SOUTHERN BAPTIST PUBLICATIONS AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

BURGES & HONOUR, PUBLISHERS.] CHARLESTON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3) 1836. [Vol. 3—No. 92

From the Vermont Chronicle.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

WAILUKU, MAUI, SANDWICH ISLANDS, Oct. 28, 1835.

Dear Brethren and Friends,—I once promised to give you the results of an experiment I am making on a people who live a little out of the reach of commerce, and who are not so directly influenced by her as many of their brethren. In August, 1832, I commenced my residence with the people of Wailuku, determined, as I trust, to know nothing among them but Christ and him crucified." The people at that time had nothing in the shape of a meeting house or school-house; and with one or two exceptions, their dwellings houses were exceedingly wretched. They without delay put up a grass house, which answered a good purpose for a school-house, and for place of worship on the Sabbath. These houses, however, being very frail, I exhorted the people to build as soon as possible of better materials. To effect this, I had to do a great deal, not only of *talking*, but of substantial work. I went with them to the woods, pointed out the trees suitable for seats, and assisted to cut and saw them. I also superintended the building of their house, and did all in my power to urge forward their work. We have now, at the end of three years, a substantial school-house, 72 feet by 27, built of mud bricks, and covered with ti, a material easily obtained, and very durable. We have also an excellent meeting-house, 90 feet by 40, built and covered in the same manner. We have no glass in the school-house, and only twelve panes in the meeting-house; but *shutters* made chiefly by native hands, are a very tolerable substitute. The buildings have cost the mission but two dollars, excepting the time which I have devoted to the business of superintending the work and teaching the people. In addition to these public buildings, several of the people are erecting mud-wall houses. These, when plastered, will be much neater and more comfortable than their old grass houses, and they will also make a very decent appearance. We hope to see many of them adorning our plain in the course of a few years. Mrs. Green has instructed many of the females in sewing, and making clothes; and a class of seven or eight under the instruction of Miss Brown, have commenced spinning cotton. Yesterday she cut a piece of 36 yards from the loom, the first fruits of female industry in this department, at this place. We shall send specimens to the rooms, and I shall request Mr. Anderson to send a small specimen to the office of the Vermont Chronicle, that you may, some of you, see a piece of cloth spun by the *despised* but rising females of the Sandwich Islands. Pray that this may be the beginning of better days to these wretched people. All that I can do be assured, I will do, for bettering their condition. And fear not, dear friends, that much will be done in this department. This cannot be the case till we are relieved by men and women who shall devote all their strength to this good work. We have, as a mission, very few, not the gospel." This must be my excuse for business, and what I do to elevate them as social beings, must be done as exercise or relaxation from more severe labors. That the preaching of the gospel is the grand means of saving the heathen, I fully believe; still the people must become intelligent and industrious, or much of the benefit of a preached gospel will be lost to them. The temptations to which females are here exposed are truly appalling. Their idle habits, connected with their method of lodging; men, women and children, the married and the unmarried; members of the church and their ungodly relatives; all in a single apartment, is a school-house of deep solicitude to parents, in regard to those who seem anxious, in a measure, to live like Christians. I fear that there are not many daughters of Hawaii who "have done virtuously," and that there can be found a single one, is to me a matter of more astonishment than that there are *so few!*

But I have wandered from my subject. I was telling you of an experiment that I am making on the people of Wailuku. I am encouraged to persevere in my efforts; and in relation to the influence of traffic on my people, I do assure you that those who go to Lahaina to trade are the most idle and worthless men in the place. I am happy, therefore, to be at a little distance from the direct influence of commerce.

Your brother and friend,

J. S. GREEN.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS AND THE MISSIONARIES.

The American Quarterly Review, for September, gives the following delightful picture of some of the benefits which the Sandwich Islands have derived from American missionaries.

Since the establishment of the American mission, now about sixteen years, a most material change has taken place in the people, in many respects; and when we state that reading and writing—aye, and printing too—have been introduced by the missionaries, and are extensively diffused, and that the natives feel the most intense interest in those precious arts, we have and all that an intelligent reader will desire to know, in order to form an estimate of their future prospects. For these advantages, of which the grateful natives are fully sensible, they have been indebted to Americans. Their curiously constructed language, of more than Italian softness, was first reduced to writing by American missionaries, according to a plan originally proposed by an American, and by which their children and adults learn to read in a vastly shorter time than it is possible for us to learn our language in. They have their elementary books or all the most useful and necessary kinds; primers, spelling books, and reading books; and among these we cannot fail to mention a book of arithmetic, the study of which is almost a passion with them, and, in the opinion of the missionaries, has done more to excite their thinking powers than has been effected by any other work ever published for their instruction. The Gospels and other parts of the New Testament have been for some time in common use among them—the types set up and the work done by native printers, but of course not without the aid of Americans and Europeans. I will, where surprise our readers, we have now lying before us two different newspapers, published in the language of the island: yes, two newspapers, one on a whole sheet, and the other on a half sheet, the type of the latter is nice, and quite as respectable in their external appearance as the average of our own gazettes. Our readers, we are sure, will not be displeased to have a brief notice of these two journals, the first fruits of what we must call, however strange it may sound to our civilized ears, the literature of the Sandwich Islands.

In their "Shipping List" an American reader will be struck with their mode of writing our difficult names. It is well known that all the syllables of their language end with a vowel sound, and that they cannot pronounce the harsh combinations of two or more consonants, which occur so continually in the European languages. We accordingly see our English names all softened in conformity with this principle; New Bedford becomes Niu Bidefoka; Boston is made a word of four syllables, Bostona; Nantucket is Nonatuketa; Philadelphia becomes Piladelpia; and Britain, Beritania. The letter *s* is one of the stumbling blocks; they cannot pronounce it, but always change it into *k* or *t*; hence Mr. Ellis, the missionary, was called *Elliki*. From a similar cause, it is said (though we will not vouch for the fact) that their celebrated prime minister, *Boki*, derived his name from an attempt to imitate the sound of the English word *Bess* or *Bet*, the same is abbreviation of *Bostwain*, which was the name of a dog, that was a great favorite with *Boki*.

SPLENDID OFFERINGS.

An appeal on behalf of Missions.

In a letter lately received from one of my old fellow-students, now labouring in Surat, he says, —"Reached Pallyanna, a town near the foot of the Satruay Hills. The highest of these is crowned with an immense number of Jain temples, which we visited. We had seen no such splendid architecture in India, and could not but reflect with sorrow on the vast sums of money that have been expended, and are still expended to delude the people and keep them in darkness. The ascent to the mountain is about two miles and a half and very steep and difficult in some places. The temples and gods on the mountains are innumerable, and several new temples are constructing by a rich native in Bombay, and it is said they will cost *several lacs of rupees*.

A lac is one hundred thousand, and a rupee is worth about two shillings, English money, so that one lac of rupees is just *ten thousand pounds*; consequently, if the rich native at Bombay expend five lacs of rupees on these Jain temples, that will be *fifty* thousand *pounds*, nearly as much as the whole pecuniary aid world sent to the London Missionary Society last year, to convert hundreds of millions of sinners to the faith of the Gospel.

Mr. Swan tells us of rich Mongolians, who make expensive offerings to their idols, and other missionaries have noticed uncommonly large sums devoted by opulent heathens to the support of idolatry; but the most expensive project ever devised to be paid out of the purse of one man is that which the sacred Scriptures record about the Jews, Esther iii. 8, 9. "And Haman said unto king Ahasuerus there is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom, and their laws are diverse from all people, neither keep they the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king let it be written that they may be destroyed, *I will pay ten thousand talents of silver* to the hands of those who have the charge of the business to bring it into the king's treasuries." This he proposed, says Dr. Gill, to prevent any objection that might be made from the loss of tribute paid by these people to the King, and this was a very large sum for him to pay out of his own estate, it being near four millions of our money. Brerewood, who wrote on ancient weights, &c, computes it to three millions seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds sterling. This is a most astonishing sum, far beyond what most of our richest bankers ever realize, and far more than all England and America, two of the most powerful nations upon earth, can raise a whole year for the spread of the Gospel! Who can think of this without a feeling of horror? What—shall the devil have votaries —one giving ten thousand pounds to uphold idolatry, and another devotin millions to destroy the Lord's people, and the souls of Christians be shrivelled up in a moment!

I know that the Saviour has his friends too and perhaps they are more numerous than they have ever been. Some of them have displayed a noble zeal for their Master's glory and their record is *on high*; others have been equally devoted, and their record is *on earth*. One is, the poor widow who cast in *two mites* into the treasury. Christ saw her, and took particular notice of what *she had left in her purse*; and it is this which seems to have drawn forth his commendation, "*She hath cast in all that she had.*" Now the eye of Christ is as vigilant and piercing this day as it was 1800 years ago; and however men may forget it, yet they ought to be reminded that Christ looks at what remains. There are too many mites given, not by poor widows, but rich husbands, and by rich wives, aye, and by rich widows too, and Christ knows it; and when it shall be said, "Give an account of thy stewardship, for thou mayest be no longer steward," then the reckoning will be made.

One pious friend of mine, when his wife was restored to him from a dangerous illness, sent a sum of money to build a chapel in a heathen land. This fact is worth recording, and I hope it will meet the eye of those whose partners have been restored to them, but no return made to the Great Physician.

This same friend, when an unexpected increase of money came to him, immediately devoted a sum to build another chapel in a heathen land. Oh! how many things of this kind would occur, if all who are prospered with goods" were to imitate this example.

Another friend, on hearing that his property had been preserved, while many around him had been ruined by fire, immediately became a supporter of a native teacher in India. Thus at once to commemorate the events, and show forth the praises of his Deliverer.

In pursuing plans for the extending operations of the missionary enterprise, we find that a greater amount of funds is necessary than has been yet contributed; but many hands and longing hearts are at work, and marvellous results will follow. Of this we have no doubt. It has lately come to our knowledge that several families are pursuing Mr. G. Clayton's plan of the Jubilee, namely, not touching one farthing of More will adopt it; and if each one or two congregations take it, it will operate like [illegible] and breadth of the [illegible] *will be raised for present generation* [illegible] *Missionary cause before the* [illegible] *passed away.* Ev ry one [illegible] subject. Reader! let us be [illegible] yours. Amen.

RICHARD KNILL.

[illegible]ICULAR.

The Baptist [illegible]d of Foreign Missions wish to call the attention [illegible] of their brethren, through [illegible] the wants of the treasury. In obedience to the [illegible] of the churches, as expressed in the Ge[illegible] Convention, and in other modes, as well as [illegible] compliance with their own sense of duty to [illegible] Saviour, the Board have multiplied their [illegible] missionary stations, have sent out successive [illegible] of laborers, have erected [illegible] printing presses and have [illegible] established schools, till they find themselves c[illegible]rged with the care of a very extensive sy[illegible] operations, and responsible for a beach[illegible] annual expenditure. They now have, under their direction, twenty-three missions, thirty-[illegible] missionary stations, one hundred and thirty [illegible] two missionaries, besides about thirty native [illegible] assistants in the printing department; nine churches twenty-eight schools and five [illegible]resses. The missionaries are toiling faithf[illegible] to promote the spread of the gospel, relyi[illegible] with confidence on their brethren in Ame[illegible] for support. They have devoted their lives [illegible] to the service of Christ among the heathe[illegible], and they ask only that the churches at [illegible]me will aid them by their prayers, and will [illegible]rnish a moderate provision for their subsistence. The Board have assumed the responsibility [illegible] sustaining them; but they find their expenses [illegible] outrunning their income. There was a de[illegible]ency, the last year of more than twenty thou[illegible] and dollars; and unless there shall be a large ex[illegible]entation of the funds during the current year, the treasury must soon be burdened with a [illegible]y debt.

The Board feel [illegible] that it would be wrong to diminish their eff[illegible] to discontinue a single station, to recall [illegible] missionary, or stop a single press. They [illegible] on the contrary go forward. They have [illegible] already received and intend to send forth, wi[illegible] a delay several additional missionaries. The [illegible] have been directed by the General Convention [illegible] employ every possible qualified missio[illegible] who may offer his services. The Board [illegible] not retr[illegible]; and they are confident that [illegible] brethren wish and expect them to proceed [illegible] their work with increased vigor. They [illegible] their duty therefore to inform the chur[illegible] that not less than eighty thousand dollars [illegible]ght to be expended this year for general [illegible]ionary purposes, and that [illegible]ars more will be needed for translating [illegible] distributing the Bible in foreign langua[illegible].

The Board must [illegible]l earnestly on the denomination for help. [illegible] each individual feel that there must be an [illegible]rease of his former contributions; and [illegible] made in the blessed work.

Let them not wait for agents of the Board. Such agents will be employed, so far as it may be possible to employ them; but the churches ought not to need any extraneous agency A church is by its very constitution a society for the advancement of the Saviour's kingdom; and each pastor is by his office an agent, within his sphere, for the promotion of every enterprise which claims the support of the church. Let, then, all the missionary societies, churches, pastors, and individual Christians remember the claims of a world lying in wickedness; and their responsibility to their brethren who have gone forth on behalf of the churches, to labor for the heathen. Above all let them often reflect on the example and commands of the Saviour. Let them act constantly, in the spirit of that prayer which he has taught them: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in earth, as it is done in heaven."

On behalf, and by direction, of the Board,

L. BOLLES, *Cor. Sec.*

Missionary Rooms, July 15, 1836.

From the New York Observer.

PHILOSOPHY DYING.

The most solemn hour of life is that in which it ends. A system which can provide effectually for this hour of decision is the great want of human nature. Does Philosophy furnish it? Look at the death of Voltaire. But that account has been questioned. Well then look at David Hume, what was the occupation of his dying hour? Games of amusement and joking with his friends about Charon's boat. Let us now enquire more look at the death of these lights of humanity,

"Jeremy Bentham was wonderfully systematic in every thing and was disposed to be philosophic on the every day occurrences of life. He lived like a philosopher, and died, as he had lived—like a philosopher. Death-bed scenes are often interesting—that of Bentham was characteristic of himself. It is recorded of him that, some time before his death, when his family believed he was near his last hour, he said to one of his disciples who was watching over him, "I feel that I am dying; our care must be to minimunize the pain. Do not let any of the servants come into the room, and keep away the rattling; it will be distressing to them, and they can be of no service. Yet I must not be alone you will remain with me and you alone; and then we shall have reduced the pain to the least possible amount."

Christian look at this, and learn what you gained when you embraced the religion of the Cross. When your dying hour shall come would you have it your chief care to minimunize the pain? Christian father, will it be your first injunction to keep away the rattling? Ah! how different a spectacle is presented by a right venerable believer in Jesus, his pain forgotten, swallowed up in the victory of his spirit, lost in the extent of hope. His mind just rising into manhood, about his bed, learning of him in person, the truth and the value of that doctrine he had so assiduously commended to their trust, not "kept away"—but called, desired, invited, that they may receive with him, partaking blessing, and they may put their hands upon his eyes that have just closed in measureless content." Here is no solitude or calculation; no loneliness to "reduce the pain to the least possible amount;" no, it is a family scene, the little child is there gazing on the loved face of a parent, and listening to words which are engraven upon his heart forever. The brother, the sister, the fond, faithful wife are there and while nature's tears steal over the cheek, hear those tears gently rebuked, and kindly soothed away by, "Weep not for me! know in whom I have believed: Jesus is mine! he comforts me: I shall soon be with him: follow him, and we shall meet in heaven." Reader, which would you be in that hour, the Christian —or the Philosopher? What you would then be, be now.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. MORRISON.

The new York Observer contains an interesting article by this title. We give an extract.

On unpacking his books, to air them, after the voyage, he showed me two folio volumes in manuscript written with his own hand. They were in the Chinese character and consisted of laborious copies of two MSS. which had been discovered, I think in the Bodleian Library in England, one a Harmony of the gospels prepared in Chinese by one of the Jesuits, the other a vocabulary. On inquiring how he had learned to write the character, he related to me the following very striking fact. Some time after he had devoted himself to the work of missions and had fixed upon China as the field of his future labors, he was walking the streets of London, and observed approaching, in an opposite direction a man in the garb of a sailor; but who had a very peculiar countenance and air. Struck by his strange outhandish appearance, Dr. M. accosted him and inquired who and whence he was, when to his great surprise he found the man was a Chinese. He asked him whether he was acquainted with the language. The stranger smiled and said that was his native tongue. "And would you be willing to teach it, if properly compensated?" "Oh yes: me love catch good profit." "And can you teach me to write the character? Do you write it yourself?" "What me schoolmaster in Chinese country." Here is a wonder for the Christian to contemplate. A Chinese schoolmaster, conducted by the invisible hand of Providence from Canton to the streets of London, there to meet a missionary of the cross and the future translator of the Bible into Chinese. Let infidels enjoy their cheerless creed, which shuts out God from his own world, and attributes all events to a blind fortuity; but give me the blessed faith

"that sees a God employed
In all the good and ill which chequer life.

It is needless to say that he engaged the man upon the spot, and at once put himself under course of tuition. The mode adopted by the Chinese to teach his pupil to write was, he said, the same as he pursued with his young countrymen. A page of the character was covered with a corresponding sheet of thin paper, through which the scholar would be distinctly seen; and then with a small brush or pencil of stiff hair set in a reed handle, and held vertically (by the middle finger against the reed) and thus, every line was carefully and repeatedly traced, until their art became familiar. After much of the drudgery, Dr. M. sat him patiently down to the Jesuit Harmony, and copied out every syllable of it for his own future use. This account of the extensive surprising facility with which he subsequently acquired the language of his arrival in China. What an impressive spectacle must this man have presented, as he sat at his sedentary task in the Bodleian, to a being acquainted with the design God was about to accomplish by his hands. Is it too much to believe that angelic eyes sometimes looked over his shoulder, beholding with growing admiration both the wisdom and goodness of God in thus training the man, who was to unbar the gates of life to the millions of the east!

UNION TO CHRIST.

I am the vine, ye are the branches, &c.—John xv.

We have in this parable a striking view of the true church of Christ. It grows out of Jesus the true vine, and derives all its true nourishment and fruitfulness from him, just as the branches do from the parent stem. Till the soul be united to Christ by faith, it cannot produce fruit of the spirit, any more than the branch can bear fruit of itself when severed from the vine. A soul out of Christ, and a branch cut off from the parent vine, must be alike barren and withered. Hence it is evident, that faith is the act of justification by faith, that spiritual engrafting of the soul into Christ, there can be no holy fruits in the heart or life.* By this gracious operation of the Holy Spirit, the sinner becomes a living branch in the true vine, a part of Christ's mystical body, and immediately receives spiritual nourishment and strength, "for without me," said Christ, "ye can do nothing." But we read of barren branches in him which are taken away. These are nominal professors of the gospel, which abound in the visible church. They may be called branches in Christ, considering the church in its present condition as represented by fruitful and barren branches, by wheat and tares, by good and bad fishes, by wise and foolish virgins, in the several parables of our Lord. These barren branches easily fall off in the time of temptation. being only attached to Christ by the tender thread of outward profession, they are soon blown away by the stormy winds of persecution. Like Demas, they forsake Christ either through the fear of man or the love of this present evil world. Our Lord says, "every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away." The divine Christian look at this, and learn what you gained when you embraced the religion of the Cross. When your dying hour shall come would you have it your chief care to minimunize the pain? Christian father, will it be your first injunction to keep away the rattling? Ah! how different a spectacle is presented by a right venerable believer in Jesus, his pain forgotten, swallowed up in the victory of his spirit, lost in the extent of hope. His mind just rising into manhood, about his bed, learning of him in person, the truth and the value of that doctrine he had so assiduously commended to their trust, not "kept away"—but called, desired, invited, that they may receive with him, partaking blessing, and they may put their hands upon his eyes that have just closed in measureless content." Here is no solitude or calculation; no loneliness to "reduce the pain to the least possible amount;" no, it is a family scene, the little child is there gazing on the loved face of a parent, and listening to words which are engraven upon his heart forever. an end. Blessed be his name, this is a "sure mercy of the everlasting covenant." He that abideth in me and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without me ye can do nothing. How careful then should we be lest we be deceive ourselves with mere temporary feelings and impressions. Nothing will elude but true faith. Nothing but grace can endure to the end. What sweet privileges are connected with this union and this fruitfulness. "Herein is my father glorified that ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be my disciples. Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you. As the Father hath loved me so have I loved you. Continue you in my love."

Thus Christ is all in all to his believing people. He is the vine, from whom proceeds all the grace, which flowing through the branches, produces fertility and beauty. He is also the sun of righteousness, whose bright and fostering beams cause the tree of righteousness to abound in fruitfulness. Every image is thus used by the Divine spirit in the word of inspiration to set forth the all-sufficiency both of the power and grace of Jesus. In him are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." In him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." Are any chosen of salvation! They are "chosen in him that they should be holy and without blame before him in love." Are they adopted into the family of God! It is "by Jesus Christ, according to the promise of his will." Let us with seriousness ask ourselves, have we received the Lord Jesus into our hearts by an humble and living faith! Have we felt the deadly wound which sin has made! Have we received the atonement and thus obtained peace in believing! Is the name of Jesus an ointment poured forth, healing the wounded conscience, and shedding a rich fragrance through the soul! Have we not only a knowledge of the way of salvation, but have we been brought into this way by the spirit of truth, and are we walking therein by faith! Do we now experience the power of the cross in the crucifixion of our lusts, and the mortification of every sinful desire! As sons of God, are we led by the spirit of God unto a saving and growing acquaintance with Jesus Christ, as our wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption! Have we received a spiritual change in our understanding, will, and affections! Are our views, purposes, motives, desires and pursuits, different from what they once were! Are we heartily desirous to be devoted to the service of God, and to promote the interests of the Redeemer's cause, and the good of the souls of men! Are our religious views and feelings thus influential, pervading, like the hidden sap, all the branches of personal and relative duties! May the spirit enable us, and privilege us, to answer these inquiries to our comfort. Abide in us, blessed Lord, that we may abide in thee. Unite us to thyself, and never leave us nor forsake us.—*Christ. Intel.*

This needs qualifying.

HISTORICAL.

The following important historical information is taken from the September number of the Christian Review, it being a review by the Editor of Allen's Triennial Register:

"We remarked in a previous number of the Review that the Baptists have been too negligent in regard to their own history. Every one, who has had occasion to make any inquiries respecting churches or individuals, has found to the mortification, how scanty are the records, from which authentic facts can be gleaned. One cause of this neglect, in addition to the trials which befel the early churches and ministers, was the want, for a long period, of extensive societies, which might draw together large numbers of the denomination, and afford an opportunity to collect their statistics. The first association, that of Philadelphia, was formed in 1707; the Charleston, S. C., in 1751; and the Warren in 1767. Associations have multiplied rapidly in number, till they now amount to three hundred and sixty-five. They have been highly useful, in various ways, and especially in collecting and preserving facts concerning the churches. But the associations are local, they do not at all print their minutes, and these minutes are not preserved, except by a few individuals."

There was no method of collecting statistics, except by laborious and expensive personal efforts, until the Associations and State Conventions afforded some aid; and even these bodies, for the cause just mentioned, have not removed, though they have lessened the difficulty.

We ought, then, rather to be thankful, that so much has been done, in the tedious work of collecting facts, than to complain that no more has been effected. The principal laborers in this field ought to be remembered with gratitude; and we perform a pleasant duty in making a brief record of their names and services.

The first person so far as we are informed, who published any work on the statistics of the denomination, was the Rev. John Callender, pastor of the First Baptist Church in Newport, R. I. He was born in Boston, and was educated at Cambridge, on Mr. Hollis's foundation. He became the pastor of the church in Newport, in 1731. On the 24th of March, 1737-8, being the hundredth anniversary of the cession, by the Indians, of the island of Rhode Island, Mr. Callender delivered his "Century Sermon," which with some additions, was soon afterwards published. It contains a history of the civil and ecclesiastical affairs of the colony, for the first hundred years; and is particularly minute and interesting in its details, respecting the Baptist churches.

The Rev. Isaac Backus, born in Norwich, Conn. January 9, 1724, was the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Middleborough, Mass., about fifty years. He was a bold defender of the civil and religious rights of Baptist churches. He travelled many thousand miles, and was indefatigable in his efforts to collect facts and documents. He published many sermons and essays, but his chief work is a History of the Baptists, in three volumes, the first of which was printed in 1777, the second in 1796, and the third in 1796. This work is not distinguished by lucid arrangement, nor by elegance of style, but it is full of valuable information, gathered from the best sources, and worthy of great confidence.† An ardent love of truth, and a vivid indignation against all [illegible] in every line of the book. We always [illegible] to enlarge the Biblical [illegible] claims of Mr. Backus to [illegible]

but we must seek another opportunity. The Reverend John Asplund was born in Sweden. But he came at an early age to this country. About 1783, he was baptized, and joined the Southampton church in Virginia. He undertook to prepare a Register of the Baptist churches in America. He travelled, chiefly on foot, seven thousand miles, and published his Register, in a small quarto pamphlet, in 1791. He afterwards travelled ten thousand miles more, and published a second Register, in 1794. These works have been very useful.

The Rev. Morgan Edwards was born in Wales, May 8, 1722. He came to America in 1761, and was, for several years, the pastor of the First Baptist Church in Philadelphia. He was a learned man, and was the author of several small works. He gave much attention to the history of the denomination. He visited the churches, from New-Hampshire to Georgia, gathering materials for a general history. By his exertions, chiefly, the Philadelphia Association were induced to print their minutes; and for several years, before he succeeded in effecting this object, he at his own expense, printed tables, exhibiting the condition of the churches. He published two small volumes of "Materials towards a History of the Baptists in Pennsylvania, both British and German;" and he left several manuscript volumes of historical collections, which have supplied subsequent writers with valuable facts.

The Rev. Dr. Semple, who was, for more than forty years, a leading minister in Virginia, and who, from 1820 till his death in 1831, was the president of the Baptist General Convention, published in 1809, "A History of the Rise and Progress of the Baptists in Virginia." A new edition of this useful book is now in preparation.

The Rev. John Leland, who preached for several years in Virginia, published his "Virginia Chronicle," containing many useful historical details.

* Next to Mr. Backus, the Rev. David Benedict deserves the high-st place among the historians of our denomination in this country. By extensive journeys, by letters, and by the press, he collected, with immense labor and no small expense, a vast amount of materials, which, he digested into his "General History of the Baptist Denomination in America and other parts of the world." This work was published in 1813, in two octavo volumes, and afterwards an abridged edition was issued, in one volume. Mr. Benedict's book is still the standard work on our history. We have been indebted to it, for most of the preceding statements. Mr. Benedict published, a few years since, a Dictionary of all religions, which contained much valuable information concerning the Baptists, and other denominations.

We cannot now mention particularly some smaller statistical works, such as Mr. Furman's History of the Charleston Association; Dr. Baldwin's Sermon on the History of the Second Baptist Church in Boston; Mr. Winchell's Historical Discourse; Dr. Jones's Century Sermon; Mr. Cemmings's Historical Discourse, and other individual contributions to our history.

The establishment of periodical publications has had a favorable influence, both by creating a taste for the collection of statistics, and by furnishing a method of recording them. The American Baptist Magazine, extending to the long series of its volumes, a multitude of historical and biographical facts.

The Latter Day Luminary was very useful in this way. The Rev. Luther Rice collected and published, in the Luminary, the most extensive and complete tables of associations, which had then been furnished.

The formation of the Baptist General Convention, in 1814, was a most auspicious event. Among the many valuable results, the centripetal impulse,—the central tendency,—which it has given to the widely scattered elements of the denomination, is not the least. It has aided largely in combining the strength of the churches, and in turning their attention to their own history, their resources, their wants, and their obligations.

The Baptist General Tract Society, has indirectly rendered important services to the churches, in collecting their statistics. Its first agent, Mr. Davis, was very attentive to this duty, and the tables of associations, begun by Mr. Rice, were continued and enlarged by Mr. Davis, in his Tract Magazine. His successor, Mr. Allen, has labored with great industry, in this good work; and the two volumes of his Triennial Register are honorable monuments of his diligence and talents.

"The minutiae ought to take more pains to preserve their minutes. Each association should spend a day, or a week, in a record book, in which the minutes should be entered, at length, by the clerk. Provisions ought, at least, to be made for binding the minutes, in decent volumes, to be kept by the clerk of the association. We doubt whether a complete set of the minutes of the Philadelphia association could now be collected. It would be not easy to find all the minutes of the Warren, Boston, and other younger associations."

"We have by us, at this time, Mr. B. Bancroft's valuable History of the United States, vol. i. p. 411, the following and fulsome notice of Mr. Backus:—'There is, in Backus, more evidence of diligent research and critical respect for document-ary testimony. He deserves more reputation than he has had.'"

From the Baptist Magazine.

BURMAH.

JOURNAL OF MR. KINGSLAND.

Sept. 6, 1835. Lord's day. Had a small assembly in the morning, and some visitors during the day.

7. After o'clock this morning, we had the pleasure of bidding Mr. and Mrs. Simons a most cordial welcome. They have been forty days in going up the river.

11. I have introduced Mr. Simons to some of the Government people, that they might perceive that we were neither afraid nor ashamed to let ourselves or character be known. Those we have seen appear friendly.

11. Received a written order to-day from the Woongyee, directing us to appear before them to-morrow morning.

11. Followed an account of the reception of Mr. Simons, as given at page 188, of last number.] The journal then proceeds:—

I believe in the special providence of God. He who notices the falling sparrow, and hears the raven cry, is a present help in every time of need. His language now is, as of old, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed for I am thy God."

12. More or less visitors daily, but no individual cases particularly interesting. Some days we have one hundred or more, but commonly not more than twenty-five or thirty.

Burmese Idolatry—Encouraging Appearance of Opening Way—Visitors from the borders of Cochin China.

13. Being a Burman worship-day, we had a large number of visitors, to most of whom we spoke of Christ. Just at evening I went to a place where it was lighted up with candles, and around a large black idol of all ages, from ten to ninety years, was prostrated and all uttering something in a dialect of Pali. An idol ten times as large as life, seated upon his throne, and with glaring eye balls looking down upon the worshippers; there the antiquity of this vast pile, and the darkness of the night rendered more gloomy by the faint light emitted from the flickering tapers; and then the thought that an ocean of immortal beings had here drunk deep from the fountains of sin, and had ripened for destruction, all this before the eyes, and in the mind and who could remain unmoved? Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? Is the Lord's arm shortened, that he cannot save? No; there is a balm, there is a physician, and the arm of the Lord is mighty to save. With these feelings I began preaching, and it was not long before I had the care of the crowd. They listened till I was tired and walked away.

10. Among other visitors to-day, were three fine looking men from a town near the borders of Kathay. They came to Ava to bring tribute, and inquired the way to our house, for the purpose of getting religious books, about which they said they had heard a great deal. We gave each two tracts and a copy of Luke and John, for which they expressed gratitude, a feeling not common to Burmans. To religious conversation they listened with fixed attention. They live about one hundred and fifty miles up the Cassa deen river, which discharge its waters into the Irawaddy forty miles below Ava.

24. For several days past, we have had a good many copiers and poors, most of whom appeared to be actuated by motives of curiosity. Read and talked from morn to eve, and yet may we not hope to gather some fruit in time to come?

Fatal Epidemic—Burmese Fortune teller.

31. Sabbath morning. For three days I have been down with fever, and was only just able to attend strength enough to preach to my little flock. A sweeping intermittent is abroad, prostrating old and young. The Burmans have no knowledge of fevers, and of course many die. October and November are the months for fevers; the extreme of heat gives way, the nights become cold, the mornings damp and foggy, and the whole atmosphere is charged with miasma. In July and August, the whole country is inundated; in September and October the waters drain off, so that the damp marshy, exhalations poison every particle of air, and being so far from the ocean we have no sea breezes to neutralize and disperse it.

Having procured a boat last evening, we set off for Ummerapoora before sunrise. Passed through several streets crowded with Burmans, and one inhabited by Chinese. In a Burman temple of great dimensions we found a multitude of worshippers, and in a conspicuous part of the building sat a fortune teller, making his mystic figures, and reading off the destiny of his silly employers. Nothing could exceed the intense earnestness of these credulous listening to the unreveal-d page of their future history. The man was well instructed in the art of deceiving; his manner grave; his intonations sonorous; his eye occasionally rolled from side to side, and he had occasionally describing mysterious figures in the air. I questioned him about his art, and he boldly asserted that he was revealing to people the events of their future life. I charged him with being a deceiver, and that he was enriching ignorant, stupid people out of their money, and in the end of the world would reap the reward of a vile deceiver. He looked at me with a vacant stare, but made no reply. This class of the people is numerous, and their situation is somewhat lucrative. Another class of deceivers equally numerous, practise exorcism, and in times of sweeping illness they are in constant demand.

Changes of late Governor of Ava—Interesting Incidents.

11. Yesterday was the Queen's birthday and was burned to-day. He was the city governor during the late war with the English, and had charge of the English and American prisoners. Were these prisoners leaving their country, he received intimations from high authorities, that if the foreigners were strangled in prison, it would be regarded as a special favor to the Government, and if ran-om-ed, and the governor of the north gate of the palace, interceded with the king, and obtained the enlargement of the foreigners, or at least a part of them. Mr. and Mrs. Judson remained in this officer's house some months previous to the treaty of Yandabo. He has often related to me the circumstances connected with the imprisonment and final release of the foreigners, and said that every one of them would have been executed privately if he had given his consent. He proposed he lost his situation as governor of the city, on account of taking so deep an interest in the welfare of those unfortunate men, though, being a favorite of the king, he became governor of the royal stud.

His funeral was attended by the Queen's brother, a great number of the nobility, many officers of the palace, and a large concourse of people. Mr. Simons and myself reached the place of burning just as the coffin was being placed on the funeral pile. We were thinking was made ready for the application of fire, the widow came forward supported by two females and followed by her children and attendants, and took a last look of the husband and the father; then came the aged mother and other relatives, among whom was one of the inferior queens. There was much apparent grief, and in some ride was doubtless real. The deportment of the mourners was grave, such as became a solemn occasion. All were dressed in white, which is the mourning apparel of Burmans, and it contrasted finely with the brilliant colors in which the multitude were clothed. The pile was fired, and in about an hour, there were no traces of a human being, except a handful of calcined bones.

From the Religious Herald.

THE FORSAKEN SOUL.

We know of no object more entitled to commiseration than the soul forsaken of God. The earth may be compared to the wicked soul. No forth in unclouded glory, the moon and stars may withdraw the curtain of night, and cause light to spring up in the dark corners of the earth, but not a ray can they shed into the bosom of the forsaken soul. The Lord has hid his spirit and withholds the light of his countenance. His bosom is shrouded in the deep gloom of despair. He stalks amid the hale and rounded forms of the living, the ghastly shadow of death. In vain the joyous tone of the musical merriment issue from crowded corridors or the festive hall. Not the harp, lute, or horn—not the strains of the vocal choir, have power to brighten up his haggard visage, with even the transient glimmering of a smile. The light that is diffused around him, and upon others, but renders more visible to the mind's eye, the darkness which broods within. The sounds of revelry which strike his ear serve but to impart a deeper intensity to the pangs of despair.

Once, perhaps that wretched man joined in all the festivities of the heedless multitude; once he gloried in scenes of mirth, in the idle sports and pastimes of the day, and was as eager as any in the chase of the evanescent, the butterfly pleasures of life; once, too, his morn of life was fair and cloudless, and bright and fascinating seemed his prospects as he viewed them in the mirror of the spirit of the world. He looked around, through the telescope of time—but the telescope was turned"—it was inverted. He looked—and life seemed stretched out before him in infinity, and he inwardly and his heart exclaimed to-morrow shall be even as this day—yea, and much more abundant in bliss.

But some casualty suddenly overtakes him—disease, or the infirmities of age, steal upon him unawares. Reflection follows in their rear. She brushes away the film from his eyes and presents before him the mirror of truth. Ah! what does he see? At first, he gazes incredulous. Can it be that the gaping tomb is near, but a hand-breadth from him? Can it be that the forms which he once pursued with so much zeal, are nothing more than idle phantoms—or nothings—an ignis-fatus, which arose from the putrescency of the human heart? Nay, but he cannot—or, rather, will not credit it yet awhile. He must first look upon that form which ever appeared fairest in his eyes. Where is that pleasure in which his soul most delighted? Tell me, he exclaims, ye companions, where is the long-loved dearly-cherished idol of my heart? Tell me, thou giddy world—ye votaries of pleasure—tell me where? Those gay companions, and that gidey world, and those devotees at pleasure's shrine, do but reiterate the query—where? where! It has fled—vanished into empty air. No; stay! It comes again. "Look, vain man," Omnipotence proclaims, "look, and look again, upon the idol thou hast set up in my stead."

He looks. Oh, what a change was there! In that the form into whose fond embrace he sought to rush! Where is the roseate hue that once encircled it? Where is the ivory throne on which it sat? And where are the gems that strewed its basement round? Gone are those roseate hues, and in the place thereof a loathsome lividness appears. Why made we mention of this throne? Of ivory, did we say! Alas! that throne is but a heap of dead men's bones—and, ah! the gems that cluster it around are but the tears the wretched shed—the price they pay for sinful pleasure.—O what a desolation fails upon the soul! It falls upon its fondest hopes.

"Like an animal lost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the Spring."

The disconsolate soul, distracted by the discoveries of truth, would fain cast the veil of oblivion over the haggard forms of other days which around him crowd. But as oft as he essays it memory sends their veil to shreds—and faster and still faster crowds those forms. A thousand recollections—recollections of a thousand thoughtless acts—of misspent time—of substantive good neglected—of fleeting foolishly pursued—of happiness that might have been attained, through the mind. And now that no veil can be found too strong for memory to rend asunder—some that he cannot, cannot the hideous visions which float before him, he turns and seeks to fly from them. But whither shall he fly? The tormentor is within. He is his own destroyer. Which way he flies 'tis hell. Wherever side he turns his eyes they are greeted with clouds and mists and reyless vapours. On no side can he find a resting place for the sole of unblessed feet."

There is none to deliver, none to pour into his wounded soul the balm of consolation. Where are those who vowed eternal friendship in the world! O, where art thou in this the hopeless mourner's time of need? Where are they? Possessed of all the vaunted refuge for the sons of sorrow and daughters of affliction! Yet treacherous friends! and thou incomprehensible refuge! refuge! when the storm of lies! They shelter not, perhaps, a while, but it is only for one fleeting moment—only till he sows the seed of lasting bitterness and grief. No sooner is that work completed than your pillars crumble into dust, and leave the wretch who foolishly confided in them without redress, without protection—exposed to all the angry winds of heaven, and to all the warring elements of a guilty earth, while the red lightning rides forth upon the wings of the whirlwind, and vents its impetuous rage over his head in a voice of thunder. And what says that voice of thunder! "Call now if there be any that will answer you, and to which of the saints will thou turn!—or to which of the sons of pleasure!"

Unhappy man he calls aloud—but it is with utter hopelessness. No spirit of mercy wings its flight at his call. He calls to heaven—no response of love is returned. Thicker grow the clouds around him, and heavier, and still heavier press his sorrows. He sinks beneath their weight. He falls down to the dust and in the agony of his soul, he exclaims, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of sin!" These dreary shades of these dread forebodings of the wrath of God—these harbingers of an eternal...an *eternal death!* He ceases. No sound is heard save the echo of his own voice. But oh! what an echo is that! It sends a thrill of sorrow through the soul—eternal death! Hell! what sense can that hollow sound! From the cold damp dew it has left upon its brow, it would seem as though it issued from the charnel-house of the dead. But a moment since he sighed for death—sighed to lay himself down in cold obstruction and to rot." But now that imagination pictures at his feet a yawning grave, he shrieks in terror from it—for that echo—O! it echo has called up thoughts of things beyond the grave. A age of pain penury and want—all the horrors of the vale of tears are nothing in comparison with those which, by that echo, have been conjured up—Or they are at most, but as the small dust of the balance, when weighed against the collected mountains of universe. He is

"The torture kept for those who know—
Know every thing and worst of all,
Know sad love virtue while they fail."

The above is no caricature. It is, as far as it goes, a true portraiture of the forsaken soul. No feelings have been ascribed to him, which have not been experienced, even by him who has pencilled out this character before you. Every one in whose breast the Lord has inflicted the arrows of conviction, can sympathize more or less with the feelings we have portrayed. But he alone who has tasted with the writer of the bitterness of despair has related them to their fullest extent. Such an one can bear testimony, that the half has not been told you. The pencil cannot paint, the tongue cannot tell, the heart cannot conceive the half of those feeling so utter wretchedness which seize upon him who lies under the frowns of God and of his own conscience.

Our design, in presenting the above picture before you, reader has not been to allure you to engage in the chase of those "rainbow joys that end in weeping," or to inspire you with an ambition to attain to an experimental knowledge of the feelings we have described or to excite the vague sympathies of your nature, but to set before you the fruits of sin—the certain end of all sinful enjoyments, and to impress upon you the necessity of avoiding those, if you would not reap a harvest of sorrow—if you would not lie down in a bed of thorns, and be shrouded in the dark mantle of despair. If you would not experience the terors that reign in the bosom of the forsaken one, let your walk through life be ever upon gospel ground, and let your habitation be within the walls of Zion.

* * B.

RELIGION NO ENEMY TO PLEASURE.

One cause which impedes the reception of religion, even among the well disposed, is the garment of sadness in which people delight to superior her dressed, and that life of hurried austerity and pining abstinence, which they pretend she enjoins on her disciples. And it were well if this were only the misrepresentation of her declared enemies, but, unhappily, it is the too frequent misconception of her injudicious friends. But such an overcharged picture, is not more unamiable than it is unlike; for, I will venture to affirm that Religion, with all her beautiful and becoming sanctity, imposes fewer sacrifices, not only of rational but pleasurable enjoyments, than the uncontrolled dominion of any one vice. Her service is not only perfect liberty, but perfect freedom; she is not so tyrannizing as passion, so exacting as the world, nor so despotic as fashion. Let us try the case by a parallel, and examine it! Does she require such sacrifices of our care as ambition? Does she remunerationate our pains, as pride? Does devotion *murder sleep* like dissipation? Does she destroy health like intemperance? Do a she annihilate fortune like gaming? Does she embitter life like revenge or hatred? Does she dwindle? Does religion impose more vigilance than suspicion, or half as many mortifications as vanity? Vice has her martyrs; and the most austere and self denying ascetic, (who mistakes the genius of Christianity,) has almost been a vicious, if not never tormented himself with such cruel and causeless severity, as that with which envy lacerates her unhappy votaris. Worldly honor obliges us to be at the trouble of inflicting injuries, but religion spares us that inconvenience, by commanding us to forgive them, and by this injunction, consults our happiness no less than our virtue; for the torment of constantly having wrongs, wrongs, in heart, equal to the sport of it. If this estimate be fairly made, then is the balance clearly on the side of religion, even in the article of pleasure.—*Mrs. H. Moore.*

RELIGION.

True religion consists not so much in that external show and exhibition of its graces as in the meek and quiet spirit, and the constant flow of benevolent affections, which breathe a kindness and affability to all around. How unlike cold and stern philosophy is its power. The former softens the heart, refines the sensibilities of our nature, and opens new sources of pleasure, by the constant exercise of gratitude and love to God, who has in Jesus given us richly all things to enjoy. The latter calms the passions of deep and turbid emotions, leaving them dark and comfortless—cheered by no ray of hope. They who fly to philosophy in the hour of distress will find no cordial to sooth the wounded spirit, or heal the broken heart. In the hour of death, she would be willing to trust to the flashing meteor of human genius to guide the soul along the dark avenue of death to the world of spirits! who would venture their hopes of happiness to such a faint and dubious light, and in the boasted firmness of their own strength, rely with safety upon such guides! Some in life venture to affirm it, but few remain unshaken in the hour of dissolution. It is the bright and morning star which alone can dispel the darkness which rests upon the tomb, and bringe life and immortality to light from the grave.

There is an eventide in human life—a season when the eye becomes dim, and the strength decays, and when the power of age begins to shed upon the human head its prophetic snows. It is the season of life to which the autumn is most analogous, and which it becomes, and must, to would profit by the ripening of the fruits, the instruction which it brings. The spring and summer of our days are gone and with them not only the joys they knew, but many of the friends who gave them. You have entered upon the autumn of your being, and whatever may have been the profession of your spring, or the warm temperament of your summer, there is yet a season of stillness and solitude which the beneficence of heaven affords you, in which you may meditate upon the past and repose yourself for the mighty change which you may soon undergo.

It is now you may understand the magnificent language of Heaven—it mingles its voice with that of Revelation, it summons you in these hours when the leaves of the fall and the winter is gathering to that evening study which the angel of heaven has written in the book of salvation. And while the shadowy valley opens, which leads to the abode of death, it sp aks of that love which can comfort and save, and which can conduct to those green pastures and the quiet waters, where there is an eternal Spring for the children of God. ALLISON.

MARIA MONK *and the* HOTEL DIEU

The examination of the Montreal Nunnery, or the Hotel Dieu, has passed; a book is about to be published which will be wonderful Dunbarism an entire fabrication; and yet we still believe the story true, for the following reasons.

1. The statement is in accordance with the history of nunneries, for more than 1000 years, —as we may possible take occasion to show before many months—and if the story of Maria herself, and all her friends, were sunk to the bottom of the ocean, the statements of their own historians would leave these institutions as black and abominable as they are represented in the book of Maria.

2. We say nothing about wickedness and knavery, as no class of mankind are free of deceit and knavery, we cannot think that any person, capable of writing such a book or making such a tale; could be so stupidly foolish or completely demented, as to attempt to palm upon the world a lie, so easily detected. To describe an intricate building, including minutely, containing many divisions, which thousands have seen and knew, would be an undertaking that no man or woman on earth would attempt unless in the state already alleged.

3. We cannot question that if the description given by Maria had been materially wrong, the error would have been exposed many months since. Why then was it delayed, when it was known that reports were abroad that the buildings were undergoing a thorough overhauling, all the interior being entirely altered, within the time since Maria came to New-York! Had the nunnery been opened before time was given for alteration, it must have been satisfactory to every candid inquirer.

4. Why was it that no friend of Maria, nor any one that had believed her story, were permitted to witness the examination! These were the very persons to confound with the overwhelming evidence that would present itself if her story were untrue. Nay, why was Mr. Clarry denied entrance, and none permitted but a *packed jury*, who had avowed their opposition to Maria, before they were selected for the purpose! Unquestionably the best friends of the nunnery and the priests had a right to be present; but with equal certainty, if a fair examination were at all intended, Maria and her friends would have been there also; not merely by permission, but by solicitation of those implicated.

These are some of our principal reasons for paying little attention to this sham examination of a house that may be as different from what it was one year since, as a house can be made.—*Pitt. Her.*

CHARLESTON, S.C.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1836

☞The Special Committee of the Board of Health report for the week ending yesterday, 202 cases of Cholera, 45 whites, 157 blacks and coloured, 43 deaths.

Receipts for the Southern Baptist:

A. H. McGee $1.50, W. Darby $3, S. Howe $3, C. D. Mallary $3, H. Gutre $4, C. B. Jones $3, Geo. Gamble $3.

FOR THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST.

Mr. Editor,—I am extremely happy to find that our excellent and worthy brother Josiah B. Furman, has yielded to the wish of his brethren, and has promised to edit the Southern Baptist, if an adequate number of subscribers can be procured. Previously to entering upon the responsibility of editor myself, I sought to place him in that situation so eminently qualified for the basin ss; and now that he has consented to act, I feel much encouraged to hope, that so generous a pledge on his part, will meet with correspondent liberal exertion on the part of the denomination. To set a good example and to show the value I still set upon the paper, I now write to request you to put down my name as responsible for five copies, for 1837; one of which to be sent to the jail, and the rest free to that number of indigent brethren whom the Editor may himself name. By complying with this, you will very much oblige,

Your old friend,
WM. HENRY BRISBANE.

WAKE FORREST.

It will be seen by the following, that the good work alluded to in our last, is still advancing. In addition to the number previously stated, 20 more have professed a hope of forgiveness—making the whole number *twenty-four*. We trust that the institute, especially at this time, will engage the prayers of all pious interests in behalf of its prosperity, and in that of the cause at large. We shall look with much interest for the next letter of our correspondent.—*Biblical Recorder.*

WAKE FOREST INSTITUTE, Sept. 12.

Dear Brother Meredith,—Since my last communication, we have had the most intensely interesting season. A general seriousness has pervaded the Institute, and but few of all our young men have been able to resist the influence of the excitement. In all Literary establishments during a religious revival, the young and careless spirits herd together and endeavor to keep down their fears, and to sustain the dignity of indifference by the measured laugh and timid ridicule of those that act out. This is an unhappy state of things, and never fails to give much pain to the pious mind. To see young men hardening their hearts against all religious impressions, and combining in order to encourage each other in the exercise of the means of grace, is a source of deep grief at any time, but especially so in a time of revival. It is true we have not had much of this, and what little there has been, we have had the happiness of seeing melt away before the power of grace. We have had another cause of grief. Some of the young gentlemen have given us great hopes of conversion for several days—but, alas! there was a worm at the root of the vine—the seed has grown only to show us withered leaves and blighted fruit. But with all these painful accompanies, into which water had been thrown two or three hours before, he stumbled and fell into it. Unable to rescue himself, being, as we above stated, stupidly drunk, he lay thereuntil discovered, which was about half past 2 o'clock the next morning. He was of course immediately removed to his house, and medical aid promptly summoned. He appeared to have fallen on his side, and lain in that position without a change—the side of his face, and down the right thigh, were dreadfully burnt, as were his clothes; mortification commenced, and the miserable youth expired on Friday night.—*Public Leader.*

ST. AUGUSTINE, Aug. 6.

Florida Silk.—We have been presented by a very respected friend in this city, with a skein of beautiful sewing silk, manufactured on the leaves of the native mulberry. It was reeled and twisted by Mrs. Rossetter, a very amiable and intelligent lady who lives on the Upper Wildacoochy, (one of the branches of the Suwanee river) near the Georgia line. It is a beautiful specimen and is pronounced by several who are judges, to whom we have shown it, to be equal in evenness of thread and texture, to the best Italian sewing silk.

The culture of the mulberry and the pro luction of the silk is destined to become of vast importance to this Territory. Public attention

has been aroused to the importance of the subject, and several of our enterprising citizens are making rapid strides towards the establishment of cocoonaries and the raising of the silk worms.

The Morum Multicalis, or Chinese mulberry was introduced here about two years since by the Rev. David Brown and they have multiplied almost beyond example. Several of our enterprising citizens have followed his example, among whom we name Dr. Anderson, M. H. Tusk, Thomas Douglas, and John Dryadale, Esq. From a few plants several hundred thousand have been produced and in the course of a few years they will form an article of export themselves. As an instance of the rapid growth of mulberry here we will mention that the Morus Multicalis, from layers have grown an average height of six feet since March last and White Mulberry has grown nearly five feet in the same period of time from the seed.

There can be no doubt of the profitableness of the silk culture, and it only wants enterprise and industry to ensure success. We are informed that the attention of several northern capitalists of considerable experience in this culture has been attracted towards East Florida, with a view of investing a portion of their capital in this branch of business, and as soon as our Indian difficulties are over, we may expect our territory to improve in an unexampled degree.

THE COTTON CROP.

The Milledgeville Recorder of the 20 instant, says:—"The worm and rot, we are, from various sources, informed, have made extensive have on upon the growing crop of cotton. We are fully satisfied from what we can learn, that there will not generally through the part of the State be exceeding, if that much two thirds of a crop made. One gentleman alone, from an adjoining county, informs us, that on two of his plantations, embracing four or five hundred acres he is well assured, that one bushel of new Bons or blossoms, could not now be found they having been destroyed by the worm. Hence, from the early growth, and only in part will there be any thing matured. The grain and provision crops are generally abundant."

COTTON CROP IN ALABAMA.

The Marion (Perry county, Ala.) Mercury, of the 17 inst., says:—On comparing the various accounts from the different parts of the State, we are inclined to the belief that we shall raise about an average crop. In some parts of the states, and in some spots in almost every section, there has been much well-founded complaint of the injury done by the insects. Very early in the spring the leaves were almost consumed by the lice. The thrifty though tender stalk, however sustained, and at length our grow that injury. Then came the worm which perforated the bolls and caused them to drop. That this last injury has caused the crops to be much shorter than it would have been no doubt. Where the worm has operated extensively the weed is unusually large and luxuriant, and consequently the sap which would have gone into the bolls. On the other hand where the worm has not been, the quantity will be something greater than usual, the stalk being well grown and remarkably well bolled."

MOBILE, SEPT. 19.

From the Proclamation of Gen. Houston in another column, making a requisition for an force in some of the adjacent counties of Texas, it will be seen that apprehensions of the Gen. entertained that the Gen. is still at Nacogdoches, we had been led to believe that he had joined the army. All our news from Texas is confused and uncertain. For instance, it is now said that Houston at some places was run for President, and received all the votes and that Lamar at the same places received the votes of Vice President. It is evident that there is a mistake and that the voting referred to had reference to the election of commanding officer of the army. We have no doubt that Gen. Austin is elected to the Presidency. In a few days we may expect authentic information on the subject.

The New-York *Daily Advertiser* of Saturday, heads their account of the market as follows:

"We have received thirteen days later intelligence from Europe, viz: to the 24th August. The news is more than of common interest. A fresh revolution had broken out in Spain, which appeared more serious than ever. Parliament had been prorogued, and cotton had advanced. In our own country there has been very little stirring of interest. The elections are now over for a few weeks to come. The trade of the city is uncommonly active—numerous as our hotel, are they appear insufficient to accommodate the people that are crowding here from every quarter—all are filled and overflowing. The harbor is crowded with shipping; and the street in the business part of the city so piled with goods, it is difficult to pass or repass—from every indication we have, it is apparent that the trade of the city has seldom been greater than at present. Most of the fine stores in the lower part of the city are completed and filled with goods; and what is strange, we believe we may say there is not a solitary one to rent—all occupied and apparently well employed."

From the Boston Post.

ESCAPE OF PRISONERS.

Seven desperate fellows, including the conflict-attendant, escaped from the Charlestown hospital, at Charlestown, between 12 and 2 o'clock, on Saturday night. The leader of this daring and successful enterprise was Jacob H. Edwards, a man of great intelligence, sentenced for life, for counterfeiting. He is a native of Vermont, during the administration of Mr. Adams. He is a very aspiring man, and it has been ascertained, since the execution of the hospital, that he has occasionally, persuaded his brethren in angle, city upon the feasibility of emigrating to Texas! He was acting apothecary to the hospital—a post of leisure, dignity, and confidence, which he turned to advantage by employing the opportunities it afforded him in maturing his arrangements for a coup-de-main, when the proper moment should arrive. On Friday evening his energetic spirit was reinforced by the arrival to the hospital of Jordan—a hair-brained fellow, but fearless and keen for an adventure, and

"As one brave hero has fan another's flame."

the escape was decided for the next night. This old prison is used as the hospital, and it is the weakest point in the works, and there are no sentinels posted on the walls at night.

The prisoners are confined in cells, by which fixed the outlook on the outside of the iron grated door, which opened at the foot of the steps. A large aperture was made by sawing in the door, sufficient to admit a man, through the arch, which left nothing to be done but to throw a slender arm through the bars of the outer door, insert the well-fitting key in the padlock, open the door, descend the steps, traverse down the yard, make an inclined plane of a long plank, scale the wall, creep along by the picket and drop into the first dry spot they could find. All which was executed without the least noise, though there were two large dogs in the yard; as the prisoners had a bag of provisions with them it is probable that they silenced their growlings by feeding them. The night was very dark, and it is doubtful whether their escape from the steps could have been seen from the windows of the main-guard room, even if the attention of the guard had been directed towards them. Or they might have availed themselves of the precise moment of 12 o'clock, when it was well known that the guard on duty went up stairs to summon the relief-guard to his post. They dropped a bag of provisions, and three pistols, which they took from the desk of the officer of their ward—one was loaded.

The alarm was given about two o'clock by a sick prisoner, who needed assistance from Edwards and after knocking and calling some time in vain, he rang the hospital bell, and brought up the guard, and measures were immediately taken, by the Warden, Mr. Lincoln, to employ the police to recapture the fugitives. Four of them, Edwards, Jordon, Covert, and Mallard, were in for life, and had commenced his studies in prison discipline down at the Castle, and had been in confinement *thirty-one* years. For further particulars respecting them, see Mr. Lincoln's advertisement, off ring $700 reward, in another column. Mr. Lincoln has frequently notified the Legislature of the insecurity of the old building.

[The names of the prisoners escaped are Wm. Mallard, aged 64; Syrus B. James, 26; Jacob Edwards, 28; John Harris, alias Joshua H. Morrell, 33; Samuel F. Jordon, 33; James H. Covert, 52; Seth M. Fogg, 18. Seven hundred dollars are offered for their apprehension and return to the State Prison, or $100 for each, together with all necessary charges.]

NEW YORK, Sept. 20.

Cholera—One of the Sunday papers reports a death by cholera—Asiatic cholera—virulent and undoubted—in the penitentiary, on Saturday. The patient was committed to the penitentiary as a vagrant on Friday; name, Walter Reid. The report states that two other cases, one without nausea, one in Cross, and the other in Cedar street.

Whether these reports are true or not, we cannot say, but there is no good reason that we know of why they should not be true. The abundance of fruit and vegetables with which our markets teem, and which are undoubtedly eaten to great excess—the quick and unhealthy change of weather from cold to hot, from damp to dry and *vice versa*—the too general neglect of proper attention to raiment—and, above all, the abominably foul and offensive condition of the streets, alleys, and other materials and filth, seem for the inception of the dreaded pestilence. The last of these only, falls within the powers and duties of the municipal authorities, and if they neglect it longer, they will incur, we fear, a heavy load of responsibility. Chapel street has been for several weeks past a magazine of malaria and deleterious agents; Thomas street is as bad, or worse; parts of Hudson street, and Ann street, between Broadway and Nassau-st, are in bad category; Cedar street also; in short, there are fifty places in the city where purification is most urgently required. Should the cholera or yellow fever actually appear among us, in such decided form as to make concealment impossible, there would be a mighty bustle; committees would be appointed, hospitals provided, and large appropriations called for, to meet the fearful enemy of human life with becoming zeal and vigor; half the fuss and a quarter of the expense, judiciously applied beforehand, in measures of prevention, would do fifty times the good.—*Com. Adv.*

AN ANTIQUE.

A venerable and beautiful relic of old times has been disinterred, as one may say, from a burial of thirty years and more, in Norfolk. This is nothing less than the mace, employed before the revolution, by the Borough Court, as a symbol of authority. It is of richly wrought silver, three feet six inches long, and weighing eighty-six ounces. It consists of a polished staff, having a crown on the top, with the British arms, the rose and thistle, and other devices. The crown weighs twenty-eight ounces. From an inscription on the staff, it appears that this beautiful piece of workmanship was presented to the corporation of Norfolk in 1753, by the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, then lieutenant governor of Virginia. In 1790, it was committed to the clerk of the Borough Court, for safe keeping, and he him deposited, in 1805, in the vault of the Virginia Bank, where it has ever since remained undisturbed and almost forgotten.

[*Correspondence of the Savannah Georgeian.*]

ST. JOHNS RIVER, (E. F.) Sept. 18.

Sir:—Six hundred of the Tennessee Volunteers have reached Newnansville,—the others are on their way. They are accompanied by Gov. Call, who writes that he will rid the country entirely of this daring, wily foe, or leave his bones and blood to mingle with those of the heroic Dade and gallant Izard, in fattening the soil of the Seminole. Gov. Call was schooled by Gen. Jackson, whose lessons the late conquering Seminole has not entirely forgotten; and his soldiers are from the same hardy yeomanry, alike familiar with the rifle and the axe, who followed the determined Jackson to victory and to fame.

The command of all the regulars is given to the gallant Major Pierce, who has already given an earnest of what may be expected of him, entrusted with this command. All the Regulars fit for duty, are to be marched against the enemy leaving the volunteers on the East side of the St. Johns to protect their families and homes. The season of the year, the officers, the troops, all seem auspicious for the opening of the new campaign. Marvelous eliminations of a fearless few have proved the enemy not invincible, if daring.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 22.

The Weather.—Scarcely equalled, perhaps, have there been experienced, in the regions hereabout such remarkable alternations of heat and cold as within the last two weeks. About ten days ago, it was unseasonably and uncomfortably cool, and there was frost enough, we are informed, towards Baltimore, to leave on the vegetation traces of its scathing presence. Fears are entertained that the corn crops, which are backward, would be much injured, if not destroyed, and all the world began to think of providing fuel for the winter without delay, believing that we should be prematurely visited by the season of the "sere, the yellow leaf." But one frost, we believe, no more taken place, than there followed a warm season, and instead of having a continuance of the cool, damp, fever and ague kind of weather that we had ten days ago, we have experienced, for the last week, a temperature so oppressively hot, and the atmosphere for the last three or four days has not been much below that of Calcutta or Laguira. The heat has been intense and overpowering, and such as we do not recollect to have felt at any autumnal equinox.

A few days after my last arrival in Turkey I visited Smyrna, and the first sound I heard on landing at the ferry stairs, consisting of a bell. On my way up the town I met several in the lanes foraging about, and on the high grounds above the town was a whole herd of them, close beside a flock of sheep. I farther found that their flesh sold, along with the mutton, in the butchers' shops, and our cook purchased it freely whenever he wished for it. The Turks, having conquered their first repugnance to the sight of the unclean animal soon began to relax their taste. When it was exposed for sale, many purchased it for food, without affecting to know or mark the difference between it and mutton; and in this the upperclasses set the example. At an entertainment given at the French palace, several Turks of rank were present, and a friend of mine saw two of them regaling themselves with some ham. Supposing they did not know what in that disgusting form the animal to which it belonged, he made it a scruple of conscience to tell them that they were eating the flesh of an unclean animal. They only replied with great good humor, that it was a pity such good food should ever be thought unclean or prohibited; and they went on eating until they were satisfied. You may think this is a trifle scarcely worth noticing among the revolutionary events of Turkey; but if you consider it is casting down one great barrier which prejudice, and that prejudice a religious one, had set up to prevent the Mahomedan from amalgamating with the Christian people of Europe, it is of much importance.—*Dr. Walsh's Residence in Constantinople.*

The New Testament has been lately printed in New York with raised letters for the use of the blind. The work is in two volumes octavo, twelve dollars, whereas the edition published in England comprised nine volumes at a guinea a volume, or about $45. The cheapness of the American edition is a great desideratum, as the cost of the English work caused it to be comparatively little used.

The news from Spain (says the Liverpool Courier of August 24th) is more than usually important. Another change has taken place in the Ministry, Isturis is discarded and Calatrava supplies his place. The constitution of 1812 has been proclaimed at Madrid. It is impossible to say to what further misery and distraction this ill-fated country is destined. The feeling in favor of the constitution of 1812 is widely diffusing itself, and if that constitution is much too liberal to be recognized either by the Queen or Don Carlos, a third party will thus spring up in the heart of the nation, and, while the two belligerents are spending their strength in hopeless efforts against each other, may step in and snatch the prizes from both, or at least prove very troublesome to whichever may gain the ascendancy.

A GOOD STORY.—We were not a little amused the other day, while riding up from Albany, at hearing an elderly gentleman relate an anecdote relative to the capture of a crocodile, and his conveyance into Charleston, S. C. upon the top of a rail road car. He said there was a very great number of passengers on board the cars running from August to Charleston, and when about a dozen of miles from the latter place, they espied a crocodile of great magnitude. The passengers, in view of the animal, the engineer immediately halted his team, and each man, woman and child ran pell-mell to the nearest to the huge monster of the southern swamps. But they weren'nt satisfied with mere casual glance, and they determined by a majority of votes to seize the barbarous creature, and appropriate him to a civilized life. About 20 men, with a courage equal to Putnam, armed themselves with ropes and other implements of crocodile warfare, dismounted, surrounded the enemy and attached him to one of the cars and marched triumphantly into the city, like the Roman general, amid shouts and plaudits of a delighted populace.—*Schenectady Reflector.*

City of Alabama.—We have recently given place to several advertisements having the signature "Observer," in relation to the new city intended to be started in the Bay of Mobile, and in our columns to-day will be found the report of a very able and efficient Engineer on this subject. That Mobile is most eligibly situated located for the immense commerce of which it is the depository, cannot be questioned and when we bear in mind that the company about erecting the city of Alabama, start with a capital of a million of dollars to develope its advantages, it would certainly appear no way improbable that their efforts would be crowned with success. We do not pretend to be conversant with the merits of this project, but inasmuch as it cannot fail if successful to be highly beneficial to the commerce of the country at large, it has our best wishes.

Manufacturing in N. Carolina.—"Lincoln County," says the Lincolnton Transcript, "has one cotton factory with 1200 spindles; 4 furnaces, 9 forges, 4 banks, 20 merchant mills, manufacturing the best of flour; many grists and saw mills; limestone fortifications and rich gold mines in King's mountain."

Chinese Epicurism.—The *tongues of ducks* are among the delicacies of Chinese epicurism. They are cut out, stretched to their utmost length, dried and then put up on strings. In this state they resemble a bundle of awls, and are hardened almost to the firmness of iron.

The following private letter from the camp of the Texian army was politely handed us by the curator of the Merchants' Exchange.

De Grand the principal chief of the Cumanche Indians is now in the camp of the Texian army; "He is authorized by the nation to offer the services of their warriors, who are well armed and equipped to the Texian government, in one of a second Expedition against the Mexicans if their services had not been accepted.

Le Grande is about 47 years of age, is a half breed: his father was a puschman, his mother a Comanche woman; he is very intelligent man; was educated in New York and left Louisville in the year 1816, and has been the principal chief of the nation for fifteen years. He is the deadly enemy and dread of the Mexicans.

It is the opinion at Columbia that Captain Hopper of the Pascale would be hanged.

Santa Anna and Alamedo are in double irons at Doctor Phelp's plantation, guarded by 110 men. Gen. Bowles' situation was at St. Augustine, and daily expected at Velasco.—*Lou. Ad.*

VIRGINIA SILK.

We have been shown about twenty skeins of beautiful sewing Silk, the product of the silk worms raised by Mrs. Mary Lewis, of this country. It has all the brilliancy and beauty of, and is no doubt equal if not superior in quality to the Italian sewing silk, and the thread is twisted and put into skeins in a style of neatness, which reflects much credit upon the ingenuity of the lady who has thus connaced the manufacture of this beautiful and useful article.—*Free Press.*

ILLINOIS.

It is mentioned, as a curious circumstance, that in the midst of the supposed to be, alluvial prairies of Illinois, immense detached rocks of limestone are found, weighing from one to twelve thousand pounds; although no quarry of that formation has ever been discovered in the State. These stones are called in mineralogy boulders, and the circumstances under which they are found have given rise to much speculation in regard to their origin.

The will of Mr. Rothschild gives to his widow £20,000, per annum, together with his house in Piccadilly and that purchased by him from the princes Amelia, and all the furniture, plates and jewels; £120,000 to each of his daughters; £1000 to each of his wife's brothers and £500 to each of their sisters. £10,000 to Mr. Cohen, one of the executors; some charitable donations; and the residue to be equally divided between his four sons, who are to continue the business exactly as heretofore, in conjunction with the houses in Vienna, Frankfort and Paris.

Care of an American Mother.—A lady took a child to a physician in Utica, to consult him about its precious health. Among other things she inquired if the spring water would be useful. "Certainly Madame, replied the Doctor, and he looked at the child, and then took a pinch of snuff. "I have not the least hesitation in recommending the spring water, and the sooner you apply the remedy the better." "You really think it would be good for the dear thing don't you?"—"Upon my word it is the best remedy I know of." "What springs would you recommend doctor?" "Any will do Madam, where you can get plenty of soap."—*Chambers Journal.*

DIED—At his residence in Sumter District, on the 10th inst. JESSE PEEBLES, Esq. Deacon of the Mount Pisgah Baptist Church, aged 66 years and four months. He persevered through more than three years, he bore with Christian fortitude. He was seldom heard to mourn, but often heard to complain of himself for want of resignation to the will of his heavenly father. He read much and digested well. He was seldom seen without his Bible either in his hand or couched by his side, and entertained the most lively hope of his acceptance with God, through the merits of his Son Jesus Christ. His church has reason to mourn the loss of her ablest member, and society generally of a friend.

Departed this life at his residence, near Society Hill, Darlington District, S. C. Mr. DANIEL CAMPBELL, in the 77 year of his age. He was for 18 years a Deacon of the Welsh Neck Church. Possessed of qualities which rendered him in his sphere eminently valuable. He was a humble, and a consistent Christian, friend of friends and brethren, who love him while he lived, and who deeply feel his loss. Remarkably sincere and candid, and combining with his familiar great strength of memory, a solid judgment, a quick discernment of character, an intimate acquaintance with the scriptures, and a readiness at all times to give a reason for the hope he his due, he would have occupied an important place in any Church of which he might have been a member. He felt an acute sensibility, when associated with him in the deaconship, and his pastor, feel that they have lost one in whom they could repose the most unlimited confidence. A violent attack of fever terminated his life. His death was peace. Without a doubt of his interest in the Saviour, he could have had no higher honor and joy to serve, he fell asleep in the early morning of the Lord's day, Sept. 18, 1836.

DIED, of bilious inflammatory fever, on the 8th of Sept. *Mrs. SARAH M. HARVIN*, wife of William R. Harvin, Esq. of Sumter District, S. C. aged 23 years 33 days and 11 months. *Mrs. Harvin* was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Kingsland, of Charleston. Her virtuous illness lasted for 74 days—the whole of which time, serious apprehensions were entertained of her death—but unabated zeal, which was shamed even by the attendant Physicians, all seemed ineffectual. From the first she repeatedly spoke of her decease being unto death, but her composure was serious, mingled with coolness and confidence in her blessed Saviour; in whose righteousness and atonement alone she expected, or desired salvation. For more than eight years, she had exemplified the attachment to her Saviour, not only by profession, but the most exemplary consistency, pious and kind, as a course as a christian. They who knew her best, and had the best opportunity of observing, discovered in her the most untiring solicitude to promote the life of Godliness in her own soul, and that of her friends, and the Morish Baptist Church, of which she was a highly valuable member, and all wishes her other loss. For on her death bed she entreated with sinners, begging them to be reconciled to God. During her protracted illness, she ever appeared perfectly resigned to whatever change the Lord had in store for her. It was the privilege of the writer of this article, to visit her sick chamber repeatedly during her illness and observing affectionately, that her mind seemed tranquil, and whenever asked if she enjoyed the consolations of Religion, under her sufferings, and felt supported by the presence of her heavenly Father, she was always quick to reply, I do! Through her whole sickness not a murmur escaped her lips, and in her last moments, hough unable from excessive debility to speak distinctly, we have every reason to believe she continued to enjoy the cheering presence of her compassionate Saviour.—She was calm and patient, only waiting the summons to remove her to a far better and happier world. The numerous train of weeping relatives of the dear deceased, have indeed lost, irreparably lost, a most endeared and amiable friend and relative; death has closed forever the scene of social endearment, but they sorrow not as others who have no hope. Her unfettered spirit has winged its way to the paradise of God, there to bask forever in the smiles of a precious Saviour, no more to be ruffled by the storms which agitate the vale below, but be engaged, through a blissful eternity, in singing the heavenly chaunt. Her spirit now possesses mansions, which no vicissitude shall deface, which time cannot destroy—mansions, which cost an infinite price, even the blood of the son of God. May we say with "There remaineth therefore, a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4, 9. N. G.

DIED, at his residence in Abbeville District, Sept. 18th, Dr. CHESLEY DAVIS, in the 60th year of his age. He had been a faithful, zealous and laborious minister of the Gospel for about 35 or 40 years. His opportunities of intellectual cultivation were very limited, yet he was the decided friend of improvement, and endeavored to obtain for himself such as was within his reach. For several years before his death, he was totally infirmities prevented his attention to regular ministerial duties; but he did not consider himself as the Christian minister, but they sorrow not as others who have no hope. Her unfettered spirit has winged its way to the paradise of God, there to bask forever in the smiles of a precious Saviour, no more to be ruffled by the storms which agitate the vale below, but be engaged, through a blissful eternity, in singing the heavenly chaunt. Her spirit now possesses mansions, which no vicissitude shall deface, which time cannot destroy—mansions, which cost an infinite price, even the blood of the son of God. May we say with "There remaineth therefore, a rest to the people of God."—Heb. 4, 9. N. G.

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Union Meeting.

☞ There will be a UNION MEETING, at Hopewell Church, Bloody River Fork, Monroe District, S. C. on the Friday before the fifth Sabbath in October next. Brethren in the Ministry are affectionately invited to attend.

Sept 26

Charleston Price Current, Sept. 26.

ARTICLES.		
BAGGING, Hemp, 44 inch, yard	24	a 26
Tow and Flax	18	a 22
BALE ROPE, lb.	10	a 12
BACON Hams	10	a 12
Shoulders and Sides	9½	a 10
BEEF, New-York, bbl.	7½	a 11½
Prime	12 00	a 13 00
Cargo	8 50	a 9 00
Mess, Boston	6 75	a
No. 1	14 00	a 14 50
No. 2	10 50	a 11
BREAD, Navy, cwt.	9 50	a 10
Pilot	5 00	a
Crackers	6	a 000
BUTTER, Goshen, prime, lb.	7 50	a 8
Inferior	26	a 31
CANDLES, Spermaceti	25	a 27
Tallow, Charleston made	12	a 14
Northern	12	a 12½
CHEESE, Northern	10	a 12½
COFFEE, inferior to fair	12	a 12½
Good fair to prime	13	a 14
Choice	14	a 15
Porto Rico	14½	a 15
COTTON, Uplands, inferior	14	a 15
Ordinary to fair	15½	a 16½
Good fair to good	17	a 17
Prime to choice	18½	a 19
Sauteed and Mobile	32	a 45
Sea Island, fine	48	a 58
CORDAGE, Tarred, lb.	10	a 11
Manila, lb.	11	a 19
DOMESTIC GOODS.		
Shirtings, brown, yd.	8½	a 10½
Bleached	9	a 18
Sheeting, brown	11	a 13
Bleached	12	a 21
Calicoes	10½	a 20
Stripes, indigo blue	12	a 16
Checks	11	a 20
Plaids	11	a 16
Fustians	14	a 18
Jean Tick	15	a 22
DUCK, Russian, bolt	18	a 21
American Cotton, yd.	35	a 45
FISH, Herrings, box		a
Mackerel, No. 1	10 00	a 10 50
No. 2	9 00	a 9 50
No. 3	7 00	a 9 00
Dry Cod, cwt.	4 75	a 5
FLOUR, Baltimore H. sup. bbl.	7 37½	a 7 50
Philadelphia and Virginia	7 37½	a 7 43½
Canal	7 37½	a 8 00
GRAIN, Corn, bush.	75	a 00
Oats	00	a 00
Peas	1 20	a 1 25
GLASS, Window, 100ft.	4 25	a 9
GUNPOWDER, keg	5	a 6
HAY, Prime Northern, 100 lb	1 75	a 1 87½
IRON, Pig,		a
Swedes, assorted	38	a 41
Russia, bar	4	a
Hoop, lb.	6½	a 6½
Sheet	8	a 8½
Nail Rods	6	a 7½
LARD	16	a 17
LEAD, Pig and Bar, 100 lb.	7	a 7½
Sheet	9	a
LIME, Stone, bbl.	1 50	a
LUMBER, Pitch Pine, rafts, M.	14	a 15
Shingles, M.	2 50	a 4 50
Staves, Red Oak	15 00	a 14 00
MOLASSES, Cuba, gal.	38½	a 39
New-Orleans	44	a 46
Sugar House Treacle		a
NAILS, Cut, 6d. to 20d. lb.	6½	a
NAVY STORES		
Tar, Wilmington, bbl.	1 87½	a 2 00
Turpentine, soft	5 00	a 0 00
Do. Georgetown		a
Pitch	0 00	a 0 00
Rosin	3 00	a 0 00
Spirits Turpentine, gal.	70	a 72
Varnish	25	a
OILS, Sperm, winter strained	1 10	a 1 15
Fall strained	1	a 1 5
Summer strained		a
Linseed	1 30	a 1 35
Tanner's, bbl.	15	a 16
OSNABURGS, yd.	8	a 10
PORK, Mess, bbl.	23	a 24
Prime, do.	19	a 20
Cargo, do.	0 00	a 0 00
Mess, Boston	00	a 0 00
Prime, do.		a
PEPPER, black, lb.	8	a 8½
Jamaica	9½	a 9½
RAISINS, Malaga, bunch, box	2 87½	a 3
Muscatel	2 62½	a 2 75
Smyrna	2 50	a 2 75
RICE, 100lbs.	3 87½	a 3 62
SUGAR, Muscovado, lb.	9	a 12
Porto Rico and St. Croix	9½	a 11
Havana white	13	a 14
Do. brown	10	a 10½
New-Orleans	9	a 11
Loaf	16½	a 20
Lump	18	a 14
SALT, Liverpool coarse sack 4 bush.	1 62½	a 0 00
In bulk, bush.	37	a 38
Turks Island	30	a 35
SOAP, American yellow, lb.	3½	a 8
SHOT, all sizes	81	a 9
SEGARS, Spanish, M.	14	a 16
American	1 85	a 1 87½
TALLOW, American, lb.	9½	a 10
TOBACCO, Georgia	8	a 9
Kentucky	9½	a 11
Manufactured	8	a 12
WHALE LINE, yard	18	a 20
TEAS, Bohea	48	a 50
Souchong	30	a 40
Gunpowder	75	a 90
Hyson	50	a 80
Young Hyson	65	a 75
TWINE, Seine	36	a 30
Sewing	36	a 30
WINES, Madeira, gal.	2	a 3
Teneriffe, L. P.	1 05	a 1 10
Malaga	00	a 00
Claret, Bordeaux, case	22	a 30
Champaign, doz.	18	a 15

BANK SHARES, STOCKS, &c.

NAMES.	Original Cost.	Present Price.	Div. last.
United States Bank Shares	100	135 -	2.50
South Carolina do.	65	65	2 00
State do.	100	126	3.50
Union do.	50	70	1.75
Farmers & Mechanics' do.	25	40	1.50
Charleston do.	100	155	5 00
Union Insurance do.	60	79	4.00
Equitable do.	60	84	4.00
Rail-Road do.	100	125½	4.
Santee Canal do.	870	945	17.
State Stock, per cent.	100		
State 5 per cent. do.	100		
City 6 per cent. do.	100		
City 5 per cent. do.	100		

EXCHANGE.

Bill on England, 7 a 7½ per cent. prem.	
France, 5f. 87½ a 5 30 per dollar	
New-York, 30 days, 1 per cent. disc. and int	
Boston and 30 days, 1 per cent. disc. and int.	
Philadelphia, 10 days, 1 per cent. disc. and int.	

Charleston Bank prem. on Exchange—Bills on New-Orleans, and Mobile, 1 and int.; Western Offices 0 per ct. and int.; North 1 per ct. and int.; Savannah 1 per ct. and int.; Checks on the North, 4 dis. South and W. 1 ct.

Savannah and Augusta Bank Bills, par.

All other Georgia Bank Bills, par.

North Carolina Bank Bills, 1 per cent. prem.

Spanish Doubloons, 16½.

Mexican and Colombian do. 15f.

Heavy Guineas, 6f., and Sovereigns, 6f. a 7-6.

Charleston Market.

COTTON.—The only sale that we have to report is 50 Bales of Uplands of the old crop at 18½ cents. Handsome of new Cotton, are not disposed to sell under 21 cents, and there have been no purchases to set the market at that price.

RICE.—There is a fair demand at last quotations.

POETRY.

From the New-York Weekly Messenger.

THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

INSCRIBED TO H. L. F.

Yes, there's one place like home, 'tis at God's holy shrine,
Where high thoughts are kindled, and feeling divine;
Where the soul's sacrifice of praise so melodiously roll,
There's the home of devotion—the home of the soul.

As weary and sad, through this lone "vale of tears,"
Our way we pursue, fill'd with doubts and with fears,
How the spirit's sweet breathings calm peace can impart,
In this home of devotion—this home of the heart.

Though darkness and gloom overshadow our path,
And the world's blighting tempest comes on its wrath;
Yet on Jesus' kind breast we repose all our cares,
In this home of devotion—this sweet home of prayer.

As the Sabbath's calm hours we delightfully spend;
In holiday high converse with Jesus, our friend;
Though often our thoughts to our absent friends roam,
Yet we feel that God's house is the christian's own home.

And trusting in Jesus, almighty to save,
We rob earth of its sting—or its vict'ry the grave;
All honor, and glory, and praise shall be given,
While we swell the full song in that better home—
Heaven. LOUISA.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Diary of a London Clergyman.

THE GAMBLER'S DEATH BED.

[*Concluded.*]

At times, during the pauses of his fiercer paroxysms, he would lay sullen and malignant, blaspheming that God whom he could no longer hope to propitiate, while the scalding exudation of despair trickled over his throbbing temples. His hair was matted with perspiration which streamed from his forehead, and trickled into the deeply-worn furrows of his withered cheeks; and so visible and so intense were the inward agitations which convulsed his bosom, that the nurse accustomed as she was to such scenes wiped a tear from her eye as she gazed upon the miserable sufferer. The nearer death approached the more acute were his internal struggles; and even in his very silence there was a something more dreadful than the tongue either dared or could avow.

Every now and then he gazed with strained and glaring eyeballs round his apartment, until his diseased imagination raised monstrous phantoms, which shrieked and gibbered before his distempered fancy, caressing him and welcoming him to their infernal abodes. Upon the bright speculums of his memory, scenes of past guilt were reflected with vivid fidelity; and, overpowered by these frightful visitations, he sank, at length, into a state of morbid horror. His eyes were continually distended as in pursuit of some sinister object, and he continually shuddered, with strong convulsive emotion, at the spectres which his appalled imagination continued to conjure up.

I did everything in my power to ease his mental pangs which, like a night-mare, overlaid his departing soul, and brought him with earnestness to receive the last consolations of religion. In vain; he would not listen, but repelled me with an angry scowl.

"Would you have me die a hypocrite?" he cried, with an energy which almost made me start. "No, let it not be said that I lent myself to a mockery which I disdain!"

"But," said I, still loath to let him expire in such a state of spiritual bereavement, if but one spark of faith could be kindled in his soul—"why should you think that a mockery which is the consolation of millions! Is it likely that the individual should be right in adopting a creed from which he derives no consolation, and that the million would be wrong in embracing a faith that imparts to them all that which is the happiness here, with the hopes of eternal and perfect happiness hereafter! Does not the utter uncertainty in which the principles of belief end, fairly lead us to the inference, that they are unsound! They supply no grounds of confidence. In your mind all is uncertainty and doubt, and gloom. On the other hand, the faith of the Christian believer brings him peace at the last. He has the assurance, he feels certain of a blessed immortality, and dies with the conviction of being exalted to communion with his God. Weigh then these two facts together, and see on which side the balance of advantage inclines."

"It is too late now," he replied, mournfully; "my die is cast; and if there be a future retribution, I must be one of the doomed."

He gasped—but when I besought him to pray, he answered with a vehement acerbity of tone and gesture,—

"Pray I cannot. I may mock the Omnipotent but an unable to prostrate my stubborn spirit; the taint of guilt has pervaded too deeply. You have the written record of my past life, and you will there see when these bones are mouldering under the sod, what a fruitless life mine has been—how stained with the dark hues of guilt."

"But a prayer for mercy at Heaven's throne may not, even now, be fruitless."

"From me, it would be worse than blasphemy. My very utter, the accents of supplication! but the aspirations of my soul can never go up for a memorial to Heaven. I have no hope. I have lived without God in time and must, therefore live without him in eternity. What then have I to do with prayer?"

He again gasped for breath, and his whole frame became for a moment convulsed. There was a strange and almost supernatural glare in his eye which indicated in characters not to be misunderstood, the violence of his mental conflict. The rattles were already heard in his throat; a clammy dew suffused his forehead; his lips became blanched; and it was evident that his last hour was come. Death stood over him like an enemy and avenger, frowning in the grim severity of his conquest. The wretched man quailed beneath the stroke, as if he had been smitten with the arm of a demon. He stared wildly around him. The phlegm bubbled faintly between his lips, and his breath were not. The paroxysm subsided, and he rallied for a short interval.

"What a moment he exclaimed, shuddering; how the fiends tear the polluted soul from the corrupt body, which must so shortly quit! God is there no mercy for me!"

"Mercy may still come," said I grasping his hand.

"Too late never—contrition is beyond my power. Do not mock me. Cheat me not with the false hope they must soon vanish into a stage of misery for the past, because I have neglected the hours but repent I cannot. Death is come and I am coldly chilled with the damp of eternal corruption, to be hurled down into the pit of perdition, from which there is no redemption."

He sank back into his bed in quick convulsive sobs; the phlegm rattled still more audibly in his throat, so as to render his articulation thick and indistinct.

"If there were hope for me," he continued, "they would not leave me on the rack of despair. The writhings of a distempered and condemned spirit clearly indicate my doom."

"The robber on the cross was pardoned," I observed, in order to cheer him.

"But I am more than a robber, he cried with a fierce hysterical laugh; "for a long term of years I have been familiar only with crime. I am not—I cannot be fit for the purity of heaven, if there be such a place for the eternal communion of saints. There's a hell burning within me, which gives me a terrible earnest of what may be the condition of my futurity. My brain's on fire—my heart is red—the grasp of death is upon me—the howling of the damned now bursts upon my startled ear. I hear their shrieks!—away—away—Satan will have his own. There! there! he comes!—Raise me—save me—fear me from him! I am already in his grasp!—ah! hah! - crush!—rescue—rescue me! Now he smothers—he strangles—he gripes me hard!—hard—hard!—I—I—I—"

Here his voice sank into an almost inaudible whisper, as he fell back, exhausted upon his bed. His glazed and rayless eyes turned inward with an expression of paralysing horror. He struggled for breath,—it came not;—his teeth gnashed; he clenched his hands in agony; and, with a strong convulsive shudder, expired! I have never witnessed so awful a death.

From the New York Observer.

A PERILOUS ENCOUNTER

WITH AN ICEBURG NEAR THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

On the 20th June the ship Byron left Liverpool for New York, bound in ballast with iron, salt, &c. and having on board, in passengers and crew, 119 or 120 souls. On the morning of the 3d of August, 34 days out, in Lat. 44, 22, Lon. 48, 50, a scene occurred which can never be effaced from the memory of one on board. It was the watch of the first mate, a man of great fidelity, but being indisposed, his place was taken by another. An unusual degree of levity and thoughtless security among the passengers had just given place to sleep, and now all was still, save the tread of the watch on deck, or the occasional toll of the bell to warn fishing craft, if near, of our approach: but we had more need to be warned ourselves than to give warning to others of approaching danger. About 2 o'clock, A. M., a hurried step awoke the writer of this sketch; and the rapid whispering of some created the suspicion that all was not right. Springing from his berth, he asked one of the men, near the cabin-door, what was the matter. "We are in the midst of ice," said he: "Will you inform the captain and mate!" The captain was instantly on the deck, and the mate followed. In a moment the vessel, going at the rate of five knots, struck as if against a solid rock. It was an island of ice! It lifted its head above the water, some 100 feet, and stood ready to, or ready to fall down upon us. The word was given to put up the helm and back the sails. As the sailors were hastening to obey the latter order, as the terrified passengers were rushing on deck and looking out, a scene ensued, unimagining, freezing mass, the ship struck again with increasing force. O what a shock! crash! crash! it seemed as if the masts were falling one after another on the deck. The second mate came into the cabin, and clapping violently his hands together, exclaimed, "My God! our bows are stove in—We're all gone." An awful death appeared now inevitable. In this scene of general panic, the commanding officer gave orders, "clear away the boat." Then while the knife was being applied to the cordage fast-ning her along side the ship, a rush was made to her by men and women, and the boat was hung in a moment filled with thirty or forty persons. It seems utterly marvelous that she did not break down, precipitating every soul into the deep. Had this taken place, our commanding officer must have shared the same fate; for, from a desire to gain possession of her for himself and crew, or to save the miserable crowd that had got into her from destruction—it may be from both motives—he entered the boat, and stood in her until he drove out every one at the point of the sword. Then was a scene of terror! In front of the cabin the passengers were collected, half naked, some on their knees, calling for mercy, some clapping their hands, and uttering the most fearfulsh shrieks. Nothing distinctly could be heard. All was confusion and horror. It was enough to penetrate a heart of stone. Some, more collected, were throwing numerous, preparing to resist the cold, if perchance they should survive on the wreck. Others were looking for something to which they could lash themselves for support for a time in the water. There you might see one with a stately lady slung on his shirt, endeavoring to fill it with air there, another, pale and agitated, inquiring, "Is there any hope!" and there one standing as if in sullen despair. "Ah! a dog must be drowning. We must die." "Are we sinking, uncle?" cries a deep boy. A child running to a brave sailor says, "Won't you save me?" And the loud wailing and lamentation from the crowd rose higher and higher. Then, as if to mock the painful scene, the ship struck again on her quarter. The shock reverberated like thunder, making every joint of the vessel shake as if coming apart. Hope now fully fled: all hearts were dismayed: the despairing cry was heard, and the poor souls bowed themselves in preparation for immediate death. Even the dogs cowered down on the deck in silence.

It appeared that at the first shock against the iceberg, the jib-boom was thrust from its place over the bows into the vessel. The second shock carried away the bowsprit, head, and cutwater, leaping the timbers across the bows. Had it struck on the other side, or had it struck the hull, we must have perished, but, by the mercy of God, the hull was uninjured. After the bowsprit was carried away, the stem of the ship must have been held down for a minute by the overhanging mass, and her not immediately rising in front, gave the idea to the passengers that she was stove in, and was filling with water. This created the panic above related. But the mate being backed, the helm put hard up, she turned off from the enemy, and in swinging clear received the last shock on her larboard quarter which, though its sound was terrible, did no injury. *That instant she was free.* And now was the contest between despair and hope. The carpenter reported that the hull was sound and the bowsprit could be repaired; but there, she may have sprung a leak, and the foremast is in danger of falling! The word was, "To the pump." The pump was rigged and brought. It was a moment of painful suspense, until the water sucked, showing that all was tight. Then hope gilded the countenance of our captain, and all hearts began to live in its radiance. Still we waited to hear the crash of the foremast, as the vessel was rolling in the sea, but it stood firm. Daylight, ever delightful to those on the deep, and peculiarly grateful to us, soon appeared. We found ourselves going on our way alive, and with every reasonable confidence of future life. Few in such circumstances return to tell the story of their escape, but we were returning. We stood amazed at our deliverance. The most careless among us were constrained to attribute our preservation to a kind and merciful Providence; while the multitude cried out unhesitatingly, "It is the God who hath kept us safe thus far, and preserve us his holy name." Then every countenance was lighted up with joy; every heart was full of gratitude to God and love to one another, and many purposes were formed of reformation in future. The next day we saw three mountains of ice. We passed near to one of them. We gazed with the deepest interest on the fellow of that which had so greatly endangered our lives. Before the close of the second day, a new bowsprit was fitted up, which stood the trial of winds and waves the remainder of the voyage. In all this business the officers and crew showed great skill and energy.

And now, being brought in safety to land, the writer joins with all those lately on board, who are willing to unite with him in rendering to the great God, our preserver, humble and sincere thanks for all the mercies of the voyage; he would hope also that the impressions of the value of true religion, of the importance of being always in readiness, by repentance, faith, and obedience, for standing before a holy God in judgment—impressions which that solemn hour of trial called forth in many if not in all hearts—may be remembered by himself, and by every one, to our lasting benefit.

J. Mc——.

THE BOOK AGENT.

As the sun was setting after one of those hot sultry days in July, when the thermometer rises to 90, a tall, lantern jawed, gambrel shank'd fellow entered the village of ——, in the old commonwealth of Massachusetts. He was dressed in the peculiar costume of a yankee backwoodsman—having on his head a homespun cap and on his feet a pair of double soled cow-hide boots, which would laugh out of countenance a Kamschatkian winter. On his arm was carefully folded a butter-nut colored frock coat, and in his hand was an extra shirt and dickey, tied up in a cotton flag handkerchief. On his entrance into the village he inquired for the clergyman, and on being told where he might be found, started post haste for his residence. Arriving at his house, he found him enjoying the cool of the twilight in his garden. Stepping up to the fence he inquired "If the Rev. Mr. —— lived in the neighborhood? The clergyman told him that he did, and that he was the individual to whom he alluded.

"I am dreadful deaf," said the fellow; you must raise your voice, or I can't hear a word you say." The clergyman put his ear to his car, and repeated the declaration that he was the person for whom he enquired and asked him the object of his call. "I'm bin an awful hot day," said the traveller, but it grows a little cooler as the sun goes down." The clergyman again enquired his business at the top of his lungs. "I think you a thousand times," said the stanger. "I reckoned to have got to the tavern by sundown, but I haven't, and as I'm prodigiously tuckered out, I'll stay, and thank ye into the bargain," following the clergyman in the house. The clergyman handed him a chair, and after laying down his great hat and cane on a room and leaning himself awhile with his cap, he took his seat. The clergyman, in a loud voice asked him to what part of the country he was travelling? "Any thing that comes handy," he replied "I am a book agent, and have got much used to nickenacks—I can eat any thing but cold pork and cabbage, and that I never could eat, since I was a boy—but don't put pumpkins in the way at all, nohow whatever." The clergyman inquired again if he was from Vermont.

"I'm getting subscribers," "for a valuable book; it is the works of John Bunyan, or Jonathan Bunyan,—I dont remember exactly which; but I'll see," pulling out his prospectus and handing it to the clergyman. The clergyman, after looking at it, handed it back, and remarked that he did not wish to subscribe. "O yes," he replied, "I always carry a pen and ink with me, as I find a great many folks don't keep such things in their houses," pulling out his pen and ink and offering it to the clergyman. The clergyman reasoning that it is the highest key, and said he must be excused from subscribing "Just as well," said the agent, "I quite the names of half my subscribers myself," entering the name of the clergyman in his book.

The clergyman, despairing of making the fellow hear any thing, concluded to get rid of him the easiest way he could. He therefore furnished him with a good supper and bed. In the morning he told him, in the loud voice as he was master of, that he did not want the work; and should not take it. "Don't give yourself any uneasiness about it," said the agent, "I never forget subscribers; and especially ministers—you shall have it in due time. Thanking him for his kindness and hospitality, and bidding him good morning, he trudged off as fast as his legs could carry him.

About a month after, as the clergyman was on his way to visit a brother in the ministry in a neighboring town, he was met a little surprised to meet his old guest, the deaf book agent. He was dressed much in the same manner as before, but was seated on a box, in the forepart of a large horse-wagon, drawn by a horse that would require stall feeding to make much of a show. Coming up with him, he jumped out of his wagon, shook him cordially by the hand, and said he was going directly to his house with his books. The clergyman said he must be excused from taking them, as he had a set already on hand. "No matter," said the agent, "I am going right by your house, and can take the books and fetch them off of your sofa," getting into his wagon and driving off. The clergyman, fearing his family might take the books in his absence, put about for home, and arrived just as the agent was driving up. Seeing the clergyman had returned, he said, "I reckon back for fear of rain, I'spose, and it does look as though we were going to have a long storm," taking the books from his box and carrying them into the house. The clergyman told him, as usual he could not, and to do that was the hardest work, and thought he was insulting him by forcing them upon him. The agent said he intended to have got a little farther before the storm; but if he could not conveniently pay him the money for the books, he would call in the afternoon and stay till the storm was over. The clergyman, finding he must take the books or keep the fellow three or four days, paid him the money, as the easiest way to get rid of him.

Camp Meetings.

THE Baptist Church in Gadsden county, have resolved to hold a Camp Meeting in the vicinity of Bethel Church, to commence on Friday before the fourth Lord's Day in October next, and cordially invite all the Baptist brethren in general to join with us, and our Methodist Brethren in particular.

ELISHA TYLER, Sen. C. C.

Quincy, August 8, 1836.

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Beach Island, July 15, 1836. *Trustees.*

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME

OF THE

SOUTHERN ROSE.

THE Fifth volume of this Periodical will commence on the first Saturday in October, 1836. Its matter will be very considerably enlarged by the employment of finer type. The labours of the present editor are secured, to gether with the contributions of a large circle of friends of both sexes. The work has been generally rising in public esteem, and extending in circulation. A specimen of the Rose, for the last year, and the subsequent volumes will serve to point to readers the passing volume in every respect superior to its predecessors.

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Charleston, June 30th, 1836.

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PROSPECTUS

OF

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

ENTITLED

The Southern Literary Journal,

PUBLISHED

IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH-CAROLINA.

THIS Magazine, which is published monthly (and of which four numbers have been issued,) is of a miscellaneous character, and embraces articles on every variety of topic in the departments of Science, Literature and the Arts. Its leading objects are, to rouse a spirit of inquiry and improvement among our citizens at the South—to diffuse information and intelligence on interesting and important subjects, among all classes of readers—to afford to genius and industry an opportunity to exhibit, if worthy, the results of their labors, and the results of their labors—to stimulate literary ambition, and elevate the standard of taste and feeling.

Proposed at the South, and supported chiefly by the citizens of the South, this Magazine will, at all times, sustain the institutions of the South, breathe a southern spirit, and exhibit a strictly southern character. In a country as extensive as ours—although its different and distant parts may be bound together by the ties of one and the same government—yet, diverse laws and customs—different pursuits—peculiarities of climate, producing corresponding developments of genius and character—will, and do, each in their turn, affect the intellectual character of a people, and give a peculiar tone to its literature. To this extent will the Literature of the South partake of striking and original features; and to cultivate this original literature, and to foster, improve and elevate it, to the utmost possible degree, will be the great and paramount aim of this journal. Descriptions of Southern scenery—sketches of Southern history—biographical notices of distinguished citizens of the South—Southern improvements in education, science and arts—fictitious narrative and poetry, deriving their chief interest from local manners and peculiarities of the South—these, are, and will continue to be, the favorite topics to which its pages will be devoted. Religious and political discussions, of a party character, will be inadmissible.

It may be proper to add, by way of recommendation the following resolution, unanimously adopted by the Literary and Philosophical Society of South-Carolina, when the Magazine was first projected.

At a meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of South-Carolina, convened the 27th of March, 1835, the following resolution was offered by BENJAMIN ELLIOTT, Esq., seconded by M M. COHEN, Esq., and unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That the Literary and Philosophical Society understand, with high gratification, that Mr. WHITAKER is about commencing a MONTHLY JOURNAL, to be devoted to the advancement of SOUTHERN LITERATURE, and, with pleasure, declare their opinion of his full qualification for such an undertaking, and comply with his request to be permitted to publish the Proceedings of the Society, and such Communications to the Society as the Curators may approve."

From the Minutes.

[Signed] JOSEPH JOHNSON,
President pro. tem.

JACOB DE LA MOTTA, *Secretary.*

To this it would be easy to append numerous highly flattering expressions of approbation, which the work has already elicited from journals in every part of the Union, but it is deemed unnecessary. Among the numerous notices to the four first numbers, are some of the most distinguished journals, devoted to American literature, such as Professor NOTT, Dr. COOPER, Mr. PAULDING, Mr. TRAVCHES, Mr. ELLET, Hon. R. Y. HAYNE, Bishop ENGLAND, W. GILMORE SIMMS, Esq., and others.

TERMS OF THE JOURNAL.—Five dollars a year, payable in advance.

DANIEL K. WHITAKER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Charleston, 14th Dec. 1835.

The entire edition of the three first numbers (1500 copies) being exhausted, a second edition of those numbers will be published, if the press at subscription list authorises it. Those who wish those numbers, therefore, will please put a cross against their names.

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Edgefield Court House, June 30. 8

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Remittances may be made by mail at our Risk, and a certificate from a Post Master will be a good receipt.

For Subscribers out of the State, Bills on any sound Bank within their own State, will be received in payment; but South Carolina Bills will be preferred.

☞ All communications must be post paid, to receive attention. Post Masters and Baptist Ministers are requested to act as Agents.