

Howell

THE BAPTIST.

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EDITORS.

"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

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No. 15.

MINUTES OF ASSOCIATIONS,

And all other printing neatly and cheaply executed at this office, at short notice.

BAPTISM.

It was our intention to have complied with the request of bro. Jones, made in the close of his letter, on another page, and to have written somewhat at length. But the crowded state of our columns forbids our doing so this week. We will endeavor to fulfil his wishes at an early day.

H.

HERESIES.

We had frequently heard, within a year or two past, that our anti-missionary brethren, in the southern part of Middle Tennessee, and especially in the Richland Creek Association, were extensively renouncing and repudiating the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. Vague statements were also made to us respecting some notions now beginning to be preached in various places regarding the "end of the world," as already past. We could hardly credit the intelligence, and have, up to this time, carefully abstained from speaking of this singular defection. We call it *singular*, because, as it appears to us, if there is any one doctrine more plainly revealed in the Word of God than another, it is that which teaches the resurrection of the body. That this world will at a future day "be destroyed" is a truth scarcely less plain. We know nothing *now* of the leaders of these heresies, or of the expositions they give to those scriptures which teach the resurrection, and the "end of the world" except that they "*spiritualise* them." Twoseedism is an old heresy.

We happened lately to see an article in one of our city papers, written by a correspondent, who was present at an informal meeting of members of Richland Creek Association. He says:—Christian Review, vol. 3, p. 288.

"A word with you in regard to the Baptist

friends in Giles. They met on the 29th of August, at Lynn Creek, and had an unmerciful quarrel in reference to the question whether or not God will raise their bodies from the grave. They finally agreed to decide the point by vote, when upon trial there was a majority of one in favor of raising their bodies from the dead. They met again to debate the question, and those of the minority, requested letters of dismission. I think the dismissed party might appropriately be styled the Gnostic Baptist sect."

After seeing this, we were very anxious to obtain a copy of the minutes of their last Association. Some days since, by the kindness of bro. Sparkman, of Lawrence, our wishes were gratified. The records are very meagre, and no direct reference is had to the subjects in question. They may possibly be alluded to in the, 8th item, which reads thus:—

"8th. It was motioned and seconded, to examine the request of the Lynn Creek Church, the queries sent by Fountain Creek Church, and the request of Rock Creek Church, which requests and queries after being discussed for some considerable time, were decided to be unconstitutionally brought before the Association."

This is the amount of our information as far as Richland Creek is concerned.

Accidentally, a few days ago, a copy of the late minutes of the Cumberland Association, another anti-missionary body, and whose territory adjoins that of the Richland Creek, fell into our hands. In looking them over we find the following in the proceedings of Monday:—

"Whereas, There is some excitement in various parts upon the subject of the self-existence and eternity of the Devil, and of his having a seed according to the flesh, and of the non-resurrection of the body, and of the destruction of Jerusalem being the end of the world.

Resolved, That we, as an Association, declare non-fellowship for the foregoing doctrines. The above was unanimous.

Resolved unanimously, That this Association drop the Correspondence with the Richland Association, on account of their holding the doctrine of the non-resurrection of this body."

This movement on the part of our brethren of the Cumberland is, we confess, truly gratifying, for three reasons—The first is, because no two dogmas can be more repulsive than *Two-seedism*, with which so many of our anti-missionary brethren are in this quarter infected, and *non-resurrectionism*; the second is, because we are also equally anxious to see overthrown that unscriptural notion, that the end of the world is past; and the third is, because the Cumberland is one among their most influential Associations, probably the most influential, in Tennessee and can do much to counteract these doctrines. We honor the leading men of that body, for their course in these respects, and trust that they will be entirely successful in overcoming these destructive errors. We shall contribute to them, with the greatest pleasure, any aid that may be in our power in this good work.

H.

A CREED IS NO CREED.

Our brethren of the "Current Reformation" *alias* Campbellites, have been in great perturbation in this quarter. Mr. Campbell, the Father of their Church, unfortunately, some months since, wrote, and published, a pretty extended Declaration of Faith. We, and others, using the word *Creed* in their own sense, pronounced this a creed, and it was every where announced that Mr. Campbell had published a creed, and the document itself was laid before the public. Our friends the Disciples were horrified at our presumption, and all their papers, throughout the country, cried out for weeks, at the top of their voice—This is no creed at all—no, it is not—those who say so slander us; and they echoed—slander, slander, slander. On this subject we find in the last number of the Western Baptist Review, the following:—

H.

"A hero in a fashionable novel—the metaphysical Augustus Tomlinson—is represented by a knight of her Britannic Majesty's realm and the most accomplished and gifted of all the historiographers of Utopian scoundrels, as saying, "All crime and all excellence depend upon a good choice of words." There is much of every day experience, *maigre* its outrages upon sound morals, in this observation. We witness its exemplification in almost all the walks of life, social, civil and religious. It is the covert of full many a sin, and the last resort of all those who are hard pressed in defence of some empty theory or dreamy enterprise, to which neither experience nor common sense can lend any assistance. It is the great bulwark of sophistry—the *ignis fatuus* which multitudes follow, supposing it to be the beacon fire of truth.

Our reformed neighbors appear to have partaken recently of the waters of this metaphysical fountain. Their potations, too, have been deep and continuous. Our readers all know, that Barton W. Stone, for about half century last past, and Alexander Campbell, for a full moiety of that period, with their very respectable disciples and co-laborers, have been engaged in the benevolent and christian work of ridding the world religious of those theological dragons vulgarly denominated CREEDS! They learnedly demonstrated, to their own complete satisfaction, (so at least the million thought,) that creeds were the Pandora's box of christianity, from which issued all the heresies, and heterodoxies, and discords, and persecutions, which, in all by-gone time, have afflicted the church militant, sullied its purity, dimmed its lustre, or impeded its progress. This crusade was got up and carried on against all forms of creeds, and especially Baptist creeds. Year after year, in sermon and in essay, were the Baptists held up for the scorn and derision of the world, as fettered by creeds and enthralled by human opinions. It was urged that these creeds were the anti-types of the golden calf of Aaron, and of the high places of Jeroboam the son of Nebat, calculated alone to lead the true Israel away from the service of the true God! So, we say, the matter was generally understood.

But it seems, from recent developments, that, in common with the mass of community, we were involved in a most egregious blunder! It turns out now, that our reformed brethren were never opposed to creeds at all, but only to "creeds in an ecclesiastic sense!" The difference between a *creed*, and a "*creed in an ecclesiastic sense*" must be clearly ascertained and defined in order to perceive the position at present occupied by the advocates of the "current reformation!" It will be remembered, that in our first volume, p. 192, we showed that the Messrs. Campbell, sire and son, were in favor of just such creeds as the Baptists always used and advocated. To refresh the memory of our readers, we will again quote from the elder Campbell:

"Every church should, of course, have a fair exhibit and an explicit record of its sentimental agreement, and rules of procedure for accomplishing the ends of its association; and this both for its own sake and that of the public: that by this means the members might fairly understand each other, and so be duly prepared to act in concert; also, that as a society they might defend themselves against misrepresentation: and, lastly, for the complete satisfaction of all concerned, that such as were desirous to become members, might clearly understand the rules and sentiments which characterize the society, and with which they were to be united. And who is there that sees not the justice and necessity of such a course, not only for these essential purposes just mentioned, but also for the special purpose of self-preservation, that said society be not a mere ephemeral production—the offspring and tenant of a day, liable to some destructive change every hour. To prevent this fatal catastrophe, let

its formative essential principles be well and truly defined, that they may be duly understood and defended; also, its rules of self-government and co-operation so clearly and definitely stated, that none can innocently mistake his duty. Thus will the society be rendered interesting and intelligent—permanent and prosperous."

What Baptist ever went greater lengths for creeds? And yet this is reformed opposition to creeds "in an ecclesiastic sense"! The "current reformation" are in advance greatly of the Baptists—they have obtained, while we have not, what Bulwer's sage calls a "good choice of words." They greatly excel in such adroit manœuvring. In one breath, they can blast with indignant denunciation, "fierce as ten furies," all creeds "in an ecclesiastic sense;" and in the very next advocate and eulogize creeds not "in an ecclesiastic sense"! Creeds containing 'fair exhibits and explicit records of the sentimental agreement' of churches, that they 'may act in concert,' and 'defend themselves against misrepresentations'—creeds for the 'complete satisfaction of all concerned,' that persons proposing to join a church 'may clearly understand the rules and sentiments which characterize the society'—creeds 'for the special purpose of self-preservation,' that churches may not be mere 'ephemeral productions—the offspring and tenants of a day'—that they may be 'rendered interesting and intelligent—permanent and prosperous':—such are reformed creeds, "worthy of all acceptance;" but such are not creeds "in an ecclesiastic sense"!!!

In the October number of the *Millennial Harbinger*, p. 566, Mr. Campbell gives us another very felicitous exemplification of this nice distinction between creeds and creeds "in an ecclesiastic sense." We will put his remarks in italics. We wish every Baptist, at the very top of his voice, to read them to all his reformed neighbors, until the "babbling gossip of the air" shall catch and repeat the sentiment:

"We never opposed a declaration of our faith in word or writing. On the contrary, we have often published in word and writing our views of Bible truth—not, indeed, as of equal authority with the inspired words of Apostles and Prophets."

Why, then, Mr. Campbell's uncompromising hostility to the Baptists for publishing their 'declarations of faith'—their 'views of Bible truth?' This is all they ever did in the way of creed making. No man ought to know better than Mr. C. He must testify, if disposed to do us justice, that nought else can be said of Baptist creeds except by an ignoramus or a base slanderer. We defy the powers of earth and darkness to gainsay this. And yet his voice has been lifted against the Baptist, lo, these many years, on account of their creeds! Almost every gale from Bethany bore his loud protestations against us. And yet he now says that he has never changed his position on the creed question! In the *Harbinger* before us, and immediately following the above quotation, he says:—

"Some there were in former times, and some there yet are, such very simpletons, or such shrewd cavilers, as to represent us as having changed our views on this subject, and as now building the things which formerly we destroyed. I do not say whether their mere stupidity or their more reprehensible pravity of mind, has betrayed them into this sin of misrepresentation. But most certainly a gross and culpable misrepresentation it is, and they must answer for it again."

Mr. Campbell is his own best witness as to his change. Perhaps on this question, unlike his course on many others, he may have been as stable as the eternal hills. We neither affirm or deny in the premises. All that we have insisted upon or that we now insist upon, is, that he justifies in himself what he condemned in the Baptists!—he has asked to pull the mote out of our eye, when, behold! he declares to all the world, and glories in the fact, that he has a beam in his own eye! Some have charitably supposed, that the beam was not always there. We have entered into no investigation of the point. It matters not, so far as we are concerned, if he can convince himself and followers, that during the time he was heaping obliquely and billingsgate upon the Baptists for their creeds, he was the bold and unflinching advocate of just such creeds. If this can add to his reputation—if consistency at the expense of truth and fair dealing will enhance his greatness, we will make no objections. We would not pluck a leaf from his laurels. He can strut just as proudly as he pleases, clad in such "blushing honors." But he cannot even plead against us the use of creeds "in an ecclesiastic sense." In that sense, as defined by him, he knows very well the Baptists never used creeds. Our whole history would stamp falsehood, deep and indelible, upon any one preferring such a charge against us. But hold!—perhaps we are running too fast. Mr. Campbell does actually prefer this very charge against us! But he is manifestly in such a bad temper of mind, that he should not be held responsible for what he says. We shall, nevertheless, place his remarks before our readers. He says:

"The Baptists, while few in number and feeble in power, opposed creeds in their ecclesiastic sense, but, so far as known to me, they never opposed a man's declaring in word or writing his faith. But they have not invariably maintained their former position. Some of them are candid enough to admit that they have been just as tyrannical as their neighbors in converting their own little confessions and covenants into creeds of excommunicating power and efficiency. We have been, and still are, monuments of this their departure from ancient professions and pretensions. In Virginia, in Kentucky, in Ohio, and in several other States and Territories, they have, in the form of conventional decrees, associational fulminations and anathemas, excommunicated us from their communion by the force of their own innocent little creeds and covenants; and yet some of their editors and stars, so courageous and regardless of their own

reputation for candor and fair dealing, represent us as now standing on the creed question in rank and file with themselves; and still worse, while admitting our faith to be as evangelical as their own, still holding over us the pains and penalties of decrees and acts of excommunications as barbarous and pontifical as those of a "Star Chamber" or a "High Court of Commission;" because of our refusal to do homage to the idols that they have set up." p. 567.

We feel a deep sympathy for Mr. Campbell! How excruciating the pain when a spirit so proud and so haughty, has to bend beneath the stern decrees of necessity! The above shows the bitterness of his soul. It is an ebullition of feeling, showing the dark and perturbed condition of the source from which it emanated! Would that we were able to pour the oil of consolation on the surges of his mind; but the power is denied us. We will, however, dispose of this angry, and abusive, and fish-lane tirade in the utmost good humor. No barb-ed shaft rankles in our bosom, and all Mr. Campbell's rage breaks in harmlessness at our feet.

He admits in times of old, long ere the sun of his reformation poured its tides of splendor into the darkness of Christendom, that the Baptists opposed creeds in what he terms "their ecclesiastic sense." For this, then, he is indebted to the Baptists. He is walking in their foot-prints. And yet we have a reformed periodical before us, of only ten days date, which claims this very thing as originating in the "current reformation," and alleges boldly that we are falling into the views of Mr. Campbell! It is seriously to be lamented that some of the light of Bethany cannot find its way into the understandings of those "disciples" who so obstinately persist in misrepresenting us. But Mr. C. charges that we have not *invariably maintained* our former position. This may be. To err is human; and the most prudent may be led in practice to violate their long cherished principles. Some of the Baptists may have done so;—but that the great body—the overwhelming mass of them have now departed, or ever did depart from their opposition to, "creeds in their ecclesiastic sense," in the meaning of Mr. C. is as destitute of truth as the fable of the Phoenix! The man does not live who can sustain such a charge! And even if those Baptists who were engaged in contests with the Reformers, had violated their "ancient professions and pretensions," still this would not justify the charge of "departure" against the denomination; for only a small portion of the denomination were troubled with the Bethanian mania, or took any action in relation to it. Besides, no Baptist ever made the concession alleged by Mr. C., that our denomination has been just as "tyrannical as their neighbors in converting their own little confessions and covenants into creeds of excommunicating power and efficiency." We will venture to promise a clever donation to Bethany College upon the production of the Baptist making this admission, and also for the one who admitted that the faith of

the reformation was as evangelical as that of the Baptists.

It will be remarked too, that Mr. Campbell here charges that we have "little confessions and covenants"—"creeds and covenants;" whereas in his debate with Dr. Rice, he affirmed that the Baptists, like the Episcopalians, Methodists, Presbyterians, and Papists, had a "Confession of Faith"—"an ecclesiastic document—the mind and will of some synod or council possessing authority—as a term of communion, by which persons and opinions are to be tested, approbated or reprobated."* These two statements contrast strangely. Mr. C. sneeringly remarks, that the Baptists "are as stationary as an oyster to his native rock." We cannot reciprocate the compliment. His powers of locomotion are beyond all doubt. Here is an instance of his *advance* since the Lexington debate, palpable to all eyes. But we are digressing.

Mr. C. has long been ambitious of a martyr's crown. He has manifested, at least, extraordinary solicitude to be esteemed in imminent peril of life and limb, as consequences of his feats in reformation. He is emulous to be thought a second Luther, and hence he must hear the deep tones of papal thunder, be in danger of inquisitorial fires and dungeons, and encounter the embattled legions of persecution and intolerance! All this may be seen in the extract above. In his distempered imagination, the resolutions of a Baptist association, which claims and can exercise no ecclesiastical powers, become decrees and acts of excommunication, with pains and penalties, as barbarous and pontifical as those of a *Star Chamber* or a *High Court of Commission*!!! Every where in his pathway, a goblin of evil portent besets him, holding infernal revelry with kindred spirits, and mocking his ear with devilish din! In this, Mr. C. most resembles Luther. That great reformer fancied himself much beset of the devil; and on the walls of a room he once occupied, the traveller, it is said, even now is pointed to a black spot made there by Luther in throwing his ink-horn at the prince of darkness! Mr. C. has followed in his footsteps in this particular. He has emptied divers bottles of ink on certain associational resolutions, declaring a want of fellowship with himself and disciples! To his mind's eye, in these resolutions, gleamed the swords of persecution, burned the fires of martyrdom, and "leaped the live thunders" of the Vatican! From them, he fancied there issued all sorts of shapes and sounds of horror! Judging by his weeping and lamentations, at one moment, and his fierce and bitter maledictions, at the next, we are forced to conclude that his mental anguish has been intense. Perhaps some individual will be touched with feelings of commiseration, and will drop a tear for his weakness.

But seriously:—we can see no reason why the Baptists might not break fellowship with Mr. C. and his adherents, and pass resolutions in their associations to that end, without at all

*Debate of Campbell and Rice, p. 762.

changing their views upon the subject of creeds. Without a creed, and especially without a creed "in the ecclesiastic sense," all this might have been done. There was no fellowship existing. The pages of the "Christian Baptist," of the "Christian Examiner," of the "Budget," and kindred publications, the morning stars of the "current reformation," will tell the mournful story how christian ties, long and sacredly cherished, were rudely sundered. Charges the most grave and the most grievous were brought against the Baptists. We were declared to be enveloped in the smoke of mystical Babylon. Our churches and associations were denounced, and our doctrine and practices misrepresented and maligned. Individuals professing to be sent to usher in the millennium, proclaimed the whole christian world to have gone out of the way—to have departed from "the ancient order of things." The cry of "Reform" was sounded, and "come out of her, my people," was preached and echoed through the land. Novelty was the order of the day; and discoveries, rare, new, and peculiar, were professed to be made in scriptural science. New doctrines were proclaimed, new practices were introduced, and every where 'the dogs of war were let slip' upon customs and doctrines which we believed to be inculcated by the letter and spirit of the Holy Bible. Our ministers, our colleges, our missionary operations, our revivals, our christian experiences—our every thing was reviled and denounced. Innovations in all things were urged, and made the test of christian fellowship. Discord and division in feeling every where predominated, and of course secession ensued. In many instances, where the reformers could not carry their measures, they withdrew, shaking the dust from their feet as a testimony against us! They would not remain in Babylon!—they would not be led by the "popular preachers!"—they would not be enthralled by creeds!—they would not walk in darkness, seeing that new light had been given them!—they scorned the doctrine of the "populars" respecting the operations of the Spirit and the remission of sins!—in a word, they could not remain with the Baptists, without pausing in their career of reformation and putting their light under a bushel! If they were not mistaken in their vocation, then truth and righteousness required their separation from us. As consistent and upright christians, they could not retain a connection with the Baptists. And even now, although we have vastly improved, according to the testimony of some reformers, Mr. C. does not think us exactly worthy of his companionship in religion! He is in advance, and the Baptists in the rear, of the leading evangelical denominations in the country! So he testifies in the article from which we have already quoted. So he has, by his forced marches, led off his people from us; and this is the separation he charges us with effecting by our creeds! It was in this way that we so unmercifully pursued and persecuted him! So his effort to fix upon us a change of sentiment on the creed question, recoils. The man with vertigo often

fancies that the hills and mountains are dancing a fandango! The truth is, Mr. C. has made the discovery that he is as much of a creed-monger as the Baptists; and he finds, too, that others so understand the matter: hence his ire, and hence his convulsive throes respecting creeds and "creeds in their ecclesiastic sense."

But if Mr. C. tries to escape from his present unenviable predicament on the creed question, by bluster and bravado, by denunciations against 'simpletons' and 'shrewd cavers,' the more lamb-like conductors of the *Christian Journal*, and other papers in the interests of reformation, eschew the distinction between creeds *not* in an ecclesiastic sense, and creeds *in* an ecclesiastic sense; and seem to occupy the bolder ground, that to set forth one's views of the scriptures as a "doctrinal basis" of alliance, is no creed at all! They prove this by the World's Convention, which, we are told, adopted a "doctrinal basis" of union, denying fellowship and co-operation to all those who do not stand upon said basis, and yet asserted that it was no creed! Very well: we will certainly quarrel with no brother about the mere trifling difference between a creed and a "doctrinal basis" of christian union, such as put forth by the London Convention. In all their rages for creeds, the Baptists never went beyond just such a document as the "doctrinal basis," in design and intendment, of the Christian Alliance. They never had any other sort of creed—NEVER! Our reformed brethren, however, used to tell us that such documents were creeds, and hence, perhaps, we were betrayed into a mistake in nomenclature. The sun of reformation has ascended several degrees nearer the zenith, and its greater light enables those who bask in its refulgence to perceive with wonderful clearness the difference between a "creed" and a "doctrinal basis" of union! We stand corrected, with many thanks to the worthy conductors of the *Christian Journal*. We will at least adopt one word of the language of the reformed Canaan. Henceforth we will endeavor to take the position, that we have no creeds, but simply a "doctrinal basis" of union! Why should we not make a "good choice of words," as well as our neighbors?

Our readers, however, must determine for themselves whether they will adopt the distinction of Mr. C. between creeds and "creeds in their ecclesiastic sense;" or the less visible and more elaborate line of demarkation drawn by the erudite conductors of the *Christian Journal*, between a creed and a "doctrinal basis of union." But we insist upon it, that policy requires that we should elect, without delay, the one or the other of these distinctions. We will make no compromise of principle, and we will thus disarm our opponents of their most favorite weapon against us. They will be forced to surrender. Already we have driven them to the last extremity. They have hoisted their signal of distress. Once more to the breach, and victory will perch upon our banners.

EDITOR."

Tennessee Baptist Board of Foreign Missions.
Acknowledgments for November.

<i>Foreign Missions.</i>	
2. 1st Bap. Church, Nashville,	\$1 55
15. per A. Nelson, "A Sinner,"	0 50
<i>China Mission.</i>	
25. per A. W. Buford collections at monthly concerts of Friendship Bap. Church, Polk county,	5 00
<i>For I. J. Roberts, China.</i>	
Nov. 2. Mrs. Elizabeth Crosthwait,	2 00
<i>Towards erecting a Chapel for the 1st Baptist Church, Canton, China.</i>	
Nov. 4. Hugh Erwin, Esq.	1 00
Total,	
	\$10 05
A. B. SHANKLAND, <i>Treas.</i>	

ORIGINAL ARTICLES.

For The Baptist.

LAGUARDO, T., Nov. 23, 1846.

DR. R. B. C. HOWELL:

My Dear Sir:—The last number of The Baptist contains an interesting account of the "Tennessee Anniversaries."

I am happy to see so much doing, and particularly gratified in seeing it was determined to originate at some suitable point an Institution for Female Education of the highest character. I have faith that this is talked of in down right good earnest. Why not? Since there is a moral power in this community more controlling than the civil or the military; mainly in possession of the other sex; why not get up such an Institution to cultivate the heads and the hearts of those who must wield that power? We owe it to our "better half" to get up such an Institution; and it should progress *pari passu* with Union College.

Some of my ideas in reference to college reform as appertaining to male institutions are made public, not so of the other. As they do not run parallel with the popular faith: certainly not with the popular practice I may not divulge them.

Will any body want this possible, yet improbable, still greatly needed school located in town or village? If there is let him say so.

I am not for abandoning the light of the 19th century (mid way) for the irregular flicker of remote antiquity; but I am with that distinguished Lacedemonian king, who said the Spartan youth should learn nothing at school for which they would have no use in after life. Mere utilitarianism is not in full favor at the present with the *élite* of our cities; nor is mere Benjaminite left handed dexterity with me; but a mixture of country rusticity and *bon ton* flippancy might better either party; and a program of studies be so arranged, even at a fashionable Misses boarding school, as to effectuate something useful in after life. Let it be tried.

It is certainly true; to bring about salutary

changes in Institutions of benevolent design is most easily done in their incipient stages; after they are fully afloat and well under way in the drift of error much power is required to arrest progress; so much that we seldom can command it, and so it goes.

Now if young ladies after leaving college—yes college—why not? they have as much right to go to college as any of us, and to get parchment proof of learned lore—had nothing to do but to keep company, visit *ala mode* and eat citron out of silver spoons, why then you who are to put this intended institution under way, go it upon the long accredited system of fashionable female training, and just laugh at the cynical remarks of a crusty old bachelor; but, and if you should think the bachelor has looked out upon society at times with a feeling void of *gall*, and that there are other persons who think with him, just take the hint; that's all.

Very truly your friend,
TURNER VAUGHAN.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

For The Baptist.

PLEASANT HILL, Nov. 13, 1846.

BROTHER HOWELL:

Dear Sir:—Permit me, by this note, to inform you of quite a farsical scene of Pædobaptist immersion, which occurred in this neighborhood. Since your Sermon on Baptism at Centre, two persons, a man and his wife, wished to join the Methodist Church, provided, however, they would immerse them, to which request a circuit rider consented. Down into the river they went. And, Sir, when I tell you, that they were immersed with their heads down stream, I scarcely need speak of the result, for common sense will teach us. To use the language of a spectator, who is a member of that peculiar church, he like to have drowned them, particularly the woman, who was turned loose after her baptism, to get to the shore the best way she could, and like to have fallen in the struggle. Said he, I never saw the like before, and never want to see it again, for I am thoroughly convinced that immersion is indecent, and ought, if at all, to be done privately. To which I replied, that it was, when in the hands of such bunglers, who did not believe in it, and were almost invariably mad when they had it to do, which my informant did not at all dispute was the case in the instance referred to. Said he, there was no solemnity about it; It was a perfect haw, haw, laughing frolic.

I come next to hint at a similar scene which occurred in your beautiful and refined city a few weeks since, by a reverend Pædobaptist minister, who is in the habit of immersing applicants, rather than let them go to another church that believes in it.

A highly respectable gentleman of your city, told me, that he witnessed the instance referred to, in which the reverend gentleman took five females down to the river, and immersed three of them, and then announced that the other two declined. I asked why they did de-

cline. Said my informant;—I did not hear the reason, not being nearer than the top of the bank, but inferred that it was owing to the vulgar or indecent manner in which he had immersed the first three; for, said he, their clothes were suffered to float on the water to their exposure, which he had but little doubt, deterred those who declined.

Bro. Howell: I could not have believed that the refined taste of your city could have produced such a spectacle of vulgarity as the above, but for the unimpeachable veracity of my informant.

Well, it may seem strange to you and others, when I tell you, that a certain gentleman, Esq., of Smith county, informed me that he has heard this same Rev. minister denounce immersion in the most bitter terms, as being unscriptural, and that no instance of immersion can be found in the Bible, but the case where the Devil entered the swine, which randed and were choaked or drowned in the sea. Though I heard a minister's wife use the same expression once myself, and I charged it to his long account, being the head and teacher of his family.

Bro. Howell: the above occurrences are pretty fair specimens of Pædobaptist immersion, so far as I can learn, having witnessed a few instances myself; and it does seem to me that the sacred institutions of our Saviour have (by some) become the theatre of scoff and ridicule.

Can it be possible that a man who has immersed several hundred persons during his ministry, which is probably the case with one of the Rev. gentlemen referred to, should make a spectacle so revolting to the sensibilities of our natures, as occurred recently in your city?

Pardon me for indulging the opinion, that the baptismal scenes which I have referred to, were introduced to be examples, to intimidate females, and kill off immersion if possible, "but truth crushed to the ground will rise in its majesty." Nothing will do the conscientious mind when left to read the simple word of God, without the dictation of men, but baptism, and that administered by those who believe in it, that is after they are truly converted. I do not wonder, Sir, that Baptism should be called indecent by some; when there are so many Pædobaptist ministers in battle array against it, and performing it with so little solemnity when they are driven to the necessity of immersing or loose a member.

And I think it will be well, if some of them don't get drowned yet by their unbelieving administrators.

Bro. Howell: please tell them in your paper how the ordinance ought to be performed, and how decent it was when the Saviour required it at John's hand in the river Jordan; and how beautiful it was when the Apostles collected the people together where there was much water, and because there was much water, for the administration of the ordinance.

And by so doing I trust that some of our rough Baptists will improve a little in their manner, for I think there is room.

Respectfully, yours as usual,

B. F. JONES.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

For The Baptist.

PORT ROYAL, Nov. 24, 1846.

Major JAMES NORFLEET died about the 15th of September last, in the 79th year of his age. He emigrated from Virginia to Robertson county, in this State, in the year 1796.

He was engaged in the conflicts with Indians, which were common at that period. He was a civil magistrate, and member of the Legislature for several years, which offices he discharged with credit to himself and usefulness to the State and county.

He experienced a hope in Christ some 40 years before his death, but from some opposing obstacles he did not join the Church until a few years before his death, which neglect of duty he deeply regreted. He was a member of Harmony Church. He was zealous in promoting the cause of his Redeemer, and contributed liberally of his means in sustaining of the Gospel and for benevolent objects. One of the last contributions he made was \$100 for endowing Union University, by which his name will live, and his usefulness continue to generations yet to come. The happy influence of religion was manifested in his last illness and death, in divesting death of its terrors, and in patient resignation in severe suffering. Our eminently pious brother Ripley, who is peculiarly happy in comforting the afflicted, was with him a few days before his death; he told him he was anxious to depart and be with Christ.

All of his children are members of the Baptist Church except one daughter, who lives in a portion of the State of Mississippi, where there is no Baptist church. May they all imitate the piety, zeal and liberality of their departed father.

P. F. N.

For The Baptist.

Dr. Geo. B. HOPSON died at his plantation, in the State of Mississippi, on the 16th of October last, aged about 60 years. He emigrated from the State of Virginia to Montgomery county, in this State, in 1809, where he was engaged for many years in the practice of his profession.

He was eminently successful as a practitioner of medicine. He was attentive to the calls of the poor as well as the rich. There are many who have cause of gratitude to him for his services in relieving them of their sufferings and rescuing them from impending death.

He never made a public profession of religion, but was a believer in the Bible, read it frequently in the last years of his life; was often engaged in prayers; was fond of the prayers of the righteous, and contributed liberally to the preachers.

It is to be hoped that the Lord blessed his word and the other means of grace which he enjoyed to the conversion of his soul. This sweet hope comforts the sad hearts of his bereaved wife and children, some of whom are members of the Baptist church, others are in

the broad road to eternal death. May this afflicting event awaken them to repentance and faith in Christ, to the salvation of their souls.
P. F. N.

For The Baptist.

SPRING HILL, T., Nov. 26, 1846.

DIED—In Maury county, Tenn., on the 23d inst., at 5 o'clock, P. M., Brother PETER THOMPSON. He was a native of this State, where he was born, August 22d, 1809.

The death of brother Thompson is one of those events calculated to awaken the deepest and most lasting regret, and to envelope the mind in gloom and sadness, which no time or circumstances can remove. He was to all the world, frank, ingenuous and unambitious of applause, only so far as it is bestowed upon a character of the highest probity and course of conduct, ever consistent with virtue and propriety. No man of his age and circumstances ever possessed a greater degree of the unbounded confidence of his friends; and to be his friend, was but to know him. Bro. T. professed religion during a protracted meeting held in Maury county, in the summer of 1845, and a few days after his conversion was baptised into the fellowship of Carter's Creek Church, by the writer of this article.

After bro. T.'s connection with the Church, his conduct was always that of a consistent Christian. While he was fast sinking under the influence of disease, his great anxiety seemed to be, and his continued prayer was, that all his relations and friends might be prepared by divine grace to meet in Heaven, where parting would be no more.

He bore his affliction with great Christian fortitude and resignation; his great anxiety was to depart and be with his Redeemer, but he desired the will of the Lord to be done. He was an affectionate husband, tender father, good citizen, kind neighbor, and withal, he died as he lived, a devoted Christian, in full hope of obtaining a crown of glory at God's right hand. And it is to be hoped that his exemplary life may make lasting impressions upon the hearts of surviving relatives and friends, and his prayers answered in their preparation for heaven. He has left an affectionate wife, seven children, a father and mother, brothers and sisters, together with many Christian friends to mourn his loss.

True worth needs no far-fetched encomium; no studied eulogy is necessary to herald the exalted qualities of this worthy brother, too deeply are they implanted in the bosoms of all who knew him, to be soon removed or even for a moment forgotten. While disinterested friendship and integrity of character are valued, his memory will remain fresh in the recollection of all who were so fortunate as to form an acquaintance with him.

A. W. MEACHAM.

For The Baptist.

CONNESSAUGA, McMin Co., T., }
November 12, 1846. }

Died of congestive intermittent fever, on the

16th of September, 1846, CHARLES GENTRY, of the county of Jefferson, and State of Tenn., in the 52d year of his age. His confinement was of short duration, though for several years his general health had been feeble.

Bro. Gentry has been for three or four years a consistent member of the Baptist Church at Friendship, and a Deacon during most of that time. Bro. G. has uniformly sustained the character of a very plain, honest man, a kind, sincere friend; as a husband and father affectionate and indulgent; and as a master lenient to a fault. Though modest and retiring in his disposition, yet on all proper occasions he did not shun to declare his sentiments, which were generally characterised by liberality. To live in peace with all men was his aim, even at the sacrifice of interest of a personal nature. Though naturally predisposed to despondency, yet in his last illness Bro. G. still maintained a humble hope and trust in the mediation of a crucified Saviour.

Bro. G. has left a widow, mother of nine orphans, together with numerous relatives to lament their loss. The widow, though deprived of her dearest earthly friend, has the consolation of a hope in Christ and immortality beyond the grave.

JAMES CARSON.

Communicated.

DIED,

At his residence, in Davidson county, Tennessee, on the 4th ult., suddenly, of apoplexy, JOHN R. DABBS, Esq., in the 43d year of his age. Mr. Dabbs was the eldest son of Rev. Richard Dabbs, the first Pastor of the Baptist Church in Nashville. He was born in Charlotte county, Virginia, and removed with his father to this place in 1822. From that time to the period of his death, he was an esteemed and useful citizen, having been in public office without intermission for 22 years. He was eminently prompt and faithful in every duty, and enjoyed a corresponding prosperity. His health had been precarious for some months past, at intervals during which he had three paroxysms of the disease which at last terminated his life. He was not, therefore, without premonitions of his approaching end, and yet it was not expected when it came. His departure has overwhelmed with affliction, a wife, seven children, most of whom are of tender years, several brothers and sisters, and many, very many, warmly attached friends. Few men have acted their part better, as a son, a husband, a father, a master, a neighbor, and a citizen. But he is gone—gone in the midst of his days. May we who survive be admonished of the brevity and uncertainty of life, and be prepared, when our summons shall come, to follow him into the unseen world.

Communicated.

ANOTHER SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION GONE.

Departed this life at his residence in Bedford county, Tennessee, on the 16th October, 1846, Capt. MATT. MARTIN, aged 83 years.

Capt. M. in February, 1780, became a volunteer in the service of his country, and continued to serve sometimes as a volunteer and other times in the militia, four or five terms of duty—to the end of the war—under Gens. Pinckney, Sumpter and Green, and Col. Clark. He was in four battles—among them, the battle of Gilford, N. C.

The subject of this obituary was born in Charlotte county, Va., 26th December, 1763, but at the time of the revolution, was a citizen of '96 in South Carolina. Some time after the war he removed to Bourbon county, Kentucky, and from thence to Bedford county, Tenn., in 1808, where he continued to reside, until death closed his mortal career.

For many years he drew a pension from Government; but as Providence had smiled upon his exertions in life, the money was not needed for his own support; it was therefore uniformly given to objects of charity, and benevolent institutions.

The writer of these remarks has been intimately acquainted with Capt. M. for more than thirty years; and can truly say that in all the relations of life, he sustained an exalted and unblemished character. As a husband, father, and master, he was kind and indulgent; as a citizen and patriot, he was useful, firm and independent; but not intolerant. And as a friend and neighbor, he was accommodating and hospitable, wishing the welfare and happiness of all mankind.

His wife had died some years before—but he has left nine children and numerous descendants (supposed to be more than one hundred) to mourn his loss—but they sorrow with full assurance of hope, that his is a blessed immortality. He died calmly and in peace, and assured his children and friends around—that “death had no terrors to him, as he had long since placed his confidence in his Saviour.”

From the Carolina Baptist.

At about sixteen years old, being the oldest of the family, we were deprived of a pious mother, whose christian life and death, by the blessed influences of the Holy Spirit, we trust, arrested our attention to previous religious parental instructions, so as to lead us to Christ—his church and ministry. Since then a cherished brother died, at College, in Kentucky, unattended by his family. On the 27th July, 1843, the companion of our bosom breathed her spirit into the bosom of God. Since then we have been called to mourn the death of her beloved mother and her sister. Since the publication of our last paper we have received the following mournful intelligence from a distant land:—

“At 45 minutes after one o'clock A. M., on the 12th October, the body of your long loved brother, JAMES RUFUS HAYNES, ceased to be animated by that kind, noble, and generous spirit which had directed his actions while alive. Dust to dust, ashes to ashes, earth to earth, but the spirit of man to God who gave it. What then were the feelings of

your brothers standing at midnight, in their tent, beside the poor remains of their brother—dead! dead! Pardon me the pain of again feeling that anguish by attempting to describe it. It was all over! He was properly and decently interred on the 12th, twelve miles from our Camp, on the Beach near the town of La Vaca, Texas, on the Port of the same name, which is on the west end of Matagorda Bay. He was buried in a plain pine coffin enclosed in a thick box. We expect to bear his remains with us when we go home to Tennessee. * * * He was always prompt, always faithful. He never shrunk from the discharge of his duty because it was painful or unpopular. * * * He won the respect and esteem of all. * * * When the soldiers' requiem was fired over his grave, many an eye was moistened with tears for the untimely end of a youthful and faithful soldier and subordinate officer. * * * He desired to fall, if fall he must, in the field of battle beneath the folds of his country's flag.”

Heaven ordained otherwise, and he died the victim of disease, aged 20 years.

The letter from which this extract is made was written by an older brother, a graduate of U. S. Military Academy at West Point, New York, who was an officer in the Canada and Florida campaigns, subsequently resigned and when the call was made for volunteers to replenish Gen. Taylor's Army, he was in the successful practice of the law and member of the Nashville Bar, and was Adjutant Major General of a division of the Tennessee Militia. He raised his country's flag and rallied a company of Cavalry—the Giles Company Troopers, of which he was elected Captain. The deceased was student in the Union University, joined his standard and was his sergeant and subsequently acted chiefly as first Lieutenant. A yet younger brother left the groves of an Academy and became a member of the Company. The deceased at an early age professed Christianity under our humble ministry, and was baptised by us, his unworthy brother, and lived consistently with his profession. We had hoped to stand with him upon the walls of Zion, but he is gone, we confidently believe, to a better inheritance, and thus is added one more beacon light to lure us to Heaven, where God grant we may soon be—at rest from bereavements, disappointments and vexing cares.

We never see the corpse of a Christian, but we wish to lie in its stead. Sweet! sweet is the Christian's grave, and the dust of the Saints' body, oh how precious is the sight of the risen Saviour! If our friends reach heaven before us, it is a blessed hope that the sufferings of this present life which are but for a moment, will, in the language of our departed brother, soon be over, and we shall join our friends above and be with God.

Since one brother must go down to the grave it is well that the lot fell upon the *Christian* brother, for virtuous as are the other two, we have no intelligence of their espousal to Christ. May this dispensation be sanctified to us all who tarry in the valley of the shadow of death!

THE EDITOR.

SELECTED ARTICLES.

From the N. C. Standard.

BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

This able and highly respectable body assembled in this city on Wednesday last, and was expected to adjourn last evening. We invite attention to the sketch of the proceedings, which was kindly furnished us by a member of the Convention.

On Sunday we listened with much pleasure to an excellent sermon by the Rev. Mr. McDaniel, of Wilmington, and on Sunday night we were present at the Ordination of the Rev. M. T. Yates, as the Missionary of the Raleigh Association to China. We never witnessed more solemn proceedings or a more interesting occasion. After the Ordination Sermon by the Rev. Thomas Meredith, Prayer was offered by the Rev. Mr. Jordan—the charge delivered to Mr. Yates by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, of Richmond, Va.—a Bible presented to him by the Rev. Mr. Furman—and the “right hand of fellowship” extended to him by the Rev. Mr. Wait, late President of Wake Forest College. The Sermon, the Prayer, the Charge, the presentation of the Holy Book, and the “right hand of fellowship” thus extended by that venerable man in behalf of the Church, all struck us as peculiarly appropriate, and were calculated to make a lasting impression upon the mind of this promising and youthful minister. Mr. Yates is a native of Wake county, and a graduate of Wake Forest College. He is a fine specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race, and he carries with him his wife, to console him in his hours of suffering and privation, and to mingle with his labors for Heaven every thing which the world has to give of affection and happiness. We learn that he is expected to sail for China in the course of the next month; and that the Raleigh Association has pledged itself to sustain him during his life in the field of his labors.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

THE DUNKARDS.

Messrs. Editors:—Many of your readers, probably, know but little of the Christian sect called “Dunkards;” some, perhaps, are entirely ignorant of their peculiar habits and doctrines—and for the benefit of such, I feel tempted to give you an account of what I lately witnessed at one of the meetings of the members of that denomination, together with an analysis of such features of their doctrines as I was enabled to deduce from the remarks of their speakers. While this will afford rational satisfaction to those who seek information and knowledge of their fellow-men, it will be but paying a merited tribute to those whose simplicity, kindness, and apparently fervent piety, made a deep impression on my mind.

Prompted, like a great many others, rather by curiosity than any more laudible motive, on Sunday, the 11th of October, 1846, I attended a sacramental meeting of the Dunkard Society, held near Jacksonville, Floyd county, Virginia.

These meetings being interesting occasions to the believers, many of them were in attendance from various surrounding counties, and a still larger collection of persons who came merely to witness the proceedings. The male Dunkards were conspicuous by their long beards; for they obey the Mosaic injunction—“Mar not the corners of the beard.” There were beards of every size, shape and color, from the small bunch on the chin of some younger brother, to the ample and flowing beard of some patriarchal father, verging on “three score and ten.” Both males and females were dressed with extreme plainness; their homespun garments, cut in an ancient and peculiar fashion, were totally destitute of ornament. So much for their outward appearance.

About 11 o'clock, A. M., the services commenced by prayer. When praying, they remain on their knees until three or four of the brethren have offered up their petitions in succession. On rising from their knees, one of them read a chapter from the Scriptures, which was “impressed on his mind,” and another expounded it. Such is the course, they do not select texts and preach regular sermons, but each of their ministers makes such remarks as he deems proper. Several spoke in succession, occupying some two or three hours. From their discourse, I learned that in relation to faith and grace, they are Arminians—believing that all men may be saved, if they will adopt the true course. Thus, they repudiate election and predestination. They believe that the proper mode of baptism is by immersion, and so far do they carry their advocacy of immersion, that they immerse the believer *three times*: once in the name of each person of the Trinity. This is done *face downwards*, in token of humility. They repudiate infant baptism, believing that infants need no baptism—that “of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;” and their chief speaker, the Rev. John Bowman, of Franklin, delivered one of the most powerful and conclusive arguments against infant baptism, and in favor of baptizing “none but *adult believers*,” that I have ever heard. They hold “close communion,”—allowing the members of no other denominations to commune with them. Their ministers receive no compensation for their services, asserting that, “the Gospel is strong enough to support itself.” I could not precisely ascertain the nature and form of their church government; but so far as I could learn, it seems to be modelled after the Apostolic order—bishops or elders and deacons in the different churches.

After the conclusion of the midday exercises, tables were spread with food for all. This is one of their peculiar habits, and a most excellent one it is. The whole crowd was invited to partake of the plain, but substantial provision which was prepared. It was of the simplest kind, but enough was provided “for the attending people,” as well as for the members of the church. Grain was also provided to feed the horses of all who were in attendance. Nothing could exceed the kind anxiety with which they endeavored to render us all as comfortable as

circumstances would permit. The crowd was large, yet none who would partake were neglected.

In the evening the services re-commenced. After singing and prayer they proceeded to "the washing of feet." This they profess to do in imitation of the Saviour, as recorded in the 13th of John's Gospel. The women washed each other's feet in a house, but the men performed this duty in public. The members sitting down on a bench, one took a bucket of water, and washed their feet in succession, and another following wiped them with a towel, "girded around him." Each whose feet were washed and wiped was saluted by the person performing the duty with "the holy kiss." All seemed eager to perform this duty, for they esteem it a meritorious work; and the operators were so frequently changed, that I presume nearly every one washed the feet of some of the others. It is not upon these occasions alone that the Dunkards kiss each other; that is their ordinary mode of salutation wherever they meet.

After the washing of feet was concluded, they again spread the table to eat the Lord's Supper. They draw a distinction between the Lord's Supper and the Holy Communion. They first eat an actual, substantial Supper, and then administer the sacrament of the communion. None, however, but members of the church were admitted to this meal. After it was concluded, they proceeded to partake of the holy elements. They break the bread one before either tastes it. They were, however, very tedious in the service—singing, praying, reading appropriate passages of scripture, and expounding the same, and advocating and vindicating their own doctrines and practices. After the Sacramental services were concluded, which was not until late in the night, supper was prepared for the crowd in attendance; and we were again invited to partake of what was prepared for us. This wound up the services of the meeting—most of the members, however, and many of "the attending people," remained on the ground during the night. In the morning a substantial breakfast was prepared for "all hands," to which those present, saint and sinner, all alike did ample justice.

Oats and corn were ready for the horses. All was done that kindness and hospitality could suggest—and then the meeting broke up. All departed to their several homes. Silence once more settled down upon the high hills and parti-colored woods, painted by October's frosts and lately made vocal by the sound of song and prayer. And I departed, with the firm conviction, that, whether the Dunkards be right or wrong in their doctrines and practices, none can deny them the praise of piety, sincere and humble, and of kindness and love towards all mankind.

The Dunkards are not a numerous sect. Their simplicity, humility—their repugnance to ostentation—their avoidance of public offices—their quiet, peaceable, industrious, orderly course of life—their resolute determination to have strife, contention and litigation with no

man, so long as it possibly can be avoided—all concur to prevent their becoming a popular sect—and to bring within the pale of their communion only those who are contented to resign the pomps and vanities of life. No Dunkard is ever a candidate for office—none I believe ever act even as magistrates, or inferior law officers. No Dunkard is ever seen intoxicated, or fighting in the streets—no Dunkard ever sues a brother in the church, for any one else so long as any other means will answer the purpose.

Most of the Dunkards found in Virginia reside in the counties of Franklin, Patrick, Floyd, Roanoke and Botetourt. Some are scattered into other States—but nowhere, I believe, are they very numerous. Occasionally they hold much larger meetings than the one which I visited. These they call *Conferences*, and they attend them from great distances and in considerable numbers. Wherever found, they usually reside contiguous to each other—usually marrying into each other's families, and training up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

In conclusion, I would only say, that if some other denominations I know of, possessed more of the humble piety and practised more of the simple virtues that characterize the Dunkards, society would be nothing the loser.

AN OBSERVER.

Carroll County, Va., Oct. 14, 1846.

THE BEGGAR AND BANKER.

A STORY FOR THE MIND.

"Stand out of the way," said a rough voice under my window, one day as I sat musing over the bustling scenes below me, at my lodgings.

"Your honor will please to recollect," replied a somewhat indignant voice; "your honor will please to recollect that I am a beggar and have as much right to the road as yourself."

"And I am a banker," retorted still more gruffly and angrily. Amused at this strange dialogue, I leaned over the case, and beheld two citizens in the position which a pugilist would denominate *squared*, their countenances somewhat menacing, and their persons presenting a contrast at once ludicrous and instructive. The one was a purse proud, lordly mannered man, apparelled in silk, and protecting a carcass of nearly the circumference of a hogshead, the other a ragged and dirty, but equally impudent and self-important personage, and from a comparison of their countenances, it would have puzzled the most profound M. D. which of their rotundities was stored more habitually with good victuals and drink.

Upon a close observation, however, I discovered, almost as soon as my eye fell upon it, a line bespeaking something of humor, and awakened curiosity as he stood fixed and eyed his antagonist; and this become more clear and conspicuous when he lowered his tone and asked—"How will you make *right* appear?" Said the beggar, "Why listen a moment, and

I'll tell you. In the first place, do you take notice, God has given me a soul and body just as good for all the purposes of thinking, eating and drinking and taking my pleasure as he has given you—and then you may remember Dives and Lazarus just as we pass. Then, again, it is a free country, and here, too, we are on an equality—for you must know that here even a beggar's dog may look a gentleman in the face with as much indifference as he would a brother. I and you have the same common master; and equally free; live equally easy; and both traveling the same journey, bound to the same place, and both live to die and be buried in the end."

"But," interrupted the banker, "do you pretend there is no difference between a beggar and banker?" "Not in the least as to essentials. You swagger and drink wine in company of your own choosing—I swagger and drink beer, which I like better than wine, in company I like better than your company. You make thousands a day perhaps—I make a shilling perhaps—if you are contented, I am—we are equally happy at night. You dress in new clothes; I am just as comfortable in old ones and have no trouble in keeping them from soiling; if I have less property than you, I have less to care about; if fewer friends, I have less friendship to lose; and if I do not make as great a figure in the world, I make as great a shadow on the pavement—I am as great as you. Besides, my word for it, I have fewer enemies, meet with fewer losses, carry as light a heart, and sing as many songs as the best of you."

"And then," said the banker, who had all along tried to slip a word in edgways, "is the contempt of the world nothing?"

"The envy of the world is as bad as its contempt—you have perhaps the one, and I the other. We are matched there, too. And besides, the world deals in this matter equally unjust with us both. You and I live by our wits, instead of living by our industry; and the only difference between us in this particular worth naming is, that it costs society more to maintain you than it does me—I am content with a little, you want a great deal. Neither of us raise grain or potatoes, or weave cloth, or manufacture any thing useful, we therefore add nothing to the common stock; we are only consumers, and if the world judged with strict impartiality, therefore, it seems to me, I would be pronounced the cleverest fellow." Some passers by here interrupted the conversation. The disputants separated, apparently good friends, and I drew in my head ejaculating, somewhat in the manner of Alexander in the play—"Is there then no difference between the beggar and the banker?"

But several years have passed away; and now both these persons have paid the last debt of nature. They died as they lived, the one a beggar, the other a banker. I examined their graves when I next visited their city. They were of similar length and breadth—the grass grew equally green above each, and the sun looked down as pleasantly on one as the other. No honors, pleasures or delights clustered round

the grave of the rich man. No finger of scorn was pointed at that of the poor man. They were both equally deserted, lonely and forgotten! I thought, too, of the destinies to which they had passed; of that state in which temporal distinctions exist not, temporal honors are regarded not. Where pride and all the circumstances which surrounded this life never find admittance. Then the distinctions of time appeared indeed as an atom in the sunbeam, compared with those which are made in that changeless state to which they both had passed.

SWEATING "DROPS OF BLOOD."

The truth of the following account is well authenticated. Some years since, a gentleman who lived in a considerable town in the North of England, was in the last stage of consumption before he became aware of his danger; finding, however, his strength rapidly declining, he expressed, for the first time to the physician who attended him, an apprehension of his real state. The physician too abruptly replied, Sir, you cannot survive many hours. This had such an effect upon the poor patient, who was little prepared, either for such a denunciation or for the awful event which was soon to follow, that he suddenly rose upon his feet in the bed, and sunk down again as suddenly, exhausted by the effort. The physician, on observing his face, thought that he perceived an appearance on the forehead very different from common perspiration, and upon applying a napkin, to his astonishment found it was stained with blood, which had been forced from the extremities of the vessels, and even through the skin, by the agony and exertion of the unhappy sufferer.

Perhaps this is the only instance that has ever occurred of such a phenomenon, excepting one which will instantly occur to the christian reader.

We have heard of several other cases.—
SEN. EDITOR.

From the New York Observer.

AN OLD-FASHIONED DISCIPLE.

Old fashioned things are fast going out of use. People are in a dreadful hurry to pitch such things overboard. They want to lighten the ship so that they can sail more knots an hour. I hope they will leave us some things that are old. And there is an old affair that I have fallen in with lately, and I was glad of the spectacle. He is an old-fashioned disciple. He seems a remnant of other days. I am a good deal of an antiquarian, and it was a comfort to see him. New things are as plenty as blackberries among some of the disciples; but old things, and some of them very old, abounded with him. So I noticed this man the more.

1. His *apparel* was very old fashioned. He was clad with zeal as with a cloak. It was the real old style of the days of the patriarchs and prophets and apostles. The modern article, at least the most fashionable, would not cover a quarter of the person: verily, I think I have seen

some that would not cover a tooth! And moreover, they are not cut with the intent of *being on long*, and are seen on only once or twice a year, if as often. But the old-fashioned disciple's cloak was such that one could wrap himself up most nobly in its ample folds, and was evidently made for daily use. And he was so fond of it that you would have to look sharp to find him when it was not on.

And he had another garment, charity or holy love, which he always wore. It was a capital fit and set him off grandly. It was just such an article of dress as I have read an account of in a book written well toward two thousand years ago. The tailor had that book before him, likely, when he cut it. The modern article of the same kind, at least some of the fashion which I have seen, were so scantily cut and so stunted that the wearer looked as a man would, who had squeezed himself into a coat of his little grandson! I ought to say, too, that the other modern style took the opposite side, so that I have seen the wearer look as a boy of five, who was pretty much out of sight in his father's boots? I am out with both these styles; but that old-fashioned garment did the thing up handsomely. It fitted the whole person admirably, giving the highest dignity and grace to the wearer. I think modern disciples had better take a look at the old garment, and run the risk of being seen in one of the same style.

2. His *opinions about divine things* were old-fashioned also. Some modern disciples think it is a little too much of a journey to go very far back after their religious notions, even though such a journey would carry them a good deal nearer than they are now to a great fountain of knowledge that was opened in the olden time. They would like to get at matters more easily, and it being a shorter cut over to Dr. A.'s, or Rev. Mr. B.'s, they just step over, and, having found what to believe they believe it. If they would dig into an old mine I could tell them of, they might get gold and silver and precious stones of their own. But dig they cannot, and to beg they are not ashamed, so such crumbs of divine knowledge as they have, they come at quite easily.

But our disciple was willing to plunge into antiquity for his religious opinions. No man could hear him about them without seeing how much they smacked of olden times. They were the most old-fashioned, some of them, that a body these days could find any where about. He got some of his doctrines from so far back as Abraham. And I could not find that one of them was younger than Paul's day, or thereabouts. People laughed at him for being so singular, but the storm only made him gather his garments the more closely about him.

3. His *manner of life* was old-fashioned also. Somehow he got a taste for imitating old Moses in that he "endured as seeing him who is invisible." And he even went farther back, for with Abraham, "he looked for a city, whose builder and maker is God." And as if he would never have done with antiquity, he got the habit of old Enoch, for he "walked with God."—And such antiquities as he found farther down in the lapse of time he had a wonderful relish

for. "He counted all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus his Lord." And he "took joyfully of the spoiling of his goods," for the promotion of Christ's kingdom, as old saints did in Paul's time. And another thing, he had a habit that savored of reason and wisdom as well as of age; so that he owed no man any thing but love, and therefore he was out of the fashion of some modern disciples who seem to owe almost every thing but love. And then he was "instant in season and out of season," delighting in and laboring for the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom which is a good deal out of fashion in our days.

From all these facts it cannot but appear that the disciple I have been describing was one of the old fashion. He gloried in having his spiritual apparel cut after the style of Abraham and the patriarchs. And as for his religious doctrines, you could not gratify him more than by charging him with stepping into the very shoes of men who have been dead twenty centuries; and so very like these men was he in his manner of life, that none could gainsay their belonging to the same spiritual family.

I am glad, therefore, that in the general rush, in our day, after new things, there is here and there a rock that stands firm and resists the current. There are some who, when offered new wine, can say, "the old is better." I wish there were more of them. SIMON.

From the Mother's Magazine.

A LOVELY BRIDE.

I was spending an hour, not long since, in turning the pages of a pleasant miscellany, in the course of which my eye fell upon the following rare but beautiful and touching incident in the history of one, who was that day to become a bride:

A party of lively and interesting cousins and friends had early assembled at the bridal mansion, for the purpose of decorating the drawing room, where the marriage ceremony was to be performed. At length, this happy duty being accomplished, they retired; happy in contributing to the joy of an occasion, which, while it would take from them one whom they loved, would unite that one to the object of her highest regard. The room was beautifully decorated with rich and variegated bouquets; and on a centre table lay the gaily adorned bride's loaf, an object of great importance.

I said all had retired from the lovely spot; but there was one of the cousins, who, a short time after, stole gently back to look once more at the varied beauty of the scene, and to indulge by herself the hopes and anticipation of an affectionate heart, for the future happiness of her friend. She gently opened the door, and was about entering, when she noticed the sofa was wheeled to the precise spot where that evening, the happy pair were to rise and exchange their solemn vows, and there the lovely bride was kneeling, so absorbed in her own thoughts that the intrusion of her friend was unnoticed.—That friend stood for a moment, gazing in holy admiration of the scene; she longed gently to approach and kneel by her side, but the occa-

sign was too sacred to admit of social union; and she retired.

And what so solemn and absorbing was occupying the thoughts of this happy being?—Was it the anticipations of wordly felicity that had brought her here? Looking around upon the beauty and gaiety of the room, where in a few hours she would give her hand to him whom she preferred to all others on earth, had she in the wildness and excess of her emotions fallen into a reverie? Nothing of the kind.—Delighted she might be, and justly was, but she had one duty to perform, a high and holy duty, ere she plighted her vows to the object of her affections. There, in that spot where she would soon stand, and surrender her earthly all to her husband, she would first consecrate herself to the Lord. The prior consecration was due to him. On that altar she wished to offer an earlier incense; on that spot to make a record of the prior deed; which she had given of herself, to the superior Lord.

I know not of an earthly scene more lovely, or of an immortal being in similar circumstances, in an attitude more becoming. I am sure that if her intended husband had himself the love of God reigning in his heart, and could he have said—not perhaps with perfect truth, for others it is to be hoped, have done so before her—but he might have been forgiven, if, in his ardor and admiration, he had exclaimed, "many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!"

What a beautiful example for the imitation of those who are about to be led to the hymeneal altar! Most beautiful, most becoming!—I know not the subsequent history of that "lovely bride," but I am certain she never repented that act of self-dedication to God. She may not, indeed, have escaped sorrow and affliction, but if they were her lot, I know that God would remember her kindness of her youth. He would not forsake her. She might bury her husband, children and friends; she might suffer sickness and poverty; but in no hour would her Heavenly Father forsake her; he would guide her by his counsel, and afterwards receive her to glory. Youthful females! would you lay the foundation of future peace; would you provide against the reverses of fortune; would you have a friend and protector through this world of vicissitude, would you have consolation in the darkest night of adversity which may set in upon you; imitate the example of the "lovely bride."

COMMERCIAL.

Nashville, Dec. 5, 1846.

The river is rising with about 6 feet water on the shoals.

COTTON—Comes in rapidly. Prices range from 7 to 7½. We understand that for a small lot of very superior 7 80 was offered yesterday morning.

TOBACCO—Messrs. Johnson & Smith have received 6 bids. since Tuesday—none of first quality—3 refused, sold at \$2 50, \$3 30, \$2 90.

ARMY NEWS.

From the New Orleans Picayune of the 21st Nov.

CAPTURE OF TAMPICO.

Preparation for its Retention.

By the arrival of the U. S. steamer Mississippi, Commodore Perry, at the S. W. Pass, news was received in the city yesterday of the capture of Tampico by the United States squadron on the 14th instant. We announced in yesterday morning's edition of the Picayune the departure of the squadron from Anton Lizardo upon this expedition, and before the day was over the success of the enterprise. The fleet sailed under Com. Conner on the 11th and 12th insts. On the 14th Com. Perry crossed the bar with the Spitfire, Vixen, Petrel, Bonita and Reefer, reinforced from the Cumberland, Mississippi, Princeton and St. Mary's. There was no opposition made to the American arms. The town was surrendered unconditionally, the garrison having been previously withdrawn.

The Mississippi sailed immediately for the Balize for troops to garrison the city. In coming hither Com. Perry touched at the Brazos and despatched a lieutenant to Gen. Patterson's camp to obtain troops for the garrison. The Mississippi then came to the Balize for the same object. We learn from proper sources that about one hundred and fifty men, recruited for the 1st and 3d Infantry, will be despatched immediately for Tampico. A detachment of these troops has already arrived; the remainder are expected to-day or to-morrow. Besides these, four companies of the new regiment of mounted riflemen, under Major Burbridge, will be sent to Tampico as soon as they arrive. They are hourly looked for.

Capt. Hetzel, of the Quartermaster's Department, has been despatched to Baton Rouge for ordnance and munitions, and Capt. Barnard, of the Engineers, will repair directly to Tampico to superintend the erecting and arming of the necessary defences.

Although the city was taken without the loss of blood, it is manifest that it is not to be surrendered without a struggle before peace is declared. The town is now in the possession of the marines and sailors of the fleet, who cannot be well spared from their ships. As soon as the place is sufficiently garrisoned by land forces the squadron will proceed to other business. A change has come over the fleet and we doubt not of its future usefulness. Many of our naval officers regret that Tampico was surrendered without a blow. It is well enough as it is. We incline to the opinion that the place will become of the utmost consequence to the intended operations upon the interior. The withdrawal of the Mexican garrison is evidence that Santa Anna is making preparations for a demonstration upon a large scale in the direction of San Luis Potosi or Saltillo—more probably at the former.

ORDNANCE FOR TAMPICO.—We were gratified to learn that Gov. Johnson, as soon as he heard that the Mississippi had arrived at the Balize to procure men and munitions of war for the defence of Tampico, proffered for the use of the United States six 6-pound and three 9-pound brass pieces, together with 100 rounds of ball for each gun, and 50 rounds of grape shot. These guns are ready to go on board ship—have been accepted and will be immediately despatched to Tampico. This is a commendable act of the Executive of Louisiana. The necessity of erecting fortifications at Tampico with expedition is apparent; and the difference in the time required to bring ordnance from the nearest United States depots, and in shipping such as is ready for use at once, might be fatal to the occupation of that important point.

THE PSALMIST:

A NEW Collection of Hymns for the use of the BAPTIST CHURCHES.

By **BARON STOW** and **S. F. SMITH.**

Assisted by

WILLIAM R. WILLIAMS, *New York,*
 GEORGE B. IDE, *Philadelphia, Pa.,*
 RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, *Philadelphia, Pa.,*
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 JOHN L. DAGG, *Penfield, Ga.,*
 W. T. BRANTLEY, *Charleston, S. C.,*
 R. B. C. HOWELL, *Nashville, Tenn.,*
 S. W. LIND, *St. Louis, Mo.*

This work contains nearly *twelve hundred Hymns*, original and selected, by 161 *writers*, besides pieces credited to fifty collections of hymns or other works, the authorship of which is unknown. Forty-five are anonymous, being traced neither to author nor collections.

All of Watts's Hymns, possessing lyrical spirit, and suited to the worship of a christian assembly, are inserted; and a large number of hymns heretofore unknown in this country have been introduced. The distinction of psalms and hymns, usually made in other collections, has been avoided in this, and all have been arranged together, under their appropriate heads, and numbered in regular, unbroken succession. There are four valuable Indexes,—a "General Index" of subjects, a "Particular Index," an "Index of First Lines," and an extended "Scripture Index."

Extracts from a few of the many Notices and Reviews.

From an extended notice in the Christian Review.

We hazard little in saying, that it is the best collection of hymns ever published in the English language. They have been drawn from the best sources, and probably, from a greater number of authors than those in any hymn book extant.

From the New York Baptist Register.

The Psalmist is one of the most delightful and complete books of the kind we ever had the privilege of examining. It is the very book wanted. The poetry is choice and beautiful, the sentiments are scriptural, expressed with peculiar felicity and force, and adapted to every variety of condition,—there is something for every body and every occasion.

From the Religious Herald, Richmond, Va.

It has evidently been compiled with much care, and comprises a sufficient variety of hymns for all the purposes of worship. The work deserves high praise for its purity of style and expression. It has great and deserved merit, and as a whole is not only well adapted to the object aimed at, but superior to its predecessors.

From the Alabama Baptist.

We think it decidedly superior to any collection of Psalms or Hymns ever before issued from the American press. In the number, variety, and adaptation of subjects, this volume exceeds all others. There are admirable hymns on all the great doctrines of the Bible. There are also great numbers of hymns of peculiar excellence, adapted to revivals, camp meetings, protracted meetings, prayer meetings, conferences, and family worship. We earnestly commend The Psalmist to the attention of pastors and churches.

Extracts of Letters.

From the Rev. Geo. B. Ide, Philadelphia.

Such another collection of hymns for public worship, I do not believe the world can furnish, and I am certain the English language cannot. It is a work, in every respect, of such surpassing excellence, as to leave nothing in its department to be desired.

From Rev. Spencer H. Cone, D. D., New York.
 I have no hesitancy in saying it is better adapted to

the wants of our churches, and affords greater facilities to those who lead in worship, in the selection of appropriate psalms and hymns, than any other compilation with which I am acquainted. Its poetic and evangelical features are worthy of all praise.

From Rev. W. T. Brandy, Augusta, Ga.

A desideratum is now supplied which has existed and been seriously felt by pastors for many years. Brother Ide did not speak extravagantly when he pronounced the Psalmist "perfect in its kind, leaving nothing more to be desired for this department of worship." I think your book only requires to be known to secure for it an extensive circulation.

From Rev. Geo. P. Adams, Baltimore, Md.

It is time we had one Hymn Book for general use. Let "The Psalmist," be that book. Let our preachers be as active as those of the Methodist Episcopal church, and it will be done.

From the Rev. C. D. Mallory, Ga.

The object of this communication is, to inquire if you have made any arrangements to supply our section of the country with your new Hymn Book, the Psalmist. I am very anxious to have it generally circulated in Georgia, believing that it has claims paramount to all other Hymn Books in use.

From Rev. A. D. Sears, Louisville, Ky.

I have given it an attentive examination, and I unhesitatingly pronounce it unequalled. Whether it be considered as a book of sacred poetry, or as adapted to refine the taste, and promote the interest of our denominational worship, it stands unrivalled, and must supersede the use of every other Hymn Book ever published by the denomination. I am satisfied that every friend of the denomination, east, west, north and south, must see the propriety of sustaining one Hymn Book common to the Baptist church. The Psalmist is that book.

The united testimony of pastors of Baptist churches in Boston and vicinity, in New York, and in Philadelphia, of the most decided and flattering character, has been given in favor of the book. Also by the Professors in Hamilton Literary and Theological Institution, and the Newton Theological Institution. The same also has been done by a great number of clergymen, churches, Associations and Conventions, in every State in the Union.

Among the Associations and Conventions, the following have each expressed sentiments similar to those given in the Letters and Reviews inserted above, viz: Kennebec, (Me.) Baptist Association; Portsmouth, (N. H.) Baptist Association; Boston Baptist Association; Philadelphia Baptist Association; Munroe, (N. Y.) Baptist Association; Huron, (Ohio,) Baptist Association; Bethel, (Tenn.) Baptist Association; Alabama State Convention; North Carolina State Convention; Illinois State Convention; North District Association, Ill.; Niagara Baptist Association, N. Y.; Rocky River, (Ohio) Association; Miami, (Ohio) Baptist Association.

As an evidence of the popularity of the work, it is proper to state that *near eighty thousand* copies have already been called for.

The price of the 12mo. pulpit size, in splendid binding, from \$1 25 to 3 00. 18mo. pew size, handsomely bound in sheep, 75 cts. 32mo. pocket size, handsomely bound in sheep, 62½ cts. The different sizes are also bound in various extra styles, price corresponding.

A liberal discount to churches introducing it, where a number of copies are purchased. Copies furnished for examination on application to the Publishers, GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, Boston.

American Baptist Publication Society, Philad.
 Nov. 21, 1846.

