

# THE BAPTIST.

R. B. C. HOWELL, D. D. }  
EDITOR. }

"One Lord, one Faith, one Baptism."

{ W. F. BANG & Co.  
PUBLISHERS. }

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Vol. 3.

NASHVILLE, OCTOBER 3, 1846.

No. 6.

## NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Our special thanks are due to our indefatigable brother Rev. C. L. Cate, of Jackson, Tenn., for some dozen or more new subscribers, recently sent us, together with the advance payment for them all. A few brethren, whose names have been heretofore mentioned, have toiled nobly in sustaining this paper. They shall be remembered in a future day. O that a few more would feel the same interest. Soon would this medium of communication between the brethren and Churches be placed upon high and permanent ground.

## INDIAN MISSIONS.

Thanks to bro. G. L. Sandidge, of Ala., for *twenty dollars* for Indians Missions. The amount shall be forthwith forwarded to the Board in Louisville.

## REVIVALS.

The religious papers, throughout the South and South West, abound with accounts of revivals. Even the secular prints have now begun to chronicle them. Thousands, and thousands, are professing Christ, everywhere, and uniting themselves with the Churches. A record of them all would occupy nearly our whole paper. The salvation of sinners is the most joyful of all subjects. The Lord speed his own glorious work.

These great accessions devolve upon the ministry, and the Churches, awful responsibilities. Will these young converts be properly instructed, watched over, and directed? Will they be disciplined to usefulness, and efficiency, in the cause they have so warmly espoused. Will they be qualified to take the places of the Fathers, and Mothers, in Israel, so many of whom are annually going to their reward on high? Those who have assumed their charge and guidance will be held to a strict account before God as to their action upon all these points.

Brethren, and sisters, young converts as well

as old members, let us all determine, by the divine aid, to meet, with fidelity, promptness, and zeal, all our obligations.

## A NEW HYMN BOOK.

"THE COMPANION; a new collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs, adapted to devotional exercises, by J. M. D. Cates. Nashville, published by J. M. D. Cates, and R. H. Taliaferro. 1846."

This work, a copy of which has been laid upon our table, has just issued from the press of W. F. Bang & Co. of this city. It is a small volume of 224 pages, handsomely executed, a very convenient and portable size, and designed mainly for protracted and Camp-meetings. We have looked over it with some attention, and are prepared to say that it is the best book of the kind we have seen. Many of the "Campmeeting Song Books" are filled up with compositions not entitled to be considered poetry, grammar, theology, or even good sense. There are very few in brother Cates' book of this description. The mass are by Watts, Steele, Charles Wesley, and other good writers of hymns, and are admirable. The printing and paper and general execution are very fine, highly creditable to the office of the Republican Banner. The book, we are pleased to learn, commands a very ready sale, and while it materially aids the devotions of our friends, will, we have no doubt, handsomely remunerate the compiler and publishers.

## DEPOSITIONS OF MINISTERS.

Our brethren of Illinois are discussing the question, whether the individual Church as such, of which an ordained clergyman is a member, have a right to depose him from the ministry. They maintain that since he cannot be ordained without a Presbytery acting with the Church, neither can he be deposed without a Presbytery acting with the Church. We should be glad to see the opinions of our contemporaries generally as to what is the scriptural proceeding in such cases.

### THE COTTON CROPS.

In many places, especially in Louisiana, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama and Georgia, the army worm has nearly destroyed the cotton crop. It is believed that the amount shipped to market this year will fall immensely short of that which is ordinary. The price must, of course, be proportionably higher. Our planters in Tennessee have been, we believe, this season, as successful as they are usually. The enhancement in the value of the staple will, we trust, in some measure, compensate for the injury suffered by the destroying insect.

### THE CHRISTIAN INDEX.

Our Rev. brother and friend, H. Keeling, has discontinued his connection with the Christian Index. The income of the paper was not, it seems, sufficient to justify his remaining. We regret his loss from the editorial ranks, and trust he will soon find some employment, if not more useful, still more agreeable and profitable.

### OREGON.

The Territory of Oregon has already more than six thousand inhabitants, and is rapidly increasing in all the conveniences of life.

### REPUDIATION IN ENGLAND.

The celebrated Professor Newman, the Episcopal Minister, has lately repudiated his wife, with the view of entering fully into the Popish priesthood.

### MORMONS.

The war between the Mormons and Illinoisians is over. The Mormons have capitulated, and the poor wretches are marching off towards the Rocky mountains as fast as they can. What is to become of these poor creatures heaven only knows.

### NEW SCHEME.

A company, as we learn from the newspapers, is about being formed in England, whose object is to supply the people with the veitable waters of the Jordon, to be used in sprinkling (they call it baptising) their children. Here is fanaticism run mad. In the first place, as baptism is a voluntary act of worship, and self-consecration, on the part of its recipient, and as infants are incapable of offering such worship and making such consecration, infants are incapable of baptism. In the second place, as no baptism can be administered without an immersion of the whole body, in water, if the very

drops that enclosed the body of the Redeemer himself were merely sprinkled or poured upon no matter who, by whom, or in what name, it would be no baptism. This ordinance admits of no substitute. How long shall it continue to be degraded by superstitious puerilities so unworthy of the religion of Christ.

### THE WAR.

The Mexican war still drags its slow length along. We have multitudes of letters from the army; all the papers of the country abound with them; but they amount to very little. They prove three things—that the army has succeeded in six months in moving five or six hundred miles; that since the decisive battles of General Taylor in the early part of spring, they have found no enemy, and are not likely to find any, the whole affair promising to be very much of a Florida concern; and that disease is carrying off multitudes of our brave volunteers, whose anticipated laurels are turned into winding sheets. This is about all we know at present of the war with Mexico.

Since writing the above we have received the news from the Army and from Mexico which is given in this paper.

### TENN. BAP. BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Received per Dr. Howell, by C. C. Tipton. Sept. 3. For I. J. Roberts or the China Mission.

Mill Spring Church, Jefferson co.	\$4 25
Dumplin Church,	2 60
Rocky Valley Church,	1 70

Total, \$8 55

Less 55 cents, retained by bro. Tipton until the next remittance.

A. B. SHANKLAND, Treasurer.

### COMMUNICATIONS.

For The Baptist.

### REVIVALS.

September 23, 1846.

#### BRO. HOWELL:

We have just closed an interesting Camp-meeting with the Church at Concord. The meeting continued seven days. Brethren January, Musc, Cates, Dunn, Barksdale, the pastor of the church, and myself, were the ministers present; though but few of that number remained till the close. It was, indeed, a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, yea a time of the outpouring of the Spirit, and the ingathering of souls. We think it should be said, we did not commence under very favorable circumstances, for the brethren seemed

to be cold, and sinners unconcerned; so if we had judged from external appearances we must have been discouraged. But we walked by faith, and not by sight. God was pleased to be in our midst, and fired up the hearts of the brethren, and when they enlisted, held up the arms of the preaching brethren, the work went on most gloriously. Sixteen souls professed to have received the pardon of their sins. 12 united with the Church by experience; 10 of whom were, (on the last day of the meeting,) by the pastor of the church, buried with Christ by baptism in the emblematic Jordan. Some of those converts were not more than 12 or 13 years of age. They are children of pious parents. They have been taught to remember their Creator in the days of their youth. They have followed the instruction of the wise man, and now see the fruit of their labor. If children have the proper Biblical tuition, they are accountable at an early age. I know some prophecy hard things against persons being religious so young, but your friend who writes this communication, professed a hope in Christ at a very early age, and he has never regretted it. The truth is, if we are enlightened on the subject of religion, we will become at the age above mentioned, actual transgressors, and if God should at that time call us to His bar, we would go there in our sins, and if in our sins, where God and His Christ is, we cannot come. I pray God that those lambs of Concord may be carried in His bosom.

Pray for us, that God may still bless His preached word to the salvation of those who hear and receive it in honest hearts.

I remain your brother in Christ,

E. W. BENSON.

*For The Baptist.*

BRADLEY'S CREEK, Sept. 15, 1846.

BROTHER HOWELL:

*Dear Sir:*—There is a meeting going on at this place of much importance; the Lord is reviving his work. We commenced on last Friday, the 7th inst., under rather discouraging circumstances. Notwithstanding the cold feeling, dull state of religion, the brethren commenced preaching, and the church commenced praying; and in answer to our poor petitions the Lord poured out his Holy Spirit; the professors hearts were refreshed, and sinners were cut to the heart, and the cry was extorted, what shall I do to be saved? They were pointed to the Saviour in heaven. There has some 20 or 25 found relief, or pardon of sins. We are holding on, and will until Monday next, nor do I know whether we will break up then. You shall hear from us again at the close of the meeting.

Brother, pray for us, for we are poor sinners; if saved, at last, only by grace.

Your brother in Christ,

WM. H. GRIMMET.

*For The Baptist.*

JACKSON, T., Sept. 24, 1846.

We had a pleasant session at our Conven-

tion. The brethren seemed to manifest a spirit of co-operation in the good work of the Lord. We passed, among others, the following resolution:

*Resolved,* That we will make an effort, in connection with East and Middle Tennessee, to support a missionary family in the Indian Territory.

After which a subscription was taken, which resulted in obtaining pledges to the amount of about \$150. About \$40 was paid into the hands of our Treasurer.

In haste; subscribe myself yours truly,

C. L. C.

*For The Baptist.*

NEWMARKET, Ala., Sept. 19, 1846.

DOCTOR HOWELL:

*Dear Brother:*—We have neglected giving you the obituary notice of our beloved young sister, MALINDA E. G. PHILLIPS, until now. She was the daughter of John and Margaret Phillips, of Columbia, Tenn. Her mother deceased some years ago. The subject of this notice was taken sick at her uncle's, A. Brown, near Hazlegreen, in this county, Madison, Ala., on the 7th of July, and died on the 27th, said to have been the congestive fever.

I attended her in part of her illness, and conversed with her relative to her prospects of a better world than this. I considered her a ripe sheaf for the Kingdom of Glory. She was considered, by all who knew her, to be one amongst the most exemplary young sisters in all of our acquaintance. We had promised ourselves much pleasure in her association, but alas she was soon cut down with the scythe of death, and like the spring grass, she withered away. She was the first person I baptised into the Enon Baptist Church after I came to my new field of labor. At our last meeting at Enon; the same church, the first Sabbath in this month, I baptised mother Dale, the grand-mother of young sister Phillips, who had been a member of the Presbyterian Church for 50 years this fall. After the decease of sister Phillips, sister Brown, her aunt, at the house where she died, has found amongst her papers the following meditations of her mind. She had written about the time she joined the Baptist Church; her reasons for leaving her Methodist brethren. Though I do not suppose that she ever expected it to come to the light, at least not before the public, but I thought I would let your readers have a copy of her meditations about the time she was baptised, which I send to be published in *The Baptist*, if you think proper to do so.

R. H. TALIAFERRO.

MAY 2d, 1846.

*Reasons for leaving the Methodists and joining the Baptists.*

The first thing that caused me to reflect about the mode of Baptism, were these few questions being put to me by brother Taliaferro. The first was: If I believed that baptism was a saving ordinance, would I not wish to be baptised in the apostolic mode? My reply was, I would, if I believed it was the apostolic mode,

but that I did not believe it was. I made some remarks afterwards, but I do not recollect what they were. That caused him to ask me the next one. Are you not willing to follow your Saviour? I replied, I had, I thought, as near as I could. The last question struck me with more force than the other, it was in my mind continually. On the same evening brother Kimbrough came, and we were talking about bro. T. I told him what he had said. From that we got to talking about the Baptists. I told him the greatest objection I had to the Baptists, was their close communion. On the next day he requested me to read Howell on Communion, and I consented to do so. I had been requested to read it before, but I would not consent to do it. But my mind was now on the subject. I read it. I there learned the origin of infant baptism, quoted from history. I had no rest day nor night, waking or sleeping, it was constantly in my mind, I could neither eat, read or sleep. When I would awake of a morning, I would not feel like I had been asleep, I was reading all night in my dreams. I found I could not get rid of the impression. I then determined to commence a prayerful examination of the New Testament on the subject. Before I commenced, I prayed the Lord to rid me of all prejudice, and to guide and direct me in the right way, and give me grace and courage to pursue in, and determine which ever way I felt to be my duty to go, that way to pursue. I then commenced reading the New Testament, and the arguments of the Baptists, (the Methodists I was very well acquainted with,) and found they far outweighed the others. I could, not after a careful and prayerful examination of the scriptures, find nothing that would favor anything but immersion, and that no others were baptised but believers. I then felt determined to be immersed. Who't of getting a Methodist minister to perform it; but then it occurred to me, would it be a valid baptism? With these views of it, I felt it would not, and from examination of it I did not think they were authorised to do it. I felt I would not be satisfied, as I could not believe there was any other mode.

I found I could not consistently or honestly remain any longer with the Methodists, but it was a hard struggle to leave them after living with them for seven years. I often thought I could not, it seemed to me it was impossible, but with God all things are possible. I thought it was hard that I should be so concerned about it, while there were so many others that were perfectly satisfied, and so many learned ones too, I would think they ought to know better than me, but still I could not be satisfied. No human being can know the struggles I have had; to God be all the glory, thanks and praise for leading me in the right way.

Saturday, May 2d. I was enabled to go forward and offer myself to the church as a candidate for baptism and admission into the church, and was received.

Sunday, May 3d. I was enabled to follow my Saviour to be baptised in the way he was; it being performed by the instrument the Lord used in directing me to the right way; I am

now satisfied I have received a valid baptism. O Lord grant that I may hence forth live a new life; that it may be my constant business to serve thee in thine own appointed way; grant that I may always love and delight to serve thee.

MALINDA E. G. PHILLIPS.

*For The Baptist.*

#### OBITUARY.

Departed this life, on Thursday evening, 17th inst., Mr. PETER MABRY, after a protracted illness of several months, which he bore with christian fortitude and resignation, aged 25 years.

This much esteemed and interesting young man professed faith in the Redeemer, and was baptised into the fellowship of Enon Church, Rutherford county, Tenn., three or four years since, where he lived as becometh a disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ. He was attacked with a pulmonary disease last fall, which deprived him from attending his church as usual, but he found his blessed Redeemer ever near to give that assistance which he so much needed. As the hour of dissolution drew near, his faith increased, his confidence in the promises of the gospel became more firm. When asked by the Pastor of his church at different times, what his prospects were beyond the grave, his answers were at all times, I do not fear death; all is well; I am anxious to leave this world of sorrow and pain and enjoy the Heavenly inheritance. On Thursday evening, at 1 o'clock, he fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. He has left a widowed mother and five brothers, and a numerous train of connections to mourn his loss. The church has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and will sensibly feel her bereavement.

R. W. JANUARY.

*For The Baptist.*

#### OBITUARY.

Sister MARY ANN HAULTOM departed this life, in the 27th year of her age, on the 18th of August, 1846, after a short but severe illness of seven days. She died of inflammation of the lungs.

Sister Haultom was daughter of Wm. and Eliz. Rein. She was born in Middle Tennessee; came to Madison county and married Mr. — Haultom, with whom she lived until he died, some 2 or 3 years past, and left her to raise her two little children. Sister Haultom, about 8 years ago, sought and obtained religion. Soon after she became a member of the Baptist Church at Cain creek, of which she lived and died, with honor to herself and her God.

It may be said, emphatically, of her, that when she was made free from sin, she became the servant of God, and had until her death, her fruit unto holiness. She was always ready to act or speak for God or his cause. It was a very rare case to find her seat vacated at church, unless it was impossible for her to be present. While she was able to attend church she was always ready to assist in every good work of the Lord. She stood like Moses' sis-

ter, by her pastor, at all times he had her prayers and support. When she was upon her dying bed, she gave evidence that her stay was the Lord. She seemed to care for nought but her friends; she prayed and wept over them, and said, if she could, she would repent for them.

In the death of sister Haultom, her friends have lost a much esteemed friend, her two children a kind mother, the church one of her most useful members, and society an ornament. But our loss is her eternal gain. She left every evidence that she was prepared and ready to be absent from the body and be present with the Lord. May God grant that this dispensation of His providence may be sanctified to our good, is my earnest prayer for Christ sake—  
Amen. C.

## SELECTIONS.

## CHRISTIANS IN PRISON.

"He maketh the wrath of man to praise Him."

The history of the church and of the world is full of incidents which illustrate this declaration of the Divine Word. The following is related by Mr. Dwight, of Constantinople, referring to the late persecution of the Armenians.

Last Sunday afternoon and evening no less than twelve of our brethren were seized by the Turkish police officers and thrown into prison. This excited great alarm. What the charge against them was, could not be ascertained until the next morning; when it was found that it was a mere pretence of some informality in the manner of hiring a house, in which several of them lived in Galata; and the thing was got up undoubtedly by some enemy merely to vex them.

They remained one night in prison, and then were liberated. The enemy designed it for evil, but God overruled it for good. The twelve brethren were confined in one room and they spent most of the time in singing and prayer, "and the prisoners heard them." Four times in the course of the night did the Turkish officer in command send for one of them to come up to his room, to answer questions in regard to this so called "new way;" and he heard more about the gospel that night, than he had during all his life before; though we do not know that, like the jailor at Phillippi he truly repented of his sins. Their fellow prisoners were of several different nations, and among them were some noisy and blaspheming Greeks, who ridiculed these evangelical men, and told the Turkish prisoners that they were infidels. The Turks replied to the Greeks, "These men are good men, and you are the infidels; for these men have prayed to God several times in the course of the night, but we have not seen you pray once." The Greeks said, "We pray in our hearts." "No," replied the Turks, "we cannot believe that you pray in your hearts, so long as you utter so many blasphemies with your mouths. Look at these men whom you call infidels. They not only do not utter blasphemies, but all their

words are good words. You are infidels and they are good men."

Surely is it worth while for our brethren to be put in prison, when such opportunities are given for preaching the gospel! How often do Satan's emissaries overshoot the mark. They persecute and imprison and banish men, in order to prevent their making known the gospel; while this is the very means of sounding it abroad more and more, and in places where it would not otherwise be heard. There has been such a proclamation of the gospel of Christ made throughout all classes of the inhabitants of the Turkish capital, during the last three months, by means of the persecution, as could not have been made in twenty years, in the ordinary way. Praised be the Lord of Hosts from whom "this also cometh forth," who "is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working."

From Nicomedia and Ada Bazar we hear that the brethren remain firm and joyful, and their numbers are increasing. Some Greeks in the latter place are inquiring what they must do to be saved! This is also the case here. Our brethren are constantly meeting new inquirers among Greeks and Jews. The Lord has a great work to perform here.

It is gratifying to learn that both the Turkish government and the Armenian Patriarch agree in theory that there shall be no persecution in that country for religious opinion. But we are much more gratified to know that our brethren who have been called to endure the oppression and cruelty of an arrogant hierarchy enforced by a servile civil power, honored their profession in most trying circumstances, with "well ordered lives, and a godly conversation."

"So let our lips and lives express,

The holy gospel we profess;

So let our works and virtues shine

To prove the doctrine all Divine."

From the *Columbian Magazine*.

ALLY FISHER.

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

Study, study, study! Trudge, trudge, trudge! Sew, sew, sew! Oh what a busy humdrum life was that of little Ally Fisher! Day in, day out, late and early, from week's end to week's end, it was all the same. Oh, how Ally's feet and head and hands ached! And sometimes her heart ached too—poor child!

Ally was not an interesting little girl; she had no time to be interesting. Her voice, true, was very sweet, but so plaintive! Besides you seldom heard it; for little Ally Fisher's thoughts were so constantly occupied that it was seldom they found time to come up to her lips. No, Ally was not interesting. She had never given out the silvery, care-free, heart laugh, which we love so to hear from children; she could not laugh; for though sent to earth a disguised ministering angel, vice had arisen between her and all life's brightness, and clouded her sun. And how can anything be interest-

ing on which the shadow of vice rests? Instead of mirth, Ally had given her young spirit to sorrow; instead of the bright flowers springing up in the pathway of blissful childhood, the swelling, bursting buds of hope that make our Spring days so gay, Ally looked out upon a desert with but one oasis. Oh, how dear was that bright spot, with its flowers all fadeless, its waters sparkling, never-failing and living; its harps, its crowns, its sainted ones, its white-winged throng, its King—the King of heaven—that kind Saviour who loved her, who watched over her in her helplessness, who counted all her tears, lightened all her burdens, and was waiting to take her in his arms and shelter her forever in his bosom. Little Ally Fisher had indeed one pure precious source of happiness, and that was why the grave did not open beneath her childish feet and she go down into it for rest, worn out by her burden of sorrow, want and misery. Yet Ally was not interesting. When other children were out playing among the quivering joyful Summer shadows, she sat away behind her desk in the school-room, sew, sew, sewing, until her eyes ached away back into her head, and her little arm felt as though it must drop from her thin shoulder. Odd ways these for a child! How disagreeably mature! It is a very unpleasant thing to see children make old women of themselves! Ah, then woe to the sin—wo to the sinner who cheats a young heart of its Spring!

Neither was Ally beautiful; her face was so thin and want-pinned, and her great eyes looked so wo begone! How *could* Ally be beautiful with such a load of care upon her, crushing beneath its iron weight the rich jewels which God had lavished upon her spirit? It is the inner beauty that shines upon the face of all the flowers of her young heart had been blasted. Her curls were glossy enough but you could not help believing, when you looked upon them, that misery nestled in their deep shadows; her eyes were of the softest, meekest brown fringed with rich sable, but so full of misery! Her complexion was transparently fair, with a tinge of blue instead of the warm generous heart tide which belongeth to childhood and youth. All her features were pinched and attenuated; her hands were small and thin and blue; and her little figure in its scanty homely clothing, looked very much like a weed which stood too long in the Autumn time! So fail! so thin! so desolate!

And did any body love poor Ally Fisher—the busy bee—the humdrum worker—the forlorn child who was neither interesting nor beautiful? Was there any body to love her? No one but her mother—a poor sad-looking woman, who wore a faded green bonnet and a patched chintz frock, and who never stopped to smile or shake hands with any body when she walked out of the village church. This desolate, sad-hearted woman, with her bony fingers and sharpened face—this dame Fisher, whom the boys called scarecrow and the girls used to imitate in tableax—this strange woman, seeming in her visible wretchedness scarce to belong to this bright beautiful world, bore a measureless, exhaustless fountain of love behind the faded

garments and the ugly person; and she lavished all its holy wealth on poor little Ally. Ally had a father too, but he did not love her. He loved nothing but the grog-shop at the corner of the street and the brown earthen jug which he yet had humanity or shame enough to hide in the loft. Ah, now you see why Ally Fisher was unhappy. Now you see the vice in whose shadow the stricken child matured so rapidly. Now you are ready to exclaim with me, "Poor, poor Ally Fisher! God help her!" Ay, God help her!

Ally tried very hard to help herself; but her mother was very feeble, and there were several little ones younger than herself. What could poor Ally do? She went to school—that she *would* do—because she never could accomplish any thing at home in that small crowded room, with all those thin-faced miserable little creatures about her; but she took her sewing with her, and every moment that she could steal from her books was devoted to earning bread.

Dame Fisher had looked earnestly forward to the time when Ally would be old enough to vary the monotonous character of her employment, and preside in the capacity of teacher over the little school just over the hill. These mothers are so dotingly hopeful! How could she think of it, and Ally the child of a drunkard! To be sure this was the only vice of which Billy Fisher had ever been guilty. He had never defrauded his neighbor; he had never in better days when some who now despised him were in his power been oppressive to the poor; he had harmed no one nor wished harm to any; he had only degraded his own nature almost to a bestial level, and poured out a vessel of shame upon his own family. Enough to be sure; but then Ally—she had always been a gentle, patient, toiling, faultless child, and why must she suffer for the father's sin? What? The daughter of the drunken vagabond, Billy Fisher, a teacher of their children! The idea is preposterous. She must find other means for supplying herself with finery she was prinking in of late; let her go into the kitchen where she belonged! Poor Ally she had wrought till midnight for a fortnight to prepare herself for presentation to the same faultfinders; if she had not, they would have called her *ragamuffin*. Where shall we look for a reasonable man?

Ally was not much distressed. To be sure, it was the breaking up of a long cherished dream, and the severer that this had been the only dream she had ever dared cherish, but the poor girl had a holy resource and she did not repine. She went from the door, where each hope of her life had been cruelly crushed, with a swelling heart and faltering step. Over the style across the way, the little blue eyes of the Spring violets were looking up lovingly from beds of moss; the freed streams were dancing gaily, flashing and sparkling in the sunlight; and on a brown maple bough, where leaf buds were swelling ready to burst with life, a little bird, the first Spring bird, carrolled as blithely as though it might bring Eden to a desolate, disappointed heart. Ally Fisher heard it, and

the tears broke over their fringed boundaries and fell in a sparkling shower upon her bodice. Then she crossed the style and the stream, and passed the trees till she found a solitary nook away in the heart of the wood; and here she knelt and prayed. How strong was Ally Fisher when she left her retreat! The arm of Him who is almighty, was about her.

Ally Fisher passed with quite as light a foot as usual over the dried leaves through which the tender Spring-blades were peeping and beyond the border of the wood till she came in sight of a beautiful central lake, on the banks of which the young green was striving with the pallid spoils of last year's frost. Ally Fisher was not very observing—she was too thoughtful to be observing—but as she emerged from the woods she saw a person, probably a nurse, walking near the lake with a little girl, who danced and prattled and clapped her tiny hands, now bounding from the path, now half hiding her little head in the woman's dress, and then running forward with all the guileless glee of a bird or butterfly. Ally looked at her and felt the warm tears creeping to her eyes.—Why had she never been thus happy? And why should that terrible shadow which had settled on her cradle, darken at this point, so full of strange wondrous interest, now when she was

"Standing, with reluctant feet,  
Where the brook and river meet,  
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing with a timid glance,  
On the brooklet's swift advance  
On the river's broad expanse!"

The tears crept to Ally's eyes, but they had no time to fall. She heard a shriek and saw the woman cowering over the verge of the lake, her hands clasped as though in an ecstasy of agonized fear.

"The child!" thought Ally, as she sprang forward, new life in every limb and lighting up her eye.

She was right. The little one was just rising to the surface after her first terrible plunge; Ally caught a glimpse of a pale agonized face, then a fold of scarlet, and all disappeared, except the successive rings formed by the rippling water.

"It is not deep, not very deep," she said half to herself, half to the careless nurse, "were I only taller."

She stepped into the water carefully as though to insure in the outset a firm footing. Another step and the water grew deeper—another—another. The water had arisen above her waist and her slight figure seemed swayed by its undulations. Dare she go farther? Oh, the lake was so still—only a ripple on its surface, and a life—a life at stake! A gain on, one more step—the little scarlet dress appeared before her. But one, one short step more! She falters—reels—and grasps it! Now Ally! See, she pauses deliberately to steady herself! Her presence of mind, even in the moment of triumph has not forsaken her, and her foot is still firm. She returns slowly,

safely to the shore and sinks with her recovered human treasure at the feet of the terrified nurse.

Ally Fisher opened her large wondering eyes upon a strange scene. Her head lay upon a pillow of rich purple velvet; and she turned from her singular couch to magnificent folds of drapery, heavy golden chords half hidden in their soft shadows, rich massive furniture, the use of which she did not understand—all the wonders of this magic palace—quite unheeding a kind face which bent anxiously over her.

"Oh, I was so careless and you so good!" was the first exclamation she heard; and then from a sofa at the other side of the room came a pale beautiful lady, who whispered, "Dear child! God bless her!" in low tremulous tones, as though the terror had not yet gone from her heart.

"Does she recover?" inquired another voice. It was that of a man, and though strong there was a subdued tremor in it which gave evidence that the string on which it vibrated had been lately jarred by fear and sorrow. "Does she recover? This noble deed has made her our's as Marcia is. She shall never go back to that poor hovel again."

"My mother!" was Ally's answering remark; "Oh, she will be so frightened! I must go to my mother now."

It was in vain that the lady and her husband and even the attending physician insisted on her remaining, until at least she was quite recovered, and offered to send for her mother. Ally arose to her feet and smiled her usual sad smile.

"I am well, quite well. It didn't hurt me any; I was only frightened because I thought the poor little girl was dead. To be sure I shouldn't fear the dead, but when I had her in my arms—are you sure she will get well?"

"She will, and it was you who saved her life."

Ally shuddered. "Oh! her cheek was cold! just like little Willie's. But you say she will get well, and I am very glad, though sometimes I think it would be a pleasant thing to die and go to heaven where Jesus Christ is. It is so dreary here!" she added, in a pitiful tone, half musingly.

Dame Fisher was surprised to see the family carriage of the Burnell's draw up at her humble door, and more surprised when her own Ally, in strange garb, "a world too wide," sprang from it, her pale face really brilliant with excitement. Ally's large eyes were larger than ever, and the heart's light was centred beneath their jetty fringes; while her mouth, the lips no longer pale, was wreathed with unusual smiles.

"Oh, mother! I have saved a life! Is not God kind to let me do so great a thing!"

Strange that neither Ally nor her mother thought of the lost school that night, heavy as the disappointment was! Nay is it strange? They thought of it in the morning, however, and then dame Fisher was more sad than Ally.

"So you are to sow your life away," she said despondingly, "my poor, poor Ally!"

"No mother, God will take care of me."

It was not noon when the family carriage of the Burnell's again appeared at the door of Billy Fisher's miserable cottage.

"Mrs. Burnell! It may be Ally, she will get you the school; these rich people have so much influence."

Mrs. Burnell came to offer Ally, as her husband had promised in his lively emotion of gratitude, a splendid home.

"You shall share with little Marcia in every thing" she said; "you shall even divide our love; more, you are older, and shall be considered in every thing the elder daughter. Come and live with us dear; for we should have had no child but for you."

Ally looked at her mother, whose thin face now glowed with gratified ambition; glanced at the broken walls of the miserable hovel she called home; turned from one little half-starved figure to another; and then approaching the lady, said in a low firm tone, "You are very kind, and I will pray God to bless you for it; but I must not go away from here."

"Must not?"

"Must not, Ally!" exclaimed the surprised, disappointed mother.

Ally's voice became choked. "This is a very poor place—I never knew how poor until I went into some of the grand houses—but I have always lived in it."

"But the sewing and that terrible pain in your side my dear," interrupted the matron.

"It will be better soon, I think; and may be, I shall not have to sew so much now for Mary is growing bigger."

"But Ally—"

"Mother don't drive me away from home."

"We will give you a home," pleaded the lady, "the house you saw yesterday. There you shall have every thing you can wish—things more beautiful than you have ever seen in your life—and little Marcia whose life you saved will love you and so will we all."

"Then who will love my poor, poor mother?" and Ally burst into tears.

At the commencement of the conference a head had been raised from a pile of bedcovering in a corner of the room, and a red, bloated face looked out on the group with vague wonder. Soon an expression of intelligence began to lighten up the heavy eyes, and now and then a trace of something like emotion appeared upon the face. At Ally's last words there was for a moment a strange convulsive working of the features and he fell heavily back upon the pillow.

It was in vain that both the lady and dame Fisher pleaded. Ally's firm modest answer was ever the same. "Oh, it was nothing; I couldn't let the little girl drown when it was so easy to go into the water. It was nothing; so I do not deserve that beautiful home. I shouldn't be of any use there either, and here I am indeed."

"But I will give you five times the money you could earn by sewing urged the lady, and you shall bring it all here."

Ally was for a moment staggered.

"So you would help us more by going than by staying," added the dame, quite forgetful

of self while so anxious for her child's welfare.

"But mother, who would hold your head when it aches, and bathe your temples, and kiss away the pain, and then sit and watch you while you slept? And when the trouble comes who would try to make it light and help you to find all the happy things to weigh against it? And who would sit with you at evening when you are so lonely? Who, mother, would read the Bible to you? for you told me but yesterday that your eyes were failing; and who would—would love you, mother? Oh, don't send me away! All those beautiful things would only make me sorry if you could not have them too; and so you must let me stay here in the old house, for it is the only place where I can be happy. God would not love me if I should leave you with all the children to care for and none to comfort you when sad."

The lady's eyes were suffused with the heart's dew as, with a mental blessing on the young girl's head and a silent determination to reward her self-denying spirit richly, she turned away.

"You have sacrificed yourself for my sake, Ally," sobbed the dame, folding her gentle child in her arms; "Oh, why did you do it?"

"No, mother; I am happier here, and he —" Ally pointed to the bed meaningly. "I couldn't mention it before her."

"Yes darling you are right—you always are; he would kill himself without you in a week, I know. But oh, it is a dreadful thing—my poor, poor Ally!"

Ally was at her sewing as calm and quiet as if nothing unusual had occurred, though there was a singular bright spot on her cheek; and the dame busied herself in preparing the children's supper when Billy Fisher crept from the bed and glided half-timidly to the door.

"Don't go to-night father," whispered Ally, laying her slight hand on his, and fixing her large mournful eyes on his face most pleadingly.

"Don't go; I will help you to fix the chessmen you wanted me to do last night; or I will hem the pretty new handkerchief I bought for you to-day, and sing whatever you like best while I am doing it; or I will read to you from my beautiful library book, or do any thing you like—only don't go! It is very lonely here without you father."

The lips of the miserable man parted as though he would have replied; but the words seemed choking him, and he brushed hastily past her. Tears came to Ally's eyes as she turned again to her work, but no one heeded them.

That evening passed as hundreds of others had done. The children were all sent to bed, and then Ally and her mother sat down by their one tallow candle to earn bread for them.

"It is so pleasant to be together!" said Ally, raising her face all beaming with gratitude.

"Yes but you lose a great deal by it dear."

"Oh, no; I lose nothing. I should have lost

a great deal if I had gone away from you; Mother, I have been wondering since this morning that God has been so kind as to keep us together while I am so ungrateful. I never knew how happy it made me to be with you till now."

"We never see half the blessings which God bestows upon us, darling."

Murmurer—you surrounded by comforts and elegancies, feasting on dainties and rolling in luxuries—oh could you look upon dame Fisher's cottage, with its bare broken walls and scanty furniture!—And yet the poor drunkard's wife was really more blessed than you—blessed with the inner wealth of a "meek and quiet spirit." *She never murmured.*

The hour of ten drew near, and Ally's quick ear caught the sound of a step on the door-stone.

"Father! he is very early. Oh, I hope he has not—"

She had no time to finish the sentence. The door was thrown wide open with a quick, earnest joyous dash.

"I have done it, Ally bird—I have done it! There—there—wist! Don't look so frightened pussy; it is nothing bad—it is something good—very good. It will make your little heart glad, and I ought to make it glad once in your sorry life time, birdie, dear. Shall I tell you? shall I tell you, Ally? I have taken the step—the step; and now darling, your poor mother shall have somebody to love her, and so shall you too. Oh, it has been a dreadful course; it has almost broken my heart sometimes to think of my miserable ways; and I have felt the worst when you thought I was stupid and didn't care. Sometimes I have been determined to break away, but then I was tempted and couldn't. Now I have done it. *Never another drop to my lips!* so help me God!"

That night there was not so happy a house in all the State of New York as the wretched hovel to which Billy Fisher had brought such unexpected joy. And Ally—oh, no! she never regretted having sacrificed her own bright prospect to the happiness of those she loved, for never was human heart more deeply blessed than gentle trusting Ally Fisher's. Other and more brilliant blessings now cluster around her path, but these are mere trifles compared with the great first one.

It was thine own work, sweet Ally; thy never failing gentleness, it was, which won him. Go on, pure hearted one! There is more for thee to do.

"Still thy smile like sunshine dart,  
Into many a sunless heart,  
For a smile of God thou art!"

*From the New York Evangelist.*  
**THE DYING YOUTH.**

There is no place on earth like a dying bed. There is no hour in man's brief journey across this world, like a dying hour; so solemn, so impressive, and so full of dread interest to each individual when he arrives at that place, and

feels that his hour is come. Then the soul makes a pause. She looks back on a receding world, and onward into a dark unfathomed eternity. There is no retreat. The hour of exchanging worlds has come. To have *then* a good hope of pardon, and of heaven, how blessed and invaluable! To have no hope then, when flesh and heart fail, and to die in despair, how dreadful beyond imagination to conceive! To avoid it is worth a whole life of ceaseless effort and prayer. And yet such dread hours do come, with all their indescribable solemnity. That hour came in the history of a youth of sixteen, the child of many prayers.

Said a pious minister: I once knew a youth of sixteen, the son and hope of pious parents, and the favorite of a large circle of associates. He was my friend. We went together to the school-room, to the play-ground, to our chamber. I have seen him, while listening to the pleadings of parental faithfulness, urging him to immediate repentance, and warning him, by a brother's recent grave, of the danger of delay. He listened in silence and respectful attention, but the alluring pleasure of youth dazzled him, and he resolved to leave religion for a future day.

One evening he met a circle of youthful acquaintances. It was a gay circle and a thoughtless one. In the midst of their mirth, his eye fell on a hymn book. He opened it and read—

"And must this body die,  
This mortal frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mouldering in the clay?"

He laid down the book and forgot its warning voice.

Late that evening he came to my chamber, breathing short, like one who had been walking fast, and lay down by my side. After some time he turned to me and said, "Will you get up and give me a glass of water? I feel unwell." I arose and called the family.

He was manifestly ill, but not apparently in immediate danger. The next morning he was worse. A physician was called, but did not understand his case. Search was at length made, and it was found that by mistake, he had taken a dose of deadly poison. The hand of death was then upon him. For three hours his body was writhing in agony, but that was forgotten in the more excruciating agonies of his soul. I heard his minister tell him of a merciful Saviour. I heard his father, kneeling by his bed-side, pour out to God the most agonizing prayer for him that language could express. I heard his mother exclaim, "Oh! my son! my son!" till she swooned and sunk upon the floor. I heard him, as he tossed from side to side, cry out, "Oh, Lord, have mercy on my soul! Oh, my God, have mercy on me! mercy! mercy! mercy!" and then reaching out his hand towards his father, he exclaimed, "I am lost! I am lost! am I not father."

His breath grew shorter and shorter, and his

voice fainter, until raising his hands as if he would cry "mercy" once more he expired. Fifteen years have rolled away since I heard those cries of dying agony, but they ring in my ears now as if it were but an hour. That look of fierce despair is now in my eye, and my ear echoes with the heart-rending cry, "I am lost! I am lost! am I not, father!" How can I forget them! They came from the death-bed of my friend, and that friend my own beloved brother.

Reader, by my brother's dying groans, by the tears which fall on this paper while I think of him; and by the tears and groans of Calvary, I beseech you, remember and lay to heart the truths you are here taught.

#### BUNYAN AS A PREACHER.

We venture to say, that there was never in the world, since the time of the Apostle Paul, a more remarkable instance of a wrestling spirit in behalf of others. And this it was, that, by the blessing of God, made his preaching efficacious; it was the deep, powerful, soul-stirring intensity of interest with which he entered into it himself, preparing himself for it by fervent prayer, and following his own sermons with a restless importunity of supplication for the Divine blessing. "In my preaching," he tells us himself, "I have really been in pain, and have as it were travailed to bring forth children to God; neither could I be satisfied unless some fruits did appear in my work. If it were fruitless, it mattered not who commended me; but if I were fruitful, I cared not who did condemn. I have thought of that word, 'Lo! children are an heritage to the Lord; and the fruit of the womb is his reward.' As arrows in the hands of a mighty man, so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them; they shall not be ashamed, but shall speak with the enemies in the gate."

"It pleased me nothing to see the people drink in my opinions, if they seemed ignorant of Jesus Christ, and the worth of their own salvation; sound conviction of sin, especially of unbelief, and an heart set on fire to be saved by Christ, with strong breathings after a truly sanctified soul, that it was that delighted me; those were the souls I counted blessed.

"If any of those who were awakened by my ministry did after that fall back, (as sometimes too many did,) I can truly say their loss hath been more to me than if any of my own children, begotten of my own body, had been going to the grave. I think verily I may speak it without any offence to the Lord, nothing has gone so near me as that; unless it was the fear of the loss of the salvation of my own soul. I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in those places where my children were born. My heart hath been so wrapped up in the glory of his excellent work, that I counted myself more blessed and honored of God by this, than if he had made me emperor of the Christian world, or lord of all the glory of the earth without it. O, these words! 'He that converteth a sinner from the error of his

ways doth save a soul from death. The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life; and he that winneth souls is wise. They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever. For what is our hope, our joy, our crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy.' These, I say with many others of a like nature, have been great refreshments to me."

Not only before and after preaching was Bunyan accustomed to cry mightily to God for an effectual blessing, but also while he was in the exercise; for every word that he spake sprang out of an earnest desire by all means to save some. "When I have been preaching, I thank God my heart hath often, all the time of this and the other exercise, with great earnestness cried to God that he would make the word effectual to the salvation of the soul; still being grieved lest the enemy should take the word away from the conscience, and so it should become unfruitful, wherefore I should labour so to speak the word, as that thereby, if it were possible, the sin and person guilty might be particularized by it.

"Also, when I have done the exercise, it hath gone to my heart to think the word should now fall as rain on stony places; still wishing from my heart, O, that they who have heard me speak this day did but see as I do, what sin, death, hell, and the curse of God is, through Christ, to men in such a case as they are who yet estranged are from him. And indeed, I did often say in my heart before the Lord, that if to be hanged up presently before their eyes would be a means to awaken them, and confirm them in the truth, I should gladly be contented."—*Cheever*.

#### TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

When Queen Elizabeth opened the prisons at her coming to the crown, one piously told her, that there were yet some good men left in prison undelivered, and desired that they might also partake of her princely favor; meaning the four Evangelists, and Paul, who had been denied to walk abroad in the English tongue, when her sister Mary swayed the sceptre. To this she answered, "They should be asked whether they were willing to have their liberty;" which soon after appearing, they had, says an old divine, "their goal delivery; and have even since had their liberty to speak to us in our own tongue at the assemblies of our public worship; yea, and to visit us in our private houses also."

Our English translation of the Bible was made in the time and by the appointment of James the First. According to Fuller, the number of translators amounted to forty-seven. Every one of the company was to translate the whole parcel, and compare all together. These good and learned men entered on their work in the spring of 1607, and three years elapsed before the translation was finished.

Bugenhagenius assisted Luther in the transla-

tion of the Bible into German, and kept the day on which it was finished annually a festival with his friends, calling it "The Feast of the Translation of the Bible;" and it certainly deserves a red letter more than half the saints in the calendar.

Soon after Tindale's New Testament was published; a royal proclamation was issued to prohibit the buying and reading of such translation or translations. But this served to increase the public curiosity, and to occasion a more careful reading of what was deemed so obnoxious. One step taken by the Bishop of London afforded same merriment to the Protestants. His Lordship thought that the best way to prevent these English New Testaments from circulation would be to buy up the whole impression, and therefore employed a Mr. Packington, who secretly favored the reformation, then at Antwerp, for this purpose; assuring him, at the same time, that cost what they would, he would have them, and burn them at Paul's cross. Upon this, Packington applied himself to Tindale, (who was then at Antwerp,) and upon agreement the Bishop had the books, Packington great thanks and Tindale all the money. This enabled Tindale instantly to publish a new and more correct edition; so that they came over thick and threefold into England; which occasioned great rage in the disappointed Bishop and his popish friends. One Constantine being soon after apprehended by Sir Thomas Moore, and being asked how Tindale and others subsisted abroad, readily answered, "that it was the Bishop of London who had been their chief supporter, for he bestowed a great deal of money upon them in the purchase of New Testaments, to burn them; and that upon that cash they had subsisted till the sale of the second edition was received."

The following incident respecting the Venerable Bede is worthy of remembrance. One of the last things he did was the translating of St. John's Gospel into English. When death seized on him, one of his devout scholars, whom he used for his secretary or amanuensis, said to him, "My beloved master, there remains yet one sentence unwritten." "Write it then quickly," replied Bede; and summoning all his spirits together (like the last blaze of a candle going out,) indited it, and expired.

#### IBRAHIM PACHA IN LONDON.

The following anecdotes respecting this illustrious guest of John Bull, are translated from an article in the New York Deutsche Schnellpost, extracted from the Cologne Zeitung:

At Mjvart's Hotel, where the Egyptian prince resides, one of the waiters, in his ignorance of Turkish manners, had dared to lay his christian hands on the sacred slippers of his highness, for the purpose of dusting them. Observing this, the slaves of the prince darted like lightning on the astonished waiter, pulled off the offender's shoes, and were about to administer the bastinado; but the cries of "murder" and "fire" saved him from the blows, as a police inspector on duty in the house, ran for-

ward, and informed the parties that English freedom did not allow this summary exercise of the Turkish code of laws. Like the thunder after the lightning, there followed from Ibrahim, who was frantic with rage, a blow from the kourbash (whip) which he always carries with him, upon the shoulders of the officer of the law, and it was not until several policemen were called in, that the Pacha could be forcibly quieted. The affair will not be legally investigated, as in that case the residence of the illustrious guest in England might be involuntarily extended longer than he intends.

At the visit of the Pacha to the Thames Tunnel, on taking his departure he was politely requested to seat himself in the chair next the entrance, in which it is usual to weigh the visitors; but Ibrahim, suspicious by nature, made one of his suite of about his own size take his place; who, to the astonishment and honored by the curses of his royal master, rose from it perfectly safe; the latter believing that some trick was about to be played, and that at least one of his ears would be lost in the operation.

But the person who gave the greatest offence to Ibrahim Pacha was the Governor of the Bank of England. This amiable gentleman had placed a roll of bank notes in the hands of his Egyptian highness, observing that their value was one million pounds sterling. His highness laughing heartily, was about depositing the bank notes in his roomy unmentionables, when Mr. Heath, (the Governor of the Bank,) hastily snatched them away, and with a shake of his head, again locked them up in the drawer from which he had taken them. The interpreter had much trouble to make the Pacha comprehend that the intention had been only to show and not to give them to him; for Ibrahim firmly believed that this million sterling ought to have been a "backsheesh," (present,) and went away muttering that "it was a scurvy trick they had taken the liberty of playing upon him."

#### ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

When the American troops were quartered at Newburg, at the close of the Revolutionary War, and the soldiers were stirred up to rebellion against the government, by the famous anonymous letters, which, it has since been ascertained, were written by Gen. Armstrong, then a Major in the army, Gen. Washington convened the officers for the purpose of addressing them on the subject, and calming the tumult which was beginning to rage in their bosoms. He held a paper in his hand on which the remarks he intended to make were written—and then it was, that finding himself unable to read without assistance—as he was drawing his spectacles from his pocket, that unprecedented expression broke from him—one of the most pathetic that ever fell from human lips:

"Fellow-citizens," said he, "you perceive I have not only grown gray, but blind in your service."

The effect of the remark was electrical. No bosom—no eye was proof against it.

*From the New Orleans Delta of the 19th.*  
**Latest from the Army.**

The steamship *Telegraph*, the arrival of which we mention elsewhere, brings the latest advices from the Army. A friend who came passenger in the *T.*, and who had the best opportunity of being made acquainted with the existing state of things there, has furnished us with the following resume of the general news. It is from Camargo to the 7th inst. and from Matamoros to the 10th.

On the 6th instant, General Taylor crossed the San Juan, and on the 7th took up the line of march for Seralvo, where Gen. Worth, with his command, had halted. Hays' Regiment was to have left China for the same destination, intending to reach there simultaneously with Gen. Taylor. Gen. Taylor, in his march is prepared for any emergency—either an advance or a retreat. He admitted no soldier or officer to take more baggage with him than he can conveniently carry on his back. A number of steamers had reached Matamoros with the extra baggage, and the *Quartel* of the Zapadores was converted into a depot for it.—All the supplies for the Advancing Army, so far, have been sent on by pack mules, and the General expects to have 30 days provisions for 12,000 men at Seralvo when he reaches it. The general impression is that he will there make a halt, and not advance further till he has advices from Washington. Notwithstanding the reports of the advance of a Mexican force, between San Luis Potosi and Saltillo, the General believes he can enter Monterey, and even Saltillo, without encountering any opposition. The troops now on the road between Camargo and Monterey number near 12,000; none were suffered to go but such as were able and willing to stand the fatigues of a long march. This had the effect of reducing considerably the Volunteer Regiments; few of them exceeded 500 strong—many of them numbered even less. These Regiments are: one from Tennessee, one from Mississippi, one from Kentucky, one from Ohio, one from Texas, (Hays',) the Baltimore battalion, a part of the Texan Infantry, reorganized, and McCulloch's and Gillespie's Rangers.

There were near 600 sick volunteers in the hospitals at Camargo, and they were dying very fast. So many were sick that it required near a whole regiment to attend to them. Those whom the Tennesseans left behind seemed to be particularly unfortunate, for they had to call on the Alabamians to attend the living and bury the dead. As fast as these men get able to leave the hospital they are discharged and sent home. In fact, Gen. T. shows a disposition to discharge all volunteers who are discontented and wish to return to their homes. Though the number of patients in the hospital at Matamoros is larger than at Camargo, the mortality is greater at the latter place—near 3 to 1.—Those who are unaccustomed to a southern climate when once prostrated by the fever seldom regain their former strength on the Rio Grande: without a change of atmosphere they die off quickly, else become so enfeebled that they are unable to help themselves. A person who has visited the hospitals at the different posts, has said that if one half of the northern and western volunteers who went to the Rio Grande are effective men on the 15th October, it is more than he looks for.

Gen. Patterson has been left in command of all the country from Camargo to the mouth of the river, and he has been instructed by Gen. Taylor to issue an order prohibiting the entrance of strangers into the river and at Camargo. This order was brought down to Capt. Ogden by the officers of the Whiteville. Therefore any person who has not already an established business in the country will find it rather difficult to land there—at least such is the opinion now. A different interpretation of the order may, however, be given.

Gen. Butler was the man Gen. Taylor designed

leaving in command of the lower country, but as Patterson did not reach Camargo as soon as was expected, the order of things was changed. Gen. P. is represented as being very much mortified at not being allowed to accompany the advance.

Ampudia has issued another extraordinary "Proclama" warning the citizens, on pain of death not to barter with the Americans, and the Alcalde of Camargo had also put forth a "Bando" prohibiting the Mexicans from working on our steamboats. Some of the deck hands accordingly ceased their labor, but an intimation from some of their employers that the functionaries might be brought in close proximity with a lazo, he relented and the men resumed their labor.

On the evening of the 16th inst. a soldier named James Hoffman, from Nashville, Tennessee, jumped overboard and was drowned. A few hours afterwards another died by the name of Benjamin Hartwell.

The schooner *Edward Tilletson*, from Brazos for this port, with sixty-eight discharged volunteers, was blown ashore near the mouth of the Sabine, in the gale of the 5th; six of the soldiers had died previous to the disaster. The *E. T.* is a total loss—the balance of the volunteers and crew were saved.

**ARREST OF COL. HARNEY.**—We learn from a passenger on the *Telegraph*, who left Camargo on the 7th instant, that just as he was on the point of starting down the river, an express arrived at that town, with intelligence that Col. Harney had been arrested, when four days on his march from St. Antonio toward Monterey. It appears that Generals Taylor and Wool having been apprised of his advance, immediately after it took place, forthwith dispatched an officer in pursuit of him, by whom he was soon overtaken, and placed in arrest, on the charge of disobedience of orders. Col. Harney and his command were marched back to San Antonio, where he remains in custody.

Extract of a letter dated—

STEAMER COL. CROSS, Sept. 9th, 1846.

Gen. Taylor left Monterey on the 5th. The whole of the Staff, and other invited guests, took dinner on the Col. Cross, twenty-two in all, being invited by the whole-souled Capt. J. A. Pratt. When dinner was over, they commenced their march to join the Army. Next day, Lieut. French returned for more ammunition, a report having reached the General that Santa Anna was on his march for Monterey with 15,000 men, and that all their forces were on the march to concentrate at Monterey, to give the General a warm reception. Maj. Gen. Patterson is in command of the whole troops. Our friend Britton is stationed at Camargo as Commissary. The whole of Gen. T.'s force has gone, about 6000 in all. Col. Baker will get well. Nothing new.

Yours in haste,

JULIAN.

POINT ISABEL, Sept. 11th, 1846.

*Editors of the Delta:*

Gentlemen—I have just time to send you the latest news. Taylor left Camargo for Monterey with 6000 men on the 5th. Ampudia has arrived at Monterey with a large force, reports say from 4000 to 10,000 men, and ten pieces of artillery. He has completely fortified the place. His proclamation has been received, in which he threatens to shoot any Mexican who shall hold communication with the Americans. I remain yours,  
 D.

P. S. At the last accounts, Taylor's Head Quarters were at Seralvo, half-way between Camargo and Monterey. Letters received from above anticipate a desperate resistance at the latter place. The campaign has commenced in earnest. This intelligence arrived by the Camargo mail last night. I have barely time to write this much, as the *Telegraph* leaves in ten minutes.  
 D.

From the New Orleans Picayune, Sept. 18.

### From Mexico.

By good fortune we obtained yesterday the use of a file of Mexican papers, nearly complete, for the month of August. In glancing through them with constrained rapidity, we gleaned some items of information, which we have not elsewhere seen, and which may serve to illustrate the present state of Mexico. The advices from that country by way of Havana are not so late, however, as have been received by the Princeton at Pensacola.

The latest Vera Cruz paper that was submitted to us was dated Aug. 30th. Up to that time they had not heard of the arrival of Santa Anna at the capital. Landing at Vera Cruz on the 16th, he gave a dinner to his friends on the 17th, left for his *hacienda* of El Encerro on the 18th, and at that place received a deputation sent to him from the capital by Gen. Salas, with a communication in which the latter devolves upon the ex-President the powers which had been conferred on himself by the late revolution. From that date, we look upon Santa Anna as wielding the whole power of the country, as further along we shall more particularly indicate.

The news of his arrival at Vera Cruz reached Mexico on the 19th August, and the day was celebrated as a holiday, and salvos of artillery were fired. In two or three days after, Gen. Almonte and Senor Rejon arrived in the capital.

Gen. Paredes was still a prisoner in the castle of Perote. When made prisoner he was on his way to Queretaro, escorted by fifty lancers and surrounded by a few military friends. The detachment in pursuit consisted of 500 troops, and came up with him at the *hacienda* of Ahuehuetes on the 5th of August. The commander of these troops at once intimated to him the folly of resistance, and he surrendered without a struggle. He was conducted at once to the capital, being treated with perfect courtesy and consideration. He demanded to be allowed to leave the country.— This was not thought safe before the revolution should be completely consummated, and for greater security he was, after remaining several days in Mexico, conducted to Perote, where he now lies. Some papers talk of doing justice upon him as a *monarchist* and a traitor, but the tone of Gen. Salas is quite otherwise; altogether respectful and expressive of regret that he should be subjected to military restraint. Salas submits his case to the discretion of Santa Anna. We expect soon to hear of his enlargement. In noting the departure of Santa Anna from Vera Cruz on the 18th, and the approach of Gen. Paredes towards Perote at the same moment. *El Indicador* exclaims, "What a coincidence! Inscrutable are the mysteries of Divine Providence!"

Gen. Bravo, the late Vice President, is treated by the papers with as much regard as when in power. He has suffered no restraint whatever.

Gen. Salas, who exercised supreme command from the 7th to the 20th of August, professes to have done as little as possible of his own will, and only what was urgently demanded by the necessity of the case. He boasts, however, that he had done what he could "to aid the brave men who in Monterey have determined to die rather than succumb to the invasion and perfidiousness of the Americans." In his communications to Santa Anna he urges him to hasten to Mexico as soon as possible to assume his powers. The papers commend him for refusing to accept the pay of President while discharging the functions of the office.

On the 15th of August he issued a proclamation, in which he announced to his countrymen that a new insult had been offered to them; that another act of baseness had been perpetrated by the Americans. He alludes to the Californias, which, he says, the Americans have now seized by the strong hand, after having

villanously robbed us of Texas. He announces that the expedition which had been so long preparing would set forth in two days for the recovery of the country, and that measures would be taken to arrange the differences which had existed between the people of the Californias and the various preceding Central administrations. In conclusion he appeals eloquently to the Californians to second with their best exertions the attempts which would be made to drive out the Americans and to unite their rich and fertile territories forever to the Republic. The present revolution, he assures them, is not like the former ones; we know your worth, and we shall never give over our efforts till we save you from your enemy.

The *Republicano* of the following day announces that Gen. Morales has been named Commandant in the Californias, and that he would proceed immediately to his destination, accompanied by Señor Castañares, Collector of Monterey. In another paper we see announced the death of the Bishop of California, and in the same paper allusion is made to events in California, "at which point our arms have suffered reverses."

In regard to the loss of the Truxton we see but two or three lines. It is said that she ran aground on the bar the night of the 14th of August; that she threw over seven guns; and that her crew surrendered on the 17th. *There is no boasting over the exploit.*

During the administration of Salas, various proclamations had been issued to arouse the people to take part in the war, by enlisting and contributing their means. Efforts were made to organize the local militia, but with little apparent effect. The *Diario* of 13th announced that Gen. Ampudia had received the command of the "Army of the North." Another paper says that Gen. Manuel Romero has been appointed to the command of the third brigade of the same army. On the 20th August it is mentioned that \$10,000 had been remitted to Camargo, but the purpose is not named. The Mexicans could hardly have supposed it would find any of their troops there.— The latest advices alluded to from Monterey were contained in a letter of the 31st of July, announcing the disbandment of the Louisiana volunteers, and the departure of 3000 of them, whereby it was said that the proposed march of Gen. Taylor upon that city and Saltillo would be frustrated. There are various addresses of Governors of Departments scattered through the papers, in which the people are urged to repel the invasion and "to roll back the tide across the Sabine," but we do not find definite measures offered, or any thing said by which we can judge of the number of troops concentrated at Monterey or San Luis Potosí. Monterey is named as the point where the struggle is to take place, but not in the letters of Santa Anna.

There is an enumeration of the States which have declared for the revolution, but it would be much easier to name those which have not. A vast majority are with Santa Anna. Gen. Alvarez, in giving in his adhesion, boasts to have been the first to declare against Paredes and his tyranny. San Luis Potosí pronounced on the 8th of August, and we find no mention of the counter declaration there, of which we have had reports. The *Indicador* of the 27th ult. says that Campeachy would declare on the 19th, and that Gen. Basadre and ex-Governor Mendez were there for the purpose, and that the State of Yucatan would be reincorporated into the Republic. The news was expected daily at Vera Cruz via Tabasco.

Señor Cortina had acted as Governor of the State of Mexico, but had been succeeded by Señor Olaqui bel. Gen. Soto had been appointed Governor of Vera Cruz, and Gen. Garcia Conde of Guanajuato.

A decree of the 7th of May, cutting down the salaries of various civil officers, has been annulled.

On the 17th August, \$20,000 were appropriated to

the Mint of Mexico, apparently to recommence operations which had been suspended.

The information as to our fleet and other ships of war off Vera Cruz is not so late as *via Pensacola*.—The telegraph on the castle of San Juan de Ulua appears to do nothing but chronicle the movements of our ships from point to point, but it is kept in full activity by these. The passing of flags of truce is duly noted, but no clue to what is going on under them is afforded. We now recur to such passages in the papers as serve to illustrate the position and designs of Gen. Santa Anna.

There are two documents in the papers unfolding his views. One is a long address to the Mexican nation, dated on the 16th of August; the other his reply to Gen. Salas; dated the 20th. The former is the more voluminous and deserves more attention than the time it was in our possession would allow us to give it. He disavows any selfish, personal ends in returning to the Republic at the call of his countrymen. The objects at which he aims are, he says, the internal peace of the country, the integrity of the national territory, and the formation of a vigorous administration founded upon the free suffrages of the people. He reviews the progress of events in Mexico during his exile. In his forced retirement he saw the country threatened by two great evils—the hostile designs of the United States upon a portion of its territory, and secondly, the scheme of reducing Mexico to the dominion of her old European masters, which he first saw clearly developed in October in a leading journal of Europe [the Times.] He next reviews the administration of Paredes, as it bore particularly on these two questions. He charges him with the neglect of the frontier, and the loss of the battles of the 8th and 9th of May, while he was really plotting the introduction of a monarchy. The late professions of Paredes in favor of a republican system, he denounces as hypocritical and false. He then comes to suggest, in general terms, a remedy for the evils of the country. The true remedy lies, he says, in the removal of the control of minorities.—Hitherto the nation has been governed by small factions; he would have the supremacy of the national will freely expressed, at once put in force. He suggests that the Congress which has been called should be empowered not only to form a constitution for the nation, but that it should have control over every branch of the public administration of general interest which comes within the scope of legislative power, and that the executive power should be exercised in entire subordination to its behests. Until this Congress should meet, he would have the internal administration of the Departments, and the course of the executive governed by the constitution of 1824.

He concludes this long address, the leading ideas of which we have barely alluded to, with recalling that proud day, when at the head of the people and the army he was saluted with the enviable title of the Soldier of the People. He asks to be permitted at this day to resume it, never to be tarnished, and that in this character he may defend until death the liberty and independence of the Republic.

In his reply to Salas on the 20th of August, he reiterates these views in a different form, but without impairing their substance. He accepts the trust which is formally devolved upon him by Salas, and approves of the acts of the latter, especially in sending forward all the troops to Monterey, New Mexico and California, and in summoning a Congress for the 6th of December. These, he says, are the two first wants of the nation, the formation of a constitution for the country, and the purification of the soil of the country from foreign invaders. These ends gained, he will gladly lay down his power. My functions will cease, he says, when I have reestablished the nation in its rights; when I see its destinies controlled by its legitimate representatives, and when I may be able, by the blessing of Heaven, to lay at the feet of the na-

tional representation laurels plucked on the banks of the Sabine—all of which must be due to the force and the will of the Mexican people.

Gen. Salas who had previously ordered the Governors of different Departments to be guided explicitly by the directions of Santa Anna, on the 22d of August, issues a *Bando Nacional*, or edict countersigned by Señor Monasterio, then at the head of the State Department, and addressed to Gen. Cortina, the Governor of the State of Mexico. This edict embodies the views of Santa Anna. The following is a brief synopsis of its provisions.

*First.* Until the new constitution shall be adopted, that of the year 1824 shall be in full force in every particular in which it is not repugnant to the plan of the citadel of Mexico of the 4th August, and in which the present anomalous situation of the country will allow it to apply.

*Secondly.* The functions of the assemblies of the Departments and of the existing councils of Government are thereby declared to be at an end.

*Thirdly.* The present Governors of Departments are to remain in the exercise of their functions and to be known as the Governors of the States.

*Fourthly.*—Governors of new Departments, without constitution, will be regulated by those of the States whose capitals are nearest.

*Fifthly.* As these functionaries have no legitimate title to power, it is declared that they owe their existence to the political movement which is to regenerate the country, and consequently the General-in-Chief can replace them, as may best conduce to the interest of the "movement."

The above is a frame work by which power will be effectually centralized until the new constitution comes into force, but Santa Anna declares that he will hear of "no dictatorship—no arbitrary rule." In anticipation of questions as to his plans, he says emphatically, "I have no plan but to execute the will of the nation." He is to be guided by the constitution of 1824, which is provisionally adopted "that things may not go on at hap-hazard;" but he is to use as little discretion as possible, and the new deputies to Congress are to come charged with every description of power. He will in no manner interfere to affect the result of the elections, or to influence the legislation of the country. [A decree of Salas is alluded to by the papers which particularly protects the electors from the interference of office holders, and from all force or other external influence.]

Thus, then, we see that in resuming power Santa Anna does so with no restrictions save such as are self-imposed. All the addresses of felicitation sent to him, and they are many, speak of his powers as being unlimited to save and defend the country. The address of Gen. Salas devolves upon him explicitly all the rights which the revolution gave to Salas. Santa Anna then may allow his patriotic and his personal motives just such sway as he chooses, and at his pleasure he may avoid responsibility by throwing upon the Congress to meet in December, the solution of every question which may embarrass himself.

The only declarations of his purposes in regard to the war which we have seen we have noted above; the allusion to "the laurels to be won on the banks of the Sabine" is the most pointed. The promulgation of the *Bando* of the 22d was celebrated as the crowning glory of the present revolution. It is the latest mark of the hand of Santa Anna which we can find, save only the organization of the Cabinet formed of Almonte, Rejon, Farias, and Pacheco. Santa Anna writes Salas that he will be in Mexico as soon as his health will allow; his old wounds now giving him much suffering.

Our attention was particularly directed to find something in the papers to show distinctly the position of Santa Anna in the Government of Mexico at present. The above exposition is the result of our labors, but

we had the use of a file of papers for a short time only, and may well have overlooked matters of moment. But to our view, Santa Anna appears to have no other limits to his power for the present than his own sovereign will and pleasure.

**CAPTURE OF SANTA FE BY GEN. KEARNEY.**—An express has arrived at Fort Leavenworth, bringing intelligence of the entrance of Gen. Kearney into Santa Fe, on the 18th ult., without the firing of a gun, or any opposition from the Mexicans whatever. Gen. K. proclaimed himself Governor of New Mexico, and in taking possession of the country, he claimed the whole of it for the United States, without reference to the Rio Grande. He absolved the people from their allegiance to Mexico and Gov. Armiño, and told the friends of those who had fled on his approach to invite them back, as they would be more safe under his administration than they had ever been. The acting Governor and alcaldes then took the oath of allegiance to the United States, which was administered by Gen. Kearney. The same ceremonies were gone through with in taking possession of all other towns. A corps of engineers were engaged about Santa Fe, with a view, it was supposed, of fortifying it.

It would seem that Gen. Armiño had actually 4,000 men at his command, but very badly armed; and that on the 16th they left for the place appointed for the battle ground. When they got there, however, a council of officers was called, and they refused to fight. Gov. Armiño turned his head towards Chihuahua, followed by a few dragoons.

It was supposed that Gen. Kearney would nominate a Mexican for the office of Governor of the department, and appoint an American as Secretary. All those in office, who were thought to be trustworthy, would in all probability, be continued in their places.

Gen. Kearney, it was supposed, would leave a force of 2,000 men in Santa Fe, and march, in a short time, to California with a like number.

**FROM SANTA FE.**—By the arrival last night of the steamer *Little Missouri* from Fort Leavenworth, we have a confirmation of the rumor which reached this city evening before last, that Gen. Kearney had taken possession of Santa Fe without opposition. In addition to this we learn that the Mexicans were fortifying the passes between Santa Fe and Chihuahua, and were preparing to make all the resistance in their power, should the American army determine on penetrating farther into the country. The mail from Santa Fe reached Fort Leavenworth in 28 days, and was brought to this city last evening by the *Little Missouri*.

The steamer *Little Missouri* reached Fort Leavenworth on Saturday, the 19th inst., and conveyed to the new regiment of volunteers assembled there, the first intelligence of their having been recalled. It is said that a large portion of the privates received the news with indifference and some with joy; but it was a sad blow upon the feeling and military aspirations of the officers. The recall reached the fort the day after the election for field officers, which made the disappointment doubly sore to the victorious candidates.

[*St. Louis New Era.*]

**FROM THE PACIFIC.**—Later advices from the Pacific have been received at New York via Pensacola. The following extracts of a letter are published in the Commercial:

MAZATLAN, CALIFORNIA, Aug. 17.

Commodore Sloat, arrived off this port three days ago, in the *Levant*; he remained but one day and then proceeded to Panama, on his way home, leaving Capt. Stockton in command in California, which had all passed quietly into the possession of the American forces.

It is the general belief that this coast will be blockaded by the end of next month. The Warren left here in June, with despatches from the Government for the Commodore, supposed to be orders about a blockade of this coast. When Commodore Sloat left Monterey she had not arrived, but could not have been out more than four or five days after he sailed, so that if Captain Stockton carries those orders into effect his ships will probably be here in September.

The *New York Sun* has received by this arrival letters from Upper California, from the 25th of April to the 1st of July, inclusive. The inhabitants were generally in favor of the United States retaining possession of the country; marriages were becoming frequent; new mines were being discovered, and the busy hum of American industry is waking up the indolent savages on the shores of the great Pacific.

**THE DESPATCHES BY THE U. S. SHIP PRINCETON.**—The *Washington Union*, of the evening of the 22d, does not confirm the rumor that Mexico, in response to the peace proposition from this country, refused to enter into negotiations until the United States land and naval forces should be withdrawn from the territories and harbors of Mexico. The *Union* of that date says—*whatever decision Mexico has made has not yet transpired before the public.*"

#### TENNESSEE ANNIVERSARIES.

The General Association of Tennessee will hold its fifth Annual Meeting at Enon, Rutherford Co., (near the road between Nashville and Murfreesborough,) commencing Saturday before the fourth Lord's day, (the 24th of this month). The Annual Sermon to be preached by R. B. C. Howell, and in case of his failure, by Mat. Hillsman, at 10 o'clock Saturday morning. On the same day at 3 o'clock, P. M., the Annual Sermon before the Publication Society, is to be preached by Mat. Hillsman, and in case of his failure, by A. W. Meacham. The Education, Bible, and Foreign Mission Societies, will hold their Annual meetings at the same time and place. Also a meeting of the Trustees of Union University is called by the President of the Board, for the same time and place. The brethren and friends will please remember and be ready for this great convocation.

#### RECEIPTS

FOR THE BAPTIST UP TO THIS DATE.

Rev. C. C. Tipton, C. Cate, N. Lassater, E. A. Mosely, M. Hillsman, J. Hollis, C. Smith, Dr. L. M. N. Cook, J. Nelson, Mrs. J. Robinson, E. H. Jones, A. Williams, Mrs. J. McFadden, T. Demumbrane, J. Jarnegin, B. G. Lea, E. Howerton, J. D. Battle, G. L. Sandidge, Miss A. Perry, Mrs. M. W. Dickinson, A. L. Stovall, S. Gibson, D. H. Walker.

#### Howell on the Deaconship.

A FEW COPIES, just received and for sale low for cash.

JAMES THOMAS, Depository Agent,  
one door below the City Hotel, Nashville.

Sept. 19, 1846.

