; the House adjourned.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1835.

SENATE.

The reading of the report of the Post Office Committee was terminated. The report of the minority was also received; after which there was some discussion on the proper disposition of the bill reported by the Committee; but before anything definite was done, The Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Mr. Gillet submitted a memorial.

Mr. Speight, from the Committee on Military Affairs, reported a joint resolution, with an amendment, providing that the President should be authorized to order a gold medal to be struck, and presented to the commanding officer; and swords to be presented to the subordinate officers serving under him, at the gallant defence of Fort Stevenson, in the year 1813, which, after some discussion, was read a second time and passed.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 28, 1835.

SENATE.

After the transaction of ordinary business, an animated debate arose, on the joint resolution of the Legislature of Alabama, presented by Mr. King, instructing their Senators to endeavor to get expunged from the journals of the Senate, the resolution of the last session, censuring the President of the U. S.

The joint resolution was finally laid on the table.

On motion of Mr. Webster, and after considerable debate, 20,000 copies of the reports of the Post Office Committee, on the condition and management of that

Department, were ordered to be printed; every copy with the accompanying documents.

The French Spoilation bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The Senate bill, for the adjustment of land claims, in the State of Indiana, was concurred in by the House.

The House resumed the consideration of the bill making appropriations for the civil and diplomatic expenses of the Government, for the year 1835; the question being on the amendment offered by the member from Ohio (Mr. Vance,) to reduce and alter the compensation of custom house officers.

The question was discussed by Messrs. Wise, Jarvis, Harper, M'Kim, Sutherland, Burges, M'Kay, Hall, Adams, and Schley;

When the question was taken by ayes and noes; and the amendment was adopted. Yeas, 110—Nays, 92.

An amendment proposed by Mr. Lincoln, to strike out the item, for additional clerk hire in the Post Office was negatived.

The appropriation of \$2000 to purchase books for the office of the Attorney General, on motion of Mr. Beaumont, was stricken out. Yeas 114, nays 146.

An additional section, providing that no payments should be made in notes that were not of par value, on motion of Dr. M'Kay was agreed to.

After which, the bill was ordered to be engrossed for a third reading, and the House adjourned.

THURSDAY, January 29, 1835.
SENATE.

A message was received from the House of Representatives, by Mr. Franklin, their Clerk, announcing the death of the Hon. WARREN R. DAVIS, a member of that House from the State of South-Carolina, and informing the Senate that the funeral would take place from the Hall of the House of Representatives, to-morrow at 12 o'clock.

The message having been taken up for consideration,

Mr. Calhoun rose, and said, that, in rising to move the ordinary resolution on this melancholy occasion, he felt it to be due to his own feelings, as well as to the memory of the deceased, to make a few preliminary observations commemorative of his many excellent qualities.

I knew the deceased (said Mr. C.) long and intimately. He was my near neighbour, and personal and political friend; and we stood closely connected by ties of affinity, and the strictest friendship; and I cannot but say, that, in passing through life, I have rarely known an individual more richly endowed. His intelligence was of the highest order, clear, rapid and comprehensive. Combined with a wonderful facility of expressing and illustrating his ideas, both in conversation and in debate, he possessed a rich imagination, a pure and delicate taste, a gentle and sportive wit, and an uninterrupted flow of good humor, that made him the delight of every circle in which he mingled. Nor were his moral qualities less deserving of respect and admiration.

He was generous, brave, patriotic, independent, and disinterested almost to a fault. For the truth of this picture—that it is not the exaggerated effusion of friendship, perhaps I can appeal to many a hearer around me, who knew him well. Such was WARREN RANSON DAVIS. He is now no more. He departed

this life at 7 o'clock this morning. I witnessed the departing scene. When my most excellent friend, the Senator from Missouri, (Dr. Linn,) announced to him his approaching fate; though the sad event was unexpected to him, he received the information with fortitude and firmness, while he thanked him for his kind attentions. All his desire was, that he might depart in peace. His wishes were acceded to. This communication to him, was made immediately after the adjournment of the Senate yesterday; at one o'clock in the morning he fell into a gentle slumber, from which he never awoke. He departed without a struggle or a groan, lost forever to his friends and his country.

Mr. Calhoun then offered the following resolution, which was read, and unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Senate will attend the funeral of the Hon. Warron R. Davis, late a member of the House of Representatives from the State of South Carolina, at the hour of 12 o'clock to-morrow, and as a mark of respect, for the memory of the deceased, they will go into mourning, by wearing crapes round the left arm for thirty days.

On motion of Mr. Preston, as a further mark of respect to the memory of the deceased,

The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

After the reading of the Journal,

Mr. Pickens, (of South Carolina) rose, and addressed the House as follows:—
"Mr. Speaker:

"It becomes my melancholy and painful duty, to announce to this House the death of one of my colleagues, WARREN R. DAVIS, of South Carolina. He died this morning, a few minutes before 7 o'clock.—Sir, it is not my province to speak in the language of eulogy, but I trust I may be permitted to say of the deceased, that, whatever were his faults, they were of such a nature as to sink with him into the tomb, and be forgotten; whilst those who knew him best, will remember only that he had a heart full of human kindness, rich in all those qualities that constitute a gallant man. Under wit that was ever brilliant, humour that never grew heavy, he covered a shrewd sagacity in relation to the affairs of men, and a thorough knowledge of human affairs. As a public man, perhaps the ruling feeling of his heart was a deep and burning attachment to his native State. With him it was not as with most men, the ordinary principle of patriotism. No! it was a *permanent, abiding, passionate* affection for her and all her institutions. So much so, that even in the last days of his lingering illness, at the very mention of South Carolina, you might see the fire of animated, but sinking nature re-kindled in his eye, and burn upon his cheek. It may be gratifying to his relations to know, that in his last suffering hours, even up to the moment of death, he retained the full exercise of all his faculties; and when it was announced to him that he would soon have to meet his God, he received the disclosure with the most perfect calmness and composure, and replied in those remarkable words, that "all he desired was to die easily and gracefully."*

It may also be to his relations a source of consolation to know, that, during his protracted sickness up to his death scene, he had around him the kindest and most devoted personal friends, who ministered to him all that affectionate attention could prompt.

* Doubtless having a classical allusion.

I will conclude by saying, that in his death this House has lost a prominent member, and his State a patriot citizen, who might have been to her an ornament in the brightest days of her proud career."

Mr. P. concluded by moving, that the House will attend the Funeral of the deceased at 12 o'clock tomorrow, and in respect for his memory wear crape on the left arm for thirty days; which motions were severally agreed to.

The Speaker announced the following as the Committee of Arrangements for the Funeral: Messrs. Pickens, Archer, Wilde, Hardin, Coulter, Lansing, McIntire, Crane, and Lea, of Tenn.

On motion of Mr. Manning, the House then immediately adjourned.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 30, 1835.
SENATE.

The Senate assembled at the usual hour.

On motion of Mr. Mangum, and in compliance with the expressed desire of Messrs. Wright, Silber, and others, members of important committees, on whom there was a great pressure of business to be done in committee, it was ordered that when the Senate adjourn, it adjourn to meet on Monday next.

On motion of Mr. Leigh,

The Senate then adjourned, for the purpose of attending the funeral of the late Hon. Warren R. Davis, member of the House of Representatives from South Carolina.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The House assembled at the usual hour, and proceeded to solemnize the obsequies of the Hon. Warren Ransom Davis, of South Carolina. The Rev'd. Mr. Hatch delivered a very impressive address on the occasion; after which the funeral procession took place.

Attempt to Assassinate the President.

As the procession was moving from the House of Representatives just as the President, sustained by the Secretaries of the Treasury and Navy had passed through the Rotundo of the platform of the East portico, an individual approached him, drew a pistol, and snapped it at the President. He immediately drew a second pistol, which he also snapped. He was arrested, carried before Judge Cranch, and committed to jail, until he may find sureties in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars.

Upon inquiry we find that the offender is a native of England, who came to this country some years ago, a minor, that he was bound an apprentice to a painter, with whom he served his time. We saw and conversed with Mr. Purdy, in whose service he was lately employed, and learn that he was melancholy and supposed to be partially deranged. We also learn that of late he has been extremely quarrelsome, so much so that his brother-in-law was compelled to turn him from his house, and he assigned to one witness as a cause for his assault, that the President had killed his father.

It is a remarkable fact that the pistols were well charged with fine powder and ball, and that both should snap although percussion caps were discharged on both. The impression of some is that the pistols were prepared for the occasion and that the whole matter was a scene got up for effect—of others, that the man was crazy. We incline to the opinion that the man was deranged.—U. S. Telegraph.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Southern Agriculturist.

From some experiments made in Massachusetts, it appears that one bushel of cotton-seed will yield seven pints of oil, and that the remainder of the pulp is equal in value to corn-meal for feeding cattle. Cotton-seed as a manure, is not worth more than 4 cents a bushel; from this, we can easily calculate, what is annually lost to South-Carolina, in her citizens not availing themselves of a material produced in great abundance, easily manufactured, and yielding a rich harvest.

A planter who raises 200 bales of cotton, will have 6000 bushels of seed; worth, if used for manure, about \$240. This quantity will produce, according to the Massachusetts experiment, 42,000 pints, or 5250 gallons of oil, worth at least \$1 a gallon from the various useful purposes to which it may be applied. It is highly probable that this falls short of what would have been the result, had the machinery, with which the pulp was prepared, been more perfect. It is estimated that the seed-meal is worth, as food for cattle, 30 cents a bushel; which would be an addition of \$1800, equal to the increase in the value of the crop, to \$36 a bale.

A writer in the *American Farmer*, vol. v. p. 246, states, that he procured from 9 bushels of cotton-seed, 25 quarts of oil, nearly 3 quarts to the bushel. The process he used was that practised in extracting oil from flax-seed; the oil, he says, was clear, of a quality quite equal, if not superior to flax-seed oil, for painting. "The seed, he observes, was not of the best quality, nor was the experiment very perfectly made." This would appear incredible, but it is probable the process was forced by heat, yielding an article in greater quantity, but less pure than that which resulted from the Massachusetts experiment.

By an act of the legislature, at the last session, I perceive a company has been incorporated, for the manufacture of the article here spoken of. It must be a source of gratification to all interested in the welfare of our country, that an effort will be made to convert to a useful purpose, a highly valuable and neglected material; an effort which in yielding wealth to the citizen, will advance the prosperity and honor of South-Carolina.

SCRIBA.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

The following curious item is from an English journal. If the old lady has a husband, we should imagine that he stands as fair a chance of being *her* *husband* as any reasonable man need wish.—*Telegraph*.

"An elderly lady, at a village in Norfolk, has adopted the singular idea that he is an old hen. Her restlessness and vexation were excessive, so long as her friends contradicted the notion; but, after a time, they ceased to do so; and, at the recommendation of her medical advisor, suffered her to think and act as she pleased. In consequence of this indulgence, the good dame is more positive than ever of her feathered state, and has even gone so far as to make herself a nest in the clothes basket, where she sits a great part of the day, with most praiseworthy patience on three Dutch cheeses, asserting that they will be hatched in seven weeks' time."

Extract of a letter dated Natchez, Jan. 4th, 1835.—“Yesterday was a great day here. Foater, the murderer of his wife, was acquitted and set free, but it was only for a minute or two. Perhaps you may have heard of him before. He was tried for the murder of his wife last year, whom he killed with a negro whip. He was a planter, and is worth 80 or \$90,000; and gave Eli Huston, one of our first lawyers, \$3000 to get him clear of the gallows. Yesterday, at 3 o'clock, he was set free, but the moment he made his appearance outside of the court house, a mob, composed of the most respectable citizens of Natchez and the surrounding country, laid hold of him, took him out to the edge of the town, and there stripped him, and gave him one hundred and fifty lashes, well laid on with three good cowhides. None but gentlemen of good standing flogged him, and after they had done so, until his back was cut to pieces, they got a tar barrel, warmed it, and poured it all over him; they laid about two bushels of feathers on him; after this they made him walk through all the streets in the city, followed by a drum, and about 1000 people, with all their yells and cries of ‘kill him,’ ‘whip him again,’ &c. All this I was an eye witness to. Whilst whipping him, some of the crowd called out for mercy, when one of our first lawyers rose and said, ‘his wife called out for mercy when he was killing her, and he did not hear her.’ It was the intention of the populace to have taken him to the river and put him in a canoe without oars, carried him into the middle of the river, and then let him go. This they did not do, on account of it having been said among the crowd, that there were several waiting on the bluff to shoot him. What else will be done with him I do not know.—*N. York Mer. Advertiser, Jan. 26.*”

Very Like.—“What letter is that?” vociferated an impatient demagogue to a pupil, who had not yet become acquainted with the mysteries of the Roman alphabet, pointing to the letter X. The urchin scratched his head in a decided quandary, looking intently on the diagram, unable to call it by name, and fearing the weapon of him “clothed in brief authority,” should he give an improper designation. “Come, sir, what is it? speak quick,” again demanded the pedagogue. “I b’leave,” whimpered the boy in a tone of terror, “I b’leave it’s a *zee-korax*; only you can’t see both sides.”

The Mendicant.

At the principal entrance of a church in the city of Paris, was remarked, sometime since, an aged beggar, who, every day, without fail, took his place on the threshold of the sacred enclosure. His manners, his air, and his language, bespoke an education far superior to that which is the usual accompaniment of poverty. Beneath his rags—and even these were worn with a certain dignity manner—shone the evidences still visible, of a station more exalted. Hence it was, that amongst the common paupers of the parish, and in the midst of that abandoned set, who form the population that take shelter under the aisles of every church, this mendicant enjoyed great authority. His name was Jacques. His generosity, his impartiality in the distribution of alms—the only benefice which the pauper can show to his companions in misery,—and zeal in suppressing quarrels, had acquired a well merited consideration and respect. Notwithstanding this, however, to his most intimate companions, as well as to those who belonged to the parish, his life

and sorrows were a perfect mystery. Every morning for twenty-five years, he had come regularly and seated himself in the same place; people were so accustomed to see him there, that he made, or seemed to make, a part of the ornament of the portal of the building, in common with the stone statues which occupied the frame of the Gothic niches of the church.—As we have said, not one of the comrades of the mendicant could recount the least particular of his life; but one thing was known—Jacques never put his foot within the church, and yet he was a Catholic. As soon as the pious ceremonies of the church commenced—when the solemn anthem filled the sacred dome, and the incense arose from the altar, when the vows of the assembly ascended towards heaven—as the deep and melodious tones of the organ sustained the solemn chorus of the worshippers within—the mendicant felt constrained to mingle his prayers with those of the church, and with a glance anxious yet contented, he contemplated from without the picture that was presented by the house of God. The sparkling reflection of the light through the Gothic windows—the shade of the pillars, placed there as a symbol of the eternity of religion—the profound spell attached to their shadowy aspect, and the remembrances connected with the church—all these things struck the mendicant with involuntary admiration and awe. He was sometimes surprised with the tears running down his wrinkled face. Either a deep sorrow, or a profound remorse appeared to agitate his soul. It had been the opinion formerly entertained by the frequenters of the church, that he was a great criminal, who had been exiled from the assemblies of the faithful, and condemned to pass his life as a silent shadow in the midst of the arena of living men.

An ecclesiastic came every day to the church to celebrate mass. Sprung from one of the most ancient families of France, and the possessor of an immense fortune, he took a delight in the distribution of alms. The aged mendicant had become the object of a kind of affection to this personage, and, every morning, L’Abbe Paulin de St. C—, accompanying the gift by words of kindness gave to him the alms which had become an every day pension. One day Jacques did not appear at his accustomed hour: L’Abbe Paulin, fearful that he would miss his alms, sought out the house of the beggar; and found him, sick, and stretched out on a truckle bed. The attention of the ecclesiastic was struck by the combined luxury and misery in the furniture of the mendicant. An elegant watch of gold was hanging out from beneath a miserable bolster. Two pictures richly framed, and covered with crape, were hanging against the bare white walls; and an image of Christ in ivory, of beautiful workmanship, was suspended at the feet of the sick man; together with an antique oratory, figured in the Gothic style, and amongst some books, evidently much used, lay a missal with clasps of silver; the remainder of the moveables announced the most fearful and miserable destitution.

The presence of the priest re-animating the old man, and with an accent which showed he fully recognized him; he said, “Monsieur L’Abbe, you have condescended then to remember a miserable wretch!” “My friend, responded M. Paulin, “a minister of the gospel forgets none but those who are happy. I come to ascertain if you have need for any assistance.”

“I need nothing—rejoined the beggar; my death is nigh. My conscience is not tranquil.”

"Your conscience! Have you some great crime which you would expiate!"

"A crime! yes, an enormous crime! a crime on account of which all my life has been one painful, yes, unless expiation—a crime without pardon."

"A crime without pardon! such a crime does not exist. The divine mercy is greater than all the transgressions of man."

"But a criminal, who is stained with the most horrible crimes—what has he to hope! Pardon! No, it is not for me."

"It is for every one! exclaimed the priest, seized with a lively enthusiasm. "To doubt it would be blasphemy more horrible even than your crime. Religion holds out her arms to the truly repentant. Jacques! if your repentance is sincere, implore the divine goodness and he will not abandon you. Make confession of your crime."

The priest immediately uncovered himself, and after having pronounced those sublime words which open to the penitent the gates of heaven, he listened to the confession of the mendicant.

"Son of a poor farmer, but honored by the affection of a noble family, under whom my father held and cultivated a small tract of land, I was taken in my childhood to the mansion of my masters, I was designed to be a valet de chambre to the son of the family; but the education which they gave me, and my rapid progress in my studies, together with the benevolence of my patrons, changed my station; I was elevated to the rank of secretary. My twenty-fifth year arrived just at the time when the revolution broke out. My mind was easily seduced by reading the journals of that epoch; and my ambition soon tired of my precarious situation. I conceived the idea of abandoning for the camp the asylum of my youth. If I had followed up this first notion, my ingratitude would have spared me a worse crime. The fury of the revolution spread itself into our province; and fearful of being arrested in their chateau, my patrons assembled together all their domestics, realized all the capital which their haste permitted, and only caring to take with them those of their rich moveables which were precious souvenirs of the family, and flee to Paris, seeking an asylum in the crowd, and a place of repose in the obscurity of their domicile. As a sort of relative to their house, I followed them. The terrors of those days reigned in all its force; but no one was in possession of the secret of the retreat of my master. Their names being inscribed on the list of those who had fled, the confiscation which followed, as a matter of course, had altogether swallowed up their property; but this was of little consequence to them; they were all united; they lived in tranquility; they were unknown. Animated by a lively faith in Providence; they trusted to heaven for its mercy. Vain hope! The only person who was in a position to disclose their residence, and drag them from their asylum, had the baseness to denounce them. L'Abbe Paulin! It was I.

The father—the mother—four daughters, angels both in their beauty and their innocence—and a youth of ten years of age, were thrown into a dungeon, and delivered over to the horrors of captivity. Proceedings against them were instituted. Pretenses the most futile were, in those times, sufficient to carry the innocent to death; yet, in their case, the public accuser had no small trouble to find even a motive of prosecution against that noble family. He was a

may well acquainted with the confidence of their domestic hearth; he was the depository of the most hidden thoughts of their house. He criminated them for the most innocent circumstances of their lives; and thus furiously invented against them the crime of conspiracy. **THAT CALUMNIATOR WAS MYSELF; THAT FALSE WITNESS WAS I.**

The fatal decree was pronounced. Sentence of death was passed on all the family. The young son alone was spared. Unfortunate orphan! destined to lament all his family, and to curse their assassin, whom he has never known.

Resigned, and consoled by their virtue, the unfortunate family awaited their death in the prison. They were forgot in the routine of executions. The day assigned had passed; and if there had not been a person who was interested to seize on those innocents, as his prey, they might have escaped the scaffold. It was on the evening of the ninth of June, that a man, impatient to enrich himself by their spoils, made his appearance before the revolutionary tribunal, and rectified their error. His zeal was rewarded by a diploma of citizenship. The order for execution was delivered on the spot, and the same evening, the frightful justice of those days took its course. **THAT IMPATIENT BETRAYER WAS I!**

At the decline of that day, by the light of flambeaux, was guillotined that noble family. The father, his brow overclouded by the deepest grief, held within his arms his two youngest daughters; the mother, a woman of fortitude and a christian, pressed to her bosom her two eldest daughters—and the whole of them mingled together their remembrances, their tears, and their hopes; as they, at the same time, repeated the prayers for the dead. The name of their assassin never once fell from their lips.

As it was late, the executioner, tired of his work, had confided to a deputy this delayed execution. Little accustomed to the horrible work, this man, on his way to the scaffold, implored the assistance of a passer by. A man, of his own free will, lent him his aid in the ignoble deed. **THAT MAN AM I!**

The price of so much crime was the sum of 3000 francs in gold, and the valuable articles which are yet around—the undeniable witnesses of my crime.

After this, I endeavored to deafen the voice of conscience in debauchery; the gold, the fruit of my infamous conduct, was expended according as my remorse seized me. No project, no enterprise, no work that I undertook was crowned with success. I became poor and inferior. Charity permitted me the privileged places at the door of the church where I have passed so many years. The remembrances of my crime were so vivid, so poignant, that despairing of the divine mercy, I have never dared to implore the consolations of religion, nor to enter the church. The alms I have received, and from you above all, Monsieur L'Abbe, enabled me to save the magnificent articles I stole from my old masters. You there see them—that watch, that figure of Christ, that book, those veiled portraits, were the property of my victims. Long and deep has been my repentance! but alas! vain and impotent! Monsieur L'Abbe, do you believe that I may hope for the pardon of God!"

"My son," answered the Abbe—"your crime is without doubt terrible; the circumstances attending it were most atrocious. Those orphans, who were deprived of their parents by the French revolution, understand better than any other persons, the grief brought on your victims. A whole life, passed in

tears, is not too much to expiate such a transgression, yet are the treasures of divine mercy immense and inexhaustible. In virtue of your repentance, and fully confident of the boundless mercy of God, I believe I may assure you of his pardon."

The priest then rose. The mendicant, as though animated by a new life, got from his bed, and fell on his knees. M. L'Abbe Paulin de Saint C——, was about to pronounce those puseant words which bind or unbind the sins of man, when the old man exclaimed:—

"My father, listen! Before I receive my pardon, that I may relieve myself from the guilt of my crime, take these articles—sell them, and distribute their produce to the poor."

In his hasty movements, the mendicant had torn away the crape which covered the two portraits.

"Behold!" said he, "Behold the august likeness of my masters!"

At this sight the Abbe Paulin de St. C. exclaimed, "My father! my mother!"

Immediately the remembrance of that horrible catastrophe—the presence of the assassin—the sight of these objects, like a broken charm seized upon the soul of the priest, and yielding to an involuntary faintness, he sank into a chair. His head resting on his hands, tears flowing in abundance, a deep wound had begun again to bleed in his heart.

The mendicant, now fallen on the ground, did not dare to raise his eyes to the son of his master—that terrible and angry judge, who owed him rather vengeance than pardon; he threw himself at his feet, watering them with his tears: and repeating in the voice of despair, "My master! my master!" The priest endeavored, without looking at him to suppress his grief.

The mendicant exclaimed: "Yes, I am an assassin, a monster of infamy. Monsieur L'Abbe dispose of my life; what shall I do to avenge you?"

"I am avenged!"—answered the priest—"I am avenged, unhappy one!"

"Have I not, then, reason to say, that my crime is beyond pardon! Yes, I know well that religion itself would repel me. Repentance is not for criminals like me; much less pardon—much less pardon!"

These last words, pronounced as they were with an accent of horror, recalled to the mind of the ecclesiastic the remembrance of his mission and duties. The struggles between filial grief and the exercise of his sacred power, ceased immediately. The weakness of human nature had called forth for an instant the tears of a mourning son; but religion soon restored the strong mind of the priest. He took the image of Christ, his paternal heritage, which had fallen into the hands of the unhappy man before him, and presenting it to the mendicant, he said, in a voice strong and impressive.

"Christian, is your repentance sincere?"

"Yes," answered the latter earnestly.

"Is your crime the object of profound horror and regret! God, who was immolated on the cross for the sins of man, grant you his pardon. Finish your confession."

The priest, then, with one hand raised above the mendicant, and holding in the other the sign of our redemption, implored the divine mercy for the assassin of all his family. With his face towards the ground, the mendicant remained immovable at the feet of the ecclesiastic, who took him by the hand to raise him up—**BUT HE WAS NO MORE!**

The Reconciliation.

"Well, I think its likely; but don't tease me any more. Your brother has married a poor girl, one whom I forbid him to marry, and I won't forgive him if they all starve together."

This speech was addressed to a lovely girl scarcely 18; beautiful as the lily that hides itself beneath the dark waters. She was parting the silvery locks on her father's high, handsome forehead, of which her own was a miniature, and pleading the cause of her delinquent brother, who had married in opposition to her father's will, and had, consequently, been disinherited.

Mr. Wheatly was a rich old gentleman, a resident of Boston. He was a fat, good natured old fellow, somewhat given to mirth and wine; and sat in his arm chair, from morning 'till night, smoking his pipe and reading the newspapers. Sometimes a story of his own exploits in our revolutionary battles filled up a passing hour. He had two children, the disobedient son, and the beautiful girl before spoken of. The fond girl went on pleading—

"Dear father, do forgive him; you don't know what a beautiful girl he has married, and——"

"I think its likely," said the old man—"but don't tease me, and open the door a little—this plaguy room smokes so."

"Well," continued Ellen, "won't you just see her now, she is so good—and the little boy, he looks so innocent."

"What did you say," interrupted the father, "a boy! have I a grand child! Why, Ellen, I never knew that before! but I think its likely. Well, now, give me my chocolate, and then go to your music lesson."

Ellen left him, and the old man's heart began to relent.

"Well," he went on, "Charles was always a good boy, a little wild or so at College, but I indulged him; and he was always good to his father for all; but he disobeyed me by marrying this poor girl; yet, as my old friend and fellow-soldier, Tom Bonner used to say, we must forgive. Poor Tom! I would give all the old shoes I have got, to know whatever became of him.— If I could but find him or one of his children! Heaven grant they are not suffering! This plaguy smoky room—how my eyes water! If I did but know who this girl was, that my Charles has married—but I've never inquired her name. I'll find out, and ——"

"I think its likely," said the old man.

Ellen led into the room a beautiful boy, about two years old. His curly hair and rosy cheeks could not but make one love him.

"Who is that?" said the old man, wiping his eyes.

"That, that is Charles' boy," said Ellen, throwing one of her arms around the old man's neck, while with the other she placed the child on his knee. The child looked tenderly up into his face and lisped out,

"Grand-pa, what makes you cry so?"

The old man clasped the child to his bosom, and kissed him again and again. After his emotion had a little subsided, he bade the child tell his name.

"Thomas Bonner Wheatly," said the boy, "I am named after grand-pa."

"What do I hear?" said the old man—"Thomas Bonner your grand-father?"

"Yes," lisped the boy—"and he lives with ma, at * * *"

"Got me my cane," said the old man, "and come, Ellen, be quick, child."

They started off at quick pace, which soon brought them to the poor, though neat lodging of his son.— There he beheld his old friend, Thomas Bonner, seated in one corner, weaving baskets, while his swathed limbs showed how unabled he was to perform the task. His lovely daughter, the wife of Charles, was preparing their frugal meal, and Charles was out, seeking employment to support his needy family.

"It's all my fault," sobbed the old man, as he embraced his old friend, who was petrified with amazement.

"Come," said Mr. Wheatly, "come all of you home with me, we will all live together, there is plenty of room in my house for us all."

By this time Charles had come. He asked his father's forgiveness, which was freely given, and Ellen was almost mad with joy.

"Oh, how happy we shall be, she exclaimed, "and father will love our little Thomas so, and he will be your pet, won't he father?"

"Aye," said the old man,—"I think it's very likely."

History of Persia.

Harper's Family Library, No. 70, contains the History of Persia, from the latest ages to the present time, by James B. Frazier, a highly accomplished writer. We make the following extract:—

Marriages in Persia are occasions of great and almost ruinous display. The period of feasting occupies from three to forty days, according to the condition of the parties. Three are necessary for observing the established forms. On the first, company are assembled; on the second, the bride's hands are stained with henna; on the third, the rite takes place. Perhaps an account of a marriage in middle life, as it actually occurred, may explain the nature of the ceremonies better than any detail. As the men have (the bridegroom in this instance was a widower of advanced age) seldom an opportunity of choosing a wife by sight, they are forced to employ some female friend to select a suitable partner; and to her they must trust for all that appertains to mental or personal charms. The choice being made, and the gentleman satisfied, he sends a formal proposal, together with a present of sweetmeats, to the lady; both of which, it is previously understood, will be accepted. This point being gained, he next forwards an assortment of fine clothes, shawls, and handkerchiefs, bed-clothes and bedding, looking glasses, glass and china ware, bathing and cooking apparatus, henna for her hands, sugar and comfits; in short, a complete domestic outfit: of all which it is understood the bride's family will doubt and return to the future husband. A day is fixed for fetching home the bride: when a crowd of people collect at both houses—the gentlemen at the bridegroom's, the ladies at that of the bride. The latter next proceed to complete the duties of their office, by conducting the young lady to the bath, where, after a thorough ablution, she is then decked in her finest attire. As soon as it is dark the bridegroom's party proceed to bring her to her new habitation: and much discussion sometimes arises at this stage of the business, as to the number of lanterns, of fiddlers, and guests that are to marshal the procession.

On reaching the bride's house, it is usual, before she mounts, to wrap her in a shawl provided by the husband. This, again, is often a point of dispute;

on the present occasion, the lady's friends objected to the indifferent quality of the shawl; those of the gentleman's party, on the other hand, swore that it was excellent. Neither would give in; the guests were all waiting, and the affair assumed a serious aspect; when one of the visitors stepped forward, and volunteered his own. It was accepted, and the cavalcade proceeded—the bride being accompanied by a great number of persons, and attended by a boy bearing a looking-glass. At intervals on the road, bridges are made in the following manner for her to step over; gentlemen of the husband's party are called upon by name and must place themselves on their hands and knees on the ground, before her horse; and the choice generally falling on corpulent awkward individuals, much mirth is excited. In this way the party proceeds, with fiddling, drums beating, tamborine playing, and lanterns flourishing, till they meet the bridegroom who comes to a certain distance in advance—and this distance is the subject of another very serious discussion. As soon as he sees his lady he throws an orange or some other fruit at her with all his force, and then off he goes, towards his house. This is the signal of a general scamper after him, and whosoever can catch him is entitled to his horse and clothes, or a ransom in lieu of them.

When the bride arrives at the door, a man of either party jumps up behind her, and seizing her by the waist, carries her within. Should this be done by one of the bridegroom's attendants, it is an omen of his maintaining in future a due authority over his wife; but, on the contrary, should one of her friends succeed in performing this duty, and it is always the subject of a sharp contest—it augers that she will in future "keep her own side of the house." Another effort at insuring the continuance of his own supremacy is often made by the gentleman, who on reaching his own domicile after throwing the orange, takes a station over the portal, that the lady on entering may pass under his feet, and thereby become subject to him; but if discovered in this ungallant attempt, he is instantly pelted from his post.

When, at length, she has allotted for her reception, the husband makes his appearance, and a looking-glass is immediately held up in such a position as to reflect the face of his bride, whom he now for the first time sees unveiled. It is a critical and anxious moment, for it is that in which the fidelity of his agents is to be proved, and the charms of his beloved to be compared with those pictured by him in his ardent imagination; while the young ladies in attendance, as well as the gossiping old ones, are eager to catch the first glimpse, and communicate to all the world their opinion of her claims to beauty. After this, the bridegroom takes a bit of sugar candy, and biting it in two halves, eats one himself, and presents the other to his bride; on the present occasion he had no teeth to bite, and so he broke the sugar with his fingers, which offended the young woman so much that she cast her portion away. He then takes her stockings, throws one over her left shoulder, places the other under his right foot, and orders all the spectators to withdraw. They retire accordingly, and the happy couple are left alone.

Such are the honors of a Persian wedding in middle life, and they are varied no doubt, by the circumstances or disposition of the parties; but the expense is always great, and, as we have said, sometimes ruinous.

CHARLESTON PRICE CURRENT, FEBRUARY 7, 1855.

ARTICLES.				ARTICLES.				ARTICLES.					
	c.	q.	o.		c.	q.	o.		c.	q.	o.		
BAKING, Hemp, 42 in. yd.	20	a	24	American Cotton, yd.	35	a	45	OIL, Tanner's, bbl.	11	a	12		
Tow and Flax	20	a	24	FISH, Herrings, bbl.	3	75	a	4	OSNABURGS, yd.	8	a	9	
BALE ROPE, lb.	64	a	9	Mackerel, No. 1.	7	a	7 25	PORK, Mess, bbl.	13	50	a	14 50	
BACON, Hams	9	a	9 1/2	No. 2.	6	a	6 25	Prime	10	a	10 50		
Shoulders and Sides	7 1/2	a	8 1/2	No. 3.	5	a	5 25	Cargo		a			
BEEF, New-York, bbl.		a		Dry Cod, cwt.	2	75	a	3	Mess, Boston		a		
Prime	6 1/2	a	6 1/2	FLOUR, Bal. H.S. sup. bbl.	0	00	a	5 50	No. 1, do.		a		
Cargo	4 1/2	a	4 1/2	Philadelphia and Virginia		a			PEPPER, black, lb.	9	a	9 1/2	
Mess, Boston	10	a	10 1/2	New-Orleans	5	a	6 1		PIMENTO	2	a	2 25	
No. 1.	8	a	8 1/2	GRAIN, Corn, bush.	59	a	61		RAISINS, Malaga, bun. box	2	50	a	
No. 2.	7 1/2	a	8	Oats	35	a	43		Muscateel	2	25	a	
BREAD, Navy, cwt.		a		Peas	60	a	65		Bloom	3	a	3 12 1/2	
Flour	4	a	4 1/2	GLASS, Window, 100ft.	41	a	9		RICE, 100lbs.	3	12 1/2	a	3 33 1/2
Crackers	7	a	7 1/2	GUNPOWDER, keg.	5	a	6		SUGAR, Muscovado, lb.	8	a	9 1/2	
BUTTER, Goshen, prime, lb.	20	a	20 1/2	HAY, Prime Northern, 100lb.	85	a	90		Porto Rico and St. Croix	8 1/2	a	9 1/2	
Inferior	18 1/2	a	19	IRON, Pig		a			Havana white	11	a	11 1/2	
CANDLES, Spermaceul.	31	a	31 1/2	Sweden, assorted	4	a	4 1/2		Do. brown	7 1/2	a	8 1/2	
Charleston made	13	a	13 1/2	Russia, bar	4	a	4 1/2		New-Orleans	6	a	7 1/2	
Northern	11	a	11 1/2	Hoop, lb.	6 1/2	a	6 1/2		Lump	14	a	17 1/2	
CHEESE, Northern	8	a	8 1/2	Sheet	8	a	8 1/2		Lump		a		
CUPPEE, inf. to fair	9 1/2	a	11	Sheet	7	a	7 1/2		SALT, Liv. con. sack, 4 bu. l	37 1/2	a	0 00	
Used fair to prime	12	a	13	Sheet	6 1/2	a	7		In bulk, bush	25	a	30	
Choice	13 1/2	a	13 1/2	Sheet	6 1/2	a	7		Turks Island	33	a	35	
Porto Rico	13	a	13 1/2	Sheet	6 1/2	a	7		SOAP, Am. yellow, lb.	5	a	6 1/2	
COTTON, Uplands, inf.	14	a	14 1/2	Sheet	6 1/2	a	7		SHOT, all sizes	7 1/2	a	8	
Ordinary to fair	15	a	15 1/2	LIME, Stone, bbl.	1	50	a		SEGBARS, Spanish, M.	14	a	16	
Good fair to good	15 1/2	a	16 1/2	LUMBER, Pitch Pine, rfs, Mt.		a			American	1	85	a	1 07 1/2
Prime to choice	16 1/2	a	17 1/2	Shingles, N.	3	a	5		TALLOW, American, lb.	9	a	9 1/2	
Sea Island, fine	38	a	43	Staves, Red Oak	14	a	15		TOBACCO, Georgia	3 1/2	a	4	
CORDAGE, Tanned	9	a	10	MOLASSES, Cuba, gal.	24	a	25		Kentucky	5	a	6	
Do. Manila, cwt.	11	a	12	New-Orleans	25	a	29		Manufactured	8	a	13	
DOMESTIC GOODS.				Sugar House Treadle	30	a			Cavendish	24	a	22	
Shirtings, brown, yd.	61	a	8 1/2	NAILS, Cut, 4d. to 30d. lb.	51	a	51		TEAS, Bobs	18	a	20	
Blued	8	a	15	Tar, Wilmington, bbl.	1	62 1/2	a		Souchong	30	a	40	
Shirtings, brown	8	a	10 1/2	Turpentine, sulf.	2	50	a		Gunpowder	75	a	80	
Blued	10 1/2	a	17	Do. Georgetown	1	a	1 25		Hyson	50	a	80	
Calico	9	a	15	Pitch	1	75	a	3	Young Hyson	65	a	75	
Striped, indigo blue	8 1/2	a	11	Rosin	1	37 1/2	a	1 50	Twine, Seine	26	a	30	
Checked	7	a	16	Spirits Turpentine, gal.	45	a	50		Bowing	26	a	30	
Flannel	8 1/2	a	11	Varnish	7	a	25		WINE, Madeira, gal.	2	a	3	
Fustine	12	a	16	OILS, Sp. winter strained	1	05	a	1 10	Teneriffe, L. P.	1	a	1 25	
Red Tick	13	a	20	Fall strained	90	a			Malaga	45	a	50	
DUCK, Russian, bolt.	15	a	21	Summer strained		a			Claret Bordeaux, cask	29	a	30	
				Linseed	1	a	1 05		Champaign, doz.	8	a	15	

BANK SHARES, STOCKS, &c.

NAMES.	Original Cost.	Present Price.	Dividend.
United States Bank Shares	100	105 50	3 1/2
South-Carolina do.	48	57	1 50
State do.	100	105	2 00
Union do.	50	58	1 50
Finners' & Mechanics' do.	25	32 1/2	87
Union Insurance do.	60	84	4 00
Fire and Marine do.	66	90	5 00
Rail-Road do.	100	97	3 00
Sevates Canal do.	870	00	30 00
State 5 per cent Stock	100	103	
State 5 per cent do.	100	102	
City 5 per cent do.	100	102	
City 5 per cent do.	100	00	
U. S. 5 per cent do.	100	none.	

EXCHANGE.

Bills on England, 5 a 5 1/2 per cent. prem.
 France, 5f. 35 a 45 per dollar.
 New-York, 30 days, 1 per cent. discount and int.
 Boston and 30 days, 1 per cent. discount and int.
 Philadelphia, 10 days, 1 per cent. discount and int.
 Branch Bank rates of Exchange—Bills on New-Orleans, and Mobile, 1 and int.; Western Offices 1 per cent. and int.; North 1 per cent. and int.; Savannah 1 per cent. and int.; Checks on the North, per. do. South and West, 1 prem.
 Savannah and Augusta Bank Bills, 1 per cent. discount.
 All other Georgia Bank Bills, 1 per cent. discount.
 North-Carolina Money, 1 per cent. discount.
 Spanish Doubloons, 15 1/2.
 Mexican and Columbian do. 15 1/2.
 Navy Guineas, 25, and Sovereigns, 24 1/2 a 4 7-8.

Charleston Market.

Cotton—Since our last, the sales in Uplands up to yesterday were moderate, and at prices somewhat reduced from the quotations of the week previous. Yesterday, Liverpool advices to the 2d ult., came to hand, which represented the market in a more healthy and firm state, giving at the same time a deficiency in the stock of about 20,000 bales, against the same period last year. A good enquiry was in consequence experienced in this market yesterday, and sales to the amount of upwards of 1200 bales, were made, a large proportion of which were at a 1c above, and the remainder at prices that could not previously be obtained. The total sales of the week amount to 6200 bales. In King Cottons very little has been done, and the market continues languid. We note some sales of about 60 to 70 bales common, with some fine Sea Islands, at quotations.

Rice—There has been a steady demand during the week for this article, prime qualities taking the lead, and selling readily at our quotations. The sales in all have amounted to upwards of 4000 brls., of which 2200 brls. were inferior to good fair, 1200 brls. good, and 600 brls. prime.—*Courier.*

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