

THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST,

AND

General Intelligence.

WILLIAM HENRY BRISBANE, EDITOR.

Vol. I.]

CHARLESTON, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 26, 1835.

[No. 26.]

SUMMARY.

The Charleston Library Society have resolved to purchase the building formerly occupied by the Bank of South-Carolina, provided it can be obtained at a reasonable price. It is proposed to make up the amount by 100 shares at \$100 each, without interest, which will entitle each share holder to the use of the Library until the amount is refunded.

This city has had two narrow escapes from fire recently; one on Saturday night last, in Broad, near King street, the work of an incendiary; and another on Thursday afternoon, on East Bay, near Market street, which appeared to be accidental. In both cases much damage would probably have been done, but for the timely discovery of the fire.

Hugh S. Legare, Esq. of this city, Charge des Affaires of the United States to Belgium, has left Brussels, and, it is said, will not return.

The Literary and Philosophical Society of Charleston have received through Mr. Audubon 400 specimens of birds, which Mr. A. obtained in exchange for duplicates of the cabinet of the Society. The Baron de Behr has presented various fossils, and forty rare birds of Java.

The City Council of this city are engaged in making arrangements for purchasing the whole square laid waste by the late fire, for the purpose of improving the streets. A Committee of Council and of the holders of the property have been appointed to determine the value of the land.

The subscriptions in the city for the benefit of the sufferers by the late fire, amount to \$7,267 35, and \$2,183 on the Neck, making a total of \$9,455 35; and in Columbia for the same purpose, \$1,581 50.

Deaths in this city from the 14th to the 21st instant, 11; of which 5 were whites and 6 blacks and colored.

The daughter of Mr. George W. Norven, residing on Edisto River, was bitten by a rattlesnake lately, and died in a few hours after.

The Alumni of the South-Carolina College have formed themselves into a Society denominated "The South-Carolina Society for the Advancement of Learning." The following gentlemen are the officers for the present year:—Chancellor Deansaire, President; Hon. John C. Calhoun, Hon. Wm. C. Preston, J. L. Petigru, Esq., Vice-Presidents; Dr. Thomas Park, Recording Secretary and Treasurer; Professor Nott, Corresponding Secretary; Judge Harper, Anniversary Orator.

The citizens of Alabama are about commencing a rail-road, uniting the Tennessee valley with the navigable rivers emptying into Mobile Bay; which will convey to the city of Mobile a large amount of produce that now finds its way to New-Orleans. Mr. A. A. Dexter, of this State, has been appointed to make the survey of the route.

The Attorney General, Mr. Butler, (says the National Intelligence) has been appointed Principal Professor of Law in the University of New-York, and has, it is said, agreed to enter upon the duties of the station in March next.

Cholera.—We learn from the Western papers that several cases of Cholera had occurred on board the steamboats plying on the Mississippi, especially those ascending from New Orleans. The Maysville Eagle of the 4th inst. states that two fatal cases of the disease had occurred in the neighborhood of that city.

In a statistical paper, published in the Canton Register, the population of China is calculated at 775 human beings in a square mile. In England there are only 226 on the same space.

The first house built in Philadelphia after the arrival of Wm. Penn's colony, is still standing.

Pittsburg, Penn., contains 33,000 inhabitants, and 400 new houses are being erected there this year.

The Thames Tunnel.—Preparations are now being made to re-commence the work of carrying across the bed of the river, this stupendous structure. Upwards of one hundred men are engaged in preparing for the reception of the new shield, and other operations in connection with the work.

A small sheet, called the "*Sicuinose Kesibot*," (*Shawnee Sun*) is printed in the Indian language, at the Shawnee mission station. J. Lynkins, editor.

Worth Trying.—In an English miscellany is the following: "The danger of being suffocated by smoke to which persons are exposed who enter premises on fire may be effectually obviated by tying a wet silk handkerchief single over the face. A gentleman who lately tried the experiment, was enabled to remain in a room which was on fire, in the most dense smoke, and work a small engine until he succeeded in extinguishing the flames."

Longevity.—A negro woman, aged 161 years, formerly the property of Augustin Washington, the father of George Washington, is now exhibiting at the Museum and Gallery of Fine Arts, in Louisville. It is said that unquestionable certificates of her age can be shown.

Advantages of Coffins and Dissection.—The inhabitants of a village on the Nile turned the plague to a profitable account. They filled coffins with corn—and thus followed by a train of mourners, smuggled this article into different places, until the fraud was detected, for the benefit of the customs, by some medical men seeking the supposed contents for dissection.

The plague has been introduced from Alexandria, into all the towns on the Nile. The natives suffer most severely.

A rail-road is to be constructed between Amsterdam and Rotterdam, through the Hague.

The ship Canton, which left Gravesend last month for Van Dieman's Land, had on board 240 female emigrants, all young unmarried women. This shipment forms the fourth that has been sent at the public expense, to the number of 800 females; and, moreover, it is altogether free of all expense to the passengers, each of whose cost is computed to be about £17. Great care was taken by the committee appointed, to have none sent but females of unexceptionable character. In July next, it is arranged that another vessel, the John Kerr, will sail with a similar freight.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 26, 1835.

ERRATA.—In our review of Dr. Palmer's Sermon, second part, the following typographical errors occurred:—In the second paragraph "above" for *word*—in the first line of the third paragraph "critierion" for *criteria*—towards the close of the same "abluo" for *abluo*—in the first line of the fourth paragraph "and" should have been left out—in the same, third line from the last, "wash" for *washed*—in the eighth paragraph "12th" and "13th" ought to have been 52d and 53d—and "baptiza" should have been *baptizo*—in the last line of next paragraph "similar" should have been *simile*.

In No. 23, in the Poetry by Philos, "nations" occurred for *matins*.

Of all evils to which the Church in the present age is subject, that which arises from the use of ardent spirits is the most troublesome, if it be not the most difficult of eradication. In the Baptist Churches throughout this State, as far as our acquaintance extends, almost all the cases of madameor upon which censure has to be pronounced, originates either mediate or immediately from the free use of this distilled poison. And such is the unfortunate condition of some Churches that there are not sober members enough to excommunicate the drunkards. It is a source of the deepest mortification that those who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ are so easily borne onward to their own shame and to the serious injury of the Church itself. When such has been for many years the unhappy subjection of the Church to this dreadful and calamitous evil, is it not surprising that they who are ready to express their deep regret at the unfortunate state of things, and are ever on the alert to guard the discipline of the Church, are themselves unwilling to give their sanction and support to the Temperance reformation? Such however is the mortifying fact. Whilst the mere worldling is actively employed in advocating the claims of the Temperance Society, there are Baptists, many Baptists, who are withholding their countenance and approval. And although they may have monthly testimonials in their regular Church meetings, to the necessity of supporting the Temperance Society, they still decline a share in the benevolent labor. For the sake of gratifying their own morbid appetite for spirits, they voluntarily pursue a course which, by their example, keeps the Church a scene of discord and agitation. And yet brethren tell us the Church is itself a Temperance Society, and therefore they have no occasion to place their signatures to Temperance Constitutions. A strange Temperance Society truly that allows its members to make use of an intemperate drink! But we too admit that the Church is constitutionally a Temperance Society, but ought this to be a reason why the members should not sign the Temperance pledge? We are citizens of South Carolina or of the United States, and as such are under the most solemn obligation to support the laws; but do we make this an objection when called upon to take an oath of office? Do we then say no, we need not take the oath, for we are already morally bound to do our duty? No one makes an objection on this ground. But we have another case in point. It is customary to subscribe to a Church Covenant; this is generally done some days and sometimes weeks after the individual has connected himself with the Church. Suppose when called upon by the Clerk to put his signature to this instrument, he should say no, I am already morally bound, and my signature cannot enhance my obligation. Would this not be regarded, to say the least of it, as mere fastidiousness? It could certainly do him no injury to write his name under his obligation; and so, if an individual already feels himself under obligation as a Temperance man

because he is a member of the Church, it can certainly be nothing less than squeamishness to refuse to subscribe to a Temperance Constitution. And let us assure our brethren that so long as they allow these quibbling excuses to operate on their minds, just so long will they themselves remain the stumbling blocks in the way of Temperance reformation, over whom many souls will stumble into the bottomless pit, and many among themselves will make shipwreck of their faith. Every Church is indeed constitutionally a Temperance Society, and we would to God, that all our brethren could appreciate this truth and act up to the spirit of the Constitution. We should then see better days; the Demon of discord would then be in a great measure subdued, and harmony and love take the place in our Church conferences of disciplinary agitation. We have intimate acquaintance with a Church formerly racked and tortured with refractory members, but which for several years past has been in the enjoyment of harmony and good feeling, and the cause of the change is obvious. This Church resolved itself unanimously into a Temperance Society, or rather resolved to act up to the spirit of her Constitution, and would no longer admit members who would not pledge themselves to the Temperance cause. Many supposed this would prevent an accession to the Church, but it pleased the Lord to set the seal of his approbation upon it, by following it up with a blessed revival, and the rapid increase of members, at once rebutted the unfavorable suspicion. We are strongly inclined to think that if the example of this Church were generally imitated, so far as to resolve the Churches into Temperance Societies, the same blessed results would every where crown this independent and dignified procedure. If brethren then feel truly interested in the prosperity of Zion, let them try the experiment. It requires some self-denial, but surely this may be borne for Christ's sake.

FOR THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST.

Mr. Editor—

Some how or other I have such a propensity to write about my neighbors, that I sometimes suspect I must have what the Phrenologists call the organ of destructiveness, or the Sphurzheimites and Combites and Barberites have failed in the appropriation of rightly located organs to the moral propensities. Perhaps, however, it is my conscientiousness and not my destructiveness which dictates my censures, and though my head may not be very full from ear to ear, yet the peripheral expansion of my incipient may account for the peculiar turn of my mind. Let this be as it may, I have no time now to speculate whether or no the human mind has a capacity for dictating evil that good may come. I design at all events to provoke some of my delinquent brethren to do their duty. But to be short, Mr. Editor, I must inform you that very many professors of religion are in the habit of going to breakfast without saying their prayers, and going to bed without commending themselves to the protection of the Lord; of course they pass the day independent of their God. Do you ask me, how I know this! I will tell you. Our Saviour says, "by their fruits ye shall know them," and I see no excellent well-flavored fruit such as is the certain production of prayer. I see professors the daily subjects of their own ill-temper, passionate and malevolent. I see them murmuring at every trifling disappointment. I see them immersed in the cares, business, or pleasures of the world, and even desecrating the Sabbath, yea, the very Sanctuary of God, by mere worldly-minded conversation. Is it then difficult to arrive at the conclusion that they do not pray? If I am un-

charitable in this conclusion, may the Lord forgive me for it. But I beseech you, Mr. Editor, to insert this in your paper, that every one whom the cap can fit may wear it.

I am yours faithfully,

CENSOR.

TEMPERANCE.

Habits of Intemperance.

But I pass over all other habits of minor importance, that I may occupy the remainder of my time in speaking of one more dangerous and fatal than all the rest. You cannot be ignorant that I allude to the appetite for spirituous liquors. That the most powerful arguments and epostulations against this propensity are much needed in every College, is unhappily too well known. It is wonderful that when the whole country is covered with monuments of ruin produced by intemperance—of intellectual and moral worth once high in dignity, now abject and prostrate—of families once happy and prosperous, now helpless, broken-hearted and struggling for subsistence—it is wonderful that young men, seeing so many of these monitory spectacles before them, will venture to taste the liquid poison which has spread around them this desolation. Yet strange to tell, they will rush upon the peril without even the temptation of appetite. Yes, many a youth, it is to be feared, has here* begun to drink when he had a positive dislike to the taste of spirits, merely for the sake of appearing sociable and manly. But soon he pays dearly for his temerity and vain glory. Soon the insidious passion fastens itself upon him—he contracts a liking for stimulating drink, which perhaps shows its immediate effects in slackening his exertions in his class, creating an aversion to labor, a distaste for his studies, and a fondness for idle company. No wonder now at the oft alleged excuse of sickness, for absence from duty. For what else can be expected after such indulgences, but lassitude, and drowsiness, and nausea? No wonder if, presently, college restraints and requisitions become intolerable, and an application is made to his parent, requesting that he may be permitted to return home, in the midst of his collegiate course. Then may we predict his impending ruin with mournful certainty, and resign him up with despair to the despotism of a habit which overleaps all the barriers that parents and trustees and preceptors could throw in its way! May I not be speaking to some now, who are conscious that this habit has obtained an almost complete ascendancy over them? Do they not feel its despotism over the will? Do they not find themselves totally unable to resist the cravings of appetite, although they know the danger of the habit that is growing upon them? They know it, but alas! it is too late; the pleasure of present gratification is all they care for, and they purposely shut their eyes to the probable issue of these things. But others can see it, if they will not. Yes; we can calculate upon the premature ruin and early death of such a

* The writer would not be understood to intimate that the habits of the students whom he addressed were worse, or their temptations greater than those of members of colleges generally. He feels it as due to them to say on the contrary, that a Temperance Society embracing a considerable number of the students belongs to the college, and that he believes parents encounter no greater risk in venturing their sons at this than at any other similar institution. So far as he has had an opportunity of discovering, an appetite for drink is as little indulged in this college as in any other.

young man with almost as much confidence, as if the deep, hollow cough, the hectic flush, and the wasted form marked him out as the victim of consumption: I say with almost as much certainty; because the very same experience that teaches us the laws of the natural world, teaches us the laws of the moral world. The very same observation that makes us know the cough, the hectic flush, the wasted form, the hemorrhage from the lungs to be alarming prognostics of dissolution, enables us also to know that the morning dram, the evening carousal, the secreted bottle, the tainted breath, the flushed or the pale face, the ill-gotten lesson, are alarming presages of a habit of incurable intemperance. And we anticipate the speedy and mournful issue of the one, with as little danger of mistake as the issue of the other.

Will then any one who is sensible of being in the very jeopardy I describe, say, "What must I do to be saved?" I reply, even symptoms of consumption have been removed by an early resort to the proper means. And it is with this very hope of your taking a timely alarm, and adopting the proper means of recovery that I ring these admonitions in your ears. I would depict with all my powers the terrible danger of an *incipient habit*; and those yet free may keep free; may come not nigh the slippery verge; and I would sound a still louder alarm of the awful issue of *confirmed habit*, to those who are just beginning to feel its force; I would say to them, feel and act as if you were sliding with smooth and pleasant motion down a mountain's icy breast, that overhung a yawning abyss. You are beginning to descend, but the declivity is yet gradual, the way is yet smooth, and your motion is not rapid enough to alarm you, but only sufficiently so to animate your spirits, and to excite a glorying of mind at the bravery of your enterprise. Your older and more experienced friends stand on the neighboring heights, and watch with considerable anxiety your thoughtless career. They cry out to you, and tell you of the precipice ahead. Be advised; let not their warning voice be neglected; throw yourself from the flying vehicle that is hurrying you to destruction; grasp at every twig that will arrest your progress, and strain every muscle and sinew to regain the summit from which you so heedlessly set out. But if you refuse; if you laugh at the idle fear of your friends; if you flatter yourself that you can stop long before you reach the precipice; all they can do is to look on with silent agony at the approaching catastrophe. They could tell you if you would hear them, that the declivity is every moment becoming steeper; that the velocity of a falling body is every moment accelerated; that the twigs along your path which once might have arrested you, will now snap in an instant before the violence of your motion, and onward, onward, onward you must go until you reach the verge, then take the awful leap and disappear forever! And if such a fate as I have described were to befall you, in the literal sense of the description, it would be less mournful than that it should befall you in the allegorical sense intended. For then you might die comparatively innocent and respectable. Your friends might not see your mangled corpse, and feel disgraced by your death. But who can do justice to the feelings of those parents whose son, just ripening into manhood, is dying before their eyes, the loathsome victim of his guilty excesses? How shall they escape from the hideous spectacle! Their own house, the only place they have to lay their head, the birth-place of their child-

ren, the spot where are clustered all their comforts, the peaceful sanctuary of their old age, becomes the hospital of their reprobate son, worn out with intemperance. He occupies one of the chambers. There, while they lie on their sleepless beds in a neighboring room, (I have witnessed something of what I describe) they hear his calls for drink, his disgusting belches, his horrid execrations against himself, and ever and anon a groan, bespeaking misery too big for words to tell! And is this the return you make, degraded young man, for all the loving-kindness of your parents? Is this the way you requite the father that dandled your infancy on his knee, and from that time till the present has been toiling to provide for your happiness? Is this your gratitude to the mother that brought you into the world, that cherished you at her breast, that tended your cradle with throbbing temples and an aching heart, that watched you all along your playful boyhood with ceaseless tenderness, and that length let you go from under her eye to a place of education, only from the confidence (a confidence alas too much misplaced) that the principles and the gratitude with which she had imbued you, would forever forbid you to distress her by a vicious life! Surely this, if any thing in the world, realizes the fable of the frozen viper; that, as soon as it was thawed into life, struck its envenomed fangs into the bosom that warmed it.

But I would not stop at the exhibition of the temporal, the earthly consequences of this worst of habits. Could I do it, I would disturb the slumbers of the dead—I would evoke from their tombs the myriads that have gone down thither before their time, the victims of drunkenness. I would array their ghastly spectres in a long line before you, sire by the side of son, and brother at the right hand of brother. I could call upon them to tell you of the first steps that led to their undoing; how they first trifled with their enemy; how they in thoughtless boyhood mixed with idle company; made drunkenness a subject of jesting; took a glass among their jovial friends, merely to appear social and manly when the liquor was not pleasant to their taste; how the appetite grew with every indulgence until it was impossible to deny it—until they themselves became the very beastly spectacles of intemperance they had been accustomed to look upon with loathing and contempt; how they lingered on earth, becoming more and more the sorrow and shame of their friends, and at last sunk unregretted to the grave. I would extort from them "the secrets of their prison house." I would make them appear before you surrounded with their atmosphere of tempestuous fire—open before you their tortured breasts and disclose within the never-dying worm gnawing on their hearts—tell you with their burning tongues the horrors of their doom, and peal in your trembling ears the declaration of the Almighty, that drunkards shall lie down in the "lake that burneth with fire and brimstone for ever and ever." I should hope that such a vision would make you shun for life, the sight, smell and taste of inebriating liquors. Oh! in the contemplation of the manifold and direful miseries that flow from this bane of the human race, one might be tempted to curse the memory of the man that first invented the art of distillation; of extracting death from God's good creatures, intended to be the nourishers of life. One might be tempted to wish that every distiller of spirits, and every vender of spirits, and every drinker of spirits, could have their midnight slumbers haunted by the apparitions of pale widows and orphans in

their robes of mourning, and by the horrible skeletons of their poisoned husbands, sons, and brothers, until their goaded consciences should drive them with unanimous movement, to seize every vessel containing the liquid poison and throw it into a funeral pile, to make one general pious burnt-offering to Heaven, while the art of manufacturing the accursed pest should forever be blotted from the memory of man. But why wish for terrifying visions of the dead to benefit the living! They will never be granted. Nor are we sure that they would prove the means of reformation. For what says Christ, that divine anatomist of the human heart? "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded if one rose from the dead." Bowing with unquestioning credence to the divine decision, and feeling deeply the utter impotency of man to help himself when sunk in evil habits, let us rather urge the poor slave of sin to look with imploring eye to the Heavens, and let us join our supplication to his that the Almighty's arm may be stretched down to "lift him out of the horrible pit, and out of the miry clay," and to put into his mouth the song of deliverance.—*Prof. Hooper.*

Temperance among Seamen.

The reformation which has taken place among seamen within the last few years on the subject of Temperance, is far greater than any one would have dared to anticipate. Among the many gratifying proofs of such a change, we record with pleasure the facts stated in the following note:—*Jour. of Com.*

To the Editors of the Journal of Commerce:

MONDAY, June 1, 1835.

Gentlemen—It is with much pleasure we inform you of the remarkable fact, that we have received on board our ships the crews of each, all in a perfect state of sobriety, and what is more worthy of note, none of them having brought a drop of grog on board, there being upwards of sixty men who compose the crews.

S. H. Pomeroy, first officer packet ship Europe.

J. M. Chadwick, first officer packet ship Westminster.

Geo. B. Woodworth, first officer packet ship Chs. Carrol.

The three packet ships here mentioned sailed yesterday—one for Liverpool, one for London, and the other for Havre. The crews were shipped by Messrs. Goin, Poole, and Pentz, who, we understand, have determined hereafter to keep a register of all seamen arriving in port.

Rum, Murder, and a Confession.

On Wednesday of last week, Theodore Wilson, of Kittery Point, about three miles from Portsmouth, N. H., murdered his wife by beating her on the side of the head with a sharp stone;—he also made an attack upon a house occupied by two females, unprotected, who fastened themselves within, and thus escaped with life. He frequently called by name the retailer who has hitherto supplied him with rum, and charged him as being the cause of the murder; "for," said he, "I should not have killed my wife, if that man had not sold me rum—had not sold me rum out of his store."

Awful Effects of Rum.

Daniel Cannon, aged about 33 years, who lived in Thirteenth above Wood street, on Sunday met an ac-

quaintance named Brady, who bantered him as to his ability to drink. Brady offered to treat to a pint if Cannon would drink it. They went into a shop to procure it—and Cannon took a pint of strong gin, and drank it off at once. He was unable to walk home, or even to speak. He was attended by three physicians, but died in about twelve hours.—*Phil. U. S. Gaz.*

RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

The Force of Habit.

We are then creatures of habit. Whatever becomes habitual becomes easy, whether it be virtue or vice. Whenever we have formed a habit, we seem to act almost mechanically in obedience to the habit without an effort of the will. Indeed, so prone are we to repeat habitual actions, and so little reflection and virtuous resolutions are we conscious of in obeying good habits, that it seems as if they were hardly entitled to a moral character; so nearly do they approach to being involuntary, like the play of our lungs and the beating of our heart. The time and sphere, then, for virtuous choice and virtuous determination, is in the outset of life. It consists in oft repeating those acts which lead to good and valuable habits, and in denying again and again, as often as they solicit us, those acts which lead to vicious habits. Here then my young friends take your stand. Resist the beginnings of evil; yes, the beginnings: that is the important juncture. Yield to the beginnings of evil, and you are undone.* Your ruin can be predicted with almost as much certainty, as that of the bark which is floating towards the cataract of Niagara. Are you now free, unfettered by the coils of vice? Give not up I beseech you, that glorious, that blessed freedom. Let not the persuasion of the miserable victims of vice involve you in their degradation. What! Would you let a slave persuade you for the sake of companionship, to share his chains and his stripes? Would you let a man, who was fool and madman enough, to set fire to his own house, persuade you to set fire to yours also, that you might both be in the same condition? How would you feel towards the man, who would seize your hand, run with you to the verge of a precipice, and then throwing himself over endeavor to pull you along with him? Would you not wrench your hand from his detested grasp, and recoil from him with horror and indignation? Yet you can smile with complacency upon the companion, who, himself the slave of vice, would have you to forsake the paths of innocence, and join him in his wicked courses, merely that he may have countenance and society in vice? You can put yourself under the guidance and conduct of such a veteran in profligacy, if he will but take hold of your arm, say "come along," and laugh at your timorous scruples! Oh there are not words adequate to express the abhorrence due to those, who, not satisfied with being ruined themselves, practice their accursed arts in seducing young and thoughtless minds from the paths of rectitude, and glory in the propagation of vice. If those who turn many to righteousness shall receive an extraordinary reward, surely

—————There is some chosen curse
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath to blast the man—
that finds an alleviation to his own misery in undoing

* Principiis obsta, sero medicina paratur,
Cum mala per longas invaluere moras.—Ovip.

others, or can look around with a devilish joy at the desolation he has spread. Yet it is to be feared that this enormity is often committed within collegiate walls, erected for the nursery and culture of all noble and generous sentiments. Yes, we are obliged to believe that here, even in this very place, are simple-hearted, unsuspecting moral young men, year after year, gradually contaminated by those who are older than themselves, and who instead of being their guides to virtue, use the influence of superior age to decoy them into sin. Ye unfeeling seducers of youthful innocence! Is it not enough that you feel, yourselves, the miseries of remorse? Have you so much malignity within you, as to find a solace to your pains in making others as wretched as yourselves? Is it not sufficient to stab the peace and wreck the hopes of your own parents, must you also stab the peace and wreck the hopes of other parents? Ah, if you have any pity or generosity left in your souls, if you would not, like satan, enter paradise, and blast, out of sheer envy, the purity and happiness you cannot partake, leave uncorrupted those who yet walk in their uprightness; who promise to be the joy of their friends, and the hope of their country. If you must have companions of your guilty pleasures, take those who are already corrupted. Let those who take hands, and rush together into the vortex, and find a mad delight in riding round and round in the inebriate whirl of waters, which are just yawning to engulf them, let these, I say, be all equally ruined, equally bereft of conscience, equally lost to hope, with scowling despair written on their foreheads. Methinks it ought to melt with sorrow the heart of a young man, not lost to all sensations of humanity, to lead astray another younger than himself. Should we not suppose that honor and every kindly feeling of the soul would rise up in his bosom in behalf of yet untarnished virtue, and induce him to thrust back from his company, the young proselyte who was ready to yield himself up to his ruinous example? How much more worthy would it be of every generous emotion, for those who have contracted any unhappy propensity, when they see others beginning to go the same way, rather to put them back, and say, "as for ourselves we cannot help indulging in these things, but you who are yet safe, and not fatally bent towards these destructive courses, you we advise to keep yourselves far from them." This is no more than that common charity which we all show to each other, when we have unfortunately taken a disease. We tell how we contracted it, and caution others against the same imprudence.—*Prof. Hooper.*

From the Religious Herald.

An Error Corrected.

Having occasion to go to one of our large towns some days ago, I wished to bring back with me two or three copies of Malcom's Bible Dictionary, and applied to the only book store in the place to obtain them. The gentleman had none, but offered me Alexander's Dictionary, saying, I would be better satisfied with that, as it was *much more full and satisfactory.*

I found the same idea prevailing in a Baptist Sunday school where I preached a few months ago. Now, as I am convinced that such an act on this reference, mispay their money, I wish just to state my opinion, formed on a careful comparison of the two books.

Alexander's consists in a very large degree of mere biography. Now I can read about Adam and Eve,

Cain, and Abel, Noah, Daniel, and the thousand more of scripture characters, to more advantage in the Bible itself. Another large part of the book consists of mere definition of words. Those I can better get from any common dictionary. The balance of the book does not contain near so much illustration of scripture as Malcom's, which is wholly occupied with such matter. Moreover, the latter has thirty or forty very useful engravings, while Alexander's has none; and finally, Malcom's book sets forth the views of the Baptist denomination, which makes it better for my children.

A PASTOR.

The Head Stone.

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

The coffin was let down to the bottom of the grave the planks were removed from the headed-up brink, the first rattling clods had struck their knell, the quick shovelling was over, and the long, broad, skillfully cut pieces of turf were aptly joined together, and trimly laid by the beating spade, so that the newest mound in the church-yard was scarcely distinguishable from those that were grown over by the undisturbed grass and daisies of a luxurious spring. The burial was soon over, and the party, with one consenting motion, having uncovered their heads in decent reverence of the place and occasion, were beginning to separate, and about to leave the church-yard. Here some acquaintances, from distant parts of the parish, who had not had an opportunity of addressing each other in the house that had belonged to the deceased, nor in the course of the few hundred yards that the procession had to move over from his bed to his grave, were shaking hands quietly but cheerfully, and inquiring after the welfare of each other's families. There, a small knot of neighbors were speaking, without exaggeration, of the respectable character which the deceased had borne, and mentioned to one another little incidents of his life, some of them so remote as to be known only by the grey-headed persons of the group. While a few yards farther removed from the spot, were standing together parents who discussed ordinary concerns, altogether unconnected with the funeral, such as the state of the markets, the promise of the season, or change of tenants; but still with a sobriety of manner and voice, that was insensibly produced by the influence of the simple ceremony now closed, by the quiet graves around, and the shadow of the spire and gray walls of the house of God.

Two men yet stood together at the head of the grave, with countenances of sincere but unimpressed grief. They were brothers, the only sons of him that had been buried. And there was something in their situation that naturally kept the eyes of many directed upon them for a long time, and more intently than would have been the case, had there been nothing more observable about them than the common symptoms of a common sorrow. But these two brothers, who were now standing at the head of their father's grave, had for some years been totally estranged from each other, and the only words that had passed between them, during all that time, had been uttered within a few days past, during the necessary preparations for the old man's funeral.

No deep and deadly quarrel was between these brothers, and neither of them could distinctly tell the cause of this unnatural estrangement. Perhaps dim jealousies of their father's favor, selfish thoughts that

will sometimes force themselves into poor men's hearts, respecting temporal expectations—unaccommodating manners on both sides—fainting words that mean little when uttered, but which rankle and fester in remembrance—imagined opposition of interests, that, duly considered, would have been found one and the same, these, and many other causes, slight when single, but strong when rising up together to one baneful band, gradually but fatally infected their hearts, till at last they who in youth had been seldom separate, and truly attached, now met at market, and miserable to say, at church, with dark and averted faces, like different clansmen during a feud.

Surely if any thing could have softened their hearts towards each other, it must have been to stand silently, side by side, while the earth, stones and clods, were falling upon their father's coffin. And doubtless their hearts were so softened. But pride, though it cannot prevent the holy affections of nature from being felt, may prevent them from being shown; and these two brothers stood here together, determined not to let each other know the mutual tenderness that, in spite of them, was gushing up in their hearts and teaching them the unconfessed folly and wickedness of their causeless quarrel.

A head-stone had been prepared, and a person came forward to plant it. The elder brother directed him to place it—a plain stone, with a sand-glass, skull, and cross bones, chiselled not rudely, and a few words inscribed. The younger brother regarded the operation with a troubled eye, and said, loudly enough to be heard by the bystanders, "William, this was not kind in you—you should have told me of this. I loved my father as well as you could love him. You were the elder, and it may be, the favorite; but I had a right in nature to have joined you in ordering the head stone, had I not!"

During these words, the stone was sinking into the earth, and many persons who were on their way from the grave, returned. For awhile the elder brother said nothing, for he had a consciousness in his heart that he ought to have consulted his father's son in designing this last becoming mark of affection and respect to his memory; so the stone was planted in silence, and now stood erect, decently and simply among the other unostentatious memorials of the humble dead.

The inscription merely gave the name and age of the deceased, and told that the stone had been erected "by his affectionate sons." The sight of these words seemed to soften the displeasure of the angry man, and he said, somewhat more mildly, "yes, we were his affectionate sons, and since my name is on the stone, I am satisfied, brother. We have not drawn together kindly of late years, and perhaps never may; but I acknowledge and respect your worth; and here, before our own friends, and before the friends of our father, with my foot above his head, I express my willingness to be on better and other terms with you, and if we cannot command love in our hearts, let us at least, brother, bar out all unkindness."

The minister who had attended the funeral, and had something entrusted to him to say publicly before he left the church-yard, now came forward and asked the elder brother, why he spake not regarding this matter. He saw that there was something of a cold and sullen pride rising up in his heart, for not easily may any man hope to dismiss from the chamber of his heart even the vilest guest, if once cherished there. With a solemn and almost severe air, he looked upon

the relenting man, and then, changing his countenance into serenity, said gently,

Behold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming well,
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell.

The time, the place, and this beautiful expression of a natural sentiment, quite overcame a heart, in which many kind, if not warm, affections dwelt, and the man thus appealed to bowed down his head and wept. "Give me your hand, brother," and it was given, while a murmur of satisfaction arose from all present, and all hearts felt kindlier and more humanely towards each other.

As the brothers stood fervently, but composedly grasping each other's hands in the little hollow that lay between the grave of their mother, long since dead, and of their father, whose shroud was haply not yet still from the fall of dust, the minister stood beside them with a pleasant countenance, and said, "I must fulfil the promise I made to your father on his death-bed. I must read to you a few words which his hand wrote at an hour when his tongue denied its office, I must not say that you did your duty to your old father; for did he not often beseech you, apart from one another, to be reconciled, for your own sakes as Christians, for his sake, and for the sake of the mother who bore you and Stephen, who died that you might be born? When the palsy struck him for the first time, you were both absent, nor was it your fault that you were not beside the old man when he died. As long as sense continued with him here, did he think of you two, and of you two alone. Tears were in his eyes; I saw them there, and on his cheek too when no breath came from his lips. But of this no more. He died with this paper in his hand; and he made me know that I was to read it to you over his grave. I now obey him.

"My sons, if you will let my bones lie quiet in the grave, near the dust of your mother, depart not from my burial till in the name of God and Christ, you promise to love one another as you used to do: Dear boys, receive my blessing."

Some turned their heads to hide the tears that needed not to be hidden—and when the brothers had released each other from a long and sobbing embrace, many went up to them, and in a single word or two expressed their joy at this perfect reconciliation. The brothers themselves walked away from the church-yard, arm in arm with the minister to the Manse. On the following Sabbath, they were seen sitting with their families in the same pew, and it was observed, that they read together off the same Bible when the minister gave out the text, and that they sang together taking hold of the same psalm book. The same psalm was sung (given out at their own request,) of which one verse had been repeated at their father's grave; and a larger sum than usual was on that Sabbath found in the plate for the poor, for Love and Charity are Sisters. And ever after, both during the peace and the troubles of this life, the hearts of the brothers were as one, and in nothing were they divided.

Ruined John.

A warning to Sunday School Boys.

John R—— was a scholar in the Sunday School of a small town in N. Jersey, and as his mother was poor and a widow, she sent him also to a free school that was kept in the place.

He read very well and was attentive to his lessons, so that he always answered readily the questions of his teacher.

He listened too with interest when his teacher talked to him about his soul's salvation, and warned him against bad company. Being an only son, his father dead, he was greatly exposed to temptation, his mother frequently sending him abroad on errands, when he met with idle wicked companions.

His teacher said "John, you behave well in school and learn your lessons but you do not repent of your sins, and your heart is not changed, so that you have no security against temptation. I see you standing among idle men, and wicked men and boys, listening to their words; you will hear those words so often, that soon you will say them yourself, from bad words you will go on to bad actions, and I am afraid for you, unless you cry to God, to give you a new heart."

John listened, and promised, and shed tears, but he said his mother sent him to such places, and how could he help it? Here, I would warn all mothers against sending their children on errands to dram shops, and taverns, and groceries, where liquor is sold, and where drunkards and idle people meet to drink their own destruction. They place their children in the way of temptation, and thus may be, and often are, the means of ruining their bodies and souls. The word of God says, "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."—Oh! if parents and children would mind the word of God's blessed book, they would not so often go down to disgrace in this world, and eternal wo in the world to come.

Once or twice John's teacher in passing a grocery store, saw him standing among drunken swearing men, and beckoned to him to come out. He did so, and his teacher said, "John you are in the path of the wicked and in the way of evil men.—If you love to be in their company you will soon join it, and be one of them, and worse than all, go down with them to the place of weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth."

John left the store, but again he was seen: and warned, he took it kindly and went home.

One morning he was not at school: the teacher said where is John R——!" The children looked one at another but did not speak: upon further inquiry it was discovered, that the poor lost boy had gone the evening before to a grocery, upon an errand for his mother, and the "wicked and evil men" he met with there gave him so much liquor as to make him drunk, so that he was carried home, and in the morning was sick, and ashamed and wretched, and could not come to school. Some of the children were wicked enough to laugh when they said John R—— was drunk." Oh! never, never laugh at drunkenness; for "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of God." I have sometimes seen children stop and laugh, when they saw a poor drunken man reeling along, and Sunday school children too, who read in their Bibles, that "fools" only "make a mock of sin." John's teacher went to him and he cried most bitterly, and promised he would never go in the way of temptation again. He was very humble for some time, and very steady at school.

One evening he was seen again at the store; again he was warned, and again he wept and promised. But he went again in "the way of evil men," and again was carried home drunk.—His teacher wept over him, and begged him to repent and go to Christ for strength

against this dreadful sin, but he grew more and more unsteady, and at last he was never seen at the Sunday school.

The children would go to school and read and hear the word of God, and go to his house and sing his praises, but where was John R——! On the tavern step; in the door of the dram shop; loitering about the street. His teacher saw him, but he turned away and would no longer listen. If he was with his wicked companions when he was spoken to on his evil course, he would force a laugh, and if alone, would go off quickly.

His teacher removed from the place, and on returning after a short time, met in the street a miserable looking object, covered with rags, sauntering along, the image of vice and wretchedness, and on coming nearer discovered John R——; the same boy who used to come clean, neat, and pleasant, to the school room, take his seat as first in the class, and out of God's holy book, read, "Enter not into the path of the wicked," &c. "My son if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."

"John," said his teacher, and stopped, "Is this you John!" but John could not bear to hear that voice; he turned pale, drew his miserable hat over his face, and passed on.

"Oh!" said his sister, when visited by the teacher, "he is too far gone he does not care for any body or any thing; he is going fast down to destruction." Dead drunk at the corners of the streets, reeling from tavern to tavern, lifting his voice in curses and oaths, may you find poor wretched John R——. His Bible is lost, the house of God forsaken, and he a miserable outcast.

Little boy, would you be like him? "O No!"—Then "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men: avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

"Who hath wo? who hath sorrow! They that go to seek mixed wine—at last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—*Tel.*

(From the Northern N. C. Recorder.)

Constitution

OF THE WESTERN BAPTIST CONVENTION OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

Article 1st. This institution shall be called the Western Baptist Convention of North-Carolina.

Art. 2d. The object of this Convention shall be the establishment of a Literary institution on the manual labor plan, for the education of youth in general, and particularly young men called of God to the Gospel Ministry, and approved by the Churches to which they severally belong. 2dly. The supply of the destitute places within the bounds of this Convention with the Gospel Ministry, and the universal diffusion of the Gospel throughout the world.

Art. 3d. The funds devoted to these objects shall be kept distinct from each other and punctually appropriated agreeably to the specific intention of contributions.

Art. 4th. This institution shall be composed of such individuals and delegates from Associations and Churches as shall make adequate contributions to its funds.

Art. 5th. The representation in this Convention shall be members of the Baptist Church: one for every ten dollars paid in the Treasury.

Art. 6th. There shall be elected annually, a Presi-

dent, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer, with twenty others as a Board of Managers, five of whom shall form a quorum to do business.

Art. 7th. It shall be the duty of the President, and in his absence, the Vice President, to preside at all meetings of the Convention, and of the Board. The Secretary shall be requested to record the proceedings of the body, and to correspond with Associations, Churches and individuals, so far as the interests of the Convention shall require. The Treasurer shall hold the funds of the Convention, subject to order, and shall give security to the satisfaction of the Board. And shall make an annual report of all receipts and expenditures, which shall be audited, and published with the Minutes.

Art. 8th. The Board of Directors shall meet semi-annually, at such place as it shall from time to time designate, for the purpose of adopting such measures as shall best tend to carry into effect the different objects of the Convention.

Art. 9th. There shall be an adequate number of Agents, subject to the direction of the board, whose duty it shall be to visit Associations, Churches, &c., and endeavor to secure their co-operation with this institution.

Art. 10th. The Convention shall correspond with similar institutions, as far as practicable.

Art. 11th. The Convention shall hold its meetings annually, commencing Friday preceding the first Lord's day in October, at such place as it shall from time to time direct.

Art. 12th. The Board of Managers shall report their proceedings at each annual meeting of the Convention.

Art. 13th. Alterations may be made in this Constitution at any annual meeting, by a majority of the members present.

CIRCULAR ADDRESS.

Dear Brethren of the Baptist Churches, and all who may feel any interest in our present meeting, whether near at hand or afar off, permit us to address you in love, in order that you may know our views and aims, and what we have done. To those who are friendly to the objects of our meeting we say, with heartfelt gratitude, that we have gone through all our deliberations in perfect harmony; there has been no majority in any resolution passed in our body; all have been of one heart, and of one mind; you have only therefore to look at our minutes in order to see what we have unanimously done, and what we are hoping in the strength of the Lord to do, and in which we feel confident of your concurrence and support; and to our brethren who may feel in the least opposed to our plans, we take the liberty of saying, we are united Baptists, as we think, in the full sense of the word, believing in the doctrine of Predestination, Particular Redemption, Total Depravity, Effectual Calling, and the assured Perseverance of the Saints, Congregational Church Government, and that there is no higher Judiciary on earth (ecclesiastically) than a Church constituted in Gospel order. We therefore neither have nor wish to have any power in our body to interfere with any of the internal concerns of the Churches, but if they will only let us be hewers of wood and drawers of water, and spare our lives, this is all we ask. But it is said there is no "thus saith the Lord;" for these new plans of operation. To this we reply, we do most cheerfully admit that we have no other authority, only what we derive from Him.

who said, "all power in heaven and earth is committed unto me, Go ye therefore and preach the Gospel to every creature." This command we ought to obey, and we feel verily guilty, as we have not done all we could to have this great work done; for we religiously believe the command to be binding on every child of God in their different spheres: as it is certainly in the power of the weakest Christian on earth to do something in this great enterprise. If you ask how? we answer, by asking how many grades are there in the Church! You answer, only three, viz. preachers, deacons, and private members. Now, we ask, what is the preacher's duty? Answer: Give thyself wholly to these things. What things? Answer: The various duties of the pulpit, closet, reading, meditation, visiting, &c. Here we acknowledge our guilt, and wish to repent and do better. If the conduct of our preachers and Churches generally through the mountains is to be taken as their views of the Saviour's command, we must say to justify their conduct, a new translation would be necessary, and let it read, "Give thyself to the ploughshare, mattock, plane or sledge all the week, or at least long enough to ensure a support for thy family, and the balance of the time preach. If in short it is the duty of the preacher to give himself wholly to the work of the ministry, every one may see the duty of deacons and private members, and we do not believe the Church will have done her duty fully until the standard of Emmanuel is reared in every corner of the earth. But why have schools to educate your ministers? Were not the Apostles unlearned and ignorant men? We answer yes; but if young preachers will show Apostolic Credentials, never lose an hour at school, and if one says he must go to Burmah, and another West, we will give them the right hand of fellowship to go, and we will also help them on their journey according to our ability. The Apostles' credentials were the fulfilment of the prophecy of Joel, and they at once became competent to speak as many languages as were spoken by all of their hearers, and that not awkwardly but fluently, and as plainly as if it had been their mother tongue. We will however submit our views on the Saviour's commands, and if our dear brethren cannot receive them, we enjoin it on them not to stay at a distance, and fight us behind our backs, but come to our meetings and show us a better way.

First then, the ordinances of the Gospel, the government of the Church, and the doctrine of Christ, are unalterably fixed, and not to be changed (amended they cannot be) nor altered, without incurring the displeasure of the Church's Head and King. Again there are certain duties enjoined on Christians, such as, not to forsake the assembling of themselves together, to pray with and for one another, so that the private Christian as well as the preacher may be thoroughly furnished unto every good work. Now, in order to obey a command, three things are necessary, first to understand it, secondly to love it, and thirdly to believe obedience practicable. And the only way to come to an understanding of the Saviour's commands is to search the scriptures, which we cannot do without we can read, and we cannot read except we learn. But there is no command to send our children to school. It is no where said how long they shall go to school, nor how much they shall learn. We therefore unhesitatingly say, that if College instruction is an inroad on the Saviour's commands, so are common schools. There is not one of our present body who has ever enjoyed the benefits of Col-

lege instruction, and we with one heart and voice say, we mourn our inability to explain the sacred scriptures, while we do not understand the literary meaning of a great many words contained in them. We therefore want to show our love to the Saviour by assisting indigent young brethren in obtaining such information as shall enable them to do more for his cause than we have been able to do. Again, we are commanded to assemble together, but where! As there is no command for building meeting houses; how dare we then run such risks, as to build meeting houses without a divine command? To all such questions there can be but one reply, and that is that we are left to our own discretion about all of those things, which are not subjects of direct command. Expediency, utility and necessity will point out the where, the how, and the why of them all. And we subscribe cheerfully to the assertion, that the Lord can, has, and does bless the labors of illiterate men in the ministry. The Churches and Associations, which have grown up in these mountains are living witnesses of the fact; for we do not know of a Baptist Church in the West end of North-Carolina which has ever been supplied by a college bred preacher. But we will take the liberty on this occasion of adopting Paul's language on another. If the illiterate preacher has done well, give the same preacher learning and he will do better. One word more to our dear brethren. Some of us have travelled among you, conversed, sung, and prayed together, have gone to the house of God and taken sweet counsel together—some of us have been in Associations together, queries have been answered and circulars written, showing the duty of preachers and church members, and yet there is not a Baptist Church in all this country to our knowledge supplied with the Gospel, either illiterate or literate. You say; why we have monthly preaching at the most of our Churches and that is all sufficient. Ah, brethren, if we were wide awake to a sense of our duty, and loved the Saviour as much as we ought, we would not consider ourselves fully supplied until we should have the Gospel preached in our own meeting houses, at least every Lord's day, and the pastors so at liberty that they could come to our houses and cherish every soft emotion that might appear in the sanctuary on the minds of any of our children, or domestics, and not then until they would be able to defend the truth against every opposing error. Now we want at this meeting to unite, and as ministers pledge ourselves to one another, to pray that the Lord may grant us such a spirit, that we may be more engaged in the work of the ministry than we have ever been, and as lay members, that we will try to do our duty to the churches, settlements and families to which we severally belong, better than we have ever done. We unitedly request you my dear brethren to pray for us that our zeal may be according to knowledge, and we ask your advice and assistance in all that we do.

And now, before we close, permit us to make a remark to our brethren, and the public in general, relative to the propriety of forming a Convention in these mountains. It may be said "The North Carolina Baptists have their State Convention already, and why start another? To this we reply that we most heartily concur with the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina.—But their school is something like four hundred miles from the west end of the State, and all of their efficient operations are remote from us. None of their agents have ever been as far

as Macon County so that it is impossible for us ever to receive much direct benefit from it: and they could never expect to derive much benefit from us, and we also view the destitute situation of East Tennessee, the upper part of South Carolina and Georgia, and hope that we will all unite (without any regard to states) on some plan for general usefulness in these mountains. But it may be asked where is the Silver and the Gold to enable the people in the mountains to do any thing to purpose? We answer, first, we do not expect to accomplish great things like our rich brethren in old and more favored sections of our country, and while we remember the Silver and the Gold is the Lord's we have a little Faith, and pray for more that we may believe confidently, that to whatever extent the Lord designs to bless our feeble efforts, for his Glory, he will put it into the hearts of his people to contribute, as we will have to depend very much on a liberal public for funds to carry on our operation. And if our work is not of God, we hope he will show it to us, by closing the purses of his people from us, and if it is of the Lord, that he will show his good pleasure, by opening the hearts of his people to help us.—And finally we say to one and to all who profess the name of Christ, pray for the unity of the Faith, and let all with one heart continue to pray, that the happy time may speedily come, when the whole earth shall be full of the Knowledge of the Lord. Amen, and Amen.

HUMPHREY POSEY, PRESIDENT.

JAMES WHITAKER, SECRETARY.

From the New-York Weekly Messenger.

The Gambler.

In the autumn of 178—, a person was seen riding through the village of A—, in the Western part of the State of New-York. He was respectably dressed, and seemed to be musing over past recollections; for he was observed frequently to stop his horse, and survey the surrounding scenery, as if he had been familiar with it in early youth. The stranger rode up to a log house, situated in a remote part of the village, and, dismounting, entered.

His first inquiry was, if Mrs. M. resided there. He was answered in the negative; and informed that she died about a year before.

"My God! and am I then too late?" was the sentence which fell from his lips, as, rushing from the house, he took the path leading to the grave-yard of the village. His feelings overcame him, and it was some time ere he had entirely recovered his faculties. When, however, he was revived by the cool breeze that played around him, he began the painful task of searching for the grave of her concerning whom he had inquired. It was that of his mother. An humble slab marked the spot where reposed all that was left of the parent he held so dear. "And can this be all that remains of my dear beloved mother! Am I too late to soothe the dying pillow of my only parent! O, that she had but lived to give her last blessing to her ungrateful but repentant son! But she has gone to her heavenly home, and all that is left for me is to weep over her grave. Oh, heart-rending thought! Of what use now to me is the wealth which I have spent my best years to obtain? I had fondly hoped, by unremitting care and kindness, to have soothed the declining years of my only remaining parent. But alas! there she lies, insensible alike to the endearments or the frowns of the world."

It is now necessary to turn back and acquaint my readers with the history of the subject of this tale.

George Somerston was the only child of wealthy parents, in the city of New-York. When about the age of ten they removed to the village of A., in part owing to the ruin of their fortune, and from disgust at the coldness and insensibility of the world.

George was thus necessarily deprived of many advantages which otherwise he would have obtained. But being a youth of more than common abilities, his father was determined to give him the best education his circumstances would allow.

In pursuance of this determination, George was sent to an academy in the State in which he resided, and after obtaining a thorough knowledge of the various branches taught in that seminary, he left it, and went to New-York, where he obtained a situation as clerk in one of the first mercantile houses in that city. By diligent application to the business with which he was entrusted, he won the esteem and confidence of his employers.

All seemed to be going on well with him. His letters to his parents breathed cheerfulness and contentment; who fondly hoped to see him rising to the highest eminence in his profession. But those hopes were soon to be blasted; and their son and themselves made miserable for life. George was enticed by his fellows to the gaming house.—He resisted, it is true, at first all the endeavors of his associates; but was at length overcome with their importunities, and consented to go. In an evil hour he went, and, overcome with temptation, hazarded a few pieces. As is often the case, he won a considerable sum.

His attention was engaged in it, until at length his passion arose to such an ingovernable pitch, that he was not at rest unless seated at the gaming table.

The consequences were such as may be imagined.

He not only lost his own savings, but purloined those of his employer. Thus he went on, continually purloining his employer's cash, and as continually losing it at the table, until at length, driven to utter desperation by his losses and by the ruin which stared him in the face, he forged a check on that gentleman—was detected—and was obliged to flee the land. He shaped his course first to England, then to India: where by diligent application to business, and *absenting himself entirely from the gaming table*, he amassed a considerable fortune. Hoping that his disgrace at home, if not altogether forgiven was forgotten, he determined to recross the Atlantic and cheer by his conduct the declining hours of his only surviving parent,—his father having died some years before, broken-hearted.

We have related the circumstances attendant upon his resolution, and it only remains to be told that he returned to India, and died repentant.

Parents! who may chance to cast your eyes on this tale, remember an awful responsibility rests upon you.

Young men! by the sufferings of this young man, learn your own, if you persist in the pernicious practice of Gambling. H. H.

Try to obtain an equanimity of temper which nothing can ruffle. Be always calm and cool, the same in adversity as in prosperity, never elated, never depressed.

If you do not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles.—*Dr. Franklin.*

ROMAN CATHOLICISM.**Catholics withheld from the Bible.**

In the recent report of the Young Men's Bible Society of Boston, they say, with regard to their effort of supplying every destitute family in the city with a Bible, "before the distribution was commenced, a member of the Board called on Bishop Fenwick, and asked if he had any objection to the circulation of the Scriptures by the Society among the members of his Diocese! He replied, that *no Catholic would be allowed to receive the Bible from them!* Copies were therefore not offered knowingly to Catholics, as from their blind submission to the direction of their priests, it was believed that if any should be left with them they would be destroyed.

Nunneries.

It is a remarkable fact, that while convents and nunneries are abolished in the protestant countries of Europe as intolerable haunts of turpitude and atrocity, they are planted in this country and apparently regarded as harmless things. They were abolished in England by act of Parliament, three hundred years ago. They are disappearing in France. In Spain they are hastening to extinction. In Portugal they have been destroyed. In all these countries they are viewed with detestation, on account of their turpitude—the vices practised in them—not only by christians, but by the citizens generally. Yet in Protestant America, they are regarded with favor! The experience of Europe for ten centuries inculcate a lesson—which many of our countrymen are slow to learn.—*Pittsburg Tel.*

American Inquisition.—At the discussion of May 1st, between a Protestant, converted from Popery, and an unconverted Papist, the Protestant, who has been educated for a Jesuit priest, declared from his own knowledge of the fact not only that John England is duly appointed by the pope inquisitor general of America, but also that there are dungeons for heretics under the mass houses in Baltimore, Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, New-York, and other places. Remember this fact was fully confirmed by a man who has been trained up for a Roman priest, in Broadway Hall, New-York, on the 1st of May, 1835.—*Protestant Vindicator.*

GENERAL MISCELLANY.**Audubon.**

The following interesting account of the Chimney Swallow, is from Audubon's new work, now published in England:

"Immediately after my arrival at Louisville, in the State of Kentucky, I became acquainted with the hospitable and amiable Major Wm. Croghan and his family. While talking one day about birds, he asked me if I had seen the trees in which the Swallows were supposed to spend the winter, but which they only entered, he said, for the purpose of roosting. Answering in the negative, I was informed that on my way back to town, there was a tree remarkable on account of the immense numbers that resorted to it, and the place in which it stood was pointed out to me. I found it to be a sycamore, nearly destitute of branches, sixty or seventy feet high, between seven and eight feet in diameter at the base, and about five for the distance of forty feet up, where the stump of a

broken hollowed branch about two feet in diameter, made out from the main stem. This was the place at which the swallows entered. On closely examining the tree, I found it hard, but hollow to near the roots. It was now about four o'clock in the afternoon, in the month of July. Swallows were flying over Jeffersonville, Louisville, and the woods around, but there were none near the tree. I proceeded home, and shortly afterwards returned on foot. The sun was going down behind the Silver Hill; the evening was beautiful; thousand of swallows were flying closely above me; and three or four at a time were pitching into the holes, like bees hurrying into their hive. I remained, my head leaning on the tree, listening to the roaring noise made within by the birds as they settled and arranged themselves, until it was quite dark, when I left the place, although I was convinced that many more had to enter. I did not pretend to count them, for the number was too great, and the birds rushed at the entrance so thick as to baffle the attempt. I had scarcely returned to Louisville, when a violent thunder storm passed very suddenly over the town, and its appearance made me think that the hurry of the swallows to enter the tree was caused by this anxiety to avoid it. I thought of the swallows almost the whole night, so anxious had I become to ascertain their numbers, before the time of their departure should arrive.

Next morning I rose early enough to reach the place long before the least appearance of daylight, and placed my head against the tree. All was silent within. I remained in that posture probably twenty minutes, when suddenly I thought the great tree was giving way, and coming down upon me. Instinctively I sprang from it, but when I looked up to it again, what was my astonishment to see it standing as firm as ever. The swallows were now pouring out in a black continued stream. I ran to my post, and listened with amazement to the noise within, which I could compare to nothing else than the sound of a large wheel revolving under a powerful stream. It was yet dusky, so that I could hardly see the hour on my watch, but I estimated the time which they took in getting out at more than thirty minutes. After their departure, no noise was heard within, and they dispersed in every direction with the quickness of thought.

I immediately formed the project of examining the interior of the tree, which, as my kind friend Major Croghan had told me, proved the most remarkable I had ever met with. This I did in company with a hunting association. We went provided with a strong line and rope, the first of which, we after several trials, succeeded in throwing across the broken branch. Fastening the rope to the line we drew it up, and pulled it over until it reached the ground again. Provided with the longest cane we could find, I mounted the tree by the rope, without accident, and at length seated myself at ease on the broken branch; but my labour was fruitless, for I could see nothing through the hole, and the cane which was about fifteen feet long; touching nothing on the sides of the tree within, which could give any information. I came down fatigued and disappointed.

"The next day I hired a man, who cut a hole at the base of the tree. The shell was only eight or nine inches thick, and the axe soon brought the inside to view, disclosing a matted mass of exuvie, with rotten feathers reduced to a kind of mould, in which however, I could perceive fragments of insects and quill. I had

a passage cleared or rather bored through this mass, for nearly six feet. This operation took up a good deal of time, and knowing by experience that if the birds should notice the hole below, they would abandon the tree, I had it carefully closed. The Swallows came as usual that night, and I did not disturb them for several days. At last provided with a dark lantern, I went with my companions about nine in the evening, determined to have a full view of the interior of the tree. The hole was opened with caution. I scrambled up the sides of the mass of exuvia, and my friend followed. All was perfectly silent. Slowly and gradually I brought the light of the lantern to bear on the sides of the hole above us, when we saw the swallows clinging side by side covering the whole surface of the excavation. In no instance did I see one above another. Satisfied with the sight I closed the lantern. We then caught and killed with as much care as possible more than a hundred, stowing them away in our pockets and bosoms, and slid down into the open air."

The Welsh Martyr Dog—Ciliart.

At the base of Snowden, the highest mountain of Wales, is a stone standing at this day, called *Bedd-Ciliart*, or the Grave of Ciliart. There, many years ago—for the last Welsh king was slain in 1283—was buried the favorite dog of Llewellyn the Great, of which and his end we have the following pitiful story: Llewellyn had come to this place, with his wife and family, to spend the hunting season, of which sport he was passionately fond. He had among his pack, a favorite dog, of the name of Ciliart; or, as it sounds in English, Gelert. He missed him one day in the chase, and was much vexed to be obliged to return without his usual success, on account of the absence of his dog. His wife had been with him, as it was the custom of the time for females to engage in such exercises. As he dismounted, and entered the door of his house, followed by his wife, the first object he met was Ciliart, who came wagging his tail, and expressing all the welcome characteristics of that faithful and affectionate animal. Llewellyn would have rebuked him for his absence from duty that day, and for the subtraction he had occasioned from their pleasures; but his mouth and head, and parts of his body were stained with blood! "What!" exclaimed Llewellyn, raising his hand, and at the same moment his wife leading the way, they both rushed into the nursery; and, as they saw the floor marked with blood, they hastily snatched the curtain from the cradle, and their infant babe was gone! The mother cast one glance at the savage animal, that came following after them, screamed with horror as she pointed her fingers to the cause, rolled her eyes wild and madly to heaven, and fell backwards. The father drew his sword, and with one thrust transfixed the monster, which fell at his feet, still wagging his tail, and looking with duty and affection, as if in mockery of the deed he was supposed to have done! He howled out the expression of his own agony, moaning piteously, and expired—his eye, even in death, still fixed upon his master.

Llewellyn, in his distraction, upset the cradle, and underneath it safely lay, sleeping, with a smile on its countenance, the infant babe! In another part of the room he found the body of a wolf, torn, mangled, and dead! He turned his eye to Ciliart, and he too was dead! What would he not have given to restore it to life! The instinct of the faithful animal had discern-

ed the way-laying and near approach of the wolf, and withdrawn him from following his master to the chase; he had watched the movements of his adversary, and found that he had scented human flesh in his master's habitation; his sagacity had contrived to remove the babe, and to deposit it safely beneath its cradle, in anticipation of the coming fight: he had obtained the victory, and he waited for his master's return, to deliver up his charge, and to be caressed for his fidelity.

"It is not true," said a gentleman, who was one of the listeners to this story, as it was narrated by a Welshman: "it is not true," he said, as he leaned his elbow on the table, supporting his head by his hand, which also covered his eyes. "If you subscribe to the doctrine of *Leslie's Short Method with the Deist*," said the Welshman, "you must also admit this. For there is the stone—the monument—set over the grave of Ciliart to this day; there is the village, erected on the spot, and bearing the name of the dog's grave—*Bedd-Gelert*; and the same story has come down with these monuments from generation to generation. The story and the monuments are corroboratives and living demonstrations of the facts."

"Well, then," said the gentleman, still leaning on his hand and covering his eye, "the dog has done suffering—has he not? I am glad that he has no protracted existence to remember, that he became a martyr to his fidelity—that he died for saving the life of his master's child. But I seem, even now, to see him wagging his tail, and moaning, and looking submissive, as he lays weltering in his blood, with his eyes fixed upon his master, in the agonies of death. I wish I could get rid of the idea."—*London Correspondent of the New-York Observer.*

From the Richmond Compiler.

Curious Fact.

Messrs. EDITORS: In the evening of Sunday last, being confined to the house all the fore part of the day by rain, I was about taking my accustomed walk in the woods, for the sake of exercise and meditation.

(To obviate any censure, I would here note, that my walk on this occasion did not exceed 2000 cubits, or a Sabbath day's journey.) I had not proceeded more than 50 or 60 rods, (to use an awkward standard,) through an avenue of cedars, extending from the front of my house to my big gate, on the margin of the woods, when, on opening which, and casting my eyes downward, in order to avoid a puddle of water, I perceived near the gate post, on the outward side, a beautiful little bird, couched close to the ground in attitude of repose. Doubting whether it was disabled or dead, I gently put my hand over it, and, taking it up, found to my surprise, that it was not only dead, but stiff, notwithstanding the sitting posture in which I found it.

Poor little victim! thought I, thou didst yield up thy life without a struggle! How camest thou by thy untimely death! What cruel instrument hath the relentless tyrant employed, to deprive thee of thy innocent life, at this joyous season.

Thus soliloquizing and musing, and at the same time turning over in my hand, and viewing on every side, with mingled emotions of sympathy and curiosity, the little lifeless warbler, (for it was of the Canary species,) I descried, immediately below the insertion of the bill, on the other side, a remarkable protuberance, resembling a tumor! What! cried I, mentally, a Bronchocele! killed, poor thing, by a Bronchocele

Thou must be a lady-bird. Alas! thou hast strained thy notes too high. Prone to moralize or philosophize on every notable incident occurring in my solitary rambles, I had now, I thought, a clew wherewith to ascertain the cause of Bronchocele. A singing-bird of Bronchocele! Now, pursued I, if this disease proves fatal to the sweet songsters of the forest, whom Nature teacheth, and whose lungs, according to naturalists, extend throughout their whole bodies, *a fortiori*, how shall single ladies escape, whose lungs are confined to the thorax, and who, beguiled by fashion's wiles, emulate the clarion's shrillness, and violate the laws of nature and good taste?

Satisfied with my theory, I felt elated with self-complacency at my discovery; till upon closer examination of the apparent tumor to my great mortification, and surprise, I ascertained that my Bronchocele which has led me such a dance was neither more nor less than a *Tick!* a blood-thirsty tick! swollen and distended by the life blood of his hapless victim. A plague on all ticks! said I in a spleen, henceforth, and forever. No more wroth was Sir Joseph Banks, when his experiment proved that fleas were not lobsters; or Dr. Slop, when untying Jonathan's knots, than was I, when convinced by ocular demonstration, that I had mistaken a swollen tick for a genuine Bronchocele! But I did not profanely swear, as did the knight, nor impiously blaspheme, as did the aforesaid Slop.

True, I had a two-fold reason for execrating the abominable tick; firstly for knocking my fond theory in the head; and, secondly, for inflicting death, in its agonizing form, on one of Nature's sweet vocalists. Yet being of a placable disposition, I satisfied myself with devoting him, the said nefarious tick, his whole seed, breed, and generation, to the pestilence; and again betook myself to musing and philosophizing during the residue of my unbragous walk. Of a palate more luxurious wert thou than the Roman epicure, Lucullus, said I, in allusion to the *location* of the voracious reptile. He was satisfied with a dish of extracted tongues of singing-birds: but thou, egregious bug, must needs thrust thy horrid proboscis to the very root, and thence, fiend-like, suck sweet juices from the living fountain, till death ensue—death of thy hateful self, as well as of thy lovely victim. For, happily, it is the law of thy edacious species, that they are ever the victims of satiated voracity.

Continuing my walk, still ruminating on this strange event—the snapping-turtle, quoth I, snappishly, is a turtle-dove, in comparison with thee; for the rapacious snapper, when he clutches his prey, either immediately devours it, or, according to traditionary lore, lets him off when it thunders.

The East Indian's dog, pursued I, whose tail he cut off, and whose legs he broke, and, finally, whose head he dis severed from his body, ere he let go his hold of the lion's throat, was an extraordinary instance of ferocity and tenacity. But thou, oh monster tick! are more ravenous, more tenacious, than either rapacious snapper, or ferocious Indian dog. Neither thunder, nor death itself, can unclinch thy ruthless jaws.

I had now, by a circuitous route, returned to my big gate, and on my way to my house, concluded my musing on this head, by some trite moral reflections. Alas! sighed I, mournfully, apostrophizing the dead poor bird, still in my hand, we are all mortal! all born to die! alike the murderer and his victim, the guilty with the innocent, must submit to the irreversible decree. But the sparrow falleth not to the ground

without the notice of our Heavenly Father. This precious reminiscence brought consolation to my mind, and I re-entered my dwelling in peace.

Brook, May 1, 1835.

RECLUSE.

Anecdote of Sir Humphrey Davy.

It was the custom of this scientific individual annually to visit Ballyshannon, (Ireland) merely to enjoy the fine fishing, for which the river is so celebrated—a sport of which he was excessively fond. Having, after many fruitless attempts, owing to the inapplicability of his flies, for he was an excellent fisher, succeeded in landing a fine salmon, he called to his servant, and desired him to take it to his hotel. John reluctantly obeyed, for having no basket, he did not much relish conveying the fish in his hand. He had gone to a very short distance indeed from him of the safety-lamp notoriety, when he offered six pence to any one to do the business for him. Sir Humphrey hearing him, bawled out, "I'll take your money, sir." John apologized, begged pardon, and stammered an excuse. "No, no," says the master, "give me the six pence, John—I insist on it," and took the fish from him, and walked with it in his hand through the street, the servant bowing and apologizing the whole way in momentary expectation of being dismissed. In this, however, the philosopher agreeably disappointed him; he did not discharge him, but contented himself with depriving him of the six pence, and lecturing him freely on the folly of such preposterous conduct in a waiting man.—*New Monthly Mag.*

Two farmers who were neighbors, had their crops of early peas killed by the frost. One of them came to condole with the other on their misfortune. "Ah!" cried he, "how unfortunate we have been, neighbor! Do you know I have done nothing but fret ever since.

But bless me! you seem to have a fine healthy crop coming up just now—What are these?" "These! (said the other) why these are what I immediately sowed after my loss." "What coming up already?" cried the fretter. "Yes, while you was fretting, I was working." "What and dont you fret when you have a loss?" "Yes, but I always put it off until I have repaired the mischief." "Why then need you fret at all!" "True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that is the very reason; in truth, it is very pleasant to have no longer reason to think of our misfortunes; and it is astonishing how many might be repaired with a little alacrity and energy."

A Real Kentuckian.

A Kentuckian, we believe of that class familiarly called a 'Hog Merchant,' rode up to a public house in the West, where a number of gentlemen were seated in the piazza. After a low bow to the company, he inquired if any person could inform him what was good for a burn. A young physician there being present, stepped forward, and with complaisance gave a learned lecture on burns, the mode of treatment, &c., for which he was politely thanked by the Kentuckian, who informed him that his prescription would not answer his present complaint, as his saddle blanket had been very badly burned the night previously. On hearing this, the physician became exasperated, told him if he would alight he would give him a flogging. The Kentuckian again bowed, and said he would not alight for two floggings, and rode off with much gravity and self satisfaction.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser, June 17th.

Very Late From Europe.

By the packet ship Orpheus, Captain Bursley, we have London papers to the 15th of May, and Liverpool of the 16th.

Mr. Livingston and family were at Plymouth, England, having arrived there on the 10th, in the Constitution frigate, where they intended to remain several days. The frigate fired a royal salute, which was answered by the San Josef guard-ship, Captain Falcon, C. B. the commander, having previously gone alongside the Constitution. A royal salute was also fired from the batteries of the citadel in compliment to the American Ambassador.

LIVERPOOL, May 15.

Cotton.—The demand in the early part of the week was limited, but since Tuesday there has been a good attendance of buyers and the market has closed with great firmness, the previous quotations being fully supported for all descriptions. Sea Island has been much in request, and the common qualities have advanced ¼d, and good and fine 1d to 2d. per lb, 3000 bales Bengal brought to auction this morning went off at steady prices; 3000 American have been taken on speculation; and 1700, American, 50 Surat, and 300 Bengal for exportation.

The transactions in our Cotton Market for the week ending this evening, are estimated at 20,010 bales—including 7870 Upland, at 10½d a 13d, 5970 Orleans, at 9½ a 13½, 3210 Alabama, at 9½d a 13d; 750 Sea Island at 20 ½ a 31 1-2d; 50 stained do. at 17 1-2d a 20d.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament resumed business on the 12th, but nothing of consequence had been done. New writs were moved for different places which had become vacant.

No important business was likely to be brought forward by Ministers till they were all in their places, which would be about the 20th.

Lord Morpeth had been returned by the West riding of Yorkshire, by a majority of upwards of 2000.

Lord John Russell, as intimated per last arrival, was a candidate for the borough of Poole. It is a beautiful commentary upon the crusade which the Destructives waged against the boroughs, to see how glad they are themselves to use them. Indeed Lord Melbourne could not have organized his government without them, since but a small number of the members of his administration dared venture to run in the counties. Before Lord John Russell's defeat in South Devon, the ministers were driven to bring in nine of their members upon Scotch Boroughs. Lord John will make the tenth borough-monger in the government, which has affected to hold the boroughs in such abhorrence.

Lord Denman's appointment as Speaker of the House of Lords, is said to have given great offence to Lord Brougham. He is perfectly savage at the neglect of his talents, manifested by Viscount Melbourne declaring, openly, "the experiment is now, for the first time to be tried in England, how long a government can stand, which is based on the principle of not including one man of talent."

Mr. D'Israel and Maurice O'Connell, have both been arrested and held to bail, to prevent a breach of the peace, in the form of a duel.

Lord Stanhope, the patron of Casper Hauser, is at Berlin. It is stated that his lordship has been convinced that Casper was an impostor.

The Coronation of the Emperor of Austria was to take place on the 14th June, (Sunday last,) at the Cathedral of St. Stephen, in Schoenbrunn.

Mr. Neilson and Mr. Walker, the Agents from Lower Canada, had arrived at London.

An explosion of a new Steam Engine in the neighbourhood of Ford and Maguire streets, Vauxhall road, near Liverpool, took place on the 11th of May, in the Sugar Refinery of Mr. Ring. The effects were awful, killing four persons, and shaking to their foundations all the buildings in the neighbourhood.

HOUSE OF COMMONS, May 12.

COMMISSION TO CANADA.

Mr. Hume.—I rise to ask the hon. Baronet opposite, when the Noble Lord, who has been appointed to go to Canada is to proceed thither, and how far measures have been taken for the settlement of the differences in Lower Canada.

Sir G. Gray said the very first point which occupied the attention of Government on coming into office was the state of that Colony. He was glad to say, that the accounts lately received from it were of a more satisfactory nature. Considering the position in which Sir J. Stewart stood with respect to the House of Assembly, they judged that it might lead to inconveniences if he was continued in Government, and therefore they had determined to recall him. The next question taken into consideration was, whether it was desirable to contract with Lord Amherst commissioners who should act with him, and endeavor to obtain in different parts of the Colony the most full and accurate information. They decided on placing Lord Amherst at the head of this commission, but he declined the office on the ground of the length of time that must be occupied in such an enquiry. The Commissioners to be appointed was a subject now under consideration, and he believed they would ere long be ready to proceed to Canada.

FRANCE.

Paris advices are to May 13th inclusive. The papers are yet almost entirely engrossed by the State Trials, to which an additional interest had been given by a new persecution of the press, entered upon by the Chamber of Peers through a deceased member of it. The Tribune, it seems, was seized on Sunday, the 9th of May, for the 112th time, for an article against the Grand Referendi of the House of Peers, the Duke Decaze. It announces that, after being visited, since January, 1831, with fines to the amount of 192,493l., and its editor with imprisonment, forming altogether a period of 49 years, its *cautionment* has been seized. "We succumb," it says, "as the brave do, with our looks fixed upon the enemy. Let not this Government exult too much in our fall. In the revolutionary movement by which it is, unwittingly, carried along, our fall is but the forerunner of its own."

On the night of the 8th, the Paris Republican prisoners were removed to the St. Pelagie jail, and the Luneville non-commissioned officers of the Abbaye, after again expressing their determination not to appear in Court without council of their own selection. The prisoners of Lyons, who persevered in the same resolution, were transferred to the Conciergerie, only 28 of them, who had consented to be quiet, having been suffered to continue at the Luxembourg. An address to the accused is published by which the Abbe de la Mennais, M. Voyer d'Argenson, the Deputies Cormenin, Audre de Puyraveau, and Martin Bernard and 80 other of the rejected council, congratulate their

clients upon the firmness and heroism they have displayed, and declare that they have established themselves *en permanence* ready to afford them their assistance whenever it may be of use to their cause.

One of the most serious incidents of this unfortunate affair is the birth of dissention respecting it in the National Guard. Protests against orders issued for placing those soldier citizens under military authority were increasing, and numerous signed.—New adhesions of the department Bars of France to the resolution of their Paris brethren of the robe, in respect to the refusal to hear the accused through lay advocates, are daily arriving. The proceeding was, in short, hourly becoming in a greater degree unpopular, and attracting more and more of public attention.

It has all along been understood that the prisoners had been arraigned for effect, it being understood that a pardon was to follow conviction. The Court was, by this plan to get credit for magnanimity, but the business was badly managed. They were arraigned in hundreds, and set up such a clamorous opposition that they confounded their judges. Ultimately they are to be tried without being present.

SPAIN.

Valdez is more rash and less cautious, but not more successful than Mina, who is at Pampeluna, gradually recovering. On the 22d April, Valdez had a brush with Zumalacarreghy, in which the former was successful. The loss of the Carlist general was about 400. The army of Valdez amounts to 54,000 men. He proposes to carry a war of extermination into the insurgent provinces. Lord Elliot, the tory agent from Wellington to the seat of war, has returned to Paris. His mission, whatever it was, and it was doubtless to subserve the cause of Carlos, was rendered abortive by the downfall of the Peel ministry. It is a curious fact, that the second regiment of Arragon, which caused the insurrection at Madrid, in January last, is the one which Valdez most praises for its gallantry in the action of the 22d. The Queen Regent has, in conformity to the convention of Portugal, applied to the government for a contingent of troops to assist her in putting down the insurrection of the northern provinces.

TURKEY.

Advices from Constantinople, of the 16th of April, state, that the Sultan is preparing to visit Egypt in person. His highness would have left the capital earlier, had he not been prevented by the late dreadful ravages of the plague at Alexandria.

Ibrahim Pacha, it is said, treats the inhabitants of Syria with extreme oppression—those of Adana which is more friendly to him with less. Servia under Prince Miloseh, is tranquil.

ALGIERS.

The latest intelligence from Algiers is to the 7th of May. Hostilities had commenced between the French and the Arabs. Oulid-ou-Rabah, at the head of a large body of Arabs, had attacked the French advanced posts at Bugis. Col. Lemercier in vain objected to that Chief that he had a few days before signed a treaty of peace with him; he would listen to no arrangement, but continued his attack. The French lost a good number of men, but succeeded in driving back the Arabs. Col. Lemercier compelled M. Lowassy, who had taken upon himself to conclude the treaty, to embark on board the Chimera for Algiers, in order to account for his conduct to the Governor.

From the New York Evening Star, June 22.

Dreadful Tornado.

About five o'clock yesterday afternoon, a tornado passed over the town of Piscataway, about two miles from New-Brunswick, which destroyed every house but two. The current of wind proceeded towards the city of New-Brunswick, and made dreadful havoc in that place, destroying nearly fifty houses of Liberty, Richmond and Schureman streets. The most melancholy part of the accident is the death of several persons. A widow lady by the name of Van Arsdale, a man called Henry Booraem, formerly a midshipman in the navy, who was killed in the street, and a boy named Bayard.

The tornado first struck the town of Middleburg, and swept every thing before it. We had the gale very severe here, but the lightning and wind to the West appeared to be the most violent. It is singular that such a storm should have occurred at this season of the year, and we apprehend that we shall hear of further ravages.

Extract of a letter from New-Brunswick.

"We were visited last evening by a whirlwind and water spout, which has done considerable damage. Two persons certainly killed, and several wounded. Dr. Janeway's house, among others, much injured. The storm extended to Middlebush, three miles from here, where much damage was done, and also to Piscataway—one half of the village is destroyed."

Appropriation for Education in Louisiana.

The Legislature of Louisiana, at the last session, made several grants, amounting in all to \$363,775, to three literary institutions in that State, viz: \$48,775 to the college of Jefferson, for the payment of the debts of the college, contracted in the erection of buildings; \$15,000 annually to the same college for the period of ten years, and a like sum for the same period to the Louisiana college, to enable them to pay the salaries of their professors, and to lower the rates of boarding and tuition; and \$15,000 to the Franklin College. The said sums to be paid out of the treasury of the State.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for sale at the Office of the Southern Baptist,

NO. 18 BROAD-STREET,

LETTERS ON UNIVERSALISM, by N. W. HODGERS,
Minister of the Gospel. June 5

THE

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June 19

CHARLESTON PRICE CURRENT, JUNE 26, 1885.

ARTICLES	\$	c.	\$	c.	ARTICLES	\$	c.	\$	c.	ARTICLES	\$	c.	\$	c.
BAGGING, Hemp, 42 in. yd.	26	a	30		American Cotton, yd.	35	a	45		OIL, Tanner's, bbl.	11	a	13	
Tow and Flax	22	a	24		FISH, Herrings, bbl.	3	75	a	4	OSNABURGS, yd.	8	a	9	
BALE ROPE, lb.	8	a	9		Mackerel, No. 1.	7	50	a	00	PORK, Mess, bbl.	18	00	a	00
BACON, Hams	00	a	11		No. 2.	7	00	a	00	Prime,	15	00	a	00
Shoulders and Sides	84	a	11		No. 3.	6	00	a	00	Cargo,	3	50	a	00
BEEF, New-York, bbl.	00	a	12		Dry Cod, cwt.	2	75	a	3	Mess, Boston,	14	50	a	
Prime	8	a	50		FLOUR, Bal. H.S. sup. bbl.	6	75	a	68	No. 1. do.				
Cargo	41	a	44		Philadelphia and Virginia	0	00	a	650	PEPPER, black, lb.				84
Mess, Boston	00	a	12		New-Orleans	0	00	a	000	PIMENTO,	9	a	91	
No. 1.	00	a	11		GRAIN, Corn, bush.	1	a	107		RAISINS, Malaga, bun. box	3	00	a	
No. 2.	8	a	9		Oats	36	a	43		Muscatel,	3	00	a	
BREAD, Navy, cwt.			34		Peas	48	a	00	Bloom,	2	75	a	00	
Pilot	4	a	44		GLASS, Window, 100ft.	41	a	9	RICE, 100lbs.	4	25	a	00	
Crackers	7	a	74		HAY, Prime Northern, 100lb.	1	31	a	00	SUGAR, Muscovado, lb.	71	a	10	
BUTTER, Goshen, prime, lb.	25	a			IRON, Pig,					Porto Rico and St. Croix	74	a	10	
Inferior	20	a	00		Swedes, assorted	4	a	41		Havana white	11	a	11	
CANDLES, Spermaceti	32	a	34		Russia, bar	4	a			Do, brown	74	a	84	
Charleston made	16	a			Hoop, lb.	6	a	64		New-Orleans	6	a	74	
Northern	12	a	13		Sheet	8	a	84		Leaf	14	a	17	
CHEESE, Northern	3	a	84		Nail Rods	7	a	74		Lump	19	a	14	
COFFEE, inf. to fair	1	a	11		LARD	9	a	94		SALT, Liv. coat sack, 4 bu.	1	43	a	156
Good fair to prime	13	a	134		LEAD, Pig and Bar, 100lb.					In bulk, bush	25	a	30	
Choice	14	a	15		Sheet	6	a	7		Turks Island	31	a		
Porto Rico	134	a	144		LIME, Stone, bbl.	1	50	a		SOAP, Am. yellow, lb.	5	a	64	
COTTON, Uplands, mf.	16	a	17		LUMBER, Pitch Pine, rfts. Mft.	7	a	8		SHOT, all sizes	74	a	8	
Ordinary to fair	164	a	174		Shingles, M.	3	a	5		SEAGRASS, Spanish, M.	14	a	16	
Good fair to good	174	a	184		Staves, Red Oak	14	a	15		American	1	85	a	1874
Prime to choice	19	a	204		MOLASSES, Cuba, gal.	25	a	26		TALLOW, American, lb.	9	a	94	
Santee and Maine	32	a	40		New-Orleans	30	a	32		TOBACCO, Georgia	34	a	4	
Sea Island, fine	32	a	50		Sugar House Treacle	30	a			Kenney	5	a	6	
CORDAGE, Tarrad	9	a	10		NAILS, Cut, 4d. to 20d. lb.	64	a	0		Manufactured	8	a	13	
Do. Manila, cwt.	11	a	12		NAVY STORES					Cashmere	34	a	32	
DOMESTIC GOODS					Tar, Wilmington, bbl.	1	64	a		PEAS, Bohem	18	a	20	
Shirtings, brown, yd.	64	a	84		Turpentine, soft	2	50	a		Souchoing	30	a	40	
Bleached	8	a	15		Do. Georgetown	1	a	185		Gunpowder	75	a	80	
Shirting, brown	8	a	104		Pitch	1	75	a		Hyson	50	a	80	
Bleached	104	a	17		Spirits Turpentine, gal.	45	a	50		Young Hyson	65	a	75	
Calicoes	9	a	15		Varnish	25	a	25		TWINE, Seime	26	a	30	
Stripes, indigo blue	84	a	11		OILS, Sp. winter strained	1	05	a	110	Sewing	26	a	30	
Checks	7	a	16		Fall strained	90	a			WINES, Madeira, gal.	2	a	3	
Flats	84	a	11		Summer strained					Teneriffe, L. P.	1	a	135	
Fustians	13	a	16		Linseed	1	a	105		Malaga	45	a	50	
Bed Tick	13	a	20							Claret Bordeaux, cask	29	a	30	
DUCK, Russian, bolt	15	a	21							Champagne, doz.	8	a	15	

BANK SHARES, STOCKS, &c.

NAMES	Original Cost	Present Price	Dividend
United States Bank Shares	100	111 50	3.50
South-Carolina do.	45	67 00	1.50
State do.	100	128 00	3.00
Union do.	50	68	1.50
Planters' & Mechanics do.	25	38	871
Charleston do.	25	53 00	
Union Insurance do.	60	00	4.00
Fire and Marine do.	66	00	5.00
Rail-Road do.	100	125	3.00
Santee Canal do.	870	00	20.00
State 6 per cent Stock	100	103	
State 5 per cent do.	100	102	
City 5 per cent do.	100	102	
City 6 per cent do.	100	00	

EXCHANGE.

Bills on England, 84 a 84 per cent. prem.
 France, 5f. 23 a 25 per dollar.
 New-York, 60 days, 1 per cent. discount and int.
 Boston and Philadelphia, 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 1/2 per cent. and int.; Savannah 1/2 per cent. and int.; Checks on the North per cent. South and West, 1/2 prem.
 Savannah and Augusta Bank Bills, 1/2 per cent. discount.
 All other Georgia Bank Bills, 1 per cent. discount.
 North-Carolina Money, 1 per cent. discount.
 Spanish Doubloons, 134.
 Mexican and Colombian do. 134.
 Heavy Guineas, \$5, and Sovereigns, \$4 a 4 7-8.

Charleston Market.

COTTON.—The sales since our last report have been 1205 bales of Uplands, as follows:—29 at 21, 80 at 20 1/2, 523 at 20, 133 at 19 1/2, 205 at 19 1/4, 74 at 19, 59 at 18 1/2, 65 at 18, and 30 at 16 1/2 cents. In Long Cottons—Sea Islands from 40 to 50, and upwards for extra fine, and Stained from 27 to 30 cents. Our last European advices continue to be favorable, and had we shipping in port, it is probable that our remaining stock, which is light, would all be taken out of the market.
RICE.—Our supply is limited, and what sales are made are from \$3 1/2 to \$4, according to quality.

Receipts for the Southern Baptist.

The following persons have paid \$3 each:—James Badger, Matthew Purnell, Jun., Wm. Moore, Mrs. Martha S. Barckdale, John M. Taylor, J. J. Beck.
 Jesse Dean, from 1st July; Levi Hickson, A. H. Fort, John Hill, J. Burnett, Mrs. Sylvester Dunton.

Terms of the Southern Baptist.

In advance for a single subscriber, \$3.00 per ann.; Payment protracted 6 months, \$3.50; Payments protracted over 6 months, \$4.
 All communications must be post paid or charges will be made accordingly.
 Remittances may be made by mail at the risk of the Editor and a certificate from a Post-Master will be a good receipt.
 Post Masters and Baptist Ministers are requested to act as Agents for the Paper.