

# THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST

AND

## General Intelligence.

WILLIAM HENRY BRISBANE, EDITOR.

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### MYSTERIES IN INTELLIGENCE.

Extract from Mr. J. H. Smith's Review of Lord Brougham's Treatise on Natural Theology.

The ignorant and uninstructed mind is more prone to believe itself in possession of all that is valuable in knowledge, than the most profound philosopher. As we advance in the walks of science, the range of things possible to be known, soon appears so vast in proportion to our ability to acquire,—grows upon us in a ratio so much more rapid than the compass of our memory, or the sum of our associations can increase, that we are soon utterly confounded and lost in the immensity around us.

These mysteries in nature, the uninformed and unthinking among men never even suspect; and, if they are, at any time, forced to turn their attention to them, they regard them as things possibly curious in themselves, yet not at all appertaining to their avocations or concerns, their little sphere of daily interest and occupation being all the world to them. Thus is it with the generality of mankind, as to most subjects of an abstract character.

But with respect to the existence of an invisible Agent, who modifies and directs the operations of nature as they pass around us, it is otherwise. Every human creature is naturally and *instinctively* prone to believe in some such power. With the unenlightened and the barbarous, it is superstition; with the civilized philosopher, it is natural religion; but, with every people, and in every age, the principle is the same. Generally speaking, we cannot divest ourselves of the consciousness that there is a power abroad in nature, invisible to us but through its works; yet in those works, and in the design and skill so obvious in every part as unquestionably apparent, as though it stood before us clothed in all the attributes of the body. How strange then is it, that there should be men whom the pursuit of knowledge has so far misled, that they question the existence of this superintending power!

Some writers have doubted whether a rational Atheist ever existed. They are mistaken. There have been, and are, men who believe it to be more accordant to sound reasoning, to attribute all the phenomena of nature rather to qualities inherent in matter;—that it is more philosophically simple to refer these mysteries, so incomprehensible to us, to powers inherent in the atoms which compose the material world, than to infer a separate and immaterial agent overruling and guiding their actions; and that it is more accordant to sound induction to attribute eternal duration to these atoms than to infer an eternal and immaterial power by whom they were created, by whom they were sustained, and to whose will they are subservient. Now we would readily yield to these philosophers that if they can truly show that it is more consistent with natural reason or philosophical simplicity, (and this we take is their strongest argument) to

refer these things rather to the inherent qualities of matter, than to any power existing in a superintending mind, they would be entitled to at least grave consideration. But they must first prove to demonstration, that matter exists, and *that* without referring to mind as the judge of this proof, for this would be assuming the existence of the very thing they set out with denying. The fact that every person receives it on trust in all his thoughts, and must necessarily presuppose it in all he does, will not answer for them. They are the first to require strict self-evident proof before their credence will be yielded, and by the position which they themselves have assumed, must they stand or fall. Now what are the facts? How are we acquainted with the existence of matter, or of any eternal object? Through the medium of our senses alone. We know, strictly speaking, but the sensation. But are our sensations material? If they are, it is more than has ever yet been proved; and we are bound not to consider them so, according to their own rules of reasoning, until it is demonstrated. Whether then mind be the result of material organization or not, the senses are qualities of mind and not of body, so far as we know any thing about them. It must be remembered that the organs of sensation are very different from sensation itself—as different as the flute is from the flute-player. The organ is the material instrument by which the sensation is acquired, the flute is the instrument by which the music is made, but they both require a thinking immaterial agent, before either the sensation or the music can be produced.

They must then first prove that matter does exist independent of their sensations, before they can pretend to talk of it as the cause of them. This being impossible, leaves them in possession of the sensations alone, which, as they address themselves only to the thoughts and no one has ever seen or heard of them in a material form, we are obliged, from the very nature of things, to consider as immaterial and appertaining to mind. But the existence of mind is incontrovertibly proved. 'I think or feel, therefore I am,' is an axiom that cannot be questioned by any man who is sane; consciousness gives self-evident proof of the absolute existence of mind.

We have then positive demonstrative evidence that mind does exist; we have but the secondary evidence of our senses, which may, and do often, deceive us, that matter exists. We would then ask, in common candor, which should be considered the paramount, and which the subordinate power! Which probably the cause, or which the effect? We know that mind exists, because we know we think. We believe that matter exists—with all its chemical affinities and other qualities—because *that mind* informs us of it.

How unphilosophical then is it to attribute the phenomena of mind to the organism of the body, when we have no self-evident proof of its entity!"

*Southern Literary Journal.*

**The Baptists and the American Bible Society.**

We learn from good authority, that the American Bible Society have resolved not to aid in the publication of Baptist translations in Burmah, because in those translations the words *baptizo* and *baptismos* have been rendered by terms that plainly signify to immerse. We cannot say that we regret this measure, on the part of the Society, because we think that it will lead to results decidedly favorable to the cause of truth. We have no disposition to reproach or criminate this venerable and respectable institution for what they have done. Of their motives, we of course say nothing. Nor is it our purpose to excite prejudice against their principles, and thus unnecessarily cut off any portion of their resources. It is our intention, however, to examine their conduct impartially, and to present our readers with the result.

And in the first place, let their late measure be contemplated in the light of *strict propriety*—of what is due to God and to truth. It is admitted by most, if not all our well-informed pedobaptist brethren, that the terms in question do signify immersion—that immersion was practised by primitive christians—that immersion is valid baptism—and that he who is immersed does not thereby offend God or violate the scriptures. Admitting then all for which our brethren contend—admitting that the questionable expressions are ambiguous—that they do also mean to sprinkle—and that sprinkling is valid baptism—admitting all this, we should like to be told what evil is to be apprehended to the truth, to the kingdom of Jesus, and the interests of man, from the offensive translations of our missionaries! We can easily see how these translations could militate against the cause of pedobaptists and anti-immersionists, but for the life of us we cannot see—even on pedobaptist principles—how such translations could harm the cause of truth, and righteousness, and salvation, should they even be the cause of making the whole Burman population Baptist. We can therefore see nothing in the nature of strict propriety—nothing in the nature and necessity of the case—nothing in the interests of religion or humanity—even allowing every thing to be as our brethren affirm—which could have called for the proscription of which we treat. That this measure is uncalled for by the claims of truth, of religion, of humanity, of the most rigid and exact propriety is, therefore, as plain to us as the truth of the proposition that two and two make four.

In the next place, let us look at the transaction before us in the light of *justice*. What are the facts? For twenty years or more—even since its formation—the Baptists have been contributors to the funds of the American Bible Society. Their contributions—unless we are misinformed have been constant and extensive. To what have these contributions, all this time, been appropriated?—Exclusively to the publication and distribution of pedobaptist translations—translations which the Baptists have always maintained, so far as it respected the terms excepted, were essentially erroneous—translations which they have always believed and always contended were calculated to pervert the truth of the gospel and to foster a serious innovation in the kingdom of the Saviour. Yet for the sake of concord, for the sake of concert with their brethren, for the sake of the great and common cause, they have made a compromise with their consciences—enduring, as they supposed, the less evil for the sake of the greater good—for full twenty

years, without the expression of a scruple or a complaint. Yet, so soon as it is known that the Baptists have made a translation for a heathen nation, in which they have dared to do their duty as honest men—in which they have rendered certain terms, not only according to their own views of truth, but according to views in which they are upheld by many of the most eminent pedobaptists of every age—both their own translations and themselves are promptly and at once proscribed! Now let justice come forward with her scales and weights—let this whole transaction, with all its circumstances and bearings be scrupulously balanced, and let the world bear witness and record the result.

In view of the above considerations, the Baptists are now plainly left but a single alternative—it is either to cling to the A. B. Society, continue to give their substance to the publication of pedobaptist translations, and leave their own translations, over which their missionaries have toiled for years, while the heathen are perishing for lack of knowledge, to lie unpublished and undistributed; or to desert the parent institution, constitute a Bible Society for themselves, and do their own work in their own way. And can there be a baptist in the land who is tenacious of principle, who values his independence, who is interested in the success of our missionaries in the east, and who is concerned for the enlargement of the simple and unsophisticated truth of the original scriptures, who can hesitate a moment which of the two to choose? We presume not. We should feel a sense of mortification if we knew that there was one. For ourselves, then, we are clearly, fully, and at once, for the organization of an AMERICAN BAPTIST BIBLE SOCIETY. Let the Baptists of this country husband their resources; let them manage their own concerns; and let them place a becoming dependence on the Lord of Hosts, and they have nothing to fear for their translations or their cause. We believe that they have adhered to the general institution much too long already for their own interests as a denomination. And accordingly, as we stated at first, we cannot regret the measure which has rendered it necessary for them to take care of themselves.—*Biblical Recorder*.

**GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.**

*From the Columbia Telescope.*

**The Governor's Message.**

CONCLUDED

I should feel myself justly obnoxious to the imputation of disregarding the constitutional injunction under which I now address you, if I were not to call your attention to the wretched condition of our public roads, as well those which are under superintendence of the state, as those which are under the charge of the respective Districts. I have had occasion to travel over the state road between this place and Charleston, the greater part of it twice—during the present year, and though I understood the whole extent of the road was under contract for repair and preservation, I could not perceive, on either occasion, a single vestige to shew that a spade had been stuck into the ground for its repair, except 4 or 5 miles near Charleston. Yet on both these occasions the condition of the road was exceedingly bad, and capable of being made good by very little labor; and I understand it is now still worse. The income derived from tolls is applied to the repair and preservation of these state

roads, without producing any visible results; whereas I am satisfied that for one half the sum, an efficient contractor would keep them in good order and make it a profitable business. From the best consideration I can give the subject, I suggest to you the expediency of selling out the whole of the public roads which are the property of the state, in such convenient subdivisions, as may be found most conducive to the public interest, vesting in the purchaser the right to exact tolls, not exceeding those now exacted by the state, and making them liable to indictment for neglecting to keep the roads in good repair, and subject each case, to pay such sum, by way of penalty, as the presiding judge may assess. By this arrangement I doubt not that the condition of these roads would be greatly improved, and a considerable sum brought into the public treasury.

The other public roads throughout the state, are in a still more neglected condition. I travelled through some of the wealthiest districts in the upper country several weeks after crops were laid by, and found the roads at many places almost impassible by a wagon or carriage, and with one or two very partial exceptions, scarcely amounting to five miles, not a stroke had been struck in a circuit of two hundred miles, apparently in 12 months. If, as it is often said, the improved state of the public highways indicates the advance a community has made in civilization I fear that in the judgment of impartial strangers we should hold no enviable rank among the communities of the earth, I take no pleasure in spreading upon the public records this evidence of the deplorable degree in which the thirst for pecuniary acquisition has extinguished the public spirit of our citizens, even in this period of great prosperity; but it is my duty to inform you of the true condition of the State, as it regards the subjects requiring legislation, in order that your measures may be adapted to the public emergencies.

It is perfectly apparent that there is a radical defect either in our general system of keeping the public highways in repair, or in its administration. So far as my observation extends, both the system and its execution are in all respects defective. The citizen loses, it may be safely affirmed, four times as much labor as is rendered to the State. And the portion of this labor that is bestowed upon the roads, is so injudiciously directed, that it seldom does any substantial benefit, and very often amounts to a public nuisance. A thorough reform either in the system itself or in the means of enforcing the execution, seems to be indispensable. The commissioners in one of the districts have suggested that a tax be substituted for the personal labor now subject to be exacted, and that the roads be repaired by contract. I concur in the expediency of this change, as I believe it would diminish the burthen imposed upon the people and increase the benefit which the public would derive from it. Under a judicious local administration, a tax of half the value of the labor to which our citizens are now subject, would keep the roads in thorough repair. If it be objected that many persons who are now liable to work on the roads, will contribute no part of the substituted tax, it is fair to reply that the tax will be contributed by those who have the greatest interest in having good roads, and generally in proportion to that interest. For any reasonable sum judiciously applied to the improvement of our public highways, our citizens would be doubly indemnified in a mere pecuniary point of view, by the

increased commercial intercourse, to say nothing of what is due in this respect, to social intercourse and to the character of the State.

Whatever plan you may adopt to remedy the defects of the present system, I trust it will be vigorous and efficient, and that every district will cordially co-operate in your efforts, making it a matter of patriotic rivalry which shall do most for the improvement of the State.

I take great pleasure in calling your attention to the subject of a rail road communication between Cincinnati, in Ohio, and Charleston in this State; which has been projected by some enterprising and patriotic citizens of the Western States, and has received the cordial and almost unanimous approbation of the citizens of this State. I have long regarded the establishment of a channel of commercial intercourse between these two portions of the Union, united by so many ties of interest and consanguinity, and separated only by mountains, as an enterprise every way worthy of a great and enlightened people. If successfully accomplished it will stand without a rival and in prominent grandeur, amidst the similar monuments which illustrate this age of enterprise and improvement.—Whether we regard it in a political or commercial point of view, it is almost impossible to form too high an estimate of its importance to the Western and Southern States, and particularly to South Carolina. In connexion with that spirit of enterprise and domestic improvement which is now excited among our citizens it cannot fail to render Charleston the emporium of the foreign commerce of the Western and a large portion of the cotton growing States, and to diffuse corresponding benefits all over the State.

It becomes us, however, to be careful that we are not so far dazzled by the imposing grandeur of this enterprise, as to overlook the various practical considerations, which it involves, and upon which its success must depend.

The first step to be taken, as a preliminary to the commencement of so gigantic an undertaking, will be the procurement of complete surveys of the different lines of communication which may be suggested, to be made by scientific engineers, and estimates of the probable cost of the work, by experienced and practical men. It is an enterprise, which under the most favorable circumstances, must require great expenditures, and indefatigable perseverance; and while I should be disposed to recommend that the state should actively co-operate with any company that may be incorporated, by subscribing liberally for its stock I should deem it unwise to do so, before the practicability of the work, in a reasonable time and for a reasonable expenditure, shall be satisfactorily ascertained. In determining the preferable route I hope that local interests will not be permitted to mar the general enterprise, but that after the surveys are completed, the best will be adopted in reference to the grand aggregate of advantages. I recommend that an appropriation be made to effect the necessary examinations and surveys, and that means be adopted to secure the service of competent persons to perform these important duties. Further than this, it would be premature to go at the present session, unless it be to grant a charter of incorporation, if application should be made for it.

The approaching expiration of the charter of the Bank of the United States, has greatly increased the responsibility of your duties in regulating the

difficult and complicated subjects of banking and currency. A uniform currency is essential to a solid state of public prosperity, and there is no duty of legislation more delicate and important than that of preserving the community from those fluctuations in the value of bank paper—our actual currency—which result from the excessive issues of the banks, in periods of prosperity, and corresponding contractions, in periods of pecuniary pressure.

A considerable portion of the planters in this State sell their cotton in Augusta, and habitually receive payment in Georgia bills. These bills are thus thrown into circulation in our upper Districts, and owing partly in my opinion to the mistaken policy of our own banks, are kept in circulation there, to the exclusion of our own. It is one of the laws of circulation that when two kinds of currency are thrown upon the community, of unequal credit or value, that which is inferior will supplant the other in the general circulation, as long as it is practically a tender or as the community will receive it either from choice or necessity. Now the refusal of our banks to receive the notes of the Georgia banks, throws just so much discredit upon them as fits them for excluding our own bank notes from circulation, while the trade of the upper districts with Augusta, creates a sort of necessity on the part of the planters to receive Georgia banks notes in payment for their products. The policy of our banks, gives a sort of chart-ered license to the Georgia banks to inundate our State with their bills, without any check or control whatever. It is a species of outlawry which seeks to drive out an intruder, by declaring that the law will not notice him, thereby giving him the very immunity he desires. If now on the contrary our banks would freely receive the bills of the sound banks in Georgia they would at once acquire the means of controlling our circulation. The Georgia bills, instead of performing the functions of our currency, and making the State thus far tributary to foreign banks, would be collected in our banks and be charged to the account of the Georgia banks, bearing interest; while our own bank paper would resume its functions of a circulating medium. In fact, Augusta is as much in the circle of our commerce as any of our own towns, and all the solvent banks located there should be placed upon the footing of our own in all the mutual transactions of banks with banks. All the solvent banks moving in the same commercial sphere, must mutually give credit to each other. In order to preserve a mutual controul, and prevent the derangement of the currency. If any one of the banks thus united should overtrade, the others will perceive it by the state of their accounts, and immediately apply the proper corrective.

Though the powers of the Directors of our Bank are competent to all these purposes, yet as the suggested changes in its policy involve a high degree of responsibility, it may not be improper to give some expression of the opinion of the Legislature on the subject.

The rising town of Hamburg occupies a commercial position, which makes it a matter of both justice and expediency to give its merchants a due share of the facilities of bank credit. They annually purchase some thirty thousand bales of Cotton, and for the want of a bank located there, they are obliged to obtain money from the Augusta banks, at a higher rate of interest than our own banks are permitted to charge. By allowing the state of things to continue, we should vo-

luntarily pay tribute to foreign banks by driving custom from our own, and at the same time force the bills of Georgia banks into the channels of our circulation. But while I am disposed to have the facilities of bank credit equitably extended to the principal parts of our trade I am not insensible of the great danger to which the whole country is at this moment exposed, from the spirit from speculating in bank stock, and the general tendency to the multiplication of banks. Instead, therefore, of adding to the bank capital of the State by incorporating a new bank. I recommend that a branch of the Bank of the State of South Carolina, be established in Hamburg, and placed under the management of an able direction, subject to the general superintendence and controul of the parent board, and that a certain amount of capital be assigned to it by law.

Owing to the establishment of the Bank of Charleston, and other causes, our Bank will have more capital than it can employ, at the existing officers, in the regular course of its discount and exchange business. It is no unreasonable expectation, therefore that the establishment of a branch at Hamburg, will add as much to the revenue of the State as it will contribute to the prosperity of that youthful town, and to the success of the patriotic enterprise, projected by its founder:—the opening of a direct trade between old and new Hamburg.

The operations of our bank, during the past year, have been usually profitable, yielding a clear income of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to the State, after making up the losses sustained last year, by failures in Columbia and other causes. I cannot speak in terms too high commendation of the fidelity and inflexible integrity which have distinguished the administration of this important institution. And it redounds equally to the honor of our State and of the direction of the Bank, that it has sustained as few losses as any private banking corporation of the same capital, and has been so conducted as to avoid even the imputation of political favoritism or corruption.

I transmit for your consideration sundry communications from the Governors of some of our sister states, on subjects which may claim your attention. Also a copy of a letter from this department, written to the President of the United States, in conformity to your resolution of the last Session, relative to certain works in the harbor of Charleston, and the answer of the President, accompanied by an explanatory report from the War Department.

There yet remain several subjects of importance which will be brought to your attention in a future communication; and among these a state of our finances.

I have but a few words to say to you in relation to the administration of the Federal Government and the general condition of our Federal relations. It has been for some years my opinion that with a large surplus revenue the corruptions of that government would soon become incurable, and it is by no means certain that they have not already reached that fatal point. The existing auspices, beyond all question, are fearfully unpropitious. The chief magistrate of our imperial republic is at this moment more independent of public opinion and wields a more despotic power, than either the king of Great Britain or the king of France, and it remains to be seen whether the people of the U. States, like the degenerate Romans in the time of Tiberius, will recognize his right to nominate his successor, by raising to the throne the imperial though not

very youthful Caesar, who has been already clothed in the purple with the solemnity, and formally presented to the people, as the anointed and rightful heir to the succession.

But the sinister omens which darken our federal horizon, should be regarded only as so many impressive admonitions to us as our peculiar obligations to develop the resources and increase the intelligence and power of our state.

In devoting your patriotic labors to these important objects, you may be assured of my zealous co-operation and of my sincere prayers that heaven may smile upon your deliberations and consecrate your measures to the advancement of the liberty, the prosperity and the honor of South Carolina.

GEORGE McDUFFIE.

*From the Correspondent of the Mercury.*

COLUMBIA, DECEMBER 7.

On Saturday evening, the South Carolina Society held its first annual meeting. The Hall of the House of Representatives in which the assembly convened, has been seldom graced with such a display of intelligence and beauty, for the galleries were thronged with ladies, as on this occasion. The previous organization of the Society having been merely provisional, the business of the meeting commenced with the confirmation by the Society of the temporary appointments which were made last August. Gov. McDuffie having been called to the Chair, in an address characterized by his usual eloquence, inducted to the office of the first President of the South Carolina Society for the Advancement of Learning, the venerable Chancellor Desaussure, to whom as the strenuous, the unfaltering advocate of learning—the early, the zealous and successful advocate of the establishment of our College, as one distinguished for a purity of life, courtesy of manner and extent of attainment, that rendered him emphatically the gentleman, the scholar and the Christian, such honor was most justly due. The Chancellor having taken the chair, replied in a neat address to the Governor, and then delivered an Inaugural Discourse, reciting briefly but strikingly, the history of the foundation of the College, and the part which he had borne in it: and then enlarging on the general benefits of knowledge, and the peculiar advantages which its domiciliation among us had conferred upon the State.

The reverend look of the speaker, his many amiable and estimable qualities, and the services, of every sort, which have rendered them still more attractive, conciliated an universal attention to his words, on which I may say that the whole assembly hung.

After this, Col. Preston gave, with his usual propriety and elegance, a summary account of the formation of the Society, during the past summer, and its provisional management, up to the present time. He was followed by Col. F. H. Elmore, who, on the part of what may be entitled the literary and scientific committee, made a report of the specific labours of the Society, since its formation. A Constitution, already adopted by the unformed society, was now ratified in form; and a great body of highly distinguished members enrolled themselves.—Among them were nearly all the leading gentlemen of the State. I was glad to recognize your worthy and learned Bishop England, as of the number.

The chair was supported by Messrs. Calhoun, Preston and Petigru, the 3 vice-presidents; together with

the Governor, and the ordinary officers of the society. In the course of the proceedings, a motion (of which I may give you some further account) was made, by Mr. Attorney General Smith, in regard to the revival of the Southern Review. Measures will be taken towards this most worthy and important object. The evening proceedings closed with the reading, by Dr. Moultrie (of your city) of this able and learned discourse, on Medical Education, which, by special request of the society, he had prepared.

COLUMBIA Dec. 7.—Evening.

The College Commencement of to-day has gone off with a brilliancy, such as the best days of the Institution (for the older time, you know, is always taken to have been the best) never surpassed. The attending concourse was large, imposing and most enthusiastic, and the entire ceremonies of the occasion were, in every part of their performance most gratifying. I have never before witnessed here a scene half so animating, or that promised, in the general and sanguine interest of a good crowd of intelligent and eager spectators, better hopes to the establishment, to which the public favour has once more been so warmly recalled.

From 9, when the procession began to form itself at the College, to the hour of 10, when it had reached the quarters of the Governor, was passed in the outer progress of its long train. When it had been joined by his Excellency and the body of the Trustees, it set out on the homeward voyage, touching at the State House for the Senate and House of Representatives; which here, headed by their officers in their robes, fell into the procession. Besides various clerical gentlemen, as the Rev. Messrs. Means and Shand, and Drs. Howe and Ireland, of the Seminary, I remarked in the ranks Messrs. Calhoun, Pinckney, and some others. A fine band, borrowed for the occasion from the Circus, completed the pleasure of this inspiring entertainment, by an auxiliary that Columbia does not often bestow, that of good music.

The spectacle at the College Chapel was of course, still more gratifying, when we came beneath galleries crowded with such a display of elegance and beauty as was fittest to crown the whole company. Here, after an introductory prayer from that worthy, liberal, and learned gentleman, Dr. Robert Means, Professor Lieber proceeded to pronounce his inaugural address on History, a performance which certainly did high credit to the institution, and gave augury of the future lessons of this learned gentleman. It produced a very strong impression of his taste, as well as talents, and was, certainly, as to the general admiration excited, highly successful.

The speeches of the Graduates followed, and exhibited very gratifying proofs of their proficiency and general cultivation. The ensuing of their degrees was succeeded by the conferring of the title of Master of Arts upon a number of candidates for that honour.

The ceremonies closed with a speech by the governor, pronounced by request of the Board. Its object was to enforce upon the minds of the students themselves, those high and honorable purposes, to which they should regard themselves as called by the State, through the gift of education in an institution founded and sustained at the public expense. Touching succinctly, but in the most powerful manner, the great circumstances of public necessity, and of individual honor, that should urge every child of the State towards a career of usefulness and distinction; he ad-

jured them to assume the newly appropriated garb of a student in that Institution, with a fixed determination never to sully it by idle or immoral pleasures, by unworthy demeanor or neglect of the great aim of knowledge, or disobedience towards those heads of the Institution whom the State has placed over them as literary guardians and fathers. I will not attempt, upon mere memory, to give you any minute particulars of his speech, which was, however, as every thing which he utters is sure to be, most powerfully thought, most commandingly impressed, and most energetically delivered; so that, upon this, as upon all other occasions when I have had the pleasure of hearing him, it was difficult to imagine how any eloquence, (though sweeter and more finished eloquence I have certainly heard,) could ever produce an effect more powerful, or more certain to be lasting. I should be sorry indeed, to think that our youth have not in them a susceptibility to generous impressions and excellence of spirit, which would really be but faint, if it could forget in a full year the noble sentiments and strong emotions which such a lesson was eminently fitted to call up in them.

#### COMPTROLLER GENERAL'S REPORT.

It will be seen from this document, that the finances of this State are in a highly flourishing condition. The income has exceeded the expenditure by nearly \$40,000, and would have amounted to 60,000 if the repairs of the College had not absorbed 20,000. The sum of 110,000 dollars has been received in bonuses from the Bank of Charleston, the State Bank, the Bank of South-Carolina, and the Commercial Bank at Columbia. This has amounted to more than one fourth of the income of the last fiscal year. Deducting this amount from the receipts into the Treasury, the excess of income over expenditure, amounting to between 50 and 60,000 dollars, would, as the Comptroller remarks, pay the interest on one million of dollars, if the State should be disposed to borrow that amount for any public object.—*Mercury*.

The following gentlemen have been elected President and Directors of the State of South-Carolina by the Legislature:—President, C. J. Colcock; Directors, James Rose, D. C. Webb, A. Middleton, Jas. Robertson, Jas. Logare, Thos. Gadsden, Saml. Burger, A. W. Campbell, Neil McNeil, John P. Nowell, James F. Green, and L. G. Capers.

#### COLUMBUS (Ga.), Nov. 29.

*More difficulties with the Indians.*—We understand that a rencontre took place a few days since, about twenty-five miles below this place; in the neighborhood of McCloud's Ferry, between three or four whites and a company of Indians, in which one Indian was killed and another badly wounded. For the purpose of revenge, the Indians have since destroyed a whole family, who were innocent, and knew nothing of the difficulty. We are not yet in possession of all the facts; as soon, however, as we can get them from an authentic source, we will lay them before the public. This much we will venture to assert—that in this case, as in many others, the innocent have been made to suffer from the imprudence of others.

#### SANFELIPE DE AUSTIN, Nov. 1, 1835.

*Gentlemen.*—As it is our duty to keep you properly apprized of the affairs of our country, we will send you an extract from Col. Austin's letter of the 28th Oct.

"Head Quarters, Mission of Conceptions, one mile }  
and a half from Bezar—Oct. 28. 1835 }

"To the President of the Consultation of Texas:

"I have the honor to inform you that the enemy, to the number of three hundred cavalry and one hundred infantry, as nearly as could be ascertained, with two pieces of artillery, at sunrise this morning, attacked a detachment of the army under the command of Col. Bowie and Capt. Fanning, composed of ninety men, who were posted at this place, and after a warm engagement of three hours, were repelled with the loss of one piece of cannon (a six-pounder), and about thirty muskets, sixteen men left dead on the ground, and from all accounts as many more carried off; the wounded we can only conjecture, with the exception of two that remained on the field. It is with great regret I have to say, that on our side, we had one man (Richard Andrews) wounded, I fear mortally; but we have sustained no other loss except a few horses. The main body of the army came up about thirty minutes after the enemy had retired. S. F. AUSTIN."

The most of the members of the Consultation have returned from the army, and we are in hopes that there will be a quorum here by tomorrow.

There has an armed vessel made its appearance on our coast—attempted to land at Velasco—fired one shot at the town; it was manfully returned by the citizens of the place from an eighteen pounder, and after firing four shots at her, she stood off, and has been more shy, so says an express from that place. The United States Volunteers from New-Orleans, are all mounted and on their way to the army.

R. R. ROYALL, President.

A. HOUSTON, Secretary.

By the arrival of the steam packet Dolphin, Capt. Pennoyer, in 25 hours from St. Augustine (E. F.), we are put in possession of the following information:

Capt. P. states, that information had reached St. Augustine, that the Indians had sent their women and children into the interior, making every preparation for an attack upon the whites, having, with only four or five exceptions, embodied themselves within eight miles of Camp Ming. Five or six hundred warriors have assembled, and the U. States Troops are altogether insufficient to protect the inhabitants. Great consternation prevails throughout the Territory. Several families have been compelled to leave their dwelling.

"St. Augustine is entirely defenceless, and will remain so until the return of the Dolphin, the captain of which having orders to take from Savannah 500 stand of arms.

One of the friendly Indian chiefs, with two of his daughters, on his return from Camp Ming, was surprised by a party of hostile Indians and killed.

#### LONGEVITY OF FISHES.

Fishes are among the most long lived animals. A pike was taken in 1754 at Kaiser slaughter which had a ring fastened to the gill covers from which it appeared to have been put in the pond of that castle, by the order of Frederic II, in 1487, a period of 267 years. It is described as being 19 feet long and weighed 350 lbs.—*Kirby's Bridgewater Treatise*.

Let not God's ministers complain, if at any time they find themselves postponed in men's thoughts and cares; but let them make sure of the favor of God, and the honor that comes from him.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1835.

## To Correspondents.

H. J.'s Fragment is good as far as it goes, but he must complete his piece to ensure its insertion.

No business of importance has been done by the State Legislature. Several bills are still under discussion.

Mr. Robert W. Barnwell, formerly Representative in Congress from Beaufort and Colleton Districts, has been elected President of the South-Carolina College; and the Rev. Basil Manly, Pastor of the Baptist Church in this city, has been unanimously invited to the Professorship of Sacred Literature and Evidences of Christianity. These appointments cannot but give satisfaction to all who are solicitous about the prosperity of the College and the moral influences to be exerted there. Whether the latter gentlemen will accept, however, is not yet known, but it is to be hoped that he will. The church of which Mr. Manly is Pastor, as may have been expected, are decidedly opposed to his acceptance; of the appointment; and at a very full church meeting on Monday evening last, passed unanimously resolutions expressive of the opinion that it is more to the benefit of religion that he should remain where he is.

The Baptists have never been distinguished for a spirit of intolerance. Although often charged with illiberality and bigotry, we may with confidence challenge the strictest examination of history, general or ecclesiastical, for evidence in support of the charge. 'Tis true we are strict communionists, and 'tis equally true that we regard ours as the true church, the repository of the faith once delivered to the saints; but never have Baptists exercised any power besides moral suasion to promote the interests of their denomination. The remark is frequently made that such is the principle of human nature, intolerance will be the result of power in any denomination.— Whilst we concede that man in power is naturally disposed to be intolerant, and whilst we would not imply that Baptists as men are an exception, we at the same time insist that such is the democracy of every church in their denomination, it is utterly impossible for them to exercise physical force. Such being the fact, power is not sought, and the Baptists are habitually and often reprehensibly neglectful of the means by which influence may be secured. But whilst such is the general character of the denomination, it is not very unfrequently the case that individuals exhibit an intolerant disposition, and make it very apparent that want of power alone keeps them from its practical exercise.

The Catholic question excites every where in this country much discussion, and it would be surprising if Baptists, possessed as they are of passions like other men, should not occasionally give way to feelings becoming neither the christian nor republican character. Yet we think an appeal may safely be made to the history of the present discussion to show that the Baptists have not gone the lengths of some others in bitter invectives against the Roman Catholics. So far, however, as they have gone, we confess we are mortified, and as a Christian Editor we must express our entire disapprobation of any course that may tend to restrain the freedom of religious opinion. It has long been our boast as Americans that in this country every man is allowed to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and surely Baptists of all oth-

ers ought to be careful to preserve themselves from every thing like intolerance.

We are led into these remarks from seeing in the Catholic Miscellany a brief stricture on one or two articles which lately appeared in the Southern Baptist, and for which we are charged with the exercise of a very uncharitable spirit, as tho' we were the authors of the articles alluded to. It is true we hold ourselves responsible for the general management of our paper, but cannot be responsible for the opinions expressed by our correspondents, or withhold from our readers what is circulated as the news of the day. As regards the Catholics, in our Editorials we always try to be respectful, and in our selections from other papers we take care to give the proper credit. We hope therefore that the Editor of the Miscellany will not hereafter confound our opinions with those credited to other authority.

## 1 Peter 1. 2.

*Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Christ: Grace unto you and peace be multiplied.*

The Lord in ancient times chose the Israelites "to be a special people unto himself, above all people that are on the face of the earth." These typified the present church, who are said to be "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people," in choosing whom God designed that they "should show forth the praises of him who hath called" them "out of darkness into his marvellous light." And as God from idolatrous Ur of the Chaldees brought forth Abram, and from the bondage of Egypt brought forth Israel, to establish their possession of Canaan, so has he brought forth his church from the idolatry of carnal affections and from the bondage of sin to the possession of his "mountains" which his "elect" "inherit" and where his "servants" "dwell." Here, 'tis true, is not yet a permanent abiding place, it is only a foretaste of that which is to come, a mixture of bliss and affliction. Here we rejoice in our deliverance from the bondage of the world, but we are still subject to the molestation of the Canaanites who remain in the land. This is yet a period of trial—trials of such character, that "except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved: but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." And among these trials not the least is the spurious religion and the heterodox faith too prevalent in the world, for there are "false Christs" and "false prophets," who show "great signs and wonders; inasmuch that if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect." But blessed be God, however we may vacillate at times through the speciousness of anti-Christian doctrines, we know that the elect of God will finally realise the promises of Grace, for "he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other," and then "shall he avenge his own elect which cry day and night unto him, though he bears long with them."—Christ having "chosen" us before we chose him, "and ordained" us, not for this world but the world to come, no charge shall be brought against God's elect. For it is God that "justifieth," and at last we shall be freed from the turmoils of life and lifted to that world of peace for which we hope we are destined. Yet, however sure the promises of God and the happy destiny of his elect, it is certain that there is a powerful struggle between the Christian and the powers of darkness. Every effort is made to destroy his faith, and if the spirit of incredulity do not succeed, then will the enemy operate upon his credulity, and destroy his faith if possible, by making him believe too much. And oftentimes does the genius of heterodoxy gain such an ascendancy in the church, that some are ready to

fear that all is lost, and that God has "cast away his people whom he foreknew;" but even in those seasons of despondency, we may rest assured that "there is a remnant according to the election of Grace." Yea, though others may fail of what they seek, because they seek blindfolded, yet the election, persecuted or deluded as they may be, shall obtain, because "they are beloved for the Father's sake." God having chosen us in Christ before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love, having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will we may expect to "obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with eternal glory."

These reflections are presented in view of the opposition too frequently made to the doctrine of election: an opposition if not sufficient to destroy the elect themselves, yet too much calculated to mar those consolations which the Christian would enjoy if left to contemplate his salvation, as altogether of grace, and calculated too to reflect dishonor upon that God who has expressly told us that he as potter has power over the clay to make one vessel to honor and another to dishonor. It is even so that many interpret the doctrines of the Bible to the discredit of God himself, and our present object is to guard our brethren against what we conceive erroneous teaching, and to present to them the comforting doctrines of the Bible.

1. God's people are an elect people, fore-ordained to their election.

To elect means to choose or select. The meaning of our proposition therefore is, that God's people were fore-ordained by God to be his chosen people. And undoubtedly this is the doctrine of the above text. A distinction is often attempted to be drawn between the decree of God and the election by God according to his fore-knowledge. But we confess we have not acuteness enough to discover the distinction. Philologically we might admit a distinction in the meaning of the terms since hardly any two words are synonymous in our language, but as to any real distinction in the doctrine of either phraseology, none exists in our own mind. If God is possessed of fore-knowledge, "and known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world," he assuredly in the act of creation determines that what he foreknows will come to pass shall come to pass. God is about to create, he knows before he creates that such and such persons will be saved. If he does not create of course these will not be saved, because they are not there to be saved. If then God creates them, he creates them to be saved. Is not this then equivalent to his decree of their salvation? And that election according to fore-knowledge is synonymous with the decretal doctrine, is evident from the language of the Scriptures as well as from sound reasoning. In speaking of the crucifixion of Christ by the Jews, the Apostle Peter uses this language: "Him, being delivered by the determined counsel and fore-knowledge of God," and it is plain in this quotation, that God's fore-knowledge implies determined counsel. Again, "For whom he did foreknow he also did predestinate." Now to predestinate means "to appoint before hand by irreversible decrees," and this is the meaning which will be found in our common school dictionaries. Here then "irreversible decrees" is in the Bible put in apposition with the fore-knowledge of God. Why then should an attempt be made to draw a distinction not warranted by the Scriptures? Nay, whilst the Scriptures are themselves perfectly plain against such distinction? In the text therefore we have the proof of our proposition that God's people are an elect people, fore-ordained to their election; since they are said to be "elect according to the fore-knowledge of God." But that we may not leave any thing doubtful on

this subject as to the doctrine of the Scripture, let us exhibit a few of the many passages which directly teach the doctrine of Predestination. Romans ix. 11-12: "The children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth, it was said unto her The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved but Esau have I hated." Romans viii. 28-30: "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose for whom he did foreknow he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first born among many brethren. Moreover, whom he did predestinate them he also called: and whom he called them he also justified: and whom he justified them he also glorified." Ephesians i. 11-12: In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will; that we should be to the praise of his glory who first trusted in Christ." Ephesians i. 4-5: According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." 2 Thessalonians ii. 13: "God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the spirit and belief of the truth."

After so much clear exhibition in Scripture language of the doctrine of Predestination, God forbid that we should deny it or attempt to explain away its literal interpretation. And yet though Jesus himself has declared that he chose us out of the world, there are some who have the arrogance or pride, or at least so much destitution of humility, as to say that the choice or election which God has made is in consequence of obedience in the elect themselves. And is it so, brethren, that we were better than others, and is this the reason that God selected us? Alas! it is no evidence of our humility, that we have such a thought. St. Paul asked this question, "Are we better than they?" and humbly answers, "No, in no wise," for "there is none that doeth good, no, not one." So far from being elected on account of obedience, the text expressly declares we are elected unto obedience. And this brings us to consider

2. Unto what they are elected.

From the text we learn that they are elected unto holiness, obedience and salvation. It is so contrived in the economy of God's dispensations, that misery should be the attendant of vice, and happiness of holiness. It is also clear that there can be no true obedience but that which is voluntary. Hence it is necessary in order to secure a voluntary obedience to God that the heart be sanctified, and being sanctified it is also prepared for that salvation which Jesus Christ died to secure to sinners, a salvation from their sins. Do we then ask unto what God's people are elected? We answer

1st. It was the pleasure of the Lord to set apart a people unto himself of such a character as to hold companionship with him. Depraved by the fall of our common parent, we are unfit for that society of which our holy God is the head. To qualify us for that society, the heart must be changed and our characters reformed. When therefore God determined to raise up a people unto himself, he determined to make them "a holy nation, a peculiar people," "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing." And these his people are "thoroughly washed from their iniquities and cleansed from their sins." They are made "whiter than the snow." Yes, "though their sins are scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool," "when the Lord shall have washed away

the filth of the daughter of Zion." To their sanctification then has God elected his people.

2d. "Unto obedience." God has said, his people shall be a *willing* people in the day of "his power." Not to "live after the flesh" and die, but "through the spirit to mortify the deeds of the flesh" and live, "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." In the first instance they are made to love and then obedience follows of course, for they who love God will "keep his commandments." In reference to the world in general, all are required to obey the word of God—it is the duty of all to obey, but it is the pleasure of the Lord not only to bind his peculiar people by law, but so to influence their hearts through that *love of holiness* and of God that he engenders, that they *shall* obey, for he has elected them unto obedience. We do not say that the Christian always obeys, but he *habitually* obeys, and when he arrives to "the perfect stature of a man in Christ Jesus," then will his obedience through all eternity be complete.

3d. God has elected his people to *salvation*—"to the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ." Inasmuch as we were all "sold under sin," and even born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and were "transgressors from the womb," and for these transgressions were obnoxious to the wrath of God, it was necessary that we should either pay the forfeit of our sins, or find atonement in other blood. To pay the forfeit in our own suffering, would leave God without a people on earth "to the praise of his glory," for *eternity* would be stamped upon their torments for a single transgression. To have therefore a sanctified people he must have them first atoned for, or in other words they must be a justified people, and hence he decreed to his elect people the "sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ;" salvation from their sins."

Thus we are taught to ascribe salvation to the electing love of the Father, the redemption of the Son, and the sanctification of the Spirit. Oh! that we may be found among the elect of God—and oh! brethren, let us make our "calling and election sure." The teaching of the Spirit is the evidence of our election to ourselves, and our obedience to the will of God the evidence to others. May God grant us the evidence of the Spirit, and may our fruit exhibit our faith. Amen.

ISLAND OF ST. HELENA, S. C., Dec. 3, 1835.

To the Editor of the Southern Baptist.

Dear sir,—Will you please to publish in your paper the following subscriptions for the 'American Baptist Home Mission Society.' As the names of many subscribers were obtained at Associations, we are unable, in many instances, to give their residence; but they are all in South-Carolina.

W. B. Johnson, Edgfield, \$20; the Edgfield Female Working Society, \$10; J. L. Brookes, \$100; Zedekiah Watkins, \$1; William Watkins, \$1; J. H. Merritt, \$1; Zebulon Rudolph, senior, \$20; N. P. Hodges, \$2; Wm. Merritt, \$1; William Hill, 50 cts.; M. Mims, \$20; R. L. Whitaker, \$2; William Henry Brisbane, \$30; John Trapp, \$5; Albert Waller, \$2; Jennings O'Bannon, \$1; J. T. Coleman, \$2; J. B. O'Neal, \$10; B. F. Griffin, \$5; J. O. B. Dargan, \$1; M. T. Mendenhall, \$2; J. M. Chiles, \$2; J. B. Furman, \$1; Levi Hickson, \$3; Darling Peoples, \$30; W. J. Fickling, \$1; J. M. Prothro, \$5; Elisha Tyler, \$5; Cash, \$1.25; Cash, \$2; H. W. Mahony, \$1; J. Wheeler, \$5; Charles Windham, \$2; H. P. Logan, \$1; John Montgomery, \$5; J. D. Hodge, 50 cts.; H. Bradham, 25 cts.; Elijah Pringle, \$5; S. S. Burdott, \$2; M. N. Stickling, \$1; S. E. Plowden, \$2; Wm. K. White, \$2; J. Riley, 50 cts.; H. A. Williams, 25

cts.; John J. Ray, \$5; A. D. Cunningham, \$1.75; J. E. Coskrey, \$1; Isaac Nicholes, \$2; W. R. Coskrey, 50 cts.; M. E. White, 50 cts.; Misses Taylors, \$1.4 cts.; R. M. Wheeler, 50 cts.; Cash, \$7.4 cts.; B. D. Hodge, \$1; Miss N. A. Coskrey, 25 cts.; Miss L. A. Coskrey, 12.4 cts.; Miss M. J. Chimey, 12.4 cts.; Wiley Fort, \$1; Misses Conyers, \$1; J. E. Harvin, 25 cts.; Jesse Hartwell, \$5; M. J. Hartwell, \$2; M. R. Hartwell, \$1; Ann F. Hartwell, \$1; E. C. Hartwell, \$1; S. F. Hartwell, 50 cts.; Boardman J. Hartwell, \$1; Alex. Sims, \$5; J. M. Sanders, \$5; Samuel Wilson, \$5; J. H. Pierce, \$1.50; W. Wingate, \$5; Bilzy Lilly, \$2; Sarah Cutlett, \$5; S. B. Wilkins, \$5; J. Dubosc, 50 cts.; S. P. Cutlett, \$5; Servants of Mr. Pierce, 41 cts.; Russel Rigby, 50 cts.; R. Langston, 25 cts.; C. J. D. McKithen, \$1; John Leach, \$1; G. Morris, \$1; Joseph Revill, \$1; Cash, \$1; J. Wilkes, 50 cts.; Robt. P. Lide, \$5; Elizabeth Williams, \$30; Enoch Kirven, \$2; Ths. Hicks, \$2; C. B. Rhodes, \$1; N. More, \$1; J. Parsons, 50 cts.; E. Hicks, \$1.50; A. Belfour, 25 cts.; A. M. Melver, \$30; John M. Timmons, \$30; C. M. Fort, \$1; Cash, 50 cts.; D. E. Kirven, \$5; Cash, 50 cts.; T. P. Lide, \$10; Silus S. Anderson, \$5; R. R. Gibson, \$1; D. Palmer, \$1; John Terrill, \$10; Robert Napier, \$5; W. J. Timmons, \$3; R. Nettles, \$1; John Coultney, \$2; E. M. Bostick, \$3; Daniel McKay, \$1.50; James Lane, \$5; Cash, by hand of S. P. Cutlett, \$3.12; Mrs. Long, and Lee, \$1; J. D. Costman, \$1; J. C. Timmons, \$1; Wm. Timmons, \$5; Ann Thomas, 50 cts.; T. G. Rogers, 50 cts.; J. D. Wilson, \$30; Jas. A. Pettigrew, \$5; Susannah Good, \$4; M. L. Pettigrew, \$5; Lydia Dargan, \$1; J. E. Dargan, \$1; S. K. F. Dargan, \$1; T. T. A. Dargan, \$1; Charles Dargan, \$1; Margaret D. Sims, \$1; W. Q. Beattie, \$5. (To be continued.)

Yours, respectfully,

LUTHER CRAWFORD, Secretary.

P. S.—Please also insert the following for Georgia: Wm. H. Turpin, \$100; M. C. Devant, \$5; Milton Anthony, \$20; Absalom James, \$5; L. B. Moore, \$10; R. Q. Dickenson, \$5; Wyche Jackson, \$10; Ann Milledge, \$20; Cash, \$1.

## GENERAL MISCELLANY.

### The Widow and her Son.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its frequent shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark open pannelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seem to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose; such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky."

I do not pretend to be what is called a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience no where else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the whole seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frivolity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety

of a true Christian, was a poor decrepid old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty.—The lingering of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of Heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her form in prayer—habitually cooing her prayer book, which her palsied hand and falling eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart—I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman rose to Heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches, and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote neglected corners of the church yard; where from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extended down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were obsequies of poverty with which pride had nothing to do.—A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or covering, was borne by some of the villagers.—The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze with childish curiosity on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice with a prayer book in his hand, attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form but coldly and unfeelingly. The well fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid nursery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased; "George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as

if in prayer, but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son, with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposite the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions were given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel, which at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most writhing. The bustle around seemed to awaken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her head and broke into an agony of grief; the poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of world suffering.

I could see no more; my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears,—I felt as if I was acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich; they have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise above the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe,—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years; these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church yard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter; she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the neighborhood from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had only one son who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age—"Oh, Sir!" said the good woman, "he was a comely lad, so sweet tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful o' his parents! It did one's heart good to see him on a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder

of leaning on George's arm than on her own good man's and poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad, there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press gang and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into the grave.—The widow left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village and certain respect, as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors now and then cultivated for her.

It was a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told to me, that she was gathering some vegetables for a repast, when she heard the cottage door, which faced the garden suddenly open. A stranger came out and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in a seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son! your poor boy George!" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad: who shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had at length dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended; still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if any thing had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and never rose from it again.

The villagers when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness, that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy.—Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed, in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, has not thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an endearing tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is never to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by

danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; and if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from his misfortunes; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness and none to soothe—lonely and in prison and none to visit him. He could not endure her from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up till he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquility of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction, was to visit the cottage of the mourner and administer pecuniary assistance, and if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feeling of the villagers had prompted them to do every thing that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday morning I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son, and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black ribbon or so—a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief that passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related the story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I had left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

#### Turning the Cat out of the Cabin.

In journeying from Buffalo to Albany on the canal, during the last week, I was much amused at the following incident. The passengers being all seated in the cabin in the evening, the Rev Mr. Hunt arose and addressed them as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is an interesting question how far men are at liberty to pursue their own pleasure, and to enjoy their own rights. Some men have what are called natural antipathies to certain objects. I have known a man, who was very brave and courageous, yet if a cat came into the room, so horrible and uncontrollable

were his feelings, that he would jump out of the window, if he could escape in no other way. Now suppose that a man was in this cabin, had paid his passage, and was compelled by duty to continue his voyage. Would any of us, who would not be made miserable, because we had not a cat, have a right to torment that man by insisting on our right to keep the cat in the cabin? As many of you as think we are not at liberty to keep the cat under such circumstances, will please to say *aye*. (The vote was unanimous.) Now ladies and gentlemen, what the cat is to such a man, so it is the sight of beer to me. I cannot help thinking of the muddy water, and the rats that have perished in the vat. The sight of those drinks which makes the drunkard and the breath of the drunkard, Oh! how loathsome to those who do not drink. Ladies and gentlemen, shall we turn the cat out of this cabin!"

The result was, a petition to the owners of the boats, to make them temperance boats, on the principle of total abstinence.—*Temp. Rec.*

*From the Southern Temperance Star.*

"This is a free country and every man has a right to do as he pleases—drink ardent spirit or let it alone."

The above sentiment is in the mouths of thousands, and is urged as a reason why they continue to pursue a course of conduct which they know needs an excuse, and for which they are utterly at a loss to assign any satisfactory reason. Unfortunately for such persons, with the exception of the fact, that this is a free country, no part of the above reason, or excuse, is true. No man has a right to use ardent spirit as a beverage. This, we are aware, will be thought high ground by many; but high as it is, we doubt not its truth, and

1. No man has a natural right to use ardent spirit as a drink. Its use is injurious; it shortens life; it impairs the mind, it deteriorates the character; it leads to bad habits. No man has a right to commit bodily or mental suicide.

2. No man has a civil right to use ardent spirit. His country has a claim upon him and his services; and he is bound to hold himself in readiness to perform all the civil duties to which she may call him. He has no right to disqualify himself for those duties, by pursuing any course which shall impair his understanding, darken his judgment, deaden his sensibilities, or weaken his perceptions of right and wrong. And yet ardent spirit does all these, and renders a man unfit to be a citizen of any country, or the inhabitant of any land.

3. No man has a social right to use ardent spirit. As the member of any family, every person is bound to use his influence and put forth his efforts to add to the happiness, and diminish the miseries of that family. The direct tendency of the habit of using ardent spirit is, to destroy all social affection, render a man a nuisance instead of a blessing, and increase domestic wretchedness and misfortune. No son, husband, or father, has a right thus to trifle with and endanger the peace and happiness of those who look to him for comfort, or who depend upon him for support and protection.

4. No man has a moral right to use ardent spirit as a drink. No one cause is capable of so hardening the heart, so stupifying the conscience, and of making a man so utterly reckless of present and future consequences, as is the practice of spirit drinking.

It leads to forgetfulness of duty, steals the mind against the influence of truth, incapacitates and incapacitates for reflection, and has brought thousands under the maledictions of that fearful declaration, "drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven." What right then has any man to use ardent spirit as a drink? None at all. Every consideration which can bear upon the human mind enforces abstinence; considerations too which would avail, were it not for appetite.

#### To make Castor Oil palatable.

Take the quantity of oil you propose for the dose, and boil it a few moments in an equal quantity of milk; then sweeten it with a little sugar. When the mixture has cooled, stir it well and administer it. There will be no necessity of giving the child any thing to drink after taking this mixture, for the taste of it is more pleasant than any drink you can give.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

### ARM-CHAIR STORIES, AND REVERIES.

#### A CHURCH IN THE BACKWOODS.

"A man he was to all the country dear."

GOLDSMITH.

About twenty summers since, during a rambling excursion into the western wilderness, I remember stopping late one Saturday evening at a shabby little tavern on the margin of one of those immense grassy levels, called prairies, which form the most interesting feature in the scenery of those romantic regions.

At that time I had not a spark of real religious feeling, still I was a man of considerable decorum of habits. At home on Sunday morning, duly as the town clock struck nine, I closed the door of my counting house, and hurried homeward to make the necessary preparations to appear in "the great congregation." Let no one misunderstand me; this preparation had no connection with the regulation of my thoughts and affections,—no act of solemn meditation. It was simply the changing my every-day drab surtout, for a superfluous, royal purple coat, unblemished by the slightest speck or mote; and smoothing into more than ordinary sleekness, my Sunday beaver. Such being my wonted habits, I was evidently a church-going man; and before I retired that Saturday night, I inquired, "If there was any church near"—and learned with considerable satisfaction, that a short ride would bring me to "the best meeting house in the country, the prairie church." Accordingly the next morning I set forth somewhat earlier than the appointed hour, and soon found myself within the edge of the prairie: Its waving surface of richest green stretched far before me, like a wide heaving sea, for the slightest breeze that swept above it, agitated the broad expanse, into endless billowy undulations. This immense plain is dotted here and there with solitary trees, which look like dark spots upon the paler verdure, and across the interminable level, its dark woodland border is dimly discovered, like a faint, bluish outline. Following one of the innumerable paths, which winding from every direction, converge towards

a certain point in the horizon, I found myself after a ride of a few hours, entering a grove in which I expected to find the church; nor was it long before it appeared in the midst of a wide clearing; but certainly very unlike the image I had conjured up in my own imagination. Assuredly I had not expected to find in the church of the prairie, an edifice of stone or brick, or even of well painted wood, with tall steeple and gilded vane, such as I was familiar with in cities. But some vague notion I had of rustic simplicity and beauty, correspondent with its romantic name; and when I saw a low, uncouth looking log house, with a single door and window, its unhewn timbers still cased in their sylvan envelope of shaggy bark—I acknowledge that the little temple of the woods, scarcely received that tribute of respect, which I had been accustomed to accord to every house of God.

In the open space before the church, partly seated on the grass, and partly dispersed through the neighboring woods, I found its humble congregation; and learning from them that the minister had not arrived, I strayed still further into the green shades which surrounded us. Here I was soon constrained to confess, that if the church of the prairie had disappointed my expectations, it nevertheless enjoyed the most lovely and picturesque situation I had ever beheld. From the deep black loam, shot up a giant forest growth, whose broad umbrageous branches, spread around an almost unbroken continuity of shade. No confused undergrowth obstructed the view; all was clear and free, and long vistas opened in every direction, between the massy columns of oaks, sycamores, and magnolias: beneath the whole was spread a fresh, close cropped green, richly sprinkled with the crimson leaves of the green tree, and the bright yellow foliage of the sassafras, for it was late in September, and every passing breeze showed the earth with these brilliant but transient honors of the autumnal grove.

On my return to the church, I found that the minister had arrived, and that the congregation were crowding into the little building. I obtained a seat with some difficulty, and as the service had not commenced, I spent the few preceding minutes in reconnoitering my novel situation. And here I speedily discovered that the perplexity which I had felt as to the admittance of air and light to this strange one windowed building, was entirely misplaced, the wide interstices between the logs affording an abundant entrance to both: indeed I was painfully admonished of this fact, by a strong sun-beam, which darting through some unguarded aperture, shined vehemently upon my head during the greater part of the morning. The congregation next attracted my attention; they were a plain home-spun clad people, and though I had many sentimental associations with ideal peasants and rustics, such as I had read of in pastorals, whether in prose or verse, I must acknowledge that my fashion practised eye, was considerably offended by the obsolete cut, and glaring colors of some of the dresses before me. But notwithstanding my tasteful fastidiousness, I was constrained to observe that many of the sunburnt faces around me, wore an expression of earnest expectation and anxious desire, very unlike the stiff artificial propriety of a city congregation.

But all my speculations were suddenly interrupted by the appearance of the minister slowly rising in the little stand which served for a pulpit, he wore the common garb of the country, and his face deeply bronzed by exposure, shewed that he shared its com-

mon labour; but the thin white locks which grew around his sunken temples, and a sweet seriousness in his whole expression, redeemed his countenance from any thing like coarseness or vulgarity. I could not help looking reverently at the old man, maugre all my city prejudices against a coarse coat and clergy out of blacks; and when he began to read in a voice which was full of natural music, though evidently untrained to any of the elegances of the art, I was deeply touched by the profound solemnity and pathos with which he recited rather than read, though he held the book in his hand, the following lines from Watts.

God of my childhood and my youth,  
The guide of all my days,  
I have declared thy heavenly truth,  
And told thy wondrous ways.  
Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart?  
Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God my strength depart?

The fire of devotion which kindled in his faded eye as he commenced, was quickly quenched by a glistening tear, and the strong quiver of emotion, rendered his voice nearly inaudible in his last verse.

My heart was considerably softened by this commencement, and the avenues of feeling long sealed by inveterate worldliness, were gently opened to receive the holy influences which flowed from the following services.

The humble priest of the prairie, as I afterwards learned, was an unlettered man. "His Bible true" was his only book; the rich volume of nature its only commentary—between these he discovered a beautiful and affecting harmony, which he delighted to trace and exhibit, and it was these wild flowers of fancy and feeling, culled from the forest and the field, which richly supplied the deficiency of the more elaborate ornaments of learning. There was not a rural picture, not a changing season, or varying hour—no home scene in life, which he could not find clearly reflected in the faithful mirror of inspiration,—the finger of God had painted both, and he loved the venerable impress, and delighted in the beautiful correspondence.

Aboard in the field, he would pause at his early work, and looking fervently up at the morning star glittering amid the purple dawn, exclaim, "Thou makest the out-goings of the morning and evening to rejoice—The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament sheweth his handy work. Day unto day uttereth speech, night unto night sheweth knowledge." And then as the red disk of the rising sun ascended gloriously from behind distant trees, he gave him his glad good morrow in the very words in which his Maker describes his morning tabernacle and burning circuit. Or listening to the silent shower, distilling over rejoicing fields and pastures, said with the Psalmist, "Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; thou settest the furrows thereof; thou makest it soft with showers, thou blessest the springing thereof—they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side."

This it was that constituted the peculiar charm of his preaching, and imparted an ever varying freshness to his ideas, giving them a tinge as it were of the hues of heaven.

He was an ignorant man, and he meekly contented himself with the beaten path of experience, avoiding those heights and depths of religion, which re-

quire the strong pinion of a trained and disciplined mind.

He talked of the bitterness of sin which he had felt, of the love of Christ which he had tasted—and when he spoke of a faithful God, his hand instinctively rose to his own gray locks as an affecting testimonial: and while he painted with glowing fervour, the redeemed in the glorious robes of righteousness, I looked on the coarse sleeve of his uplifted arm, and almost thought that I beheld it already transmuted into the ethereal garments of light. So much of reality, of sober, sacred truth, there was in the character of his preaching.

I left the church, loving the old man and deeply affected by all he had said. A short intermission was to be followed by a second sermon, and I lingered near the church to hear it. The congregation was grouped about in little clusters under the trees, reminding me of those companies seated on the grass, into which the pitying Redeemer arranged the fainting multitude, when he fed them miraculously in the wilderness. From one of these groups I soon saw the venerable minister advancing towards me, he accosted me with hearty kindness, and invited me to a seat under his tree, and a share of his "morsel of bread," with a simplicity and frank courtesy, which strongly reminded me of the patriarchal hospitality of Abraham. During this hasty repast, I made some progress in his acquaintance, and received an invitation to return home with him after the "second sermon," to which I gladly assented.

It was late before the congregation dispersed, and the beams of the setting sun lighted them across the prairie, on foot and on horses, in carts and carriages. We heard for sometime the mingled hum of voices from these retiring families, and occasionally a sweet strain of music floated by us, the sacred vesper of the closing sabbath.

I led my horse and walked by the side of the man of God: whose firm step and rapid pace, as he threaded the forest by a winding foot path, bespoke a green and vigorous old age. The dusky shades of twilight invested every object, before we discovered a little light shining at a distance like a twinkling star. "That is my light," said the old man and mended his pace, as if animated by the sight; and we pursued its "long levelled rule of streaming light," until we found ourselves at the door of a small coarse looking log cabin.

I felt pained and confused as we entered his humble dwelling, fearing that this exposure of his poverty would wound the feelings of my host: but his frank unembarrassed manner, and the bustling hospitality of his wife soon relieved my uneasiness, and I took my seat in the strong oaken chair which he presented to me with pleasure and alacrity. Our supper was soon served, it was clean but very homely, indeed every thing that I noticed, loudly informed me that I was under a poor man's roof.

Anxious to offer him all the honour in my power, I ventured something like a compliment to the two discourses I had heard through the day. My host smiled and said, "he was much obliged to me for the respect and attention I had given to such a poor stammerer as himself—he was sure I must be accustomed to very different preaching."

I warmly disclaimed this fact, and was proceeding in a still more complimentary strain, when he modestly but with great dignity waved the subject.

"You are very kind, Sir, very kind, I see your mo-

tive, and am bound to thank you for it—and I hope I am not so unmindful of the dignity of the message I deliver, as to forget its claims, even when presented by a poor and ignorant man like myself—God speaks in the rough, hoarse east wind, as well as the mild, and delicate zephyr."

In the course of the evening some questions of mine, drew from my host the following brief review of his religious life.

"I have very little story to tell, I am a poor man myself, and was a poor man's son: when I was a tall lad of the age of my eldest boy who sits by your side, my father trusted me with his little crop to carry to market. A more foolish and careless youth than I was at that time, can scarcely be found; I had no more thought than the beasts by whose side I trudged whistling along.

"My whole ambition was to possess a horse and gun of my own, and I asked no higher honour than being called the best racer and marksman in our neighbourhood.

"So foolish was I and ignorant, I was as a beast before thee," said the old man looking reverently up.

— was the first town I had ever seen, and after putting up my horses and cotton 'as my father had directed, (for it was a Sunday,) I wandered through the streets, gaping about me, and stopping every minute to examine some strange sight. Suddenly I was startled by the loud solemn tones of a church bell just above me; I had never heard any thing like it before, and the wonder and delight which I expressed with the utmost simplicity, so pleased and amused a gentleman who was passing at the time, that he offered to carry me to the place whence the sound came, and accordingly he took me with him to church; but I suspect he was rather ashamed of my clownish appearance, for he stowed me away in a gallery pew, and left me immediately. At first I did nothing but gaze at the superb dresses of the ladies, and the beautiful ornaments of the pulpit, but at last the minister himself won my attention, and I think it never wandered from him again for a single moment.

"I suppose that he was a very popular man, for the church was completely crowded, yet there was a meek humility in his countenance which looked as if his wonted place was at Jesus' feet. He had an elegance and refinement of tone and manner which we poor rustic preachers never can attain, yet it was evidently natural to him, for there was nothing of vanity or display about him, he seemed only to think of winning souls to Christ. I listened to him with eager attention, and it seemed as if a thick shroud was gradually withdrawn from my mind and new and most overpowering light poured in upon it. At first indeed, it was only a faint glimmering, like the blind man whose weak organs dimly discerned, men as trees walking: but gradually I saw more clearly, and I left that house a changed creature. I cared no more for the novelties around me—God, God, was in all my thoughts! I shrank from every living creature, and in the stillness of retirement, I looked inward and upwards into the strange secrets of two mysterious worlds, hitherto unknown to me.

"I returned home an altered man. My father often asked, 'why I was so down-hearted!' he missed my merry whistling at the plough, my roistering glee in the harvest. But the secret was soon read; an old one-covered Bible of my Mother's which had long

been preserved as the decent ornament of our parlour shelf, was now my constant companion; and poor unlettered peasant boy, I would spell over its blessed lessons by our evening torch, and dive into those affecting mysteries in which the wayfaring man though a fool shall not err.

"At first I had to encounter many a bitter gibe, and surly raproof from my poor father, but I bore it all patiently, and God rewarded me, God abundantly rewarded me!" he repeated with sudden animation, a bright glow suffusing his tanned and wrinkled countenance, "for he gave me my father's soul as the fruit of my self-denying endurance; and in this wide world there is no place so dear to me, as the old pine tree under whose shade my father fell upon my neck and wept, when first he shed the tears of the contrite one.

"Gradually I began to be noticed in our neighborhood as a serious young man. On Sundays the people encouraged me to speak to them of religion, for they all respected, though some disliked me, and it was not many years before I became a preacher, without knowing it myself.

"Ah, Sir, how earnestly I longed then for the advantages of education.—The minister whom I had heard in ——— haunted my mind night and day: and hard I worked in sun and snow, straining my young sinews, to amass a little treasure for schooling, in the hope that I might at last learn like him to deliver my Master's message. But all my exertions could only raise a pitiful sum sufficient to acquire a little instruction in reading and a slight smattering of grammar."

"That was not the day of religious enterprise and religious seminaries—our pious youth pined in secret, and passed away unknown to the generation among whom they might have lived as burning and shining lights. It is too late for me, but I rejoice, I magnify the goodness of God, for the rising prosperity of Zion!—the schools of the prophets are growing up in the land, and modest penury may lift her drooping head, and crown it with garlands of knowledge."

By this time I felt so familiar with my venerable host, that I ventured a few questions concerning his temporal condition, which seemed to me so every way unsuitable to his work. But upon this subject he was rather reserved; he said, however, that he had some hard struggles in his time," but checking himself, he added, "I bless God, I never have known the bitterness of a houseless head and empty platter—my bread and water have been sure," and more I have no right to claim."

My feelings were considerably excited, and I spoke warmly of the duty of his church and people to maintain him in a more becoming manner.

A deep blush crossed the old man's face, and he said with great feeling, "Our strength is not the strength of stones, nor our flesh brass," yet our brethren seem to think so, and jealously grant our most modest requisitions"—but correcting himself he continued meekly, "I am wrong—and I hope that God has given me a contented spirit under all my privations. Though I sometimes feel for my children growing up in ignorance, and wish that while I labour for others in spiritual things, they would feed me at least with the crumbs which fall under their tables—for oh, how small a mite from their abundance, would supply all our wants; but let me not wrong my brethren; whenever I go among them I find the open door and ready welcome, and there is not one of them, who has not "a little chamber for the man of God,"—they spread before me the heat that they have, and my

presence creates a little holiday among them. But bitter are the dainties which are unshared by those we love, and pleasanter is my own dry crust with them, than these luxurious indulgences without them."

Thus closed our conversation—I left the good man early the next morning, never to forget the little church of the prairie, and its venerable preacher.

## POETRY.

FOR THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST.

### A Dialogue.

ATR—"Watchman what of the night?"

Sinner! is your heart at rest—  
Do you feel yourself secure?

Christian! thou art truly blest;  
But my path is all obscure.

Sinner! leave that tiresome road,  
Walk in wisdom's pleasant way:

Christian! sin's a heavy load,  
Drives each ray of hope away.

Sinner! you should not despair,  
Jesus hears the suppliant's moan:

Christian! can my feeble prayer  
Find acceptance at his throne?

Sinner! none seek Christ in vain,  
He is waiting to forgive.

Christian! trembling, I would fain,  
To the Saviour look and live.

Sinner! fly then to his arms,  
Oh! delay not to believe.

Christian! oh! I feel his charms,  
Now myself to Him I give.

Pardon'd sinner! own his grace,  
'Tis his work, and his alone.

Christian! ever be the praise,  
To the glorious THREE IN ONE!

Charleston.

W. C. R.

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No. 1.	00	a	11	GRAIN, Corn, bush.	1	121	a		RAISINS, Malaga, bun. box	3	50	a	3 75
No. 2.	8	a	9	Oats	48	a	50		Muscatoe	3	50	a	
BREAD, Navy, cwt.	4	a	31	Peas	60	a	60		Bloom	00	0	a	00 00
Pilot	7	a	4	GLASS, Window, 100lb.	41	a	9		RICE, 100lb.	31	a	1	
Crackers	7	a	74	GUNPOWDER, keg.	5	a	6		SUGAR, Muscovado, lb.	71	a	10	
BUTTER, Goshen, prime, lb.	25	a	00	HAY, Prime Northern, 100lb.	2	00	a		Porto Rico and St. Croix	71	a	101	
Inferior	20	a	00	IRON, Pig.					Havana white	111	a	12	
CANDLES, Spermceat.	82	a	34	Sweden, assorted	4	a	41		Do. brown	71	a	91	
Charleston made	14	a	13	Russia, bar	4	a			New-Orleans	6	a	71	
Northern	12	a	13	Hoop, lb.	61	a	61		Lard	141	a	16	
CHEESE, Northern	8	a	81	Sheet	8	a	81		Lump	13	a	14	
COFFEE, inf. to fair	11	a	111	Nail Rods	7	a	71		SALT, Liv. coa. rack, 1 bu.	1	75	a	
Good fair to prime	13	a	131	LARD	9	a	101		In bulk, bush	25	a	30	
Choice	141	a	15	LEAD, Pig and Bar, 100lb.	5	a	61		Turks Island	31	a	61	
Porto Rico	131	a	141	Sheet	61	a	7		SOAP, Am. yellow, lb.	5	a	8	
COTTON, Uplands, inf.		a		LIME, Stone, bbl.	1	50	a		SHOT, all sizes	71	a	8	
Ordinary to fair		a		LUMBER, Pitch Pine, rds, Mt.	7	a	8		SEGGARS, Spanish, M.	14	a	16	
Good fair to good	14	a	141	Shingles, M.	3	a	5		American	1	85	a	1871
Prime to choice	15	a	151	Staves, Red Oak	14	a	15		TALLOW, American, lb.	9	a	91	
Suney and Maine	32	a	40	MOLASSES, Cuba, gal.	25	a	26		TOBACCO, Georgia	31	a	4	
Sea Island, fine	32	a	50	New-Orleans	30	a	32		Kentucky	5	a	6	
CORDAGE, Tarrad	9	a	10	Sugar House Troncle	30	a			Manufactured	8	a	13	
Do. Manilla, cwt.	11	a	12	NAILS, Cu. 1d. to 2d. lb.	61	a	0		Cavendish	24	a	32	
DOMESTIC GOODS.				NAVY STORES.					TEAS, Bohem	18	a	20	
Shirtings, brown, yd.	61	a	81	Tar, Wilmington, bbl.	1	621	a		Souchong	30	a	40	
Blachd.	8	a	15	Turpentine, soft	2	50	a		Gunpowder	75	a	80	
Shetng, brown	8	a	101	Do. Georgetown	1	a	125		Hyson	50	a	80	
Blachd.	101	a	17	Pitch	1	75	a		Young Hyson	65	a	75	
Calicoes	9	a	15	Rosin	1	371	a		TWINE, Seine	26	a	30	
Stripes, indigo blue	81	a	11	Spirits Turpentine, gal.	45	a	50		Sewing	36	a	30	
Checks	7	a	16	Varnish	5	a	25		WINES, Madiera, gal.	2	a	3	
Flats	81	a	11	OILS, Sp. winter strained	1	05	a	110	Teneriffe, I. P.	1	a	1 35	
Fustians	12	a	16	Full strained	90	a			Malaga	45	a	50	
Bed Tick	13	a	20	Summer strained					Claret Bordeaux, coak	29	a	30	
DUCK, Russian, bolt.	15	a	21	Lined	1	a	105		Champaign, doz.	8	a	15	

BANK SHARES, STOCKS, &c.

NAMES.	Original Cost	Present Price.	Dividend.
United States Bank Shares	100	109	3.50
South Carolina do.	45	64	1.75
State do.	100	125 00	3.00
Union do.	50	64	1.50
Planters' & Mechanics do.	25	371	1.00
Charleston do.	80	50 0	
Union Insurance do.	60	76	2.00
Fire and Marine do.	60	90	4.00
Rail-Road do.	100	129	3.00
Santee Canal do.	870	200	20.00
State 6 per cent Stock	100	00	
State 5 per cent do.	100	00	
City 6 per cent do.	100	00	
City 5 per cent do.	100	105	

EXCHANGE.

Bills on England, 81 a 0 per cent. prem.  
 France, 5f. 20 a 5 271 per dollar.  
 New-York, 60 days, 1 per cent. discount and int.  
 Boston and 30 days, 1 per cent. discount and int.  
 Philadelphia, 10 days, 1 per cent. discount and int.  
 Charleston Bank rates of Exchange—Bills on Orleans, and Mobile, 11 and int.; Western Offices 0 per cent. and int.; North 1 per cent and int.; Savannah 1 per cent. and int.; Checks on the North, 0. do. South and West, 0 prem.  
 Savannah and Augusta Bank Bills, 1 per cent. discount.  
 All other Georgia Bank Bills, 1 per cent. discount.  
 North-Carolina Money, 1 per cent. discount.  
 Spanish Doubloons, 151.  
 Mexican and Colombian do. 151.  
 Heavy Guineas, 85, and Sovereigns, 811 a 4 7-8

Charleston Market.

**COTTON.**—The sales since our last weekly report have been 6069 bales of Upland Cotton, as follows:—233 at 151, 162 at 151, 272 at 151, 738 at 151, 64 at 151, 75 at 15 5-16, 1290 at 151, 516 at 151, 44 at 15 1-16, 1331 at 15, 236 at 141, 503 at 141, 31 at 141, 455 at 141, 54 at 141, and 16 at 14 cents; for Long Cottons, a few Mains at 36 cents. The market during the week has given way from 1c to 1c; and the most choice Uplands will not, at present, command over 15 a 151c; this latter description is the only one in demand—others are heavy.

**RICE.**—The demand has been good. Prime readily brings \$3.371 a \$3.431; other descriptions from \$2.50 to \$3.

Terms of the Southern Baptist.

There will be two volumes of the Southern Baptist in the year. The first from the 1st of January to the 1st of July, and the second from the 1st of July to the 1st of January. The last Number in December will contain an Index for the two volumes.

Payments always in advance. Annual subscription, *Three Dollars*. The names of old subscribers will be erased from our list, if after a suitable time payment should not be made; and ten cents will be required for every number received up to that time.

Persons may order the paper any other time than July or January, provided they will take all the back Numbers from the commencement of the semi-annual volume.

Postage must be paid on all letters to the Editor, or attention to them must not be expected.

Baptist Ministers and Postmasters are requested to act as Agents.