SOUTHERN BALLOTS

AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCER.

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From the Colonial Churchman.

Thy threatnings wake my slumbering eyes
And warn me where my danger lies:
But 'tis thy blessed Gospel, Lord,
That makes the guilty conscience afraid,
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
And gives a free, but large reward. *Watkeen hymn.*

As two lads were hurrying homewards from a village school in C——, they observed a gentleman on horseback speaking to one of the neighbours, and as he drove off handed him some real treats. The man told them, that the kind stranger having learnt from him that it was not often that he could attend at even the nearest place of worship, begged him to improve his time at home, and there "worship God in sincerity and in truth," adding—"Take these *silent preachers*, my friend, and may God grant that they aid you in serving him." The scholars that evening mentioned this circumstance to their mother, one of them inquiring what the gentleman meant by the phrase "*silent preachers*."

She readily explained that the plain explanation of God's holy word, and the familiar addresses to the conscience which most religious tracts contained, were found admirable aids to, or substitutes for the *preaching* of the Gospel of Peace, and that although they proclaimed the truth not with the lips of men, yet the voice of God had very frequently made itself heard silently though effectually through His gracious blessing on these humble means. "Some of those instances I will," she added, "collect for you by to-morrow evening, after our family devotions, if God be pleased to spare us."

On the following evening the boys did not fail to remind their affectionate parent of her promise, which she thus willingly performed. "During my late visit to L——, I enjoyed the society of a lady who had lately been actively engaged in forwarding the designs of a small Tract Society, from which very much benefit had resulted. On one occasion, in the course of her walks for the distribution of them, her tract basket was nearly emptied, when a man thus roughly addressed her—'Are you the woman what left at my house a book against drunkenness?' On her replying, 'she was,' the sinner with a oath angrily retorted, 'What business have you to point at me that way! How did you know that I drink a little, and who told you all about me!' The poor mild-spoken lady, that she knew not even his name. The man looked thoughtful, muttering to himself—'That is strange, that book hit my very case.' And it did by God's blessing (and nothing, my children, is truly blessed without His blessing,) meet his case. He read the book again; his wife also read it to him, and he became a sober, useful man, instead of a maudlin drunkard. On another occasion, the master of a vessel returned to the society a parcel of tracts which had been sent on board, complaining that once before his men had meddled with such like books when they should have been attending to the ship.' This was a mere excuse, for religion aids and advances and does not hinder the duties of life. The Society desiring that 'patience might have her perfect work,' sent still other tracts on board, and some of them so interested the same master, that on his return from the vessel he sent anxiously for another parcel, and spoke in high terms of the benefits conferred on himself and his men, by these *silent preachers* which had gained entrance to the vessel."

"Then mother," said the elder of the boys, "if so much good is brought about by these nice little books, do not pious persons send them all over the world!"

"Yes, societies have been established in several places, especially in England and in the United States of America; and God has granted them the dew of His blessing. Last year, the New York Episcopal Tract Society distributed 41,633 tracts, and the public benevolence, which more and more abounds in these states, enabled the missionaries in Greece to circulate upwards of 30,000 copies. And what do you think of the American Tract Society having spread abroad through the length and breadth of their land and in other countries, nearly *three millions* of tracts during the past year, and the Paris society 321,000, and that of Edinburgh nearly as many? The London and Bristol Societies are behind none of those. Beside, the young men of the Theological Seminary at New York scattered abroad 500,000 pages; part of them procured with funds which some lads whom I know apply to purpose rather less holy and useful. It may be said of these as of other religious societies, that they have long been teaching us this one *great* doctrine, that every one who possesses or can earn more than he absolutely needs should make himself a steward of the poor.'"

The boys looked and felt guilty, and made a promise (to which some of my young readers will, I trust, find a ready echo in their more bosoms) to spend most of their future spare money in furtherance of such admirable objects—pleasing in time—profitable in eternity.

Their kind parent then related to them some very pleasing and striking anecdotes displaying the immense benefits of those "silent preachers," but I must reserve the repetition of them for another communication,—meantime I entreat those who read this to turn it in their hearts by what method they can advance the glory of God, through the blessed instrumentality of books or tracts of sound piety and profit.

SIGMA.

REGINA,

A little girl of Wurtemburg, who was carried away from her mother, by the savages in North America, and after nine years absence, restored to her.

Many years ago, several German families left their country and settled in North America. Amongst these was a man from Wurtemburg, who with his wife and a large family, established himself in Pennsylvania. There was no churches or schools then in that neighborhood, and he was obliged to be satisfied with keeping the Sabbath at home with his family, and instructing them himself to read the Bible and pray to God. He used very often to read the Bible to them, and always used first to say, "Now, my children, be still and listen to what I am going to read, for it is God who speaks to us in this book." In the year 1754, a dreadful war broke out in Canada, between the French and English. The Indians took the side of the French, and made excursions as far as Pennsylvania, where they plundered and burnt the houses they came to, and murdered the people. In 1755, they reached the dwelling of the poor family from Wurtemburg, while the wife and one of the sons were gone to a mill, a few miles distant, to get some corn ground. The husband, the eldest son, and two little girls, named Barbara and Regina, were at home. The father and his son were instantly killed by the savages, but they carried the two little girls away into captivity, with a great many other children, who were taken in the same manner. They were led many miles through the woods and thorny bushes, that nobody might follow them. In this condition they were brought to the habitations of the Indians, who divided amongst themselves all the children whom they had taken captives. Barbara was at this time ten years old, and Regina nine. It was never known what became of Barbara; but Regina, with a little girl of two years old, whom she had never seen before, were given to an old widow, who was a very cruel woman. Her only son lived with her and maintained her, but he was sometimes from home for weeks together, and then three poor little children were forced to go into the forests to gather roots and other provisions for the old woman, and when they did not bring her enough to eat, she would beat them most cruelly in manner that they were near being killed. The little girl always kept close to Regina, and when she knelt down under a tree, and repeated those prayers to the Lord Jesus, and those hymns which her father had taught them, the little girl prayed with her, and learned the hymns and prayers by heart. In this melancholy state of slavery these children remained nine long years, till Regina reached the age of nineteen, and her little companion was eleven years old. They were both fine looking girls, particularly Regina. While captives, their hearts seemed to have always been drawn towards what was good. Regina continually repeated the verses from the Bible, and the hymns which she had learnt when at home, and she had taught them to the little girl. They often used to cheer each other with one hymn from the hymn book used at Halle, in Germany: "Alone, yet not alone am I, though in this solitude so drear." They constantly hoped that the Lord Jesus would, sometime bring them back to their christian friends. In 1764, their hope was realized. The merciful providence of God brought the English Colonel Bouquet to the place where they were in captivity. He conquered the Indians, and forced them to ask for peace. The first condition he made was that they should restore all the captives they had taken. Thus the two poor girls were released. More than 400 captives were brought to Colonel Bouquet. It was a woful sight to see so many young people wretched and distressed. The Colonel and his soldiers gave them food and clothes, and Colonel Bouquet brought them all to a town called Carlisle, and published in the Pennsylvania newspapers, that all parents, who had lost their children, might come to this place, and in case of their finding them, they should be restored to them. Poor Regina's sorrowing mother came, among many other bereaved parents, to Carlisle; but she could not at first believe a stranger to her: Regina had acquired the appearance and manner, as well as the language of the natives. The poor mother went up and down amongst the young people assembled, but by no efforts could she discover her daughter. She wept in bitter grief and disappointment. Colonel Bouquet said, "Do you recollect nothing by which you could know, might be discovered?" She answered that she recollected nothing but a hymn, which she used often to sing with them, and which was as follows:

"Alone, yet not alone am I,
Though in this solitude so drear;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hours to cheer.
I am with him, and he with me,
Ev'n here alone I cannot be."

The Colonel desired her to sing this hymn. Scarcely had the mother sung two lines of it, when Regina rushed from the crowd, joined in, sing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms. They both wept for joy, and the Colonel restored the daughter to her mother. But there were many present that could not find their little girl; it is supposed that they were all murdered: and now the child clung to Regina, and would not let her go; and Regina's mother, though very poor, took her home with her. Regina repeatedly said all the time, "Little lamb, God speaks to us." But her mother did not possess a Bible; she had lost every thing when the natives burnt her house. She resolved to go to Philadelphia and buy one there, but the pastor Muhlenberg, of that place gave her one. It was most extraordinary that Regina still retained her early instructions, and was able to read it immediately.

In now remarkable a manner did the Lord realize his words, "Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."

And what reward did the mother, who had diligently taught the children while yet in infancy, the word of God, receive in finding her lost daughter, by the means of those instructions? Why do so many parents forget to communicate the best of gifts to their children? To dress and adorn them, to heap up for them earthly treasures, to advance them in their life-time to honor and dignities—these they trouble themselves much about; but to teach them to know their Saviour, to pray to him, to believe in him, to love and obey him; how many forget these things! But what folly! For, "what is a man profitted, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?

WICKED PRINCIPLE.

A country gentleman not long since placed upon with a merchant in —— street. And for a season all went on well. But at length the young man sold a dress to a lady, and as he was folding it up, he observed a flaw in the silk, and remarked, 'Madam I deem it my duty to tell you there is a fracture in this silk.' This spoiled the bargain. But the merchant overheard the remark; and had he reflected a moment, he might have reasoned thus with himself, 'Now I am safe, while my affairs are committed to the care of an *honest* clerk.' But he was not pleased; so he wrote immediately to the father to come and take him home; for, said he, "he will never make a merchant."

The father who had brought up his son with the strictest care, was not a little surprised and grieved, and hastened to the city to ascertain wherein his son had been deficient. Said the anxious father, And why will he not make a merchant?

Merchant. Because he has no tact. Only a day or two since, he *voluntarily* told a lady who was buying silk that the goods were damaged, and so I lost the bargain. Purchasers must look out for themselves. If they cannot discover flaws, it will be foolishness in me to tell them of their existence.

Father. And is that all the fault!

Merchant. Yes: he is very well in other respects.

Father. Then I love my son better than ever, and I thank you for telling me of the matter; I would not have him in your *store* another day for the world.—*Boston Galaxy.*

A SERMON FOR CHILDREN.

Be sure your sins will find you out.—Num. 32. 23.

"My sin find me out!" say some of you. "No, that is impossible. I am sure that my sin will never find *me* out. Nobody was there when I did it, and besides, it was so dark, that a person standing very near to me could not have seen it." No matter for that; your sin will certainly find you out, as I shall presently show you. By your sin finding you out, is meant it will be discovered and punished.

First, Your sin will *probably* find you out in *this world.*

You know we have many instances of this mentioned in Scripture. The history of Achan is very striking; you will find it in Joshua 7th. The history of Gehazi is another, 2 Kings, 5th; and the awful death of Ananias and Sapphira, another, Acts 5th. Now read all these passages, and see how the sins of these people were found out. And cases very frequently happen now, in which sins committed in secrecy are brought to light in a very strange manner. At the courts of every year, persons are tried and condemned for sins which were committed so secretly, that they thought they would never be discovered.

But how comes it to pass, that sin is so often found out, even in this world?

1. Because *God always sees it when it is done.*

The great God is *every where* present, and sees and knows all things. What a solemn sentiment that was of Hagar in the wilderness, "Thou God seest me." How awful is the language of David in the 139th Psalm: "O Lord thou has searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising; thou understandest my thoughts afar off," &c. Children, God's eye is always upon you.

He is always near you. He hears every word you say, sees every action, reads all the feelings of your heart. Is it any wonder then, that your sin should find you out?

2. Because *the sinner's conscience often betrays him.*

Do you know what conscience is? When you have done any thing that you know was wicked, something within you made you feel afraid and uneasy; that was your conscience. Many people say, "I should be easy in conscience, but they have told of themselves. You remember the story of Joseph's brethren. For a time their minds do not seem to have been troubled: but when they were cast into prison, their sins found them out, and they said, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother." Gen. 42: 21.

I have heard of a man who murdered another, and burnt his body to ashes, hoping never to be found out. But his conscience tormented him so much that he could not sleep in his sleep, and so was found out, and hanged.

3. Because little *things* often lead to the detection of sin.

People, when they do that which they know to be wrong, are often in a flurry, and have not their thoughts about them. Hence they either do something, or forget something, which leads to a discovery. Thieves and robbers, when they break into houses to steal, often leave a hat, or a shoe, or a knife, behind them, by which they are found out. It is astonishing, what little things lead to a discovery. I once heard of a woman who was murdered, and no signs of murder could be found, till it was recollected that a strolling vagabond had been about the village that day. The murderer had left his foot marks in the sand with which the woman had her floor sprinkled, and one of the marks showed that the shoe had a hole in the middle of the sole. The straggler was taken, and the first thing that was done was to examine his shoe, where they found a hole exactly corresponding to the track on the floor. He was tried, found guilty, and hanged. His sin found him out by this trifling circumstance of a hole in his shoe.

There was a boy once, who robbed an orchard; and on the way out he dropped his handkerchief, by which he was found out and punished. Solomon says, "The way of the wicked is darkness: they know not at what they stumble." Prov. 4: 19. They make a mistake where they least expect it. So likely it is, that your sins will find you out.

SECONDLY, If not found out here, your sins will *surely* find out at the *day of judgment.*

It is true that some sins are never found out in this world. But they will come to light hereafter. There is a great day of judgment coming. The trumpet shall sound, and a voice shall be heard, crying out, "Come to judgment! come to judgment!" in tones that will wake the dead. They will rise up out of their graves, the living will be changed, the heavens will be on fire; the earth will be burnt up; the Judge will descend in great glory; the books will be opened; and then all will be found out of the things that are written in the books.

O what discoveries will then be made! The sins of transgressors will all be brought to light, and the things that have been hidden in darkness will be found out. "God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Ecc. 12: 4. Think of this, children. Every wicked word, every wicked action, will then be judged. However secretly you may sin, and however you may escape detection in the world, all will be brought into judgment, and all the world will know all the wickedness you have done. How you will be astonished and afraid, to find that after keeping it secret so many years, the whole matter is suddenly blazed out before the world! In what distress, you will say, "Alas! alas! my sin has found me out!"

And then if you die impenitent, the dreadful sentence will follow, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels."

THIRDLY, Your sins will find you out, and follow you *in hell.* All who do not repent of their sins and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, whether they are young or old, will be sentenced to hell to receive the punishment due to their wicked conduct. They will have to endure the wrath of the Almighty God, and the torments of a guilty conscience besides the fury of their wicked passions, and the reproaches of their fellow sufferers. And there their sins will find them out indeed. They will have nothing to do but to *think*, and they will remember all their sins that they have committed. Some they forget as soon as they are done, and they cannot now remember a thousandth part of all their crimes. But in hell, their memory will be so strengthened as to call them all up again. What a dreadful employment, to spend all eternity in thinking of your sins and feeling their consequences! Thus your sin will find you out, and follow you EVER AND EVER.

Now, children, let me give you a little advice on this subject.

1. Always remember what you now have been told, who sure your sin will find you out." You are often the more tempted to do wrong when you think no one will know it. But you see now that there is no such thing as secrecy. Every secret will be brought to light sooner or later. Either God will expose you, or your own conscience will betray you, or some trifling circumstance will detect you, in this life; or at any rate, God will reveal it all at the day of judgment, and make all your sins blaze out in hell, and stare you in the face to all eternity.

2. I advise you to find out your sins, instead of leaving them to find you out. Examine your conduct and see what sins you have been guilty of, and then confess them to God with true penitence. Search them all out; do not hide them, nor try to excuse them, but spread them all out, and tell God all your wicked words, and wicked actions. "Whoso confesseth and forsaketh his sins shall find mercy." Pray to God to show you your sins, and set them in order before your eyes, so that you may humble yourselves before God. And then ask him to forgive them all, for the sake of Jesus Christ. Christ died for sinners, that God might forgive them. And if you confess your sins, and repent and believe in the Saviour, he will forgive you. Then they will not find you out at the judgment day.

3. Be careful to avoid sin for the future.

Do not be tempted by thinking "only this one," for when you have done it once, you will be likely to do it again. Take care, afraid of what are called little sins, for a little sin is a great wickedness in the sight of God. And what you call little sins lead on to greater ones. A sinner's course is like that of a person sliding down a hill, beginning slow, but goes on faster and faster every step, till he does not know how to stop. Avoid bad companions, especially such as ask you to do what is wrong. "If sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Remember there are always two witnesses, at least, with you wherever you are, God and your own conscience. And you will find your sin in *their* presence. "Be SURE YOUR SIN WILL FIND YOU OUT."—*Christian Witness.*

From the Philadelphia Observer.

FUNERAL OF A LOST SOUL.

Mr. EDITOR,—A few days since I attended the funeral of one of my neighbours, who had suddenly died of a disease of the heart. He was sitting at a table loaded with luxuries, and rejoicing amid his family and guests, when, mortally throwing himself back, he gasped and expired. He was a man of no small consequence in the sphere in which he moved. Riches had been lavished upon him, so that he had a great establishment and numerous dependents. But he had forgotten God. The Sabbath had been to him and his household a day of recreation and pleasure. In the morning, if the weather was fair, they usually appeared in the house of God with much pomp and ceremony; the rest of the day was spent in feasting and mirth. His wives had had gotten him his wealth, and he thanked God that he had much goods laid up for many years. But in an unexpected moment he passed to the judgment-seat. The preparation for his funeral was truly magnificent. And when the procession moved from his mansion, I could not but think of the remark made respecting the Earl of Chesterfield, that nothing could have been more gratifying to the pride of his heart than to have looked out of his coffin and seen the respect which was paid to his memory. It was indeed "the icy pomp, with which grandeur mourned its magnificently over departed pride." I returned to my home with many solemn, and I trust profitable, reflections on human life. On entering my room, I cast my eye on an old English Bible, in the black letter, which lay open on my table; I was struck with the account of the rich man, who fared sumptuously every day, particularly with the mention of his burial, it being somewhat different from our common translation; THE RICH MAN ALSO DIED, AND IN HELL HE WAS BURIED. Buried in hell! What a funeral, thought I, must that have been! How different from the one which I have attended this day. The burial, not of the body, but of the soul! And the burial in hell! I was hence led to a series of reflections on the SOUL'S FUNERAL, or the burial of the lost soul in hell. I first contrasted the preparation which had been made in that now forsaken mansion in my neighbourhood with the preparation made for the funeral of the lost soul. Several days were there wholly devoted to it, and almost every trade and handicraft were brought into requisition. The merchant, the tailor, the milliner, the coffin maker, the undertaker, were all in full employ. But for the funeral of the *soul* there was no preparation. No time was allowed for any. Like one who had died of an infectious disease, it was hurried away the moment its tenement was broken up; and all was over before the body was laid out or the solemn funeral show had been planned by survivors. Yet there were some things done, as in the burial of the body.

There were carriers employed. These were different from those who carried the soul of Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. *Those* were angels; *these* were devils. No angel used for this purpose that they might carry it to heaven. Some did indeed, cast an eye upon it, but they saw no image of God there—no spirit of holiness, nor devotion to Christ; nothing but sin, pollution, malice, and blasphemy; and they, left it for devils, who eagerly grasped it and bore it to hell.

There were pall-bearers. And these resembled those whom I had seen at the funeral of my neighbor, the companions of his youth, the partakers of his sin and guilt, the man who had ate and drank with him on the Sabbath, and mocked God and ridiculed the HOLY GHOST. It was indeed proposed that some of the pious men of the place should walk by his coffin; but his wives dow said they had never been his associates in life, and they should not be honored in his death; and it was; as I saw the lost soul bourne away into eternity, some foul spirits of darkness gathered around it, from whom it revolted with peculiar emotions. They were those companions of its youth, its associates in crime; who had been buried before it into eternity, and were now sent to accompany it to the regions of wailing.

And there were mourners. In them I was deeply interested. They seemed to be of a different spirit from all other attendants. They were neither the wife nor children that had survived. *They* had been apparently great mourners at the funeral of the body, but had cared not for the soul. The chief mourner here was an aged mother who had early dedicated his soul to God, and had instructed, warned, rebuked, and entreated, it, with tears, that it might be saved, but who had been foiled in effort by the world's power, and had now seen it cut off without God and hope. She followed it into eternity with tears and groans, exclaiming, O my son! my son! And, mingling his tears with hers was a minister of the cross who had watched the lost soul "as one that must give account;" who had wrestled hard for it with the angel of the covenant; who had seen it under his preaching, now tremble like Felix, and now like Agrippa, almost persuaded; yet at last, through the wiles of infidelity, turning away in Grecian scorn, treading under foot the Son of God, and doing despite to the Spirit of grace; and who now behold it, not as a seal of his ministry and a crown of rejoicing, but as one to whom the gospel he had preached had been a savor of death unto death. He wept, exclaiming, *"If thou, even thou, hadst known in this thy day the things that belong to thy peace, but now they are hid from thine eyes."* Such were the mourners—few but sorrowful.

I was hurried with all the rapidity of thought to the place of burial. It was

"A dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great furnace flam'd yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness, visible,
Serving but to discover sighs of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
That comes to all, but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning sulphur, unconsum'd:
Such place Eternal Justice had prepared."

There this poor soul was buried,

"Far from the utmost verge of day."

I had read in my childhood of a man who, supposed to be dead, was buried in his tomb, but soon revived; and there, in his coffin, unable to escape, had, when discovered, long lain meditating on his past life, on his awful condition, and wrestling with God, and not finding it; and I had ever since a peculiar dread of being buried alive. As I saw this soul buried in hell, I could not but say, *How awful there to be buried alive!* But with this soul it was otherwise; and I perceived that it was conscious of it, for I *looked* round with peculiar agony in search of death.

"There amidst the sad second death,
And worse than death, can't expire."

I dreaded to think what must be the feelings of this soul, now buried in hell. And I resolved to turn away from the scene, and engage in something that would divert my attention, as do men of the world from the funeral solemnities of some neighbor or friend; but my mind would wander down to that dark abode, and there see that once bright and beautiful spirit, which might, but for unbelief, have been an angel of light and glory, now writhe in eternal night; deeply groaning, that, through its own madness and folly, it was lost forever; deeply feeling that all its pious friends were now in heaven and happy in God, while it was itself cast out, abhorred of God, of Christ, and all holy beings; that, eternal companion of the devil and his angels, and the prey of his own ungovernable appetites and passions; feeling its own sins in which on earth it had pleasure, punishment; its guilt, with anguish insupportable, all the good things it had enjoyed in this life; its comforts, its pleasures, its warning and entreaties of Heaven; its day and means of grace; enduring the stings of conscience and the wrath of God, and as it looked up, asked, "How long, O Lord?" and heard Eternity! Eternity! sinking back in its infernal pit,

"To weep and wail forever more,
Reaping the harvest which it had sown."

And, said I, is this the end of sin? the wages of transgressions! Is this the place where the wicked are buried?

"Sad world, indeed! sh, who can dwell
Forever there to dwell!
Forever sinking in despair
In all the pains of hell!"

I fell into an agony, for I had friends yet in sin; but more than all, I saw at a glance that it was the end to which I had fearfully exposed my own soul. While lost to every thing around me, I had a glimpse of one in white garments, who said, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." O! that precious bleeding Saviour!" exclaimed I. And did Jesus die for me! I fell at the mercy-seat; I gave myself over to his blessed service. Sweet peace beamed upon me; I rose, and went forth, commending that almighty Redeemer to perishing sinners as I never did before; and though I have often found it good to go to the house of mourning, yet I think it has been peculiarly happy for me and for others that I have attended THE FUNERAL OF THE LOST SOUL. M. J.

WHY ARE WE RIGHT-HANDED!

Sir Charles Bell on this subject observes: "that for the convenience of life, and to make us prompt and dexterous, it is evident there ought to be no hesitation which hand is to be used, or which foot is to be put forward, and that there is indeed no such hesitation. Is this taught us? or is it from *nature?*

"There is a distinction, he says, in the right side of the body; and the left side is weaker, both as to muscular power and its constitutional properties. The development of the organs of motion and action, he adds, is greater on the right side, as may be proved by measurement, or the opinion of the tailor or shoemaker. The superiority may be said to result from the more frequent use of the right hand. But is this the origin of this use or practice? It has been said children are taught by parents and nurses to use their right hand; but not always, and in spite of

rally, it is believed. Besides, this peculiarity is constitutional; disease attacks the left side and consumptions, diseases attacks the left side and members more frequently than the right. In walking behind a person, we seldom see an equalized motion of the body; and we may observe the step with the left foot is not so much turn with the right; that the right foot at a greater push is ed out in the left; and that a greater push is made with it. From the form of females, and the elasticity of their step, resulting more from the ankle than the hip, the defect of the left foot is still more apparent. We do not see children hop on the left foot. May it not be concluded, then, that every thing (in the convenience of life) being adapted to the right hand, it is not arbitrary, but is owing to a natural endowment of the body, that the right hand is more strong and better fitted for action. We conclude, therefore, that the preference in using the right hand rather than the left, is not the effect of habit merely, nor conventitious, but as a provision of nature. This theory is not, indeed, universally received. The skilful anatomist alone can depend on it; and benevolent design in "the forpoof of use and benevolent design in "the forpoof of use and of our being wonderfully made.

From the Bachers' Monthly Journal.

THE PROVINCE OF WOMAN.

Let no one whose province is here mentioned lightly esteem her vocation, or the office of woman is subs, however unobtrusive, and of high moment, if one of trying care. Though called to occupy a sphere diverse from that assigned her protector, she equally with him may strive for the object which all desire. Happiness to neither is partially denied, and both may tread its way so freely as each may pursue the chief end of life. This is perfection! Happiness to neither is partially denied, and both may tread its way as freely as each may pursue the chief end of life. This is perfection! How wise how exalting to purpose and seek its attainment: how clear the right, how sure the duty of all thus nobly to resolve! None can make a high-er aim, still none may rightly point more low! Thus speaks the Deity: "Walk before me, and be thou perfect;" "even as your Father who is in heaven is perfect." And it is so! Solemn command! but welcome, glorious, soul-inspiring charge of love! Most grateful tax, oh precious boon, of freedom to be godlike! How high the privilege to keep the heavenly mandate, striving for likeness to our maker! And how free: dear bought and priceless, still offered without price, and free as mountain air!

This law requires perfection according to the capacity of those to whom it is addressed; and supplies an exact test of magnanimity.

"Just how, but greatness, say where greatness lies;
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedon to Marlborough, they bleed.
The whole energy, purpose of their lives, to find,
Or make, or meet, or lose a mistress kind.
Kind mistress they pursue, and yet still be gone,
Yet no, or leave behind, further than his nose!
No less alike the politic and wise;
All plan the ruin of their fellow-creatures;
Men in their loves, magnanimous heroes they make,
Not that themselves are wise, but others are not;
Not that themselves are great, but others, even these;
"The phrase allowed to call a village great.
Place, power, pleasure, pain, pelt, pass, and pass
In but the moment a fool, the more a knave,
Who make noise by noble means obtain;
Or, by base means, in no low rogue or fool
(Those two great levellers, fame is prone to level)
Unhonored, unlamented, sink into the grave."

So agrees the spirit of philosophy with the divine precept which at once indicates our duty and our highest happiness. This invaluable requirement is incentive has binding force, for good or harm on all our race, whate'er the grade of mind, or sphere of toil. Woman, then, is bound and entitled to obey the merciful injunction; and wherever, should she be deemed incapable of greatness! Falsely great, like Alexander, or Cæsar, or Bonaparte; she should not wish to be; but greater, yes, she may fitly have a loftier mark! It becomes her to desire the greatness of those, however gifted, whose talents have been employed chiefly to be abused: and if she look at the classic picture of Seminaries, or other antique images of monumental greatness, or see in the painting of modern story, or in nearer view, the misuse of high mental powers, her worth shall be untarnished, and shine more brightly, tho' the eye be tearful with sorrow that evil so largely darkens the survey, that so little may be followed, and so much should serve to deter!

Greatness is not truly affirmative of what is counter-to virtue, whether the stern or fairer sex take, credit of the absent. Men are all are limited; and fully seen, this includes all the restrictions by which human greatness is defined; though it may be well to amplify and note that the sexes have their respective circles of labor, and for one to show interest or concern for the duty of the other is to depart from what virtue and magnanimity alike require.—nearly woman may not be magnanimous on the acting party in in scenes which have been allotted as peculiar for the exercise of masculine endowments. The chair of state, the chamber of legislation, the field of war, the forum, the hall of science—law, medicine, theology; these are not the proper spheres of her toil, and joy, and renown. The greatness of those who shine in such departments is perchance more commanding than she can generally attain; but that is not less real, and as its base is solid, so is it more charming and dearer to the heart.

Greatness is simple: even that of God, so far as we can perceive, appears much to consist in the form observance of certain rules alike plain and just—principles which it is his pleasure to follow, and which have their foundation in nature; and though it is a solemn reflection, it has been deemed allowable and proper to remark, that it is the duty and privilege of our race to be magnanimous like him—in a small degree surely, but still in imitation. Human greatness consists in entire contentment with one's abilities, and the utmost allowable exertion for its improvement. Whoever is great by this standard deserves honor, and has joy, whether female or male, rustic or schoolman, pauper or king. Here tried, the great would not envy the humble. Their joys are not ever good! The full possesses singular excellence, because it may be so generally and yet so quietly employed; much for each man quite it unobserved. Let then, all be contented with meek acquiring; and, if ever One who perchance beholds huge heaps of error where ye may fancy that, like heaps of goodly sun-light, truth has allowed glimpse in full radiance, exposing naught but the ignorance of woman and of all who have not transgressed, must begin in reform; and can only by habitual thoughtfulness and prayer. We cannot not tread of magnanimity, and yet in every breeze that blows, we may see the zephyrs of higher aim; even in the breeze, and why need those divinely ordained, be ever, of innocence, or useless and therefore harmful activity! Sife is a season of patient toil, or protracted sorrow!

Mark some instances of female magnanimity.

—Woman has been great and lonely in repentance: there she appeared and brought the alabaster box of precious fragrance, and, in deep sorrow for her great and countless wanderings, stood at the feet of Jesus weeping, bathed them with tears, dried them with the hairs of her head kissed them, and with the expensive odor perfumed his feet: for she loved much; much was forgiven her; and by unerring judgment, in peace she bore away the palm of honor from our Savior's commendation!

Woman has been noble in study: so was she who sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word, not careful about many things before the one thing needful, but wisely chose—she, by her Master witnessed, the good and during part!

Woman has given high proof of gratitude: and when she poured her costly unguent on the Redeemer's head, before his burial, he was her shield against the murmurings for her affluence of love: "She hath done what she could," he owned and through the whole world her noble act is telling now for her memorial!

There is a bright record of female charity: a poor widow bestowed more than all who cast much in the treasury, for she gave her only mites! How mean is the greatness of the bloody Mary by that of the disciple Tabitha: learning, and fortune, and death, were indeed servant of the former, and those may admire her picture who love what should be abhorred: Dorcas was full of good works and alms deeds which she did;" and when Peter was in the upper chamber, where the corse reclined, all the widows stood beside him weeping, and showing the apparel which she made while she was with them; and who can paint their joy, when he presented her alive, to be with them again!

The female virtues here commended were not mysteriously great: if their sacred story is attractive, it is beautiful for simplicity. It is hard to be mysterious; easy to be unaffected. Who would choose the easier and greater part! For such a fine reflections are subjoined.

Perchance this meets some female's eye in human life. Repine not for thy lowliness, He who was rich once laid his grandeur by to prove far deeper poverty and wo; Him you may follow and with Him commune! Thy task is to do what you can, not as ye would; perform this task, and thy reward is sure.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

Some fair one may be reading here whose loving parents often kindly call her daughter: she need not argue that her tender years forbid her to be great and good. Let not a parent's heart be ever pained for thy want of filial love or assistance! Be ever a purely treasure for thy future wealth, by acts instantly yielding oppulence of peace, and, in far-reaching streams of influence, long blessing thee on earth with more than queenly sources of delight, then issuing in a boundless stream of ever growing joy!

Perhaps a sister here may seek some aid to magnanimity: then let her precious name but faintly typify the crowd of darling virtues which are cherished in her heart, but rich flowers of heavenly love and odor broadly in all her pathway!

List, gentle maiden, blooming in the full charms of recent womanhood. Do not decrease those charms by idle mirth and gossipping: add to their beauty and entrancing power by constant use of all the aids to purity sold freely without price at Shiloh's ever-gushing fount of life, and health, and loveliness, and joy!

Heed, youthful wife! Be true to thy celestial *Lord*, so shall ye love and serve thy terrene husband more. Request him not, save as ye rightly pay: this should be asked, or can be lent the honorable joy of granting thy desire, or bear the odious shame e'er to refuse! So shall ye govern him with more than kingly sway, ruling in love!

Art thou a virtuous mother! how great thy sorrow, joy, fear, hope, and care, few else may fully know! O be not sportive with thy noble trust to form the immortal mind, how vast a charge! Attempt it not without maternal dignity and power: these ye may have so freely as you will. Clothed ever in thy seemly robes, perform thy task. If female offspring bless thee, then let the mother's daily walk be a safe model for the daughter's forming life! Be such thy influence as spouse, that if sons are thy joy they have a bright examplar in their worldly sire! so they may soundly reason, "This must be right, and I will follow it, for I see it is approved by our father says, and thus our father does!" Inform them, too of Socrates, and Cincinnatus, Alfred, and Washington, unmentioned in the book of books: select from those there named, Joseph, and Moses, Samuel, David, and Solomon, Daniel, and Paul; or take from either class such as ye wisely may prefer; and kindle in the tender minds springing from thee, quenchless ambition to be great and good like these examples so far as they appear rich, sparkling gems of virtue, and in their lives did not go counter to the laws of the all crowning archetype, who, for our advantage ceased to seem omnipotent, and, in infinite wisdom and tenderness, chose to appear in the plain yet valued attire and home of the infant of days, beloved and fondly cherished indeed by a favored mother, but receiving little worldly honor, save from the obedient wise men, and humble shepherds, who worshipped rejoicing at Bethlehem.

These whisperings may suffice to point to the exhaustless source of wisdom and good, open to all who rightly seek to know the truth, that they may walk, with steady, persevering step, the straight and narrow avenue of purity and joy. A. W.

From the New Orleans Observer.

HOW THE CHURCHES SHOULD PROMOTE THE USEFULNESS OF THE MINISTRY.

We subjoin a few remarks on this subject from a pastoral address published in the New Hampshire Observer. The question for consideration is,—

How can you, as a member of the church, promote the usefulness of your minister?

1. By which you can co-operate with him in promoting the cause of Christ—

1. By giving attention to his pecuniary support. No duty incumbent upon the Church is more plainly enjoined in the word of God than this; none more in accordance with the dictates of justice and reason.

"Take heed that thou forsake not the Levite so long as thou shalt live upon the earth." Hezekiah commanded the people to give the portion of the priests and Levites that they may be encouraged in the law of the Lord.

Christ said, "The workman is worthy of his meat."

Paul said, "If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we reap your carnal things?" "Do ye not know that they which wait at the alter, are partakers with the altar?" "Even so hath the Lord ordained that they which preach the gospel should live of the gospel." And again, saith Paul, "Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things."

Moreover, by every principle of equity, as a matter of right between man and man is the duty urged.

Let not a minister of the gospel be covetous; let him not engage in worldly speculation; let him give himself wholly to his appropriate work, "that his profiting may appear to all;" at the same time let him expect comfortable provision for his temporal wants as far as the ability of his people will allow, not as a matter of charity, but of justice.

Such provision is essential to his usefulness. No minister of the gospel can be eminently useful, who amidst distracting embarrassment, is perpetually struggling for the means of subsistence. Let his people be competent, and let it be paid punctually according to agreement, and then you may justly claim the devotion of his time and talents to your service in the Lord. Let not the debt lay upon you to your minister be the last debt which you pay. There are those who seem to make a matter of calculation to pay all others before they pay their minister.

Brethren, a word to the wise is sufficient. Upon this point we need not multiply arguments. The history of our churches will show how multiplied and serious are the difficulties which arise from the want of a proper attention to this duty. It is not often that a minister is dismissed, save on account of troubles which originate in this source. We exhort you, therefore, so punctually and adequately to provide for your minister, that he may be unembarrassed with worldly cares, and free to give himself wholly to his work. Thus will you afford effectual aid to the cause of Christ.

2. You should co-operate with your minister, by cherishing a proper regard for his good reputation. By this, we do not mean that you should be insensible to his faults, nor that you should justify his wrong doing; but that you should not magnify his imperfections, but rather extenuate them, being mindful how easy it is to discover blemishes in the most perfect of men, and remembering that to earthen vessels is the treasure of the gospel committed.

Your minister's usefulness is essentially identified with his good name. Be careful, therefore, properly to protect his reputation. Repel with a just indignation every slanderous insinuation against his character. By thus sustaining him in the confidence of the people, you will effectually aid the cause of Christ.

3. You should co-operate with your minister by a punctual attendance upon his ministrations.

It is encouraging to the minister of the gospel; it essentially sustains the reputation of religion in view of the world, when the brethren of the church cheerfully attend not only upon the regular ministration of the sanctuary, but also upon the appointed social meetings. While in most of our churches there are some few individuals who are always at their post and faithfully encourage their pastor by their constant presence in the house of God and at the prayer-meeting, there are others who seem to have no adequate sense of their responsibility in relation to this subject, who allow the most trifling inconveniences, the most trivial excuse to keep them from the place of worship, and who suffer no true regret, are not grieved when real obstacles confine them at home. Persons who thus feel and act have too much reason to question the genuineness of their piety. It is certain that the influence of their example is exceedingly unhappy. They are usually a dead weight upon the neck of the church. Poor such members the minister of Christ receives comparatively no encouragement nor co-operation.

Remember, dear brethren, that the appointed means of grace will confer blessings only so far as they are encouraged and sustained by the presence and prayers. If you neglect the place where God is worshipped and where he proposes to meet men with his favor, the influence of such an example, you can easily perceive, must be disastrous.

Moreover, it is chilling and disheartening to the servant of God, to be compelled to preach to empty seats and naked walls. It is exceedingly depressing to find himself comparatively alone and unsustained at the social prayer-meeting. But oh! if there be one verdant spot in the whole field of a minister's labors,—one spot on which his eyes rest with delight, and his heart contemplates with confidence, it is that which is presented by that little company of faithful, warm-hearted disciples who accompany him in all his labors of love and efforts to do good, and who are constant at the house of God and the house of prayer to sustain him by their presence, their sympathy, and their supplications. It is this which makes his heart beat high amidst the discouragements with which he is surrounded, and renders him on in his self-denying efforts to do good.

4. You should co-operate with your minister by faithfully maintaining church discipline. Disorderly members should be admonished, rebuked; and incorrigible ones should be excluded from the church—for so hath the Lord ordered.

5. You should co-operate with your minister by encouraging religious instruction, in the form of Sabbath schools and Bible classes.

These are the nurseries of piety—the religious academies in which are trained the young cadets who are to supply the spiritual armies of Jesus Christ. In no way can a church do more in aiding the great cause than by sustaining vigorously these institutions. It is by these that the ground work of piety in the rising generation is laid. Here the good seed of truth is sown. You may not see it, perhaps, immediately, but in due time it will be fruitbearing.

Dear Brethren,—By your presence, your prayers, and your active co-operation, give encouragement to Sabbath schools and Bible exercises. Go yourself, and take your children with you. You yourself may be neither too old nor too wise to learn in these institutions.

And you may be assured that if truth, divine truth, be God's appointed means of sanctification, these institutions are the foundations for the virtue, piety, prosperity, and happiness of your children.

6. You should co-operate with your ministers by visiting from house to house in a friendly, social and religious manner.

There is something exceedingly congenial, comforting and confirming in free, social, and religious intercourse among brethren. By familiar inquiry, mutual exhortation, thus stirring up each other's pure minds by way of remembrance, a twofold blessing is conferred. Both he who receives and he who imparts, are blessed together.

7. You should co-operate with your minister by encouraging the circulation and reading of religious tracts and periodicals. No family should be without a competent number of the religious periodicals of the day. The world is teeming with intense. The Church is undertaking and carrying forward great enterprises for Zion. All her moral elements are in commotion, forwarding about to produce some great revolutionary results.

To be without information respecting the passing occurrences of the day, is to be in effect out of the world. The man who is without intelligence has no feeling; his sympathies are all compressed and frozen within his own bosom; and as to co-operation with your benevolent work from such an ignorant, insolated individual, you might as well expect co-operation of a visitant from the moon, who had just lighted down, ignorant of the state of our world.

Intelligence is essential to the spiritual prosperity and active benevolence of any people. No minister can preach with effect upon the great and charitable enterprises of the age, unless his people have been previously enlightened by reading. Cold indeed must be the heart, barren the life, selfish and insolated the sympathies of that Christian, who has not been accustomed to contemplate the stirring movements of the age thro' the medium of religious periodicals.

Dear Brethren!—Will you encourage the religious periodicals of the day? Will you see to it, that no family in the church to which you belong be without information? It were better for a Christian family to dispense with a part of their ordinary meals. Let bread be scarce rather than a dearth of intelligence. What is a man without knowledge? What a poor, dry, contracted, unprofitable being is a Christian without intellectual and moral improvement and elevation! God intended that our mental capacities should expand in view of truth.

Whatever else, then, you neglect, we beseech you, neglect not the means of moral and intellectual enlargement and elevation. Do not say, "I cannot afford it." You can afford it much better than you can afford any thing else. Retrench in bread, retrench in dress, retrench in apparel, but do not, we entreat you, do not improperly retrench the means of nourishing and making vigorous your immortal minds. It is your life, your moral dignity, your spiritual health, your immortal happiness.

From the Biblical Recorder.

MARIA MONK.

It is a rule with us, and has been for years to receive accusations against no one as true, until fully supported by adequate evidence. The plea of disclosure of Maria Monk, although favored by many corroborating circumstances, have heretofore been destitute of positive proof, if we except the testimony of the author herself. The connexion has been, we have never had full confidence in the statements made, and accordingly have admitted but very few into our columns. We have had no idea, however, of overlooking the affair—We have been waiting to see the issue, with the full intention of presenting it to our readers; so soon as it should reach us.

That issue has at length come to hand. Unless the following document be one of the grossest impositions ever practiced on the public, the disclosures of Maria Monk have been placed beyond the reach of a reasonable doubt. Another nun has made her escape from the same den of iniquity, and without concert of any kind, has fully sustained the main statements of the former. Not only does the latter witness confirm the testimony of the former, but she fully accounts for the incongruity between the disclosures and the report of the pretended committee of nuns, which, we had said with no little interest to see the depositions of the second witness. When they are produced we shall consider the question settled, and the iniquitous character of the Canadian nunneries, the Hotel Dieu, more particularly, fully established.

THE NEWLY ESCAPED NUN.

[In the Am. Protestant Vindicator of the 14th inst. we find the following account of the Nun, whose escape from the Hotel Dieu Nunnery of Montreal was mentioned in our column three weeks since. The writer who makes these statements under the signature of G. B. addresses this communication.

Justice of Lower Canada.

[We have space only for a few extracts from his communication.]

On the sixteenth day of August, 1836, verbal intelligence was received in N. York that a nun had taken refuge in a Protestants house, in the interior of the state of N. York, and on the twenty-second day of that month, a letter arrived from a gentleman, confirming that statement. Measures were immediately taken to ascertain all the circumstances which are connected with this extraordinary and surprising event, and on the twenty-sixth of August, the nun arrived in the city of New York. I have thus been minutely explicit, that if any person can invalidate my exposition of the occurrence they may have every facility to detect its incoherence.

The nun's conventual name was Sainte Frances Patrick. Some months ago, five of the nuns in connexion with two of the priests, all of whom had become in a measure disgusted with the hypocritical nunnery and the inordinate dissoluteness of their habitual course, agreed to escape from their horrible bondage. By some means, which is unnecessary to detail, their plot was discovered, and the vengeance of that prelatical inquisitor—"Monsigneur Jean Jacques Lartigue Evêque de Telmesse en Lycie," &c. &c. was diffused upon those rebels to papal authority. Two of the priests have been murdered; two of the nuns have also been despatched into the eternal world—and Francis Patrick herself was immured in one of the "dungeons of despair," attached to that melancholy habitation where "worm dwell and satyre dance," Isaiah 13: 21. There she was immured six weeks and three days; and was finally released through the intcession of some of her canonical relatives; upon the implied engagement, to exert all her influence, and to devote all her energies to the destruction of Maria Monk, and her "Awful Disclosures."

For this purpose Francis Patrick, or Patridge's departure from the Convent was tacitly permitted; that she might aid as the Jesuits designed in trepanning Maria Monk into their power.

She departed from the Convent on July 20, and it was her intention to escape to the priests, that as the result of her emancipation from their thraldom, she would add her testimony to that of Maria Monk, and thus seal the deathless infamy of the Canadian nunneries. Having made all needful arrangements, she escaped to the United States she left Montreal, on July 21; but she had travelled a few miles only, ere her flight was discovered, and two Roman Priests, Joseph Marie and Maria Dibli, followed in pursuit, and traced her from one place to another, until she was upon the very point of being recaptured at Turin, N. Y.

That nun I have seen, and have conversed with her; and we are satisfied that she is an honest convinced, that I have been held her formerly assisting in the public apartments of the sick, in the Hotel Dieu Convent of Montreal; or there must have been nuns very similar in features and figure. However the most important point is this:—she not only had unfolded additional secret circumstances which had transpired in that and the other convents of Montreal, but she has most amply corroborated all the criminal allegations which had before been adduced against the Canadian male and female ecclesiastics; so that our Lord's rule is fulfilled, Matt. 18: 17. In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established."

It is proper also to state to you, that Francis Patrick or Patridge, has been an inmate of the Convent during twenty three years; that she is now about 37 years of age, and that nearly ten years ago she assumed the veil. These circumstances are thus minutely detailed, that the utmost exactitude may be attained, and that her personal identity may be defined so as to preclude all mistake.

The following parts of Maria Monk's "Awful Disclosures," are unequivocally verified by Frances Patrick's, or Patridge's direct testimony; and she speaks of all those matters with that positive affirmation and grave emphasis, as if she were talking of topics, with which she is unreservedly familiar and without any kind of emotion, except that which is combined with her own novel situation.

1. Maria Monk was a nun, as she avows, in the Hotel Dieu Convent. Francis Patrick declares that the statements respecting Maria Monk's having been a servant at Borel, St. Denis, &c., accorded to the affidavit of Dr. Robertson and others is entirely false. * *

2. The delineations which Maria Monk has given of the habitual licentiousness transacted in the Convents in Canada, is but a partial account of those secrets; because there are secret places in the Hotel Dieu which she never saw and abominations perpetrated in that edifice, into which she had not been initiated: she had been only two years a nun.

3. The fact of the nuns being in constant succession enciente; the birth of children; the mummery of Popish baptism performed over the new born infant by the Roman priests, and the immediate stifling, strangling, and transfer of the babes to the pit appointed as the receptacle for them, are fully confirmed, with many fearful and most appalling circumstances of additional atrocity. * * *

5. The accuracy of the portraiture which Maria Monk has given of Jane Ray is fully ratified by Francis Patrick, who adds that Jane Ray never was at the place which is now occupied by certain knaves and priests' hirelings the "Magdalen Asylum;" and that when she left the convent, Jane Ray had been transferred to the Ursuline Convent, or, as the inmates, from their dress, are familiarly called, that of the Grey Nuns. She is now a miserable maniac.

6. Frances Patrick avers that Maria Monk's narrative of the murder of *Sainte* Francisa, recorded in the "Awful Disclosures," is graphically true. She was not in the room when the nun was suffocated, but she saw the mangled corpse as they were dragging it to the cellar, where, to her own knowledge, it was cast into the lime pit, as Maria monk had stated; and that similar scenes often occur, while the death of priests and nuns by poison, by the command of the prelate, and the intriguing jealousy of the priests, is equally common and constant.

7. Frances Patrick also affirms that the character of the Roman Priests in Canada, as given by Maria Monk, is perfectly correct, as far as she has detailed their infamous actions.

8. Frances Patrick likewise avers that all the circumstances which are now blazoned forth respecting the pretended Magdalen Asylum of Montreal, are a scandalous imposture, and nothing else than a base contrivance of the Jesuits to divert public attention from the Hotel Dieu Convent; and that Mrs. McDonnell for many years past has been a procuress for those Canadian priests; and that fewd young women were employed to assume the names of them who they falsely personated.

9. Frances Patrick, or Partridge, asseverated that at first after Maria Monk's escape, the Roman priests cared little for that fact, nor did they concern themselves much about her appearance in Montreal. The earlier publications in the Protestant Vindicator rather startled them; but they had not the smallest idea that any permanent impression would be made upon the public by the discussions in New York.—After Maria Monk's Awful Disclosures appeared, for fear that any claim might be imperatively made for an exploration of the nunnery, it was resolved to complete a series of alterations in the edifice itself, and its exterior appendages.—Accordingly, the secret aperture from the subterraneous passage to the nunnery garden was closed; the former entrance to the subterraneous passage, and the dungeons, and the pits for the corpses of the murdered infants, nuns and priests is walled up, and another way opened. The novices' apartments have been transferred to the nuns' portion of the building. Passages, chambers, and the rooms designated by Maria Monk as appropriated to the several objects that were specified, all have been so artfully and completely transmuted, that no person who had not seen the successive operations could possibly detail or comprehend the nature and extent of the change.

[The article is closed as follows:]

The preceding narrative, it is believed, presents to you, in your official character, as Chief Justice of Lower Canada, topics for grave and judicial investigation. For the present, I only add, that both these late nuns are now in the city of New York; that *Sainte* Eustace has already been obliged to attest the substantial truth of her "Awful Disclosures" in judicial form; and that not only Maria Monk, but also Frances Patrick, is willing at any time, whenever circumstances render it necessary, to ratify the above testimony, by that most fit for confirmation which is an end of all strife."

I have the honor to be,
Your faithful servant, G. B.

From the Religious Magazine.

FRETFUL DISCIPLES.

I looked into the best book I knew of, and I could find nothing there about fretful disciples. I found such an injunction as this; "Put on, therefore as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering, forbearing one another and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any."

Not willing to give the matter up, I searched further and found the bowing: "And besides this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly-kindness, and to brotherly-kindness charity." How is a very full account of the most distinguishing traits of the Christian, but there is nothing said about the quality under discussion. I reasoned that, if fretfulness were one of these traits, the apostle, who was a very careful and judicious man, would certainly have mentioned it.

Then I thought, however, it might be something very becoming—that which might have been very properly mentioned, at least among the inferior graces of piety; but as everything amiable and lovely could not be mentioned, this was omitted for that reason. I looked, therefore for the loveliness of this quality, for the purpose

of seeing whether it was not a proper ornament of Christian character. And I contemplated actual cases.

The pig baked for dinner was not thoroughly done. "What a piece of work that provoking cook has made of it! Does he think that I will be abused in this manner! Stupid fellow! I'll—why, I will not have him in my house another day." The disciple was heated, enough, I thought, to have finished the baking of the pig, had they been in contract; and while he was hot, I tried to see if there was any loveliness in being fretful; but I did not see any.

The boy did not return at the time he was directed. The mother "put on"—what, as we above noticed, I was unable to find in the whole catalogue of the Christian graces. She said, in great excitement, "It was scandalous, provoking, intolerable—she would teach him—she would let him know—it would be the last time she would be so treated." This disciple I had seen wear some of the garments which compose the spiritual apparel. The robe she wore now, however, did not belong to that inventory. For I looked over two separate accounts of it, already noticed, and could not find it on either. There was the command to "PUT ON;" but then "meekness, gentleness, long-suffering," &c., were the things to put on, and if that disciple had fretfulness was one of them, she was certainly mistaken. She could not have carefully examined the record. However, since it was on, I looked to see if there was any thing lovely about it, but I did not find it.

The father was reading a newspaper. A little child not practically interested in politics, but, attending to its own affairs, upset the chair, and tumbling with it upon the floor, mourned most vehemently over its fallen fortunes. "Out of the room with that child!" said the father, in a voice that almost started the plastering. "Do you think I'll be disturbed in this way? Away with that child, I say." There was a very pure specimen of fretfulness, and it furnished me there fore, with a very fair opportunity of seeing the loveliness of this article, if it had any. But I did not see any.

I saw a man in a very snappish state, respecting a certain antic of his horse. Now I could not justify the beast, for he certainly might have done better. Nor could I the man. He beat the brute vehemently, both with words and blows. As I was in search of the moral beauty of fretfulness, I looked for it here. But I saw no beauty in it; though I think I have seen some in the resolutions of Pres. Edwards, "that he never would be angry with a brute."

As I could find nothing lovely in fretfulness, in looking at individual cases, I thought, perhaps, it might be seen if it were looked at by the community. And I saw an obstructed sewer, full of fretful persons—and a retarded canal-boat full—and then a draw-bridge covered with them. Indeed, I have seen several scores of persons in passenger-cars as much of this article as could be personally desired. But it looked no better by the quantity than in a small parcel, just as there is no more of agreeable emotion in looking into a nest of serpents than upon one alone.

Hence, therefore, I would find no mention of fretfulness among the Christian's graces, and could find nothing lovely in any case of it which came under my observation, I judged it was a piece of apparel which a disciple should never put on.

"Well," said one, "I did not have it on but a minute—I did fret, but was quickly over it. "That handsomely dressed gentleman, passing down the street picks up a stone, and the sheepskin just thrown from the shoulders of a Hottentot, and wraps around his own. But I see it is off in a moment. And that is his apology, as he meets you. "I had that vile thing on this but a minute." "Fudge! and what did you put it on at all for!"

"It is so natural to me, says another, "that I cannot help it." That is, it was born with you! I suppose you mean; is a part of your original mental constitution, and is therefore developed as freely and as frequently as other mental qualities; and so it has been as common for you to scold and be out of humor, as it has been to think or remember, and therefore you have been a fretful body ever since you were born. I think you would rap the man, in a downright passion, who should coolly make the statement concerning you. And as for not being able to *help* it—the fact is," said the well-dressed gentleman, "it has been so long my custom to throw every vile rag I find in the street over my shoulders, that now I can not do otherwise." You would laugh in his face, in spite of your politeness.

"But then I am *nervous*, you know," says a third. It is a wonder so well-directed a pen as Paul had not made the remark, when he wrote certain letters to the disciples. Let us throw in the exception you claim, and see how it looks. "Put on therefore, holy and beloved, meekness, long-suffering,"—except such of you Colossians as have weak nerves—"forbearing one another," save the irritable among you, since they can not help it. Again: "I beseech you, Ephesian Christian, that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering," save the the nervous among you, who are exempted from this injunction. This way of correcting an apostle—how does it look!

I took still another view. I could not see, as above stated, that fretfulness was scriptural, or lovely, or excusable; but I did see some things in it which should render it the deep aversion of every disciple of Christ.

It disgraces religion. It violates some of its most positive injunctions, and some which seemed to have been aimed at this very sin.

And see, too, its perfect discordance with the spirit of Christ. The idea would be perfectly shocking to you, that there should ever have been anything like ill-nature or ill-temper in the Saviour. And you can have no idea of Christian nature in which it would not be a stain and shock. Abraham in a passion! Isaiah in a fretful mood! John the Baptist out of temper! The apostle Paul ill-natured, and saint Peter a scolding! Just see how the thing looks; I think you had not better fret any more. Not and sinning anything.

And for another reason—*It will hinder prayer.* Fretting and praying! There were never any two things in more perfect contrast. "Men ought always to pray." Then you ought never to fret. You can't come, fret, and then pray. Or fret, though you never more needed prayer than when in such a mood. The next time you find yourself in such a frame, (may you never have a chance for the trial though) just think of prayer, and attempt it. You can find no single such hostility to prayer. You will have to cast out the spirit of fretfulness before you can have the spirit of prayer. And if you succeed in your ejection, then take measures, I pray you, to keep it out, which is better than to have to cast it out.

"I think you have said enough about so small a matter."

Well, I will stop when I have done one thing more, and that is, to correct this last statement of yours. Fretfulness, a small matter! Then it is a small matter to show the very contrast of the "meekness and gentleness of Christ"—to violate the expressed injunctions of disciples of Christian profession—to cut off your soul from happy communion with God. No, it is not a small matter. He that thinks so makes a very great and dangerous mistake. And if you have made it, I beg of you to correct it directly. SIMON.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1836.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must decline the insertion of the article signed "*Urbane.*" Not that we have any particular objection to the article itself, but because we are fearful that its insertion may renew an unpleasant discussion, on which we think quite enough has already been said; and because it might have the effect to excite discontent in a Church where the subject has been fully discussed, and fairly decided, and where the minority have already shown a generous and christian preference of the peace and unity of the Church, over the maintenance of their own *doubtful* views. We hope our correspondent will appreciate our motives for declining the insertion of his article, and favor us with something of less doubtful utility.

We have received an Obituary notice from Beaufort, unaccompanied by any name; and in accordance with one of our standing rules, we must decline its insertion until we are made acquainted with the name of the writer.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

We have received a letter from a Subscriber from which we extract the following:—

"As I know of no person in my neighborhood disposed to take the Southern Baptist, who are not Subscribers, it is not in my power to advance its interest by that means. But I can contribute from failing, I am willing to give Ten Dollars for my own paper, to commence from January, 1837, hoping by that means to render it worthy of the attention of the Rev. J. B. Furman."

Are there not some other whole souled brethren who are willing to follow so noble an example!

We are pleased also to learn, that considerable exertions are making by the different Associations now meeting, to procure Subscribers.—Several individuals have pledged themselves for twenty each. Let the others follow it up as they meet, and our proposed object will be attained.

THE STEAM-PACKET WM. GIBBONS.

We have the great gratification of announcing the safety of the Passengers in the *William Gibbons.* She went ashore at New-Inlet, from 30 to 40 miles North of Hatteras, on the morning of the 10th, between four and five o'clock, there she lay until day-light, and successful exertions being made to get her off, she fell nearly into the channel, and at two P. M., several of the Passengers were landed with safety on the beach, The Boat was then driven on a sand bank, and shortly afterwards became a total wreck. The rest of the passengers gained the shore about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, where they all remained until the same evening, when they got on an adjacent Island, and a portion thence proceeded to Elizabeth City and other places in the neighbourhood. *Thirty-three* of the Passengers arrived here about 1 o'clock, yesterday morning, in the Schooner *South Boston*, from Ocracock. The schooner *Atlas*, is expected momently to arrive with more of the Passengers. A considerable number yet remain on the Island, where they have a full supply of provisions, and may be expected to reach this city shortly.

The Mail which was on board the *Wm. Gibbons*, is expected to reach here, in the next schooner, whose arrival is looked for, as soon as the wind will permit, with more of the Passengers.

The following is a list of the passengers on board the *South Boston*:

John Byrnes, jr. lady and child, L. M. Sandiff, lady and child, Mr. Hills and lady, Mrs. Dodge, Miss Grant, E. Le Berthon, H. Leitman, J. D. Fuller, L. N. Hitchcock, J. W. Robinson, H. W. Wood, J. Neonet, J. S. Cohen, P. S. Cohen, D. A. Northrop, R. Barber, F. Doore, J. Collibert, sen., G. Johnson, M. Strong, J. S. Pennimat, L. S. Coudry, J. Dagan, M. Fisher, M. Wilkinson, M. Woodruff, D. C. Gilmore, E. H. Mitchell, J. Curran, Capt. Winship, 2 sailors and cook of steam boat.

PUBLIC MEETING.

A large and respectable meeting of the Citizens was held yesterdy at the City Hall, in relation to the Louisville, Cincinnati and Charleston Rail Road. His Honor the Intendant was called to the Chair, and George S. Bryan requested to act as Secretary. The Intendant addressed the meeting in a speech of considerable power, in which he urged the necessity of immediate action in obtaing subscriptions to the road.

Ker Boyce, Esq. then offered the following Resolutions, which were ably supported by Gen. Hamilton, and unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That the success of the Louisville, Cincinnati and Charleston Rail Road, is deemed by this meeting of vital importance to the prosperity of Charleston, and therefore it is the duty of every citizen to promote that great work, by all the means in his power.

Resolved, That for this purpose every Citizen of Charleston is called upon to subscribe, according to his ability, before the closing of the Books on Saturday next—and it is most earnestly recommended, that no citizen should omit to enroll his name on the list of the supporters of this noble enterprise; if he can do no more, *even for a single share.*

Resolved, That Committees be appointed in each of the Wards of this City and Neck, and to wait upon the Citizens and obtain subscriptions, to be handed over to the Commissioners before the closing of the Books on Saturday next.

Resolved, That in the opinion of this meeting the Charter should in no event be allowed to be forfeited, and the work to fall, and that our Representatives in the City Council, as well as in the Legislature, be instructed and enjoined to take such measures on this subject, as may in their opinion best conduce to the proper for the accomplishment of these objects.

BILL OF MORTALITY.

Deaths in Charleston from the 9th to 16th October.

Apoplexy, 1; Cutaneous Cholera, 1; Consumption, 2; Convulsions, 1; Debility, 3; Dropsy, 3; Dropsy of Chest, 1; Dysentery, 1; Fever Bilious, 2; Fever Country, 1; Hepatitis, 1; Hooping-Cough, 3; Teething, 2.

Whites 8, Blacks and Colored 49—Total 57.

FOR THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST.

Mr. Editor.—As you have made some personal allusions to me in your 91st No., which I think claims some defence on my part, I hope you will grant me a place in your paper; although I am considered too personal hitherto, and may again give occasion for some to say, as a lawyer once said, *Thus saying, thou reprovest us also.* Luke 11. 45.

I am pleased to learn in this No. (91) that you did not design to stifle or suppress the discussion between Roger Williams and myself; for I had clearly inferred from your language in No. 87, that you had finally closed your doors against our controversy. But I observe in your 91st No. that you signalize the reply to S. D. L' as containing the offensive personalities, and express a willingness yet to publish my two last manuscripts. This course has removed much of the causes of my complaints against the present Editorship of the Southern Baptist. As relates to the main subject at issue, I did not intend my reply to S. D. L., to have any application; neither did I intend to enter into any detailed reply to S. D. L., for there appeared such a strange composition of heterogeneous and extraneous matter in the production of this author, that I was nigh resolving to pass him by in silent disrespect, only for the reproach which would have been cast upon the denomination in admitting a writer into the Book of Revelations, in their pages, in silent approbation. I hoped, however, and waited to hear, something from the Editor, that might save me the trouble. This hope failed, and the reply I sent on was rejected; so that a disrespect was thus inferred from paper, that the Baptists of South Carolina reject the Book of Revelations. Now, Mr. Editor, permit me, at least, to appeal through your paper to your readers, to examine the *rejected reply* to S. D. L., which before this time, I expect, is under type, and will soon be ready for distribution in pamphlet form (with the whole controversy,) at Mr. W. Riley's printing office, in Charleston. I confess that I wrote with intended severity, because I believed, and yet believe, upon the pure principles of the Gospel; it was merited, that as Paul directed Timothy on certain occasions, *some should be rebuked before all.* And let me, Mr. Editor, call your reflection upon the absurdities of the publication of S. D. L. again, and say whether it did not merit the disrespect it met with, if worthy of notice at all. You know that Roger Williams and myself were engaged in a discussion upon a very interesting subject, arising from our different constructions upon questions drawn from the Book of Revelations, as relates to the Church of Rome. In the midst of our debate S. D. L. steps in, and offers his services as arbiter or peace-maker. And knowing that R. W. and myself held the Book of Revelations of divine authority, he (S. D. L.) proposes a reconciliation upon the rejection of that Book, as not being canonical; or in the adopted language of Luther, that this Book is just as much as if we had it not." As much as to say your dispute is about nothing, it is nonsensical to disturb about it, it is fabricated by unmeaning Book. And this is not the only presumptive absurdity in the mediation of S. D. L. For while R. W. was contending that the Romish church was a christian church, and A. Baptist' directly the reverse, the church of Anti-Christ, S. D. L. urges a compromise upon the unprincipled absurdity that the opinions of R. W. and A. Baptist, were *fundamentally the same.* Further, while S. D. L. offered his services as an arbiter or peace-maker between R. W. and A. Baptist, he (S. D. L.) takes the cudgel from the hand of R. W. and levels his power (such as it is,) against A. B. This is not all; but let it suffice. And now, Mr. Editor, if you could enter into a cool, logical course of reasoning with such a writer without personal reproof, you would prove yourself a more patient man than did Job with his three comforters; for Job said to them, *Ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value. Oh, that ye would altogether hold your peace; and it should be your wisdom.*—Job 13. 4, 5. But believe me, Mr. Editor, I have no more desire (as you have allusively supposed a case,) to fight S. D. L. than Job had towards his comforters, and I am sorry my language was not half as severe, and surely you would not even have put old Job out of your office. In short, Mr. Editor, I did not wish to fight S. D. L. either with spiritual or carnal weapons; but only to give a pointed reproof and pass on; for I had as leave undertaken to hew stony ground in dry weather, as enter into a formal controversy with one of such a caste. At the same time if I knew of a Job, I might pass by his general character was such as would make me weep in sorrow for his inconsistencies. Or he might so explain himself that I would be convinced he did not mean what his language conveys, and latent the circumstance of so misunderstanding his feelings. But I know not S. D. L. in the flesh, and only by this one publication in the press. This fruit is bad, thereby I have judged, and replied, and when I know I have done wrong, I will beg his pardon, and not until then. And although, Mr. Editor, you blame me for the severity of my reproofs, if Gen. Jackson was to write the same things in your paper, over his real signature, I should not spare to reprove him, if you would suffer me a place in your paper. I have now written all I intend upon this controversy. If you publish the above with the two manuscripts proposed, I am satisfied if you let leave out the reply to S. D. L. And if you publish that, I hope that you will give S. D. L. the liberty to reply, however severe, for I can bear as much as I give to others, deserve it or not.

A. BAPTIST.

* I make not this quotation in allusion to S. D. L., but as an example of the behaviour of the ancient people of God. I might also refer to Nathan with David, Paul to Peter for dissembling, &c. to prove that you, Mr. Editor, are far more qualified to be a faithful and faithfulness of reproof than the prophets and apostles of God.

JACKSONVILLE, Oct. 13.

We hear partly from rumor but mostly from undoubted authority, but the detachments of Tennessee troops have killed exterminating Indians to the number of 300 in Florida. It is hoped that this report and general impression are true, and that even the swamps and hammocks of Florida afford no safe refuge for the Indians from the bold and brave Tennesseans. Should this campaign close the war, is every friend of Florida devoutly wishes, those men will return to their own State, their friends and homes, wearing the laurels of glory.

As the date of Major Dade's intelligence, Gov. Call was still at Fort Dean—and reports say he is short of provision and forage. Supplies must soon reach him. It is supposed he will soon be on the Ouithlacoochee—and the supplies will be brought up the river. Forage has now reached Volusia, and Maj. Pierce, with his command has undoubtedly joined the Governor.

A gentleman of the Army in a letter to Col. Dell, of this place, to whose politeness we are indebted for a portrait, thus speaks of Maj. Pierce:

"He is a fine fellow—going ahead—taking all the responsibility to aid Gov. Call with forage, &c. without waiting as some of the rest do, for a special order for every "half-bit" expenditure.

The same writer says, the question of command between Gen. Jesup and Gov. Call is settled. Gen. Jesup does not claim it, but offers to take any command the Governor gives him. The Governor gives him the command of his own regulars 800 in number, and the Creek Indians, 600 in number. They left Tampa, on the 25th and are supposed to be on the Outhlachuchy.

No news from Gov. Call since the 28th ult.

Reliance can be placed on the above statements, as they come from a gentleman who ought to know the facts and is above misstating them.

The Indians have doubtless concentrated their forces, and probably they are in council consulting whether to yield or fight till the last man of them is slain. From the past winter and the Seminole character, we can hardly anticipate any other alternative than that they will, in one way or another, continue the warfare.

COVERING FOR THE FEET.

Attention ought to be paid to the proper covering of the *feet.* It is absolutely necessary for children to use shoes before they are a year old; or if they do, the soles should be thin and soft. The form of the human foot is such, that at the toes it is broad, at the heel narrow, and the inside of the foot is longer than the outside—a form which is evidently intended by nature to enable us to stand and walk with firmness and ease. It would be well, if attention to nature thus evinced be made in the same form as the feet, should be sufficiently roomy for the toes to move with ease; and in order to this, they must be formed upon two separate lasts, corresponding to the right and to the foot. How absurd is the custom of made tapering to a point at the toes, almost like a bodkin—how high heels become the darling fashion of the ladies—and how a small foot came to be reckoned *genteel*—I pretend not to determine; but, certainly, nothing can be more absurd and preposterous. Such opinions and practices, along with many others which abound, particularly in the fashionable world, have a direct tendency to counteract the benevolent intentions of nature, and are nothing short of an attempt to arraign the wisdom of the Creator in his arranging and proportioning the different parts of the human frame—as if puny man, by his foolish whims, were capable of improving the workmanship of Infinite Intelligence. If the shoe tapers towards a point, the large toe, and some of the small ones, must be crushed and pressed against each other, causing pain, corns, and bunions, and producing corns. The simplest and most accurate mode of taking the true measure and form of shoes, is, to place each foot on a sheet of paper, and then draw the shape with a pencil, to which two separate lasts should nearly correspond, after having ascertained the curve of the upper part of the foot.

With regard to the clothing of children, in general, it is the opinion of Dr. Faust, that, from the beginning of the third to the end of the seventh or eighth year, their heads and necks must be free and bare, the body clothed with a wide shirt, and trousers, without sleeves, the collar of the shirt to fall back over the arts of the frock, with the addition of a woollen frock, to be worn between the shirt and the trousers, during winter, and that the trousers should be very loose, and made to be worn in the shoes." Such a cheap and simple dress, if generally adopted, would undoubtedly be beneficial to mankind in general, and tend to preserve the health, beauty, and graceful attitudes, of children, and, at the same time, check the foolish propensity of parents to indulge their children in flimsey ornaments and finery, beyond what their means can afford. At present, children are frequently muffled up with caps, hats, bonnets, cravats, pelisses, frills, muffles, gloves, ribbons, and other paraphernalia, as if they were to be reared like plants in hotbeds—so that the shape and beautiful proportions which nature has given them can scarcely be distinguished. I shall only add that the dress of children ought to be kept thoroughly *clean*; as dirty clothes are offensive to God and the tender skins, but tend to produce disagreeable smells, vermin, and cutaneous diseases; and no mother or nurse, however poor, can have any valid excuse for allowing her children to wallow in dirtiness.—*Dick on Mental Illumination.*

STORY OF A PLAIN MAN.

Who resolved to do his duty to the Heathen.

All along his reputation for piety had been good and fair; had given what he could *contentedly* spare, to promote the interests of Zion. It was a pleasant month of May, when his wife and children were gathered around him to hear him read a chapter in the Bible—the 28th Matt. When he read, and the Bible still resting on his knee, his family saw the working of a soul waked up to some interesting object. At length he spoke out the feelings of his heart, the steadfast resolutions with which his soul was struggling. "I am," said he, "no preacher, yet I plainly see that this last injunction of the Saviour extends to obligations on me. I am bound to do what I can to bring all nations acquainted with the gospel—to extend to the going down of the sun the limits of the church. Hitherto I have neither understood nor done my duty. Heretofore the prospects for which I will exert my powers and expend my strength, shall be, the extension of my Saviour's kingdom.—Know, my sons and daughters, when you see your father laid down and deny himself, to increase an estate that may afford you the means of gratification when I am dead. He is bound to train you up for usefulness in this world and happiness in heaven. Beyond this my obligations do not cut

POETRY.

From the Southern Rose.

TRENTON FALLS, NEW-YORK.

My God,
I thank thee for this wondrous birth of joy,
Unfelt and unimagined 'till this hour!
Was't not enough that thou didst tinge the rose
With delicate glow,—throw silvery whiteness o'er
The lily's cup,—touch the bright sea-shell, like
A spirit's blush, and weave a whisper through
Its spiral folds, like murmuring love-notes, soft,—
Arch the rich rainbow into mingled hues,
More beautiful in contrast with heaven's blue,
O'er western skies throw tints of gracious light,—
Smooth down the river with a mirror's truth,
And wrap around the fresh and teeming earth
Its lovely drapery of chastened green?
Was't not enough for me, that from my youth
Mine eyes have bathed in beauty, banqueted
On lovely sights, and listened to sweet sounds?

Grateful was I for this; but now I feel
The beauty of the awful and sublime.
My soul leaps upward to these towering cliffs,
And onward with the stream!

Father of nature,
Enlarge my spirit for this mighty gift!
When I commented with the buds and flowers,
Heard the fall choir of woodland melody,
Gazed up in reverie, on placid skies,
Or wandered by the pure, meandering stream,
Or prayed beneath the bright-eyed lights of heaven,
Looking serene from out their azure home,
Or blest the moonlight, as it burst in joy,
Like youthful thoughts, enkindling hill and dale,
I felt as if a mother's gentle voice
Called on her child to acts of grateful love.
But now that I have communed with the seat,
Seen the veil rent from nature's stormy shrine,
Heard her wild lessons of magnificence
In cataract voices, 'mid the echoing rocks,
I feel a *louder* call upon my soul—
A trumpet-sound;—and as a soldier girds
Himself for war, so will I gird my strength
For conquest o'er the world! C. G.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BURMAN VILLAGE.

BY A FEMALE MISSIONARY NOW IN SIAM.

"Go, said the din
Of idol bells and hearing mahimale,
Touch every soul the sorhow to begin,
That whispered here swells out in blest shoiks."

About forty years ago there was raging between the Burmans and their Siamese neighbors, one of those barbarous wars which have for the last century desolately spread devastation, blood-shed and misery over every part of their peninsula. Wherever the invading armies marched, terror seized the wretched inhabitants, many of whom fled into the woods and mountains, leaving their wives and children an easy prey to the enemy, who took them all prisoners and sold them with those who could betonoured in any way themselves by flight, to their own country, to a life of perpetual slavery and exile. Their villages were burnt; their gardens, orchards, paddy fields and sugar plantations destroyed and every thing they possessed plundered by the rapacious soldiers, who hardly paid the trouble of killing many of them not at all, made it their chief object to get as much gold, silver, and jewels, which they could, in the shortest time, without the least compunction, or compassion for the owners.

At the close of the war, there was no exchange of prisoners. The Burmans marched off to Ava with many Siamese captives, whom they either shut up in prisons or made slaves to the nobles; while the Siamese army carried home with them several hundreds of the poor Burmese torn from their husbands, their wives, their parents, children, brothers, sisters, and friends, and made them slaves to a haughty and unsympathetic enemy. The greater part of these poor creatures where they arrived at Bankok were located in a pleasant spot, on the bank of the river Menam, a few miles below the city, where they formed a village by themselves, which is still occupied by them and their countrymen, who have since been added to their number, and where they speak their own language, and follow, in a great measure, their own native customs.—Liberty, civilization, and Christianity would make it a delightful and happy spot; but these are blessings unknown to the poor Burmans who dwell in it. They are slaves. The men are required to spend two-thirds of each month in hard labor in building the king's war boats or other public works, and are obliged to walk with their tools on their shoulders from two to four miles every morning to the place of labor, and when wearied at evening with their daily task, return in the same manner to their families. The wages allowed each man for these services, is a mere pittance—scarcely sufficient to provide himself with food; so that the family are obliged to earn their own meals at seasonable times in any way they can. The women work in the paddy-fields, grind rice, spin cotton, prepare cloth, and keep a small market for the supply of the village. It is true, that if all were industrious, they might continue to live comfortably. But they have no inheritance to call their own for if they should obtain sufficient to build comfortable houses; they would immediately be suspected of being rich, and be made the victims of all sorts of extortion and oppression by the officers of government. Being thus deprived of all stimulus to exertion, they remain sunk in the depth of poverty and wretchedness. Their miserable hovels are scarcely high enough to permit them to stand upright in them, or tight enough to keep out the falling rain. A mat spread on their latticed-bamboo floors, serve them for seats, and a few bamboo raised a foot from the floor, form their only couch. A corner carthen pot for boiling their rice, two or three bamboo joints for a temporary wine drinking vessel, the brass bowl which stands on the floor, with a smaller one floating on top to supply the place of a tumbler, a large bamboo reserve for water, a hatchet, and another kind of dirty apparatus to hold their chewing mixture of betel, tobacco, lime and areca, constitute nearly the whole of their household furniture. Their clothing, which in the women consists of petticoats and neatly made jackets, is hardly nothing but a strip of cloth every without washing as long as it holds. Their pillows and bed-clothing are all in the same filthy condition. They work just as much as they choose, and spend the remainder of their time in idleness and sleep, neither thinking for the morrow nor striving to better their present condition. If they have any money, it is that they may be able to buy lottery tickets, by hoarding, and occupy a place in the village. Most of the women have made to learn, for it can hardly be called teaching) to read a little; but mothers and daughters are alike ignorant of books and the use of the needle. The children are brought up in all kinds of vice, of which idleness is the parent, and know no other discipline than now and then a severe flagellation when their parents are angry.—When the boys reach the age of manhood they become the slaves of the king, and the girls are frequently sold to relieve their parents from debt, or afford them the means of living a few months in idleness.

When we arrived in Bankok in 1833, it soon became known to these villagers that a foreign teacher who could speak their language had come. As our house was directly on the road from the village to the city, many of them came to visit us. The chief and universal inquiry was, "When shall we return to our native land?" This is their supreme desire, and they are looking forward to its accomplishment with intense anxiety. They had heard of the war between the English and the Burmans, and knew that the former had taken a large territory from the latter, on which thousands of their countrymen are now living in peace under the British government, and they thought how or other, worked themselves into the belief that the king of England is going to send a royal ship to demand them of the Siamese king and convey them all back to Burmah.—I had to listen to them treated with the delights of Elysium. Having left it in the period of youth; or never been in it at all, they have no idea of the real state of the country and think that if they could but return, they would be free from oppression and poverty; and some of them even assert that they should never know sickness and death there. We endeavored to deceive them and point them to a better country, where their brightest hopes might be realized, and begged them to listen to the message we had brought them from the king of heaven, and receive the redemption which Jesus offers; but the almost universal reply was, and is still, "We are very poor; we are obliged to work very hard," (then lowering the tone of their voices lest they should be overheard) "the Siamese king oppresses us very much; we long to return to our native country."

In the month of October, I formed a design to visit their village statedly, to see what I could do for the women and children, and accordingly told a woman who came to visit us, that if she would meet us at the landing place the next day, I would accompany her to her house. Through some misunderstanding, I did not find her on my arrival, and entered into a large open building called a sayat, built for public accommodation, and sat down with the tracts I had brought for distribution in my hand. The women soon began to assemble in the sayat with their baskets of merchandize of various sorts, waiting for boats to take them to market. The report that I was there giving away books, brought others to satisfy their curiosity, and beg a tract for their husbands, brothers and children. In a few minutes I looked around me in great numbers, exciting deep compassion by their naked, idle, ignorant appearance. I repeated my visit several times, and subsequently made an arrangement with a priestess who had offered to take me home with her, to let me occupy a room in her house, to which I might resort two or three times a week to read and explain to the women the Burman New Testament and distribute tracts, and if possible establish a school for the children. The latter object for various reasons, I failed to accomplish, but the former I continued for nearly a year and a half.

One day, soon after my arrival at the village, I was told that a woman who had been several times to listen to my instructions was dying. I hastened to her house, which I reached just after the spirit had taken its flight. There lay the corpse on the floor, where she had died, for the house did not afford even a substitute for a couch. Her husband was weeping at the head and an only daughter on one side. For a few moments the silence of death reigned. I asked a few questions of her husband relative to the decease of his wife. He said she had worshipped God in her last moments, incessantly raising her hands in prayer. A neighbor coming in a moment afterwards, he repeated the information to her. I eagerly enquired "What God?" the priest had told her, she replied, that the little she had heard of Jesus might have affected her heart, and led her to cry to him for mercy in her distress. He replied by pointing to a spot directly behind me opposite to where the corpse lay, when I saw with a thrill of horror (what I had not observed before a large gilded image of Gaudama. For some minutes I could not speak. Never were the horrors of heathenism so manifest to my feelings, as I vividly impressed on my mind as at that moment. There lay the deserted tenement of a fellow-being—but where had the spirit fled! A few moments before she had lain there apparelled at the prospect of dying and entering on an unknown state. Conscience, if it had slumbered during her life time, was now fearfully awake. She knew she was a sinner, and to sinners her false religion offers no comfort. "Punishment," say the Bhoodist Scriptures, "follows transgression, as surely as the cartwheel follows the ox that draws it." She had heard of Jesus, it is true, but she had not learned enough of his glorious character to cast all to him in this last hour of agony and peril. Torments of every dreadful form which the imagination of man can devise were before her mind, as she had heard many times from her sacred books, or seen them portrayed on the walls of her temples. From them she saw no way to escape. Her friends anxious to relieve her distress, had brought and placed before her an image of a god in whom they knew, but who, according to their own belief, had centuries ago passed into a state of utter unconsciousness—who can neither see, hear, feel or know any thing. Yet this senseless idol was all her refuge. To it her friends had been raised in adoration, until they fell lifeless at her side. In supplication to this her falling breath had been spent until it ceased for ever. To this he spoke of a Saviour to cling, as if it were in the presence of its Maker. It was a solemn moment: but it was a moment only. Preparations were already making to bankin, if possible, every trace of solemnity and sorrow from the abode of death. The priests attended, but they could not prevent the destroyer from entering and accomplishing his work, were now about to mock him. Knowing this, and every feeling of my heart revolting from the thought of witnessing such a scene, I hastened away.

There is something so shocking to nature and common sense in a heathen funeral, that I have often wondered how such strange customs originated. No sooner has the breath left the soul of a dear friend, whose last struggles they have just witnessed, than people are hired for a band of musicians, who annoy the whole neighborhood by their noisy instruments for three successive days and nights, with only a short intermission now and then for the performers to take food and rest, and if the relatives of the deceased are not very poor, they all assemble at the house and spend the same length of time in preparing a feast for themselves and their neighbors and offerings for the priests: so that the house in scene of confusion, noise and bustle, better befitting any occasion than the gloom and silence of death, and little congenial, one would suppose, to the bereaved heart in the freshness of its grief.

A few months after this event, another death-bed scene occurred in the village. From the time I commenced reading the Scriptures there a poor old woman who had a cancer on the corner of her mouth, was one of my most constant listeners. At first she came for medicine, and was very anxious to be cured of her disease, manifesting little inclination to learn the way to heaven. Indeed so ignorant was she and so stupid did she seem, that I doubted whether she had a capacity to understand what I read. However, as she was seldom absent and often came sooner than the other women, I had frequent opportunities for conversing with her and explaining to her darkened understanding the truths of revelation. After taking my medicine for some time, she applied to a native doctor, but continued to come to my room, and appeared much attached to me, often bringing me a few tamarinds gathered and taken from the shell by her own hand, or a handfull of some other fruit which she could easily procure, as a token of her gratitude. After awhile she found her new medicine of no avail, and came one day to our house in much agitation and distress, saying she feared she must die, and beseeching us to do something more for her, and continuing if the extension of the cancer would have her. We were painfully obliged to tell her that the disease had spread so far into her face and neck that we feared it would only add to her sufferings without being any benefit to her, and after giving her some palliating medicine, we endeavored to lead her to a contemplation of that future state on which she must soon enter. Some after this, on visiting the village, I was informed that she was unable to leave the house and apparently near her end. I hastened to see her and found her suffering greatly. I plainly told her she could not live long to which she assented. I then inquired, "Where do you expect to go after death?" "I do not know" was her reply. I spoke to her of Heaven and of Jesus. She answered I pray to him every day." "In what manner do you pray?" "I say to him O Jesus Christ save me and take me to heaven when I die." "Do you believe in Jesus?" "Yes." "Do you not worship idols?" "No." Do you think Jesus Christ will save you?" "I do not know." I continued my visits occasionally, and endeavored to instruct her as well as I could. One day I found her husband at home, an old man seventy years of age, and talked with him a little on the concerns of his soul; but found him very different from his wife. His heart seemed callous and his understanding darkened. The next time I went, he was absent. I enquired where he was, and was told to my surprise that he had gone to the king's palace "at such old man required to labor for the king!" I asked of a woman who sat by. She replied, "Yes; two thirds of the time." I was shocked to learn that such aged infirm persons should be obliged to walk three or four miles to work at ship-building every day; but heathen governments know no mercy.

The old woman now began to manifest a hope and some confidence that Christ would save her. Her health so far improved that she was able to come again to my room. A native woman told her, about this time that her complaint was no cancer, but a scrofulous disease, very pertinent, I believe, to tropical climates, and that she could cure it. Our patient consented to try her medicine for a few days, and it had an astonishing effect; so that the poor old creature almost thought she should recovery. She did not, however, manifest that anxious desire to be cured which she had formerly done, and it was well for her that she did not, for she soon began to fail more rapidly than ever; and one day when I had been prevented from going to the village for some time the news reached me that she was dying. As soon as practicable I went to the house where she died, and was beginning to make inquiries respecting the particulars of her decease, when a neighbor interrupted me by saying, "She prayed to Jesus Christ in her last moments, said she was going to heaven, and was not afraid of death." "No," responded another neighbor, "she was not at all afraid to die." Both of them were evidently astonished at the fact they were relating—a woman not afraid of death, even when she felt its approaches, was a scene new and wonderful to these heathens. I made very particular enquiries whether she had been brought to her in her dying moments, according to custom. The answer was, "No, she did not worship any idols; but with her last breath prayed to Jesus to take her to heaven." And was she not heard? Did not He who listened to the cry of the penitent thief, grant also the simple prayer of the ignorant, yet believing, confiding woman, and take her departing spirit to his own glorious abode! The effect of such an occurrence as this on the feelings of a missionary, none but the missionary can realize. It is sufficient to say that it is a rich compensation for all his sacrifices privations and toils.

Reader this not a tale of the imagination, but a plain unembellished statement of facts. Cases similar to the first are daily occurring in heathen countries! and it is in the hope of persuading you to lend your influence to a cause which is endeavoring to multiply examples like the last, that this little narrative has been written. Faith cometh by hearing; but "how shall they hear without a preacher, and how shall they preach unless they be sent?"

Stay, stop a moment—did I hear a groan From yonder bowl low! What is it, friend! It is the dying breath of one who feels The last, sad, feeble flickerings of life Ushering her into the mysterious shore In dread eternity. In her distress, They placed an idol god beside her bed. "O Gaudama!" she cried (with quivering lip) "Have mercy!" Could it heard a senseless block

Shelter the deathless spirit from the frown Of its abuse Creator! Now those lips Are closed forever; but the clay-cold hands Are red once more in worship to the god. A cheerful sense and joyful hope the soul Back from the gulph, and cleansed from all its guilt

Present it pure before the throne of God! Hush! she is gone: We may not follow her, But turn a moment to yet little but. Beneath its lowly roof another lies Gasping in death. She too in life has been A votary to Gaudama;—but hark! Another sound was breathed in that last moan. It is the name of Jesus expressed low— It is the hope of Heaven.

Union Meeting.

☞ There will be a UNION MEETING, at Hopewell Church, Black River Path, Sumter District, S. C., to commence on *Friday* before the 5th Sabbath in October next. Brethren in the Ministry are affectionately solicited to attend. Sept 30.

BURGES & HONOUR,

At the Office of the Southern Baptist,

No. 18 BROAD-STREET,

HAVE now on hand, and will always keep for sale, a large assortment of valuable THEOLOGICAL, MEDICAL, SCHOOL and MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, which they will sell at reasonable prices, for cash or good paper.

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Burder's Village Sermons,
McKnight on the Epistles,
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Cruden's and Butterworth's Concordance,
Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History,
Jones' Church History,
Buckminster's Sermons,
Symington on the Atonement,
Horne on the Psalms,
Jenkins on the Atonement,
Jay's Evening Exercises,
Sprague's Lectures on Revivals,
Wardlaw's Christian Ethics,
Wilberforce's Practical View,
Communicant's Companion,
Companion to the Altar,
Barnes' Notes,
Butler's Analogy,
Buck's Theological Dictionary,
Dick's Philosophy of Religion,
Life of Samuel Drew,
Life of Jeremy Taylor,
Memoir of Schwartz,
Memoir of Neff,
Edward's on Revivals,
Jenk's Devotions,
History of the Inquisition,
Jay's Sermons and Lectures,
Sturge's Lectures to Young People,
Abbott's Fireside Piety,
Beauty of Female Holiness,
Every Day Christian,
One Thing Needful,
Six Months in a Convent
Clarke on the Promises,
Doddridge's Rise and Progress,
Josephus' Works,
Prayer Books, in every variety of binding,
Watts' Psalms and Hymns,
Mercer's Cluster,
Village Hymns,
Dover Selection,
Barren Fig Tree,
Young Man's Pocket Companion,
Hannah More's Sacred Dramas,
Doddridge's Selection,
Day on the Creation,
Bible Illustrations,
Sherwood's Scripture Prints,
Young Christian,
Note Book of a Country Clergyman.

MEDICAL.

Armstrong on Fevers,
Abercrombie on the Stomach,
Bell on Teeth,
Bell's Anatomy,
Beclard's General Anatomy,
Broussais' Physiology,
Broussais' Pathology,
Broussais on Fever,
Cooper's Lectures,
Cooper's Surgery,
Cooper's Dictionary,
Chapman's Therapeutics,
Dewees on Midwifery,
Dewees' Practice of Physic,
Dewees on Children,
Dunglison's Medical Dictionary,
Eclectic Dispensatory,
Good's Study of Medicine,
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Together with a large assortment of valuable Historical and Miscellaneous works, School Books, a great variety of Juvenile Works, suitable for Sunday School Libraries, and some fine editions of English and American Annuals, British and American Poets, &c. &c.

Beach Island Academy.

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THE Exercises of this Institution have recommenced under the direction of Mr. John T. Swann. This gentleman, who has devoted upwards of twenty years to the cause of education, and who has always shown the most evincive proof of his entire qualification. The Trustees have reason to believe that they could not have selected a teacher more competent to elevate the character of the Institution. No inducement is wanting to encourage parents to patronize this Seminary. The situation is healthy, scarcely refined, Board good, and religious worship may be conveniently attended on every Sabbath.

The Trustees will be restrained only by the limits of their resources, in affording every facility for the improvement of the youth placed at this Institution.

Terms of Tuition per Quarter.

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COL. ANDER WHATLEY,
Trustees.

Beach Island, July 15, 1836.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

FIFTH VOLUME

OF THE

SOUTHERN ROSE.

THE Fifth volume of this Periodical will commence on the third September, 1836. Its matter will be very considerably enlarged by the employment of finer type. The labours of the present editor are assumed, together with the contributions of a large circle of friends, of both sexes. The work has been constantly rising in favor and circulation, and the last volume, which some of the fourth volume can be obtained, and the publishers will spare no pains to render the ensuing volume in every respect superior to its predecessor.

BURGES & HONOUR,
18 *Broad-st.*

TERMS.—The SOUTHERN ROSE is published every other Saturday, at Two Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance. Persons procuring five subscribers, and paying for them in advance, will be entitled to a sixth copy.

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THE Subscribers keep constantly on hand an extensive and well selected Stock of Paper and Stationery articles, which they will dispose of at reasonable prices, for cash, or approved City paper.

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Entertainment and Utility combined.

THE attention of the community is respectfully invited to an interesting and valuable work just published, entitled "THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE." Edited by the Rev. John Newton Brown. It gives a true and impartial account of the principal Christian Denominations that have existed in the world from the birth of Christ till the present day. Also of the Jews, Mohammedans, and Heathen Nations; together with the Manners and Customs of the East—a description of Quadrupeds, Birds, Fishes, Reptiles, Insects, Trees, Plants and Mineral—a statement of the most remarkable Transactions and Events in Ecclesiastical History—Biographical Notices of the Early Martyrs, and distinguished Religious Writers and Characters of all ages, &c. &c. The whole is brought down to the present time, and embraces under one alphabet, the most valuable parts of Cushman's and Brown's Dictionaries of the Bible, Buck's Theological Dictionary, Abbott's Scriptural Natural History, Wells' Geography of the Bible, Jones' Biographical Dictionary of the Bible, *and many others of a similar character*, entirely superseding the necessity of purchasing these works. The whole is illustrated by numerous Maps and other Engravings on wood, copper and steel. It forms a compact and complete Library of Religious Knowledge; and to Ministers, Students, Heads of Families, and all engaged in the Instruction of Youth, an invaluable auxiliary. The price for the two volumes, neatly bound in calf, *is* SIX DOLLARS, *payable* on delivery.

☞ The Citizens of Charleston are respectfully informed, that an Agent is now in the city, and will wait on them to receive subscriptions, and deliver the volumes immediately.

Charleston, June 30th, 1836.

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, to worthy, their speculations, and the results of their labors—to stimulate literary ambition, and elevate the standard of taste and feeling.

Projected 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 great confederacy—yet, divers laws and customs—different pursuits—inequalities 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 sketches of distinguished citizens of the South—Southern improvements in education, science and arts—fictitious narrative and poetry, deriving their chief interest from local associations and prevalent and peculiar habits—these are, and will continue to be, the favorite topics to which its pages will be devoted. Religious and political discussion, 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 Committee 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 contributors to the first five numbers, are some of the most distinguished names known to American literature, such as Professor NOTT, Dr. COOPER, Mr. PAULDING, Mr. TRAVCOTT, B. ELLIOTT, 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 these numbers will be published, if the present subscription list authorises it. Those who wish those numbers, therefore, will please put a cross against their names.

The Comprehensive Commentary,

ON the Holy Bible, containing the text according to the authorized version; Scott's marginal references; Matthew Henry's Commentary, condensed, but retaining every useful thought; the practical Observations of Rev. Thomas D. Ball, D. D. with extensive explanatory, critical and philological notes, selected from Scott, Doddridge, Gill, Clarke, Patrick, Poole, Lowth, Burder, Harmer, Calmet, Rosenmuller, Blomfield, &c. &c. the whole designed to be a digest and combination of the advantages of the best Bible Commentaries—edited by Wm. Jenks, D. D. Stereotype Edition by Rev. Joseph A. Warne, adapted to the Views of the Baptist Denomination. For delivery to Subscribers, or if sale at the office.

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THE Subscriber having taken the Hotel in this place, formerly occupied by Col. A. B. Addison, begs leave, which is now open and ready for the reception of company, and he hopes, by unremitting attention, to merit a share of public patronage. WM. BRUNSON.

Edgefield Court House, June 29. 8

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