

# THE BAPTIST.

R. B. C. HOWELL, D. D.  
Editor.

"One Lord, One Faith, One Baptism."

W. F. BANG & Co.  
Publishers.

VOL. 2.

NASHVILLE, JUNE 20, 1846.

No. 43.

THE BAPTIST is published every Saturday at Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance.

Our paper will appear in its new dress next week. Will not our brethren continue their efforts in its behalf? The importance of The Baptist will be greatly enhanced, by the Southern Organization, and we hope this fact will stimulate us to give it a wide circulation.

Persons sending money for subscribers will please give the **POST OFFICE**. A failure to do this, gives much trouble, and sometimes produces confusion.

Persons desiring the back numbers of The Baptist are informed that we have none, or but few, on hand.

## MATTERS AND THINGS.

Bro. Milliken is informed that his remittance has been received. We answer the following questions.

1st. "Is money for the Baptist sent at your risk?"

*Answer.*—Yes. Provided the Postmaster's receipt is taken.

2d. "What per cent do you allow ministers (and we add agents) for forwarding subscribers names?"

*Answer.*—Twenty-five per cent. Provided the money is sent with the names and postage paid.

## "WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD."

This was the especial business of the Redeemer while upon earth. And to do it he gave up the employment, the ease and elegance of the upper kingdom. He did not wait for objects to be presented, but sought them out from amongst the poor and degraded, as well as the wealthy and honorable.

Christians are the followers of Christ, who has said "except a man deny himself and take up his cross and follow me he cannot be my disciple." Every man and woman, then, who is a follower of Christ, goes about DOING GOOD. Now in view of these facts we ask, who is a follower of Christ at this day? We admit that Christians generally will not get out of the way of doing good. But who leaves his shop, his field, his counter, and starts out with the special intention of doing good? Who leaves his ease, his enjoyment that he may converse with a sinner in regard to his eternal interest? And yet you say you are Christians. How can you reconcile this idea with the injunctions of the gospel? How can you read it without feeling condemned by every page? What good have you done that was not done as a matter of course, when you felt called upon? The world has done much good in this way. But we ask how much good have you done, prompted alone by your obligations to the Saviour. How often have you left your business and gone forth to save a soul from death, purely for the love of that soul? Answer these questions before God. And then tell me whether you do not feel unworthy, of a Saviour who bled and died for you. If so then begin this day to go about doing good. Select some one for whom you will make efforts. Lay aside your business, read a portion of scripture, enter into your closet, pray fervently, and then start out; search him out, converse kindly with him, return, pray over his case, ask God to direct you and give power to your efforts. Repeat this course, and, we dare say, in a short time you will welcome him into the kingdom.

Our Religion, brethren, is one of *action*, **INDIVIDUAL ACTION**. Without it nothing can be accomplished, with it, the mountain may

be cut down, and the Sycamore tree plucked up. And if we were called upon to say what is now most needed by the Church, we should respond, *action!* ACTION!? ACTION!!!

**COMMUNICATIONS.**

For the Baptist.

MULBERRY, Lincoln County, Tenn.

**REPORT**

*Of the General Agent of the Education Society.*

The following are the amounts subscribed in the vicinities of the Churches I visited my two last rides. The most of the subscribers are members of the Church.

ENON CHURCH, Alabama.

Hannah Blankenship, \$16  
John A. Day, 10  
John Mosely, 10

J. D. Battle, 60  
Elizabeth E. High, 200

HUNTSVILLE CHURCH.

William D. Hallowell, 100  
William Echols, Jun., 100  
Preston L. Lake, 100  
Thomas Parsons, 100

BRAWLEY'S FORK CHURCH.

Joshua Barton, 50  
James R. Taylor, 20  
John Holless, 20  
Burrell Walker, 10  
Elizabeth Taylor, 5  
John B. Armstrong, 5  
R. W. Brandon, 5

McMINNVILLE CHURCH.

T. J. Mitchell, 20  
Oliver Clark, 20  
W. M. French, 20  
E. M. North, 20  
William North, 25  
Elizabeth Little, 20  
R. A. Campbell, 10  
Aaron Works, 5

SPARTA CHURCH.

Susan Warren, 50  
Terressa Shaw, 25  
W. S. Gibbons, 20  
J. Snodgrass, 10  
W. Leftwich, 20  
W. R. Stewart, 10  
T. W. Smith, 10  
M. C. Dibrell, 10  
R. Glover, 10  
James T. Clewry, 10  
G. G. Dibrell, 5  
W. E. Nelson, 5

CORNERSVILLE CHURCH.

Lucinda Smith, 20  
Myranda A. D. Smith, 25  
W. A. Chambless, 10  
W. G. Parsons, 10  
I. C. Parsons, 5  
Drucinda J. Marsh, 5  
Martha W. Faust, 4  
Miss Chapman, 4

To be subscribed by brother — at least 25 hope he will make it one hundred dollars.

DIXON'S CREEK CHURCH.

Col. William Martin, 100  
William Dillon, 50  
W. B. Dillon, 10  
Susan Martin, 5  
On my way to Lebanon, 35

LEBANON CHURCH.

J. W. Burton, 50  
James B. Rutland, 50  
P. H. Anderson, 50  
Matilda Cossitt, 25  
Matilda Marfield, 25  
W. E. Faust, 25  
Solomon Hartsfield, 20  
W. A. Wortham, 20  
John Ragland, 10  
J. D. Hartsfield, 5  
A. J. McWhirter, 5  
Sarah Harver, 5  
Nancy J. Figures, 5  
W. J. Lester, 5  
James H. Bretton, 10

PLEASANT GROVE CHURCH.

Turner Vaughan, 100  
Thomas Vaughan, 10  
B. R. Barton, 5  
W. B. Wortham, 5  
N. Green, 5  
John O. Cage, 5  
J. D. Green, 5  
W. Hester, 5  
J. H. Davis, 5  
Thomas Harris, 5  
I. W. Wright, 5  
W. E. Walker, 5

LITTLE CEDER LICK.

Neri Lowe, 100  
Dr. L. N. M. Cook, 20  
Perry Benson, 12  
Eliza B. Mason, 10  
Sion Bass, 10  
Lucy M. Willis, 5  
William B. Jennings, 5  
R. O. Willis, 5  
Elizabeth Jennings, 5

RUTLAND CHURCH.

Andrew and Martha Baird, 20  
Susan Curd, 10  
P. T. Dais, 10  
L. Lindel, 10  
Mary Rutland, 5  
A. Graves, 5  
B. A., 5  
J. F. Hanbells, 5

FELLOWSHIP CHURCH.

John C. Hood, 10  
A. R. Lovel, 5  
H. Lovel, 5  
Jarret Sanders, 4  
W. Thorn, 4  
T. Rose, 4

CONCORD CHURCH.

William A. Whitsett, 40

Solomon Z. Maston,	50
Mary M. Cowin,	50
J. McMurry,	25
Elizabeth Stancill,	25
John Page,	20
Stephen H. Ham,	20
Silas McMurry,	12
Luke Pryor,	10
W. M. Battle,	10
T. H. B. Kimbrough,	10
Stephen H. Rash,	8
M. N. Mitchell,	8
J. H. Barnes,	5
Sally Mitchell	5
J. N. Mitchell,	5
J. W. Hampton,	5
J. A. Battle,	5
J. Rivers,	5
John Bell,	5
H. F. Fields,	5
S. E. Morton,	5
J. A. Still,	4
B. Alley,	4
S. Burch,	4
Dr. S. Morton, (verbal) good,	100

MILL CREEK CHURCH.

John Manees,	100
Jane Norman,	50
Lott Quinn,	25
Dr. Lafayette Ezell,	20
J. M. B. Russell	10
Andrew J. Baker,	10
G. M. C. G. Ezell,	10
R. D. Harwood,	10
J. W. Dabbs,	10
John Burnett,	10
W. A. Everett,	10
John L. Baker,	5
James Hartman,	5
William Baker,	5
P. Gunter,	5
John Spain,	5
H. Baker,	4

N. B. Some of the above subscribers are not members of the Baptist Church, and others of them are not members of and church, but are friends of their country any of knowledge.

The following are some of the largest subscriptions which I had obtained before those above named:—John J. Whitaker \$200, J. H. Shepherd \$200, C. K. Winston \$200, Isaac Burleson \$200, T. W. Smith \$100, Col. Wm. Martin \$100, Bradley Kimbrough \$100, Jesse Sikes \$100, R. B. C. Howell \$100, Oliver J. Fisk \$100, P. F. Norfleet \$100, William S. Perry \$100, James Dardin \$100, James Norfleet \$100, Robert A. Burton \$100.

In my next Report I will give the fifties, twenty-fives, &c. You see that two hundred dollars is the largest subscription I have obtained yet. I am very anxious to get some \$500 and \$1000 subscriptions. I had one "glorious nibble" at the five hundred dollar amount, but brother Lowe did not quite bite; think he will yet; wish he would. I don't like to lead the way, but if he dont bite, believe I will myself; I'll do it, at least, if nineteen others will subscribe five hundred dollars I will be the twentieth. You may say I will

pay mine in work and labor, this is true, but no subscriber will pay that amount harder than I will. You know that those who subscribe five hundred dollars will be allowed to receive the entire amount back again in tuition.

Come brethren, what say you? let me hear from you through the Baptist. But who will be the first to subscribe \$1000? That will entitle them to a scholarship. Come my friends, let us hear from you. I am in earnest about this matter. I intend to endow one school, "God willing," if it takes me seven years. We must have one endowed school, brethren, in our State, or we will always be behind our sister States, and behind our sister denominations in our own State. I know by not having an endowed Institution in our State we may add to the importance of similar institutions in other States, but we never can equal our brethren there in point of intelligence and usefulness.

We do not only propose to educate young ministers in this school, who may wish an education, but we propose to educate every young man we can. There are about forty thousand Baptists in Tennessee; and if our denomination had a well endowed school here, we could influence many more young men to seek and obtain educations, than we can possibly do without it. Some think they are not to be benefited by it, except they can send their sons to the University. Strange notion. When one young man goes out of a neighborhood to the University, and obtains an education, and returns home and sits down in the neighborhood and teaches all the boys, then are they not benefited? Thus the Institution, like a great reservoir, will communicate its waters of intelligence to every part of the State. Ministers educated here, can locate in our towns and support themselves by teaching school, and preach to our poor churches, such as the one at Franklin, Columbia, Winchester, &c. &c., and thus carry out an influence which we have needed so long. Furthermore, they can go and preach the gospel to many heathen nations after translating the Bible into their languages.

But the reasons why our University should be endowed, are too numerous for me to give in detail here. Let us have it endowed at once. Let us furnish teachers to others, and not have them occupy all the schools in the State, and teach us forever.

BRADLEY KIMBROUGH.

May 26, 1846.

For the Baptist.

MURFREESBORO', June 9, 1846.

DEAR SIRS—Please insert the following Report in your paper (The Baptist.)

The Agent of the Baptist Education Society of Middle Tennessee acknowledges the following receipts for that Society; in addition to what he has before acknowledged.

Of the Poplar Creek Church,	\$2 76
the Baptist Church in Athens, Ala.,	1 92
the Rutherford's Creek Church,	4 62
Gen. Irions, of Alabama,	1 25
Mrs. White of Franklin, Ten.	0 50
Baptist Church at Lebanon,	1 90

the Rutland's Church,	4 60
Wm. Irwin, Morgan co., Ala.	6 00
James Nelson,	1 00
Mr. & Mrs. Shelah Waters,	1 00
H. Wiggins,	0 50
J. H. SHERWIN, Agent.	

For the Baptist.

PLEASANT GROVE, Gibson Co., T. }  
June 9th, 1846. }

Mr. EDITOR—As I am sending some funds to the Baptist, I would like to make a suggestion to the Brethren of West Tennessee, as the time of holding our annual meeting is approaching.

In looking over the minutes of some of our previous meetings, I find that Clerks, in preparing the minutes, not unfrequently puff some one minister, by extolling his effort at the meeting, (and thus flatter their vanity, if they were predisposed to it,) and not saying one word of other ministers present.

I am opposed to puffing ministers. 1st.—Because it can do no good; and 2dly, because it may possibly do harm.

On examining the Minutes of the Big Hatchee Association, which met in Bolivar, on Saturday before the 4th Lord's day in Sept. 1845, I see mention made of one sermon-being preached on Sabbath, and one only, viz: the Missionary Sermon, which is highly eulogized, (and I think deservedly so,) but no mention is made of brother S, or B, or M, or S, or W, who preached during the day, at different hours and places, (beside those who preached to the colored population.) And I am sure that no one, who had no other means (than the minutes) of knowing, would come to the conclusion, that the Association was thinly attended by the ministry, or that there was but one minister deserving notice in the Association. (But I know that the Clerk of that Association thinks highly of her ministry.)

I have taken this liberty; 1st. Because the Clerk of the above named Association and myself have ever been on terms of intimacy; and 2dly, because I am a member of another Association, and I think the remarks due to the brethren of Big Hatchee Association.

GRIFFIN WRIGHT.

For The Baptist.

LAWRENCE CO., Ala., June 10, 1846.

DEAR BROTHER HOWELL:

Believing it to be cheering to the friends of Zion, I embrace this opportunity to send you a few lines for publication. Some three weeks ago, two of our Missionaries held a five day's meeting in Blount county, Ala., the Lord made a manifestation of his presence, and poured out of his spirit upon the people. Bro. P. M. Musgrove, an ordained minister, in connection with Bro. E. D. Stephenson, a licentiate, both traveling under the patronage of the Muscle Shoals Baptist Home Missionary Society. These brethren preached day and night for some five or six days; at the conclusion or during the meeting, there

were some nine received and baptised. (Now as regards the receiving and immersing these converts.) There was no constituted church at the place where the meeting was held. The principle upon which these converts were received, or the manner rather, is this, the minority of one of our churches was at the meeting, set in conference in connection with these ministers, received these young converts, and they were baptised. While on one of my missionary tours, I came to this church, which these members belonged to that sat in conference in Blount county, and received these new born souls into their fellowship. While the church was sitting in conference, during the session, the question arose, whether these young converts should be considered as members of the church, of which the minority belonged. The answer was No. The ground assumed by these wise disciplinarians was this, that it was contrary to all Baptist usages, in opposition to the rules of the church, and a violation to New Testament teachings. Here I arose for the purpose of vindicating the course pursued by these ministers, and the members of that church, i. e. that is the minority which received those young converts to baptism. In the vindication of my position I assumed this ground, that even bro. Musgrove was sufficient, and fully authorized from the New Testament to receive these persons who had

made a profession of the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. To substantiate my argument I adduced these scriptures, found in the 8th chapter of Acts of the Apostles, 5th, 12th and 14th verses. Yet notwithstanding law and testimony, still these had to be rejected; persons who had been received by regular baptised persons who were members of a proper Baptist church, in connection too with an ordained minister of the gospel, baptised upon New Testament principles, with New Testament baptism, i. e. that is immersion, still rejected. We would here ask, why rejected? The secret is behind yet, not in consideration of a nonconformity to New Testament usages, not for breaking any known church rule, or violating any old antiquated precedent; but still rejected. We answer to the objection; simply because it is missionary work. The Lord has been blessing the labors of the wrong man for these anties. Bro. Musgrove is a declared missionary, and they know it. This is the ground of objection, and no other.

I do not make this statement without proper data—I have necessary evidence for saying, that it is because these young converts were received and baptised by a missionary minister! One of these anties being asked one Sabbath morning, if he would have objected if such a minister (naming him) had baptised these individuals, perfectly stumped, eyes cast down, head hanging, dumb-founded, not one word out of his mouth. So we see the reason of objection, not for want of any Christian qualification.

Bro. Howell, it would amuse you if you were just here and looking at these old anties, while one stands and preaches the gospel

truths, hear them say—*Amen*. Hearts perfectly filled with love—souls fired with the bright prospect of eternal glory and immortality beyond the grave—the big tear coursing down their faces—bosoms heaving with divine aspirations, and all their affections are on the wing—their course heaven ward, and soon they will be there. Just here in their ecstasy, say, brethren, the minister wants a little money for the purpose of shoeing his horse; you will hear no more—*Amen*. That heart which was so full has shrunk away—the fire that burned in that happy soul has gone out—the tear, that big tear, has evaporated, having left no sign that it ever moistened their eyes. But you can hear low muttering whispers passing from lip to lip, money! money! money is all he wants.

Just here my heart feels like lifting itself to Almighty God in prayer for these my poor brethren. O, that God would have mercy upon them. But the strangest thing to me is, that some of these men can see through the most complicated plans to make money to aggrandize themselves and families—but present to them the most simple missionary operation, and it has ten thousand ambiguities, covered entirely with mysteries.

Now, bro. Howell, I have one request of you; please give us your views in regard to the course which should have been pursued by this church towards those individuals received by the minority of the church, and you will confer a favor upon your brother in gospel bonds. V.

## SELECTIONS.

From the New York Recorder.

### ADDRESS

*Of the Rev. Mr. DEAN, from China, delivered before the Baptist General Convention, at Brooklyn, N. Y., on Tuesday, May 19.*

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS—I have been delighted while listening to the remarks made this afternoon, on the importance of Christian union, and I wish this evening to say a few words on the necessity of *patient perseverance* in the cause of missions. I listened with interest to a statement made this morning that in a certain place a number of young converts who were recently born of God, were born *missionaries*. Did you ever see a young convert who was not born a missionary? I believe that there is nothing anti-missionary in heaven, nor on earth, except in man's selfish heart. God himself has stamped his missionary character on all his works. The sun is a missionary body, sending forth his rays to warm the earth and enlighten the world. The clouds are a missionary body, sending forth their genial showers to fertilize the soil and feed the fountains of water, for the refreshment and use both of man and beast; and the earth is a missionary body sending forth its fruits and plants and flowers, to gratify the tastes and supply the wants of man. But suppose the sun, instead

of its daily and perpetual warmth of light, were to shine for a few days only, and then go down in everlasting night; or the clouds, instead of bestowing upon the earth the former and the latter rain, were for a short time to pour down floods of water, and then leave us to the parching and destructive drought of summer; or the earth were to exhibit in her productions a premature growth, and then leave them to wither and die before they were perfected—how disastrous would be the consequences!—but not more disastrous, not so much so, as the fitful efforts of the Church in the cause of missions. Oh, my Christian friends, if all your benevolent resolutions had been put into practice, instead of pigmies in piety, we might have been giants in grace.—Oh if our benevolent plans had been carried out with patient perseverance, the desolating tide of death would have been driven back. The darkness of Pagan night had been changed into the bright effulgence of the day of glory, and family discords and horrible wars had come to a perpetual end—had been hushed to the whispers of peace—and we, instead of coming here to mingle our sorrows and our sympathies, and to weep over the pitiable condition of our race, might now have come together to mingle our glad voices with the multitudes of the heavenly hosts, and sing with them that heavenly anthem, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."

This has been appropriately termed an age of improvement. But unfortunately we belong to a nation whose industry and patient perseverance do not keep pace with her ingenuity. A restless desire for something new has taken possession of us, and has become our national characteristic. Some new means for expediting labor, some new mode of locomotion, will captivate us, and divert our attention from those practicable means more certainly within our reach. And the Church is assimilating to the spirit of the age, and is leaving the self-denying and laborious primitive method of saving men, as proposed by our Lord himself, and followed by his apostles, and has discovered a new and better plan, in which they are not to save the souls of men by labor and zeal and persevering prayer and faith, but they would convert the world by *steam*.

This however, is not at present our subject. We do not propose so much to speak of plans for the propagation of Christianity, (although it were better that we had more modesty than to attempt to improve those plans of its Divine Author,) as to show the necessity of patient perseverance in any plan we may have adopted, until we have secured the results we seek for. A poor plan patiently pursued, is better than the best plan prematurely abandoned. I know that it is customary to award praise to any new plan of benevolence; but more credit is rightfully due to that man who patiently perseveres in an old plan until he secures its practical results. The rewards of religion are promised, not to the man who commences most zealously, runs most rapid-

ly, and plans most skilfully, but to the man who patiently endures to the end.

Suppose a missionary were to go to the heathen, and after three or four years of exposure and toil, and when he is beginning to be useful, he were to leave his work and come home. You might applaud him for his benevolent design, and noble enterprize; you might commend his self-denial, but you might justly say that all was useless, because prematurely abandoned. Or if the Society were to send forth a number of agents, and after years of toil and danger, and expenditure of money and waste of life were to abandon their work, and call them home from their labors, the joy and hope excited by this philanthropic enterprize would be lost in the trial and sorrow and disappointment, that the fruit of such a labor and toil should not be gathered in—that the men should be called home before they had secured the fruits of their sacrifices.

And it is with similar feelings that we are compelled to regard the benefactions of that man, who this year has given hundreds and thousands of dollars, but who next year as a sort of compensation for his former liberality, takes it for granted that he is to give nothing at all. By the same kind of logic the Missionary who this year has left home, and friends, and his native land, and the endearments of society, and has gone forth at a cost of health, which millions of dollars can never repay, might, because he has for a few months exposed himself to perils and sorrow, argue that the next year he might come home, and reside in peace and quiet with his friends.—It might be justified by the same logic, and would accord with the same religion (if it might take that name) as would allow a man to give less this year, because he had been liberal last.

I feel, my Christian friends, in relation to this matter, that this is no time for us to go back. It is precisely this fitful policy and practice that has compelled our Missionary Society so often to introduce the disastrous course of retrenchment, and break up their missions. Missions are established with much prayer and untold toils and tears, schools are established with great care and labor; churches are organized and a spirit of inquiry has been excited,—and then comes the dreadful summons to abandon the whole,—to break up the Society,—disband the schools, scatter the churches, and leave those enquiring souls to go back again into Pagan night—rendered still more gloomy by the fact that they have already emerged into the blessedness of gospel light.

My Christian friends, we have put our hands to the Gospel plough and we CANNOT go back. Retrenchment in our Missionary operations can be brought about only from a mistaken policy, and at a great pecuniary sacrifice, and at the greater moral loss,—a sacrifice of souls. I know that to the man whose heart is a stranger to the love of Christ, a retrenchment, or the abandonment of our missionary stations, may appear to be a very *ng* matter, but to the Missionary, who

has left his home, and has consecrated his mental and physical powers to the missionary work and has exhausted his strength in planting a little garden of the Lord in the midst of the surrounding Pagan wilderness,—a garden that has been watered with his tears, and day after day has been the subject of earnest supplication and prayer, and of the deepest solicitude and watchfulness—to him the call to abandon all, is like cutting off the right hand, or plucking out a right eye.

My friends, this is indeed no trifling matter—this work of retrenchment. You cannot retrench—you cannot go back. It is inconsistent with safe policy—it is incompatible with true piety,—it is ruinous to the heathen—it is unjust to your missionaries—it is offensive in the sight of Jehovah. What, will you send forth your brethren, taken from your sides, to labor there for years amid death, and temptations, and sorrows, and after promising to sustain and support them, and after they have grappled with the first difficulties, and have sacrificed health in the conflict, withdraw your support, and coldly order them home again? They go down into the pit, they toil and labor there, and after they have gathered jewels to adorn the diadem of their Redeemer in glory, they begin to rise with their dearly earned treasures, trusting to you to hold on to the rope, and when they begin to see the light, and exhibit the trophies of their success, you *let go the rope*, and they go down again and all is lost; what, I ask must be their feeling?—and do you think that you act towards them as you ought to act, under your solemn pledge that you would stand by them and sustain them in all their toils and dangers? I recollect with interest the negro's interpretation of "perseverance"—"to take hold,—hold on,—and never let go." Now you promised to hold on to the rope, not for a month, nor a year, but as long as you live and *never to let go*. You may say that it is expensive—perhaps more expensive than you anticipated—but allow me to say that if Christians of this country and age, bearing the name of Christ, and speaking of their self-denial in his cause, would but be half as much in earnest as are the devotees of pleasure in their pursuits there would be no difficulty in this matter. Talk of self-denial! talk of benefactions to the cause! Why what have we done? I recollect a statement made in the report this morning, and I sympathize in the feeling of congratulation. I give thanks to God that during the past year this Society has been enabled to raise \$40,000 [to pay its debts] and I suppose that this will be recorded and handed down to after generations, to excite the emulation of posterity. But I would like to record on the same page another fact, and let it go down with it to all future time: I will pass by the facts that a single Christian nation has expended the sum of fifty millions of pounds sterling for spirituous liquors, and that in our own Union the people are ready to pay fifty millions of dollars, if need be, to send their fellow men to the field of battle.—The fact to which I would allude is this. I learned the other day that the inhabitants of

a Christian city, the metropolis of the Christian world, expended forty thousand pounds sterling yearly in the single article of tobacco pipes! perhaps twice the income of our Missionary Society. When we think of the foolish expenditures in which Christians indulge, and the little we are doing in the cause of benevolence and truth, it is enough to mantle our cheeks with blushes and make us silent with shame.

In relation to the necessity of patient perseverance, I beg the indulgence of my Christian friends while I allude to a single circumstance in relation to my own history. When I left my little church in Hongkong, the members of the church gathered round me, and numbers of inquiring souls came with them, some of whom had requested to be baptized, and they said, "Teacher, you are now in feeble health, and about to return to your own country. You are to go far away, and may never come back to us. We have heard from you about Jesus Christ, and we have believed in him; and now we wish to be baptized and become his disciples." I was obliged to say to them, "Dear brethren, I am going away from you, but I indulge the fond hope that I shall return again. There are many in America who love China, and pray for it, and I hope soon to come back with an additional number of teachers, to assist in teaching you the way to God more perfectly." My friends, you cannot realize my feelings on landing in this city a year ago, when almost the first salutation I received was, "You have come home at an eventful time, for we are seriously considering the question of calling home some of our missionaries, and relinquishing some of our stations." The thought occurred to me that, although I had longed to see my father and friends, and mingle with my Christian associates, if there had been a vessel ready, I would have gladly gone back to my field of labor, and there endeavored to teach those enquiring souls, and do what I could for them, laying down my life, if necessary, in token of the sincerity of my devotion to their interests. I felt, with regard to myself, that I could say, "You may call me away from my venerated father whose locks are whitening for the grave, and whom I revere as much as a son ought to revere his father; you may call me away from my beloved brothers and sisters who gathered round me and said, 'William, you have been away from us for ten years—will you not now stay with us and let some other one go to the heathen and finish your work;' you may call me away from these and from my brethren in the ministry, and dear Christian friends by whom I have been every where so kindly received while passing through the land, and although an absence of ten years has given me a keener relish for these privileges, and has prepared me to enjoy, with a greater zest, the blessings of my own land; yet call me away from these Sabbath days, from the associations of the sanctuary, the protecting laws of this civilized country, from my dear children and from their innocent prattle as when I am a-

bout to extend the hand in a farewell grasp, they come in the simplicity of their young hearts and say, 'Papa, will you not come back again?' and I look forward to the time when I shall say, 'No, I may not come back to you'—call me away from these, the objects of my tenderest regards, but oh! call me not away from the perishing heathen—from the little Church yonder—from those inquiring souls whose eyes being opened to see their danger are now crying eagerly for mercy—I beseech you—I warn you—call not your missionaries away from the heathen."

Allow me to say that let the Christian Church feel as she has felt for the last few years, and act as she has acted for the last few years, and the same policy and practice characterize her operations, and she will say in silent but expressive language—"Call home the missionaries—take away the Bible—disband the churches—scatter the members and leave them again to retire to the dark and dreadful prospects of heathenism." My dear Christian friends, on this subject I feel—I cannot but feel—deeply. I am now about ready once more to go down into the pit—the time of my departure is at hand. I expect soon to look upon your faces for the last time, and to leave the endearments of home to go again into the heathen world. If, when I went before there was something of enthusiasm in my feelings or in the enterprise—if fancy clothed the work with the garb of romance—it has now given place to feelings of sober and stern reality; and judging from the past, I have reason to expect that perils, and afflictions await me, but I can truly say "none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, if I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

But I have in relation to this matter something else to say. This cause interests me more than life, than my friends, my children, my home, my all on earth, and when I go forth once more, I wish to understand distinctly whether you will sustain me—whether you will give me your solemn pledge that that mission shall be kept in operation—whether I am to go forth single-handed and alone to that station now left destitute of a single missionary—whether I am to commence my work with the prospect that in a few months or a few years, you will hear that my body is laid in the tomb, and that there is no man to act as my successor. The thought that the little I have done is to be rendered useless for want of some one to take up the work and carry it on, is to my soul most painful.

And I find that there is this feeling in this country, that when I am permitted here and there to point to an individual who is willing to go as a missionary so soon as there are indications of an opening, and that we are to lay our hands upon him for that work, a most ruinous policy is in operation—a principle of selfishness that would keep all their best ministers to themselves—and when we see a man fitted for laboring among the heathen, it is at

once said that he cannot be spared. But have you a man that is too precious a gift to be offered upon the altar of Christ for the redemption of the heathen world?

I received a short time ago a communication from a distant friend in which, amid much sympathy, there was an intimation that serious apprehension and much concern was felt, lest I should lead away the pastor of a certain church, in which case wailing and tears would follow me across the ocean. My friends, if I can persuade such a man—I do not care what his position—how useful or how important his station—to accompany me, it is just what I desire. I beseech you keep your sympathies for yourselves in this matter; keep your lamentations for a more befitting object. I know not a man in this country of whom if I thought he could be more useful in China, than in America, I would not now say “spare him from his work at home, that he may go into the Pagan field.” Yes if he were a Wayland, or a Sharp, or a Stow, or a Cone or any other, if I thought he could do more good in China than here, I would say “send him there.” The idea that you cannot give up a man—that you cannot part with your pastor—if it is manifest that he can be more useful abroad—why, who ever thought of such a principle as this, and endeavored to reconcile it with complete consecration to Christ?

I have still one thing to say, as I may not again be permitted to plead the cause of China. It is the mission which I have deliberately chosen. To China let me go—there let me live, there let me die; there have I buried my dear companions, and there would I be buried myself. But let me have your sympathies and prayers, and co-operation. We have the prospects of an additional man being sent to Burmah—we want at least one also for China. And will you not send another to co-operate with me in my labors? or will you wait till I have gone down to my grave, before you think of sending my successor to carry on the concerns of the mission? The work is commenced and I want to know whether the churches in the land, will give me a solemn pledge that they will “hold the rope.”

If I have not another opportunity of addressing you, to bid you an affectionate farewell, “God be merciful to you and bless you and cause his face to shine upon you,” that when we have done with these associations, and with our toils, and sacrifices, and self-denials, and tears, and temptations on earth, we may be permitted to join in the melodies of that upper world with the redeemed of the Lord from China, and Siam, from Burmah and India, from Africa and the regions of the West, and with the multitudes from our own favored land, singing with extatic bliss, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive glory and honor and praise and thanksgiving.”

## REDEMPTION.

### BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

Suppose, to illustrate the glorious truth of man's redemption, an enclosure, in some part of our world many miles in circumference, filled with the diseased, the dying, and the dead. Love, like an angel of mercy, comes down from the upper sanctuary, and looks upon the gigantic enclosure, weeping at the painful spectacle of the dying in all their stages of disease, and the dead sleeping beneath the shadow of despair. Approaching one of the gates, Love finds a sentinel stationed to guard it, and asks his name; he answers, ‘I am Truth.’ Love asks, ‘Is it possible I may enter here to heal the dying, and bid the dead arise?’ Truth replies, ‘I have written, the soul that sinneth, it shall die; and I cannot cancel it.’ Love hastens to another gate, and finds another sentinel, and asks his name; and his answer is, ‘I am Holiness.’ Love says, ‘Cannot the dying be restored, and the dead be made to live?’ Holiness replies, ‘I can permit none that are impure, to escape from their congenial residence, and hold communion with the holy.’ Love goes to a third gate, and finds there a sentinel whose name is Justice; Love asks the question, ‘Can the dying be healed, can the dead be quickened? May I enter to redeem the one, and to restore the other?’ Justice replies, ‘I have weighed them in the scales, and it is written upon them all, “Altogether wanting.”’ Love asks, ‘Then what is to be done? I would recover the dying, I would quicken the dead. How is it possible to accomplish it?’ Justice and Truth and Holiness reply, ‘If an atonement can be made adequate to our demands, we will surrender the keys entrusted to our care; and not only may the dying be recovered and the dead live, but we will assist to accomplish it.’ Love returns to that residence from whence it came, and announces the solemn and faithful fact, that either all living creatures in our lost world must sink into hell forever, or some glorious atonement must be made, so efficacious, that all the attributes of God shall be glorified, and Love enabled to reach and reclaim the perishing guilty. The question is asked, amid the millions of heaven, ‘Who will go for us?’ Who is prepared to bear the curse and exhaust it, to magnify the law, and make it honorable? All heaven is dumb; angels are dumb; archangels are dumb; the seraphim that burn and glow around the everlasting throne, are dumb. At last, ‘a still small voice’ proceeds from the throne, as of a Lamb that had been slain, saying, ‘Here am I; send me; Lo I come!’—*J. Cumming.*

## THE PRETENDED REPRESENTATIVE OF THE RELIGION OF CHRIST.

BY ANGELO GONZALEZ.

Who is he? He is a man who in order to rule, tramples both on the cross and on the Bible; he abhors the religion of Jesus Christ because it has given to the world liberty.—Knowledge he restricts for fear his people

should discover what conduces to their benefit—he has sown discord among them to keep them slaves, and frightens them with cruel torments. The priests teach the people a false system of religion, and grasp and devour the souls of the Italian nation. The best Italians have perished under the scourge of his laws; Roman earth is deluged with Roman blood. For whom is that blood? By whom shed? By him who unworthily calls himself the representative of the God of peace and charity; by him who for the names, God and Humanity, has substituted, Vengeance and Blood; by him who insults true religion, signing the sentence thus, “Us servant of servants in the name of God, Gregory XVI.”

They who know the unhappy state of Italy cannot help shedding a tear of compassion over its misfortunes, nor can they fail to pray to our common Father to hasten to satisfy the wishes of his creatures. One of the greatest enemies of the happiness of Italy, among the seven masters, is the Pope, like a head of the seven beasts in the Apocalypse. He spreads his power to what limit he pleases; while the matters in which he mingles ought to be only spiritual, as the representative of a religion; instead of that he uses force which is only properly used towards animals, and mingles in political matters, because that brings money: so he is Pope and King at the same time, and calls himself infallible.

Our Saviour was born in a stable, and they who spread his religion were very poor men, and full of charity for their neighbors.—While on the other hand the luxury of the court of Rome is greater than that of the most demoralized courts of Europe; Cardinals, Bishops and Priests have mistresses, and pursue nothing but selfishness. Why is the public debt of Rome \$200,000,000? Is it so, perhaps, for the good of the people? Not at all; the poor people have not bread for their children. This debt is in order to maintain their own vices. All offices are filled with priests, acting almost independently of each other. The Treasurer-General has no accounts to render, and consequently he robs the government with all impunity; after this the treasury is exhausted in pensions scandalously granted to bad prelates, whom it has been necessary to deprive of their employments; it is exhausted by pensions ignominiously bestowed on women of ill life, the favorites of the Cardinals; it is exhausted by pensions granted to those who render secret service to the government's employers, no matter who they may be, or to the brigand chiefs of Campagna, who agree with the government for a life income, proportionate to the profits they draw from their murderous calling. I say that this pestiferous mob clothed with a sacred and Divine character disgrace the religion which they represent.—Why do they inculcate confession, and compel the people, in the name of Jesus Christ to come to it, when it is not a Divine order? Because it serves for espionage, and for the uses of the Italian governments. The chief Commissary of the Police at Milan, Baron Torresani, in a letter that he wrote at Vienna

said, “We could not maintain your power in Italy without millions spent in order to pay our confidants, and without the aid of priests, who can so well inform us of the most secret thoughts of families.” From this you may judge of the rest.

A religion ought to be alike for all people in this world who profess it, and there should not be any distinction at all. Why is not a poor man allowed to enjoy the same rights that a rich one may have? What law is this? It is a law that proceeds from those who serve the devil more than God. The Pope we must suppose serves willingly the former, because for instance, he does not allow two cousins to marry together, except those who have about \$1500 to pay to him. He authorized the Bishops to grant to certain classes of people the right to eat meat on Friday and Saturday as often as they might have money to pay for the privilege—reserving the right to do it himself with the richest classes. It is so with the remission of sins, and indulgences. In a word, the religion of Jesus Christ is exercised in Italy like a traffic that may be carried on in a market. Its pretended representatives there have only for their fundamental principle to gain money and to think of self-enrichment.

That Italy which I adore, and whose science and arts adorn all European history, now may be compared to a vast prison, without a flag, without a political name, and its sons deprived of those rights which God granted to his creatures. Altho' the priests consume the souls of the Italian people, and Austria their bodies, still these people yet feel proud of the name *Italian*, and the time will not be far when they shall pick both the mask of hypocrisy and the Roman Provinces from the Pope, and shake off the yoke that the Emperor of Austria keeps upon their necks.

From the New York Recorder.

### THE FLOOD.

*“And they went in male and female of all flesh as God had commanded him, and the Lord shut them in.”*

It was a fearful moment, even to those who were safe; the Lord had shut them in, and the bolt which the Almighty had made fast, man could not undraw. They had entered amid the scoffs and jeers of the multitude, while the wise in their own conceit had gazed on them with a contemptuous smile. But now they were shut in, and the pattering rain, the roaring wind and the thundering of the distant waterfall, which told that the fountains of the great deep were broken up, bore to the heart of the most skeptical, the conviction, that the words of the preacher of righteousness were about to be fulfilled. The patriarch's family had keenly felt the scorn with which they had been treated, for the loud laugh and the vulgar jest, had resounded from all sides, as the long procession of clean and unclean beasts were slowly entering the ark; the sons of Noah held down their heads for shame, and his son's wives drew

their veils over their faces and wept, half inclined to stay behind, yet urged by an invisible power to go forward.

But now the time for laughing had forever gone by; the crowd which had gathered to view the patriarch's last act of folly, as it had been called, had retired to their homes with drenched garments. The broad stream of sunlight which had gilded the path of that righteous family, had disappeared the moment that the last one had entered the place of safety; dark clouds rolled along the sky, and the birds flying low in the air, screamed their own death knell.

Now began men's hearts to fail them, for fear; the host gazed with vacant eye upon his guests as they ate and drank at the convivial feast, and his lip quivered as he drank the bumper of wine. In the house of the bridegroom was hushed the lute and the harp, while the dancing girls gazed fearfully upon the mute singers. The bride clung to her espoused husband, as she looked on the torrents of rain dashing upon the smoking earth; the little child hid its face in the bosom of its affrighted mother, and the grey haired man, shaking his head, declared to his listening children, that he had never before seen such a storm. Soon the waters had risen to the floors of their houses, and those who had trusted in their weak-built mansions, prepared to save themselves in boats constructed at a moment's warning. As they looked from the windows, sights of horror compelled them to hide their eyes; cattle swam bellowing and struggling with the waves, and even wild beasts, overcome by the terror, seemed to have forgotten their ferocity and to think only of saving themselves. Strong men swam by holding in their arms those most dear to them. One floated on a plank, another had seized some frail utensil to serve as a boat, and another strove to buoy himself by means of some light substance tied about his body. Where now was the young prince whose conscience had echoed the truth of the preacher's word? In the delight of calling the beautiful Zilla his own, he had for one short hour forgotten the solemn warning which, since the morning on which he had spoken to the patriarch had ever sounded in his ears. The sunbeam which had guided Noah and his family into the ark, had shone on his bride procession as he approached the altar; while he pronounced the solemn vow which made Zilla his, that light had suddenly vanished, and ere they left the place, rain poured in torrents.—The prince trembled, his knees smote each other, and his lips were blanched; in vain did Zilla cling to his arm, in vain did his gay companion rally upon his faint heartedness and assure him that in his father's dominion he had seen more terrible storms.—Zeno turned impatiently from him, and imprinting a burning kiss upon his wife's brow, exclaimed in a voice of anguish, "we must perish together." Already had the waters risen to the bodies of his noble horses, which strove in vain to draw his chariot; yet the vain youth who sat beside him, whose jeers had cost him

his life, still tried to turn the scene into merriment.

Suddenly the body of the chariot filled with water. His companion uttered an oath.—"Peace, fool, said Zeno," in a voice of wrath and agony, "thou hast ruined me, hold thy peace or I will strike thee to perdition."—Clasping his terrified bride, he plunged from the vehicle, just as one of his steeds had sunk in a watery grave. He had escaped from his chariot, near a rock, on which he saw many climbing; one arm clasped around Zilla's waist, he struck the waters with his other, and in this manner reached the rock. A strong man bent forward and received his bride, and another assisted Zeno to ascend the height. It was one of the peasants who had proposed offering violence to the preacher of righteousness. "Ah! my lord, he was not a liar," said the conscience-stricken man. "Would that we had given ear to his words and prayed that his God would forgive us." "We have acted the part of fools and madmen," answered Zeno, "the preacher wept over our sufferings and entreated us to have pity upon ourselves, but we turned away from his merciful warnings, and now our end is destruction. Poor Zilla, my beautiful bride, I have murdered thee, for I warned thee not of this terrible calamity, and now O, now, repentance is too late, too late." "Dearest, we will die together," whispered his bride, "hold me fast, my husband, that these waves do not bear me away from thee to die alone. Methinks it will be a joy to draw my last breath on thy bosom, to endure my death agony in thy arms. Tell me, dearest husband, what small thing is that borne on the crest of the distant wave?" "My wronged, my dying wife," answered Zeno, "it is the ark of one who for many years has warned this nation that a flood was coming. I have heard his solemn words. I saw the tears which he shed, and my heart bore witness to the truth of his assertions, and yet pride and shame restrained me; but for my stupidity and cruelty, thou and I might now have been housed within that well built vessel. Only seven days since, the prophet entreated me to repent, and pray for God's protection, assuring me that the merciful One, would receive any who should come before the door of that ark was shut. Shamed by the scoffs of those around me, I turned from the holy man, drowned the voice of my own conscience, and murdered thee."

Slowly moved the ark toward the spot on which they stood. It was a large building, floating majestically upon the waves. It was now apparent that this was the only thing, upon the earth which could afford security to those within it. As suffering multitudes gazed upon it, those who had once laughed and mocked, now cursed their folly, and howled and groaned. Large droves of cattle were swimming around the ark, as if they had thought it an island on which they might rest, men and women clung to every projecting timber, and with prayers and shrieks begged admission within its walls. "Will not the

good man take some of those sufferers into his vessel?" asked Zilla. "What dearest, can he do amid a drowning world?" answered her husband, "I too asked him the question, and he told me that the God who had resolved to destroy this impenitent world would so bar the door of the ark that its inmates could not open it. Stupid and accursed wretch that I was to resist all his entreaties."—"Blame not thyself, my beloved," said Zilla, "let us rather use the little time that is left us to call upon this powerful, terrible God, whom thou sayest, is yet merciful." Amid the roaring of wild beasts, the din of voices screaming for help, the bellowing of cattle, the cries of infancy and the wailings of childhood, the bride and bridegroom knelt on a projecting rock, to pray to the Holy One whom in their hour of ease and safety they had forgotten. Some had climbed to a higher point of the rock and were calling others to come up, as the waters were fast rising; but to all these sounds Zilla turned a deaf ear.—As she knelt on the bare rock, something cold and smooth was dashed by the waves against her cheek, it was the corpse of a mother clasping her new born infant. Suddenly loud shrieks came from the highest rock, a torrent had burst forth, and swept both man and beast from the spot. Zilla gazed with a dry eye upon the mass of struggling beings which were born past her. Young men and aged sires, maidens and young infants, were borne along with the bodies of camels, horses, lions, and reptiles. As the stream foamed and dashed past them, it was evident that a few moments more must decide their fate.—Mingled with the thundering noise of the roaring waters, were the deep death groan and the wild shriek of despair. This awful calamity had come so suddenly upon men that the mind could scarcely appreciate its reality. "They ate, they drank, they married and were given in marriage, until the flood came and swept them all away." There knelt the bride in her bridal garments, here lay the corpse attired for the convivial feast, the man of business had scarcely ceased counting his profits, and the great land holder, as he struggled with the foaming torrent, continued to calculate the amount of his rents. With a brow yet ruffled with domestic cares, the prudent housewife sunk to rise no more, and the child still weeping the loss of its gilded bauble, found repose in a watery grave. The lawyer was with warm words contending with his antagonist, when the wave breaking over the mansion, hurried both lawyers and client into the land of forgetfulness. The wind as it blew aside the clouds, disclosed the pale moon, who seemed as if hiding her face from this appalling spectacle. Zilla was still kneeling by the side of her husband on the desolate rock, her eye fixed upon the ark slowly moving toward them. The preacher of righteousness was at that very moment praying for Zeno, in this his hour of calamity; he remembered that if had been his bridal morning. Long had his soul yearned over the young prince, who had often protected him from the insults of the mob; with tears

he had warned him, and most gladly would he have saved him from destruction. The patriarch knew not that he yet lived, but his heart impelled him to prayer, now the only mode in which he could possibly serve the suffering millions around him. He knew not that Zeno or his bride lived, but the Spirit that guided his prayer knew that it might yet avail those for whom it was offered. It availed for Zeno. As he knelt gazing upon the mighty vessel, the light of truth broke in upon his soul. "My wife, my Zilla," he exclaimed, "this awful yet merciful God has heard our prayer, rejoice my beloved one, for beyond these raging waters I see a haven of rest. O my God," he exclaimed, "my Father, who amid this scene of awful desolation hast owned a wretched sinner for thy child, add this, even this, to the number of thy mercies, that the wife of my bosom whom in cruel neglect I have murdered may also be made thy child. Open her eyes that she may see these messengers of thy love whom I see now descending through the black clouds which are lowering over this God abandoned world."

The waves dashed higher as the ark floated nearer to them, one had already broken over their heads the bridegroom clasped his young wife to his bosom, and the returning surge swept both into the abyss of waters.

Well was it for the safety of that righteous family, that the Lord had shut them in, for as they listened to the loud shriek and the low deep death groan, the patriarch would, had he possessed the power, have opened the door of the ark and received into it these dying millions.

The night closed around them,—that awful night ever to be remembered by man, on which God swept from the earth its myriads of living beings. Let its memory live in our hearts, the monument of God's fierce anger, which he executed against a world of sinners. Son of man hast thou ever been tempted to question God's Word! Hast thou said that the Holy One could not utterly destroy the sinner? O remember, that thou livest in a world that was once drowned. Enter the ark, and spend this awful night with its weeping inmates. Stand with the preacher of righteousness before its single window, and look out upon that dreary waste of waters covered with floating dead.

The rain descends in torrents, but the bright moon though shrouded in clouds makes every object visible. As thou floatest on the bosom of this mighty ocean; look out and tell us what thou seest. The brow of manhood is tranquilized by death, the mother on whose features maternal love has left its imprint, feels no anguish now; the youth so lately full of hope and pride floats past thee in all the helplessness of death, and the poor infant, with its little angel face upturned to heaven, tells thee how the righteous God doth punish sin. This great ship borne on the bosom of the deep, moves steadily over the lesser mountains,—the highest are not yet uncovered. On the tops of these are seen the living men, who have climbed the steep ascent and

sit in awful solitude, to mark the ravages of sin. A woman's robe flutters in the wind, ah! she was carried to that spot by one who would not survive her. As the ark draws nearear, thou seest that on her bosom rests an infant. Yes even that frail being was borne safely along the rugged precipice.—Alas! their toil was vain, they feel it now; as they gaze upon the abyss around them, often the corpse of one whom they have known is dashed against the rock on which they sit.—Costly furniture is strowed over that waste of waters, kingly robes float by unheeded, and the riches for which men would once have fought, are useless now.

Alas! the curse of sin is here revealed.—All feel it, when it is too late to feel. It is the evening of the Sabbath. It is kept in awful desolation. As the patriarch looks upon the dead he weeps, exclaiming "Ah that ye would have heard my words. I traveled far to tell the awful story, but ye regarded me as one that mocked. I toiled and built this ark before your eyes, and ye derided me, I wept for your calamities and ye reviled me, and now your woe is come."

As the ark moves forward he beholds the living, "O God, that they had heard thy warnings!—oh, that these had found thy mercy, and made ready for this hour of fearful retribution!" While he thus spoke, the waves swept over them, and when he looked again, the highest mountain top just peered above the waters vacant and desolate.

May 1st, 1846.

P. T. J.

From the Casket.

## THE RUINED FAMILY.

BY J. H. GREEN.

In the winter of 1836, I was a passenger on the steambot Mediterranean, on her downward trip from Louisville, Ky., to New Orleans. The boat was crowded with passengers of every grade, and to the annoyance of the most respectable portion, were several who were equally notorious with myself, as gamblers. We were industrious, but not successful until after we had passed Memphis, Tennessee. The boat landed at Memphis, and while there, each gambler took his station, in order to ascertain our prospects in the way of gaming, the remainder of our passage. I was seated upon the boiler-deck, and there, I saw a youth, accompanied by an aged servant with a portmanteau in his hand, making his way to the boat. The servant made a halt when he reached the gangway, and his young master took the portmanteau in his hand and stepped on board. He immediately called for the Clerk, who was standing near me. I noticed him as he passed, and thought he might be a young man who would be fond of playing cards. I soon made the matter known to two other gamblers, and we gave him an invitation to take a game of Whist, which he accepted with but little ceremony, other than saying he was an ordinary player. Deming his apologies sufficient, he seated himself at the table, and we

soon decided, by playing the two first games, that he and his partner were to pay for the cards. A proposition was then made for a bet of one dollar per corner, to which he did not object. He lost—was asked to double his bet—did so—and lost again; and continued losing until what money he had with him, was exhausted. The game was then changed to that of Brag. The young man left the table, much excited—went to his stateroom—opened his portmanteau and drew out a large package of bank bills, which he opened and took therefrom and lost about twelve hundred dollars. He appeared maddened with excitement,—the color would come and go from his cheek, and it was not a hard matter to judge that his very soul was burning within him. We had just made him a bet of four hundred dollars; and before he had time to "call," the clerk came to the table and asked if he was the gentleman who wished to get off. "I am, sir," he said; and with the same breath, told me to turn over my cards that he "called" me;—the bell rang; he sprang from the table, caught his portmanteau in his hand, rushed to the guard, where he stopped, and cast his eye toward the village of Helena;—his looks, much less his thoughts, pen cannot describe. He turned upon his heel, and told the clerk not to stop the boat, as he had concluded to go to the city. He stepped into the cabin, where we were awaiting his return, with eight hundred dollars undecided upon the table. I reminded him that we waited to hear him tell the "size" of his cards.

"I had two aces and a bragger," said he—precisely the same which I held; but the "age" giving me the preference, I was entitled by the rules of the game to the money. He soon discovered, with grief, his loss, but played on, still continuing to lose. Several of the most respectable passengers tried to get him away from the table, but all their efforts were vain. The passion of gaming had taken possession of his heart, and held him spell-bound, to the hellish machinations of the gambler. We continued our play until his package, containing five thousand dollars, was all in the hands of three hardened gamblers. When we arrived at the city, it was night. I took a carriage and went to a private boarding house, not wishing to meet the unfortunate youth. Several days had passed, when taking a stroll down Canal street, and as I crossed Camp, I beheld the victim I was trying to shun. He discovered me at the same time, but without taking a second look, I hastened down the street, and stepped into an exchange office, hoping by that means to escape his search. I had scarcely reached the door of the office, before he stood facing me. Oh! what a change was there. The youth that a few days previous, had appeared before me in all his fine attire, and with a flush of health upon his countenance, now exhibited a pallid cheek, his clothing deranged, and filthy in appearance.

"Mr. Green," said he, his lips quivering, "I am glad to see you—I have been in search of you for two days. I have enquired for

you in all the principal hotels of the city, but none could give me any information respecting you."

I looked at him, and although at that day a hardened gambler, yet his deplorable condition, made an impression upon me, never to be erased.

"Those men," continued he, "with whom we played, won my money, my watch, my diamond breast-pin, and stripped me of all—not leaving me sufficient money to buy a meal of victuals. I found that they had left me in a suffering condition, and immediately set out in pursuit of you. Two days and nights I have been seeking you. O! how glad I am, in finding you. I am very sick, sir—I am very hungry—I have walked the streets constantly. The young man who has my watch, said I might redeem it and my breast-pin, with one hundred and twenty-five dollars. I wish you to loan me sufficient money to redeem them. I will pay you, sir; indeed I will—my father is rich."

Here his voice faltered, and he paused.—It was too much for even the most desperate gambler to withstand. "How much will answer your purpose?" said I.

"Two hundred and fifty dollars, sir. If you will loan it to me, I will pay it, every cent, in a short time."

The money he asked of me, was nothing, compared to his ghastly features. I loaned it to him, not so much to assist him, as to avoid the dreadful lashings of a guilty conscience, which appeared to rend my inmost soul, as long as my victim was present. I counted to him the money, which he grasped—thanked me—turned upon his heel, and ran down the street, as it were to accomplish some act, upon the issue of which, his life depended.

I turned in another direction, and in a short time met one of the other gamblers, who helped fleece him. Upon enquiry, I learned that the third gambler had won the young man's watch and breast-pin, and had likewise promised to let him redeem them at one hundred and twenty-five dollars; but as soon as he got the watch and pin, he left on a boat for Natchez. I did not see or hear from the unfortunate young man, until the year 1838. I was stopping at the Louisville Hotel, when a gentleman came into the reading-room where I was seated. I noticed something singular about his movements—his eye glanced wildly over the several gentlemen who were seated near the tables, perusing newspapers. It finally rested steadily upon me. He advanced a few feet, and looking me in the face, asked if my name was Green. I answered in the affirmative.

"Will you please step into the next room?" said he.

I accompanied him into the sitting-room, and seating ourselves, he dropped his face into his hands and began to weep. His strange actions brought forth volumes of conjectures. Why he acted thus, I knew not. For a few moments he wept bitterly—then raising his head, he asked me to pardon him.

"Know," said he, "I am a frail man. I have some serious questions to put to you and I hope you will answer me candidly. Will you, sir?" looking at the same time as though he feared I would not.

I assured him it would be a source of much pleasure to me, to gratify his desire.

"Did you ever travel on board of the steam-boat Mediterranean?"

"I have."

"Did you travel on her down the Mississippi river, in the year 1836?"

"I did."

"Do you not remember, while at Memphis that a youth came on board—played cards, and lost five thousand dollars?"

"I do."

"Did you loan him two hundred and fifty dollars, after his arrival in the city?"

"I did."

"Have you seen, or heard of him since?"

"I have not."

He paused a few moments, as though he was unable to breathe—then with a voice loud and tremulous, he cried,

"Do not say no, for God's sake, do not—it is my eldest son I enquire for."

I told him the second time, whereupon he covered his face with his hands, and wept convulsively. While he was in that attitude, I took my departure. It was a horrid sight for man to behold a fellow being in such an unhappy situation. I took the next packet for Cincinnati, to prevent, if possible, the presence of one, among many whom I had been instrumental in making miserable beings in this world, with little hope in the world to come. My interview with that father I had so sorrowfully afflicted, grated harshly upon my hardened heart. I heard nothing of the unfortunate family, during the remainder of my gambling career. In the spring of 1844, was on my way to the east. The steamer was much crowded and gaming was the principal amusement of many. It was "merely amusement," as the gambler says, when undertaking some wily scheme. I was promenading the cabin, reflecting on the sinful effects of gaming upon the character of its votaries, when I discovered an elderly lady anxiously gazing at the multitude of passengers. Her intense anxiety attracted my attention, and as I saw it rather increased, than diminished, to satisfy my curiosity, I watched her movements more closely. I seated myself in the ladies' cabin. The old lady was seated near the door leaning to the back part of the boat. I had been seated but a few moments, ere two young ladies drew up a side table and began to spread the cloth, talking at the same time about a game of whist.—One, however, said she preferred back gammon, which they finally concluded to play.—The board was opened, as soon as the old lady discovered it, she turned her back upon them. I discovered that she had an aversion to gaming, which satisfied me that I might readily approach her.

"There is much gaming on this boat."

"Yes," she replied, "and I am truly sorry to see it!"

"I believe they are only playing for amusement," said I.

"All the same, in my view."

As she made the remark the young ladies shut the back-gammon board, and each took up a book. I looked at the aged female who had thus rebuked their amusement, and discovered something in that frail form, and countenance furrowed by the rude blasts of misfortune, beyond the power of pen to describe. She appeared to be near fifty-five years of age, with keen black eyes, shaded with heavy eye-brows and eye-lashes. Her figure was tall and slender, yet commanding; not a smile played upon her face. She appeared to be a woman of thought.

I pressed my acquaintance, remarking that I was glad to see her take such a stand against gaming.

"All mankind, sir," said she, "should discountenance a vice so deleterious in its effects. I know, sir, by sad experience," continued she, with quivering lips—"yes, and could I but tell the sufferings I have endured in one night to any reflecting parents, they would never—no! never permit the minds of their children to be led from the paths of rectitude by the fearful vice of gambling."

As she expressed the last sentiment, she rose from her chair and walked several times through the ladies' cabin. At length she seated herself, and I felt anxious for her to proceed; hoping she would reveal something which I could turn to good account. After a few moments she related the following horrid incident:—

"I was born and bred in the State of Tennessee. My father was a clergyman—my mother a pious woman, and both were indulgent to their children. Though my father considered gambling one of the most destructive vices, yet he had nothing to say against "playing for amusement," and permitted his children to play in his own parlor. It was at one of those parties of amusement, my husband offered his hand, which I accepted, and at a card party we were married. We had a family of four children—two girls and two boys. My youngest daughter died in infancy, and as my other children grew up, their father and myself frequently amused them with games of cards, and often their little play-mates joined them. When they were old enough for school, we sent them to Augusta College. Their absence from home, soon made it a lonesome place for their father, who had been accustomed so long to their childish amusements. His temperament required excitement, and having a capital sufficient, he concluded to speculate in lands; and accordingly visited Helena, Arkansas, where he remained a few weeks. He then came home with the expectation of returning in a short time. It was about vacation, and we were daily expecting the arrival of our sons. Their father was very anxious to be with them during their stay at home, and returned immediately to Helena, to arrange his business. In a few days after his departure, I received a letter instructing me to send him, by our oldest son, five thousand dollars.—

Soon after I received the letter, my sons came home, and I immediately forwarded, by my eldest son, the required sum. He left, and I have not seen him since. He embarked on the steamboat Mediterranean, where he was solicited to play cards. He played, first the parlor game, called Whist,—became excited by being beaten, and was induced to play another game, which I believe, they called Brag—a game he knew nothing about. He lost, and continued to lose, until the five thousand dollars were gone. I received a letter from his father about ten days after his departure, enquiring why I had not answered his letter, and stating that he had not heard from home since he left. Great God! what a shock it was! I immediately took my youngest boy, and left for Helena. When we arrived, learned that my son had not been heard from. We remained a few days, the Mediterranean, returning on her way to Louisville, gave us the horrible intelligence that our son had been ruined, by a class of men, known as gamblers; and that a few days before she left, he had been on board of her without a dollar; that one of the gamblers had given him two hundred and fifty dollars to pay his expenses home, and that had been won from him in the same manner, by one of the same class, who led him to hope that he might repair his losses. His father without any delay took the first boat to New Orleans. I returned home, to wait in anxiety the return of my husband. Weeks and months passed, before I received any intelligence from husband or son. At last I received a letter from a friend of my husband, stating that he had not heard from our lost boy, and with the horrible intelligence, in despair, had resorted to the use of spirituous liquors. I was mad with grief, and left my home in pursuit of my husband. I arrived in New Orleans in the night. The next morning, I saw this friend, who gave me the heart rending news that my husband had left, but he knew not whither he had gone. The next morning I started for home but found on my arrival, that nothing had been heard from either my husband or son. After two years, my husband did come; but oh! how changed! His frame, worn—his cheek pale, very pale—his eye wild and fevered—his lips parched and steeped in inebriety—his hopes crushed—his very life only the motion of excitement and of passion—his very soul shattered, so that if the music of affection still lingered there, it quivered uncertain and discordant upon its strings. His property he had encumbered, and thus poverty was added to wretchedness. He remained but a short time at home before he left again, in pursuit of his lost boy. He found one of the three men who had obtained my son's money, and asked him for information concerning his boy; but received none of importance. He returned home, heart broken. My daughter, during his absence the last time, was taken sick and lost her reason; and we placed her in an Asylum that her mind, if possible, might be restored. But she still remains in the same horrid state of derangement. My boy, too, has been impaired in

mind, for four years. His father died in the year 1840, with the delerium tremens, since which time, my boy has sat for hours, writing him and his brother and sister letters, perfectly unconscious that they are doomed or dead. I am now residing in a house which once was my happy home; but alas! I am bereft of all earthly happiness. Nothing have I to cheer me. If at home, the constant murmuring of my lunatic son, is rushing through my ear—when abroad, the shrieks of my maniac girl, pierce my inmost soul; and when asleep, my slumbers are disturbed by dreadful dreams of my husband's and children's misfortunes, and of gambling scenes, in which I see them ruined.

Now, sir, have I not a right to dislike gaming, in every form?"

I told her she had—arose and went into my state-room, with feelings indescribable; and however great might have been my curiosity to have heard that broken-hearted mother's tale of sorrow when she seated herself to give me the history, I would have given more money than I ever possessed, had I not learned from her lips that I was one of those three gamblers who had effected the ruin of her son, and thereby destroyed the peace and enjoyment of that once happy family. But I have not riches, nor power to restore them to reason and prosperity. The most that I can do, is to warn others of the abyss, and hope that all who may read this truthful narrative, will consider this destructive vice in its true light, and banish it from the land, by training their children to forever avoid it.

Correspondence of the Baltimore Patriot.

WASHINGTON, June 10, 1846.  
IN SENATE.

After disagreeing to the House's amendment to the bill for the increase of the general officers of the army, the bill was laid aside—a message was received from the President—and,

On motion, the Senate went into Executive session.

The Senate closed their Executive session to-day, about 5 P. M. The President's message, which was under discussion, transmits the proposal of Great Britain, for a settlement of the Oregon difficulties on the 49th parallel, with the whole of Vancouver's Island, and the free navigation of the Columbia river by the Hudson's Bay Company, until the expiration of their charter; the British government apprehending that it might otherwise be compelled to pay that Company too large an indemnity.

The free navigation of the Straits of Fuca, and the free use of the Bays and Inlets of Vancouver's Island, to be allowed to us for the same period, and some other privileges, not heretofore anticipated by the "49 men." The President asks the advice of the Senate.

The question was debated, but without taking any vote, the discussion of the bill will be resumed to-morrow.

Correspondence of the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

CABINET CHANGES.

WASHINGTON, June 9th.

There is to be a general change in the Cabinet,

consequent upon the adjustment of the Oregon question.

Mr. Buchanan is to retire from the State Department. Some say Mr. Rush will succeed him.

Mr. Walker may be transferred to the War Department. That part of the arrangement I doubt.

Mr. Haywood will take Mr. Bancroft's place, and Mr. B. will go abroad.

Mr. McLane will return from England immediately.

A confidential Message was transmitted to the Senate yesterday by the President, which, from the rumors and anticipations prevalent in the city for some days past, attracted much attention. The message is said to relate to recent overtures or propositions submitted by Her Britannic Majesty's Minister to our Government for the settlement of the Oregon boundary question; and although, from the confidential nature of the communication, we have no means of ascertaining the truth of the report, we incline to believe that it is well founded.—*Nat. Int. of 11th ult.*

FROM TABASCO—*Very Late*.—The barque *Texidor*, Capt. Major, from Tabasco, bound to Marseilles, came to an anchor off the Southwest Pass on Monday last. She sailed from that port on the 28th ult., having a passage of only four days to the Balize.

From Capt. Major, who came up to the city to procure provisions, &c., we learn that great excitement existed in Tabasco against the Americans. An order of embargo on American vessels was received from the general government as he was about leaving. The order came by express from the city of Mexico; and Capt. Major, on receiving the earliest intimation of its arrival in the city, succeeded by the assistance of several friends, in reaching his vessel. The Governor having failed to prevent Capt. Major's departure, ordered, it is said, the Mexican steamer *Ventura* to go out and capture his vessel. The commander of the steamer, however, knew that the *Texidor* was furnished with one gun, and therefore considered it the better part of discretion not to be in too great a hurry firing up. The policy of this course was further suggested to him by Capt. M. heaving to, off the bar, and cutting up his chain-sheets into small lengths for shot, loading his six-pounder, and intending, as he expresses it, to "smash the *Ventura's* coffee-mill," if she ventured out. The Governor placed about fifty soldiers in charge of the New Orleans schooner. Tabasco is represented as entirely destitute of fortifications or other defence, except the presence of about 400 Mexican soldiers.

Capt. Major was at his consignees' in the city when the order came, and was guarded to his boat on the beach by about twenty of his friends, well armed, so that the soldiers were afraid to attempt making him prisoner.

The schooner—Capt. Cox, of New Orleans, was seized, and the master detained in the capitol. The *Texidor* left several English vessels in port loading. No American man of war had as yet been seen off the port.—*N. O. Delta*, June 5.

SHOWER-BATHS.—The competition on the subject of shower-baths is one of the brightest signs of the times. Look at our advertising column, and you will see it is waxing so warm that the advertisers will have to make frequent use of their own baths to keep sufficiently cool. This, O men, is the happiest

of omens—ominous of cleanliness, health and good sense.

Shower bathing will reform this nation. We may not be able now, without a shower-bath equal to Noah's, to put a stop to the Mexican war, but if our mechanics go on and supply the whole people with shower-baths and they use them in detail, the next generation will be too wise to fight like cats and dogs.

There is nothing like a shower-bath to throw cold water on madness, and put out what may be considered as the conflagration of the mind. It is eminently favorable to reason, and good nature which is the perfection of reason—though the lawyers for their own purpose, pronounce law—which is a very ill-natured thing—to be that. Never put on your diurnal shirt and the character you have bought of the tailor, and go among your fellow-men, till you have by means of a shower-bath poured at least one pail full of pure cold water on your forked radishship. You had better go without breakfast. You will be sure to fret and worry before night, like a crazy cart which wants grease on its axles.

[Chronotype.]

PLEASE TO READ THE FOLLOWING NOTICE.  
THE Publisher having received numerous applications for single copies of DOWLING'S HISTORY OF ROMANISM, and the AMERICAN STATESMAN'S MANUAL, from places so remote from Express routes that the expense of freight would have equalled the price of the books, proposes to send them by mail in paper covers, the postage on which will not exceed 25 cents per volume. If such persons will send the name of their Post Office, and enclose the 3 or 5 dollars, in good money, they will be presented with one copy of Sears' Beautiful Pictorial Works, they specifying which Book they prefer.

Sears' Pictorial Works given away to persons subscribing for Dowling's History of Romanism, or the American Statesman's Manual.

### THE HISTORY OF ROMANISM,

By Rev. J. Dowling, A. M. Pastor of the Berean Church, New York. 12th edition. Just published.

This is a large octavo volume, of nearly 700 pages, embellished with fifty beautiful engravings, in handsome emblematic binding. Price three dollars.

### IMPORTANT NATIONAL WORK!

THE AMERICAN STATESMAN'S MANUAL.  
In the press, and will be ready by April 1st, a new and enlarged edition of

### PRESIDENTS' MESSAGES,

In two handsome volumes, 8vo. The whole collected from Official Documents.

This work is edited and compiled by Mr. Edwin Williams, whose familiarity with our Political History and statistical subjects generally, are well known to the public, and afford a sufficient guarantee for the accuracy and fidelity of this invaluable National Work. Price five dollars.

All persons sending the Publisher three dollars, by mail, will receive a copy of Dowling's History of Romanism, beautifully illustrated with fifty-two elegant engravings, and one copy of either of the following beautiful Pictorial Works. If five dollars is sent by mail, they will receive one copy of the American Statesman's Manual, 2 vols. 8 vo., and one copy of either of the Pictorial Works. Should any person wish both of these important and valuable Works, by sending seven dollars to the Publisher, they will receive a copy of each, and also be entitled to choose any two copies of the following popular Pictorial Works. They will be transmitted by mail, bound in strong paper covers, postage from 15 to 25 cents per volume, to any part of the United States.

The following are the Books given away to subscribers to Dowling's History of Romanism, and the American Statesman's Manual:

- Sears' Wonders of the World, 250 engravings. Price \$2 50.
- Sears' Guide to knowledge—Embracing an extensive range of subjects in Literature, Science and Art. Price \$2 50.
- Sears' Pictorial History of the Revolution, with numerous plates, extra gilt. Price \$2.
- Sears' Bible Biography, 250 engravings. Price \$2 50.

Sears' Pictorial Library, 250 engravings, two dollars and fifty cents.

Sears' Pictorial Sunday Book, elegantly illustrated. Price two dollars and fifty cents.

The American Religious Gift Book, containing contributions from upwards of thirty of our most celebrated American writers, such as Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, J. W. Alexander, G. Spring, E. Mason, J. W. Brown, J. G. Whittier, W. R. Williams, E. Kincaid and Miss H. F. Gould. Price two dollars.

Wreath of Wild Flowers, by J. Milton Stearns. Religious, Moral, and Entertaining. Price one dollar and fifty cents.

### To Clergymen, Postmasters, and others.

Wanted, in every town and village in the United States, responsible men to procure subscribers, and engage in the sale of the above works, to whom a very liberal per centage will be allowed. Address E. WALKER, 114 Fulton street, New York.

### Beautiful Pictorial & Emblematic Bindings,

Ready for Harper's elegantly illuminated Bible.

Persons collecting six copies of this Bible, and forwarding them to the subscriber, with directions, will receive the binding of one copy gratis.

Pattern No. 1, consists of a splendid collection of 18 beautiful Scripture Views; No. 2, Magnificent views of Trinity Church, and of the Communion Window Table and Service; No. 3, The Israelites taking possession of the Promised Land, and the Transfiguration of Christ on the Mount; No. 4, A beautiful English and French style combined.

E. WALKER.

114 Fulton street, New York.

April 3.—6t

### Tennessee Baptist Publication Society DEPOSITORY,

KEPT at the Saddler's Shop of the subscriber, is now supplied with the following valuable assortment of Books, to wit:

- Plain and gilt Family Bibles;
- Large Testaments, with the Book of Psalms annexed;
- Do. do. without Psalms;
- Small do. plain and gilt;
- Oxford Bibles, with References—Morocco gilt;
- Pocket Bibles, " " " " Calf " "
- do. do. without references—gilt;
- Ripley's Notes on the Gospels;
- do. do. on the Acts;
- Baptist Manual;
- Memoirs of Mrs. Judson;
- do. of Mrs. Jones;
- do. of Mr. Boardman;
- do. of Dr. Carey;
- Jones' Church History;
- Carson on Baptism;
- Hinton's History of Baptism;
- The Psalmist, plain and gilt;
- The Almanac and Baptist Register, for 1846, only 5 cents;

With a large number of other Books, too tedious to name in an advertisement. All of which the Society is anxious to sell very low for cash. The friends of the Society are earnestly requested to call and make selections, and thus do themselves and the publication cause a favor.

JAMES THOMAS,  
Depository Agent.

January 31, 1846.

### BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS.

JUST RECEIVED, a beautiful assortment of Bibles and Testaments, such as large Family Bibles, some very elegant; large Testaments, with Psalms; do. do. without Psalms; Pocket Bibles, some super extra gilt; Oxford Bibles, do. do.; plain Bibles, calf and sheep binding. All of which will be sold very low, for cash, by

JAMES THOMAS, Dep. A'gt.

Between Seay & Shepherd's and City Hotel.  
Dec. 20, 1845.