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Protracted and Camp Meetings.

For the Tennessee Baptist.

A Protracted Meeting will be held with the Baptist church at Rutland, commencing on Saturday before the third Sabbath in September next. Ministering brethren are invited to attend.
WM. F. LUCK.

July 13, 1848.

A Camp Meeting will commence at Mount Lebanon, Marshall county, on Friday before the 3d Lord's day, in August.

To each of these meetings the ministering brethren are respectfully invited.
A. W. MEACHAM.

For the Tennessee Baptist.

A protracted meeting will be held with the Church at Hurricane Grove, Bedford county, four miles north of Shelbyville, commencing on Saturday before the 2d Sabbath in August. Ministering brethren are invited to attend.
A Member of the Church.

For the Tennessee Baptist.

The Church at Rock Spring, Rutherford county, Tenn., have appointed a protracted meeting to commence on Saturday, before the second Sabbath in August. The brethren generally ministering brethren in particular are affectionately invited to attend. By order of the Church.
D. A. BLYTHE, CLERK.

There will be a Protracted Meeting held with the Beaver Dam Church, commencing on Friday before the 4th Lord's day in September, (28d.) Ministering brethren in this section are earnestly invited to "come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty," and aid us by their prayers and preaching to build up the walls of Zion in this region. Notice is thus early given to enable the churches to know how to arrange the time of holding their protracted meetings, and the ministering brethren can be with each other at the different meetings.
J. P. ARNOLD.

June 3, 1848.

COTTON PLANT, Miss.,
June 10, 1848.

The Chickasaw Baptist Association will hold its next session with the Academy Church, nine miles south of Ripley, Tippah county, Miss., commencing Friday before the third Sabbath in September next.

There will be a Camp Meeting held at the same time and place, and ministering brethren who can make it convenient to do so, are earnestly solicited to be with us upon that occasion. Done by order of the Church.
W. J. RIDDLE, Clerk.

For the Tennessee Baptist.

The church at Enon, Rutherford county, has appointed a protracted meeting, to commence on Friday before the third Lord's day in September. The brethren, and especially the ministering brethren, are affectionately and earnestly solicited to be with us at that time.
THE CHURCH.

BAPTIST MINISTER IN MEXICO.

A letter from Rev. G. G. Goss, in the Baptist Banner, states that he arrived in the City of Mexico on the 19th of December, having left Vera Cruz on the 26th of November. Mr. Goss, we are informed, is a native of the State of Maine. He is a graduate of Georgetown College, Kentucky, and afterwards became pastor of the Baptist church in Paris, Ky.—He accompanied the Kentucky regiment, under Col. Manlius Thomson, of Georgetown as Chaplain. He writes: "Col. Thomson's regiment is quartered in the Convent of San Bernardo, and Col. Williams' in the Convent of Mercy. In these Convents I preach every Sunday to our troops, and frequently have priests as hearers, though I occupy pulpits once occupied by themselves. I preached the first Baptist sermon ever preached in Mexico, the second Sunday in January, in the Convent of San Bernardo. There are said to be sixty churches, with three thousand priests. Their worship is image worship. They deny the right of marriage to the priesthood; and live in open adultery. Their devotions consist in ceremonies and useless mummeries.

From the Christian Watchman. A FEW CHAPTERS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MEMOIR OF THE REV. JONATHAN STAYSHORT.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Stayshort had no heart to preach a farewell sermon. He had, to be sure, some original ideas which he would gladly have communicated; but they were not exactly congruous to times and circumstances. His successor was to be there immediately, and the day for his installation was appointed. How could he preach his own funeral discourse, while his widowed church were half dressed for the wedding? He retired as quietly as possible from a place where he might have learned much, and probably had learned something of human nature.

After preaching in various places, and almost despairing of success, he ultimately made his third settlement in Beaver Dam, a small manufacturing village, situated on the western branch of Maple river. The church was small and inefficient; indeed, owing to various causes, it was nearly extinct; but the people, aided by the Corporation, were determined to maintain one religious society. They were not scrupulous in regard to creeds or denominations, but they wished, for the reputation of the place, to keep up the form of religious worship; and, having made a subscription, they offered to Mr. S. the situation. He did not much admire the place, and the proposed compensation was uninviting; but he must do something for the support of his wife and children, and the sum offered was better than nothing. He therefore accepted the invitation, chiefly as an alternative. To avoid the repetition of former difficulties, he requested the Committee to give him a written obligation that he should be paid quarterly. They demurred at first, but recollecting that he had engaged for no definite time, and thinking that the risk, divided as it would be among five, must necessarily be small, they consented and gave him the required bond. He hired a small tenement by the month, and immediately took possession. As he did not intend to be permanently located there, and as the people manifested no desire for such a service, he wisely concluded not to be installed.

The population of Beaver Dam were not remarkably intelligent. The owners of the property were, mostly non-resident, and managed the main business of the place through agents who were there or elsewhere according to convenience. The only men of tolerable education were the lawyer and the physician; but as they had no competition in their respective spheres, they had no professional interests to look after in the house of God, and were very infrequent attendants on public worship. Mr. S., therefore, had little apprehension that, with such a people, he should soon exhaust either his literary or theological capital. His acquisitions were considerably above their probable demands.

After preaching a few weeks, and giving pretty general satisfaction, he received a call from an agent of the Moral Reform Society; who had certain books on a certain subject for sale, and was commissioned to obtain subscribers to a certain paper conducted by certain ladies in New York. He had considerable knowledge of human nature, and carried quite a free tongue, so that upon minds of a certain class he seldom failed to make an impression. He had one idea that spread over the entire field of his vision. "He saw no hope for the church or the world, unless a particular vice can be extirpated; and he regarded the pulpit and the press as the main engines which must work its destruction. He obtained the ear and the eye of Mr. Stayshort, and laid before him such statements and pictures as deeply kindled his imagination, and warmed him up to the executive point. The minister saw that he had a "mission" to fulfil; and had he been asked when he should be ready for a start, he would have answered like Ledyard, "to-morrow." His motto was, "Do what you ought, come what may;" but, unfortunately, he sometimes misapprehended the true limits of his own responsibility. "Ought," was too often interpreted by feeling rather than by judgment. Having decided to "go into this matter," and help on the good cause, he not only consented to become a local agent for the aforesaid publications, but resolved to preach on the "important subject." He perceived that this master vice stood directly in the way of the progress of the gospel, and ob-

structed every enterprise of religion and humanity. His thoughts were concentrated upon it, and the more he reflected the more he was determined that his pulpit should not be recreant to the claims of virtue. "This sin," he said, "is the Bohon Upas of the moral world. As my name is Jonathan, it shall be cut down." He knew of no facts relating to it in Beaver Dam; but he was confident that his people ought to be informed respecting its nature and tendencies, and have timely warning of their danger. The one idea filled his mind, and gave a cast to all his prayers; and all his conversation. His wife occasionally intimated that it was "a very delicate subject, and should be touched very prudently," but he uniformly silenced her by saying that he knew his duty and should do it. She saw that he was excited, and beyond the reach of her influence.

After reading several of the publications which the agent had left with him—and they were more than he had read during the preceding year—he could no longer refrain. The fire burned, and must have free air. Accordingly, he gave notice from the pulpit that on the following Sabbath he should preach, all day, from a particular commandment.

The people stared, looked at him, then at each other. Of course, the announcement furnished for the intervening week a subject of busy conjecture and speculating gossip, especially in the mills, crowded with female operatives. "This is pretty well," said they, "for a man who has been here only seven weeks. What does he think he can do?"

The tidings flew widely into the surrounding region, and when the Sabbath came, though some timidly staid away, the house was thronged in every part. Never, before or since, was there such a gathering in Beaver Dam. The minister regarded himself as sustained by a popular demonstration, and his courage was fully up to the fear-nought point. Thus, when passion enters the foregate, wisdom goes out at the postern.

The discourse in the morning was devoted mainly to the discussion of certain physiological questions connected with his subject, and pre-supposed the prohibitory commandment. He had evidently studied more than usual. His illustrations, some of which were rather life-like, were drawn chiefly from the Magdalen Reports of the great Metropolis. Omitting further particulars, it is sufficient to say that he preached what he had prepared. Every picture that he had drawn in retirement, he hung up, a tableau vivant, for the multitude to gaze at, not seeming to doubt that the condemnation of sin would surely follow its exposition. He went straight through with his work. He intended to be very plain, "cut where it might;" and plain enough he certainly was, though he little imagined just where his effort would ultimately "cut." At the close of his discourse, he read a pointed extract from a newspaper, descriptive of the viciousness of manufacturing villages.

Strange indeed were the emotions of that packed and promiscuous audience. They were not remarkably fastidious in their tastes; but when such representations were presented before them, in such a place, on such a day, and by a minister too, they felt unusually queer, and scarcely knew how to demean themselves. As they retired from the house, which had been to them any other than a place of religious associations, the older people looked grave and downcast, the young men giggled, and the young ladies, with locked hands, walked off without looking to the right or the left. In every direction was heard the inquiry,—"Don't you think that was too bad?" "I pitied his wife," was the compassionate remark of more than one who had observed her writhing. Some significantly asked, "Where can Mr. Stayshort have been to learn so much?" Many shrewd guesses and hints were thrown out, that were the seed from which he was to reap the harvest.

In the afternoon, the audience was much reduced. Many said they had heard enough to last them a week, and went to their homes. Others declared there was not a word of gospel in the whole sermon, and they preferred to read their Bibles rather than to hear such stuff. The preacher was disappointed and chagrined to see such a diminution of numbers; but he was determined to go through with his work. His second discourse related to the moral aspects of the subject, and was made up chiefly of references to the precepts, examples and warnings of the Holy Scriptures. Nothing was said that could raise a blush on any innocent cheek, but he uttered some-

truths that would have been considered as personal, had it been supposed that he knew certain characters. The facts were, that in the morning, the modest were offended; in the afternoon the vilest took umbrage.

Only eight weeks had Mr. Stayshort been preaching in Beaver Dam, and the labors of the eighth Sabbath had raised a tempest to which his experience furnished no parallel. Still, however, he kept on preaching, resolved by all means to "fight it out." "Should such a man as I flee?" was one of his texts, and his sermon upon it, showing the rights and duties of a minister, and the importance of a manly independence in the pulpit, contributed to turn the tide a little in his favor. Besides, the Committee, who were personally pledged to him for a quarter's salary, determined to stand by him, at least until the three months were ended.

Mr. Stayshort could not keep the important subject out of his mind. Perhaps he did not make the attempt. If he did, the discussions of the people, and the numerous reports communicated to him by busy bodies, rendered its exclusion very difficult. Probably he was not aware at how many points his hooks were fastened into him. Several had come into his views, and, as he valued whatsoever would illustrate his one great principle, they supplied him copiously with information respecting "cases," in which there was great minuteness of detail. Little mindful of the process that was going on in his own moral nature, he listened to every "confidential" narrative, and, when alone, reflected upon the particulars until the images became distinct and exciting.

Among those who fully embraced the Moral Reform theory, and appeared zealous for its defence, was a single lady, of an indefinite age, who was well known in Beaver Dam as "the school-mistress." She was one of a class whose personal physiognomy and mental characteristics are so generally understood as to require no description. She called frequently at the minister's house to converse on "the subject," and to obtain the latest publications. In her periodical circuits as a tract distributor, she had access to every family, and thus was able to gather up many materials to which he attached special importance. As they were both the advocates of purity, they felt themselves to be perfectly secure, not only from danger, but even from suspicion, and therefore they could talk freely upon any point essential to their enterprise.

Unfriended indeed is he who has no friend bold enough to warn him of his perils. Mrs. Stayshort had entire confidence in her husband, and yet she secretly doubted whether, in these frequent and protracted interviews, there might not be some appearance of evil. There was something about this visitor which she did not fancy. It might be wrong to judge her unfavorably, though the discerning wife; but when she saw a lack of delicacy in speech, how could she avoid an unfavorable impression? She could not summon courage to admonish her husband to be careful; but he probably interpreted her views from a single remark which she made, as if casually, that "a woman who is deficient in modesty, is accessory to the murder of innocence."

Gradually the familiarity of these reformers increased, until the matter became a topic of remark among the neighbors. One day they walked out together, and called at a house of questionable repute, for the purpose of making an effort to reform certain wrongdoers. This fact was noted, and added to other indefinite items that were already afloat. *Fama volat.* Scandal has wings, and a report gained rapid currency that vitally affected the minister's reputation. The factories and boarding houses were like bee-hives in the sunshine—all buzz. Mr. Stayshort was frightened. He knew himself to be innocent of crime; but he saw that he had trodden up near to a most perilous verge, and given occasion for suspicion. His wife, depressed like a bulrush, gave herself to grief and tears. She was too much overcome to utter what she thought, that he who follows his own advice, must take the consequences.

Evils brought upon ourselves are the most difficult to be borne. What to do, the unhappy man knew not. The rumor was abroad, doing its fearful work, and, as gossiping and lying go hand in hand, he was the victim of many a fool falsehood. He could deny the truth of the flying calumny, but that would avail little, for many were predisposed to believe it, and he had, by imprudence, given it a coloring of plausibility. "There," said one, "did I not tell you, when he preached those sermons, that he knew a thing or two?" "I thought," said a second, "that some-

how or other it would come out so." "I rather guess," remarked a third, "he is not guilty, after all; but it is good enough for him. Those who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

Mr. Stayshort mounted his horse at early dawn, and rode over to Strother's Gap, to confer with the Rev. Mr. Mortimer, a man of great probity, wisdom and kindness. Mr. S. had often spoken unkindly of him, as "twenty years behind the age," as "an obstacle to revivals," and as "a preacher on no spirituality;" but now that he is in difficulty, he can think of no one so capable of advising him, or so likely to do him a favor, as Mr. Mortimer. While on his way across the hills, he had a variety of reflections. "How," thought he, "am I to interpret the providence of God in these troubles?" He had somewhere read that "censure is the tax a man pays the public for being eminent," and he would gladly have made the application to himself, but he was not quite convinced of his title to the consolation.

Mr. Mortimer received him very kindly, and heard with candor the statements which he made with great fullness and particularity. Mr. S. remembered that he had spoken ungenerously of his senior brother, and was urged by conscience to confess his wrong; but, inferring from the manner of Mr. M., that he had no knowledge of the slanderous expressions, he concluded not to be his own accuser. Mr. M. was by no means so ignorant as Mr. S. supposed; but he was too magnanimous to require the sufferer to humble himself before him as a condition of favor, and therefore he treated him as if he had ever been just and respectful. "My advice to you," he said, "is to invite a Council forthwith, and have the matter investigated. If you are proved innocent, I will stand by you to the last. But it will take time to remove the stain of such an imputation, however clearly its falsity and malignity may be shown. You will have to be doubly prudent hereafter. A stumble has often prevented a fall."

The distressed man had heard of Councils, and dreaded exceedingly the scrutiny through which he must pass. "How humiliating!" he said to himself, "how mortifying! I set out with the determination to make a page on my own page; but this is not exactly the page which I wish posterity to read." He was convinced that he had indeed been meddling with "a very delicate subject," in a wrong way, and with a wrong spirit. The philosophy of his whole difficulty was simple and obvious. But the issue must be met, and he must prepare for it. Calling together the remnant of a church, he requested them to unite with him in convoking a Council. But they received the proposition with coldness. He had never joined their body, but kept his certificate of membership in his pocket. Properly, he was still a member of the Derryfield Church, and he must go where he belonged, to find helpers and seek redress.

"O, trouble upon trouble!" exclaimed the suffering man. He could not think of carrying the question to Derryfield. The matter must be investigated at Beaver Dam, or he must be ruined. He then opened his case to the lawyer of the town, who advised him to prosecute some of the calumniators for libel. At first, this suggestion struck him favorably; but it soon occurred to him that the libellers, though numerous, could not easily be identified, and he had no friends to help him in selecting the more malicious perpetrators. Besides, he shrunk with instinctive dread from the ordeal of a justice's court, where the counsel for the defendants might be a remorseless blackguard. "No," said he to himself as he walked slowly home, "I'll go to Texas first. No lawyer shall have the handling of me."

His final conclusion was, to call a Council upon his own responsibility. He therefore sent letters to all the neighboring churches, except those of Poverty Hollow and Derryfield. Here was a mistake into which he was led by personal feelings. By omitting those two churches, he left ground for the suspicion that they knew more about his character than would be compatible with his safety in a Council where they might be represented; and the fact was used against his prejudice.

The Council was permitted to assemble in the meeting-house, and Mr. Stayshort invited all the people to attend, and bring any testimony they might have, either for or against him. He supposed the excitement was so great as to insure a crowded house, and, as he was confident of acquittal, he wished the whole town to witness his triumph. "How great, then, was his disappointment, when, upon the organ-

ization of the Council, he could not count twenty spectators! The people were all busy about their own affairs, and cared very little for Mr. Stayshort, or any other minister. The trial was likely to be a farce; but it must proceed. He made a lengthened and minute statement of the case. His wife testified in his favor, and so, of course, did the school mistress. The Moderator then inquired if there was any opposing testimony, and none answered. An aged man was present, who showed some signs of interest in the proceedings; and the question was proposed to him, whether he knew any evidence against Mr. S. "Not that I know of," was his reply. "I dare say he has done nothing very bad, and if he will go far enough off, he'll probably get over it in time."

The Council, after a little deliberation, decided that in their opinion he was innocent of the great transgression, and gave him a certificate of their confidence in him as a minister in good standing.

As a matter of course, he could not remain at Beaver Dam. He had not preached there for two Sabbaths—he could not preach there at all. The Committee paid him to his full satisfaction, and released him from all further obligations. The people, however, kept the cruel rumors in motion, and pronounced the investigation of the Council all a sham. The lawyer, piqued by the loss of "a case," hinted rather unkindly, that the accused was afraid of justice, and had packed a Council no better than himself. So industriously had the scandalous reports been spread and magnified, and so fearful were many that they might have some foundation in truth, that Mr. Stayshort had little hope of a happy settlement in any part of that region. A stain had been punctured into his reputation, and would inhere perhaps through life. Poor man! what should he, what could he do?

He took his family and moveables, and went to his father's. The report, somewhat exaggerated, of his troubles at Beaver Dam, had preceded him, and occasioned much solicitude; but he was, nevertheless, received with open arms. His brothers were both married and settled on farms of their own, so that his parents were quite solitary, and, having a plenty of house-room, they gladly gave him, his wife, and three children a home.

Miscellaneous.

THE MISSIONARY OF PRISONS.

By Mrs. L. Maria Child.

It is but a few years since the attention of Miss D. L. Dix was arrested by the condition of prisoners, particularly of those who are insane. Years of unremitting industry as a teacher, and agency for a deceased relative, had given her a compass sufficient for her simple mode of life. She might have rested, after her long-continued toil, and carried with her, into honored retirement, the consciousness of innumerable acts of kindness, bestowed upon the faithful performed. "But I felt," says she, "that I had no right to live for myself alone; that there was much work to be done in the world, and there must be something for me to do. While I was young and full of myself, what is my appointed mission? I was led into the prison-houses of the land, and soon saw that my work was there."

And bravely is she performing her heavenly mission. "Giving alone in cold and storm; expending her income, her energies, and her health; witnessing scenes of degradation and filth, exceedingly revolting to the fastidious delicacy of her character, and continually brought into contact with mental and physical suffering, agonizing to her compassionate heart."

I inquired whether the amount of good accomplished had, so far, equalled her expectations. "She said it had; and that her faith in the power of kindness, over the insane and vicious, had been more than confirmed. Among the hundreds of crazy people, with whom her sacred mission has brought her into companionship, she has not found one individual, however fierce and turbulent, that could not be calmed by Scripture and prayer, uttered in low and gentle tones. The power of the religious sentiment over these abandoned souls appears perfectly miraculous. The worship of a quiet, loving heart, affects them like a benediction. Their tears and groaning, gradually subside into silence, and they fall on their knees, or gaze upward with clasped hands, as if they saw through the opening darkness a golden gleam from the Father's throne of love."

On one occasion this missionary of mercy was earnestly cautioned not to approach a raving man. He pulled frightfully, day and night, rent his garments, plucked out his hair, and was so violent that it was supposed he would murder any one who withstood him. Miss Dix seated herself at a little distance, and, without appearing to notice him, began to read, with a serene countenance and gentle voice, certain passages of scripture filled with the spirit of tenderness. His shouts gradually subsided, until at last he became perfectly still. When she passed, he said meekly, "Read me some more; it does me some good." And when, after a prolonged season of worship, she said, "I must go away now," he eagerly replied, "No you cannot go. God sent you to me, and you must not go." By kind words, and a promise to come again, she finally obtained permission to depart. "Give me your hand," said she. She gave it, and smiled upon him. The wild expression of his mad countenance softened to tearfulness, as he said, "You treat me right. God sent you."

On another occasion she had been leading some twenty or thirty maniacs into worship, and seeing them all quiet as lambs gathered into the Shepherd's fold, and prepared to go forth to other duties. In leaving the room, she passed an insane young man, with whom she had had several interviews. He stood with hands clasped, and a countenance of the deepest reverence. With a friendly smile she said, "Have you any work to-day?" "Hush! hush!" replied he, sinking his voice to a whisper, and gazing earnestly on the space around him. "Hush! there are angels with you. They have given you their voice, and you will not lose it." But let the formalist suppose that he can work such miracles as these in the professed name of Jesus. Vain is the Scripture of the prayer repeated by rote. "They must be the most utterance of a heart overflowing with love, for to such only do the angels 'lead their voices.'"

TENNESSEE BAPTIST.

Nashville, August 2, 1848.

Protracted meetings are now being held throughout the country. We solicit our brethren to give us information of results, especially if they are gratifying.

We understand that our University at Murfreesborough closed its session the other day, with about a hundred students; that the Junior exhibition held on the occasion was attended by very large crowds, and that the young gentlemen, in their examinations and speeches, "won golden opinions from all sorts of people." Our school is progressing magnificently. Will not some one write us on the subject.

We clip two letters this week from the Indian Advocate, one from sister Potts, and the other from brother Kottis. They will both be found replete with interest.

We learn with great pleasure, from Bro. Davidson, the superintendent, that there is prevailing at present a revival of religion, in the colored mission of our city, conducted by the First Baptist church. Several have professed religion, and the prospect of much good is very flattering.

The following from the Alabama Baptist, lets us into a secret. We observed that Dr. Baker had retired from the Index, but had no conception as to his reasons. He is an able writer, a good man, and we regret his loss to the editorial fraternity.

We should have noticed, several weeks ago that our highly esteemed friend, the able and distinguished Editor of the Christian Index, the Rev. J. S. Baker, has resigned the editorship of that paper. This we deeply regret, as on other accounts, so also, because his place cannot be easily supplied. We regret it the more, because he has been constrained to retire from the position he has so long and so ably filled, on account of unkind treatment, received from those from whom he had a right to expect better things.

Those who patronize a religious paper, ought to be extremely tender, with the feelings of their Editor; they know not the thousandth part of what he has to endure under the most favorable circumstances. And especially so, when he is laboring to promote, not so much his own welfare, as that of the general good. Deal tenderly with your servant.

Communications.

For the Tennessee Baptist.

BROTHER VERITAS.

I am not now prepared to say to you all that I wish to say, still by the permission of our brethren, through the Baptist, I will say a few things as an introduction to an acquaintance, for as yet I presume we are strangers, and surely my brother you are a stranger to most of the great family with whom we stand connected. For alas do I dream, or do I really see you zealously employed laying the step-stone to a mixed communion. Can such a thing as that be desirable. Let me show you a case in this theory. In the town of Lexington, West Tennessee, there resides a little family that claims to be a branch (I suppose of ancient renown) and you know nothing is more natural than for branches to run together. Now these philanthropic souls spread their table some weeks ago, and nobly, yea most generously invited all Christians to partake with them; and behold the old mother herself, had two children present, (Scotlanders, who are good, industrious, honest people, as far as I know,) but shamefully addicted to the painful habit of hard swearing. These however, cordially accepted the invitation of their sister, and actually took tea with their relations, in full view of the whole congregation. Now brother Veritas, suppose that every Baptist in Alabama and Tennessee should just admit that persons dipped in this school should be worthy members of the Baptist church, on application, which by the bye, will never be, while a majority have off in their vessels with their lamps. Do you not see that the above ease might occur in our communion whenever a majority prevailed, and how soon would our communion be crowded with a flock like Jacob's cattle, ring streaked, spotted and brown, for if their immersion be baptism then are they church members and subjects of the kingdom, and consequently have a right in common with all others to the privilege of God's house. For surely you would not pretend that the mere act of enrolling their names on our church books would be the procuring cause; then if you admit one, others may claim the same right, and as what a flood of heterodox heterogeneous hotch-potch creatures, some Methodist, some Presbyterians, Episco-

pals, Campbellites, Mormons, Dunkards, Lutherans and Catholics, good Lord what a mess. And you know branches widen out as they advance, all sects are beginning to immerse; if one is valid why not another, and once admit that others, though not a regular Baptist minister, may dip and we will acknowledge it valid, then where is your boundary line? But never, O never call in question cases of the dead or of absolute necessity, as in the case of Roger Williams. We are not accountable for the acts and doings of the dead, we can never regulate and set in order the work of gone by generations. It is not required of any according to that which he hath not, but according to that which he hath; we have the ordinances, we have the word of God, we have the example of Christ and his apostles, we have the ministers, now no necessity for departure can be plead now this caviol of former necessity or ignorance may be healed and the body saved, healthy and sound, but like an old ulcer, let it run on a half century more, and amputation would be the only remedy. O Lord, direct us and save us from all evil. I seek no quarrel with you, Bro. Veritas, or with any other brother holding similar sentiments, nor with Pedoes, or the persons dipped by Pedoes, for these I have truly a christian sympathy, and as an old friend and brother would admonish them to keep back no part of the price; the door of the church is open, seek not to come in by any other way, when married to Christ, let the sacrament belegal according to God's own appointment. Be not a speckled bird amongst the birds of the forest. I want that Baptist to be consistent, uniform and orthodox, in a word that Baptists be Baptists.

And now I have one word for Bro. Fidos, (with his views I heartily accord) and Bro. Waller, or any other bro. who may please to give an expression of their views on this subject, that they no more use those poisoned or sarcastic quills, but gently take one from the dove and blow it in love, remembering that they are brethren, for verily, verily, I conceive this to be a grave and important question with the present generation; and as one do most candidly affirm that I cannot, as a christian, believe that ordinarily there can be any baptism without a regular Baptist minister in good standing and full fellowship with the church, he alone can give him the authority to administer this ordinance; indeed I consider it an act of the church by her servant or officer.

The why and wherefore for this opinion I may give at some future time, if it should seem necessary. Brethren, be of one mind, live in peace and the God of love and peace shall be with you.—2 Cor. xiii. ii. Believe me your affectionate brother in Christ,
E. COLLINS.

For the Tennessee Baptist.

I am much pained to inform you, (if you do not already know it,) of the death of Mr. DAVID DICKINSON. He died on Saturday night the 21st, shortly after midnight. Though suffering much for weeks preceding his death, when the hour at last came, he expired softly and without a struggle. Funeral services were performed by Rev. Mr. Egleton, and he was buried, on Sunday morning, in the family graveyard.
D. D. W.

A GREAT EVENT.

The conversion of a sinner to God, is an event never to be forgotten. It is an era in eternity; it is registered in heaven.—Robert Hall.

DEATH.

He that is well prepared for the Great Journey, cannot enter on it too soon for himself, though his friends will weep for his departure.—Couper.

PRAYER.

It is not the length, but the strength of prayer, that is required; not the labor of the lip, but the avail of the heart that prevails with God. "Let thy words be few," as Solomon says, but full and to the purpose.—Spencer.

PROGRESS OF THE SOUL.

We wonder indeed, when we are told that one day we shall be as the angels of God. I apprehend that as a great wonder has been realized already on the earth. I apprehend that the distance between the mind of Newton and a Hottentot, may have been as great as between Newton and an angel. There is another view still more striking. This Newton, who lifted his calm, sublimed eye to the heavens, and read among the planets and the stars the great law of the material universe, was, forty or fifty years before, an infant, without one clear conception, and unable to distinguish his nurse's arm from the pillow on which he slept. Howard, too, who under the strength of all-sacrificing benevolence, explored the depth of human suffering, was, forty or fifty years before, an infant, wholly absorbed in himself, grasping at all he saw, and almost breaking his little heart with fits of passion when the idliest toy was withheld. Has not man already traversed as wide a space as separates him from angels?

LETTER FROM SISTER LUCRETIA A. POTTS, OF ARMSTRONG ACADEMY.

ARMSTRONG ACADEMY,
June 30, 1848.

Dear Sir:—I am always gratified to receive intelligence from missions. Letters written by persons occupying these important fields of labor, are read with eagerness and delight, and are conducive both to profit and pleasure. Judging others by myself in this instance, I now attempt to address my honored patron, the Corresponding Secretary.

I have known that it is a regulation of the Board that every laborer engaged in their service should write occasionally, but I have hitherto excused myself, believing that the brethren at the stations would make all necessary reports.

My health has been for many years so feeble that I could do but little for the mission; this has been a source of affliction. In the mean time I have done what I could, and greatly desired perfect health that I might labor more efficiently. Mr. Potts enjoys comfortable health. Besides the general superintendance of the Institution, he labors on the farm and attends to his ministerial duties.

Miss Chenoweth is now well and appears truly devoted to the mission. Our Sabbath school is well attended, of which she is a faithful teacher. Mr. Jones is well and apparently pleased with his situation.

The Academy is in a prosperous condition, and continues to be taught by our faithful and accomplished teacher Mr. Brown, who is uniting in his exertions to promote education and knowledge both moral and religious.

We have interesting meetings on the Sabbath; two have united to the church by baptism recently. One was a Catholic woman. I am always happy to attend a baptismal scene, but more especially when the candidate is a female.

There is something so appropriate in our holy religion for all the imbecility of our nature and trials of life. The present instance was touchingly impressive; a heaven-like serenity beamed upon her countenance which plainly evinced the calmness and composure that reigned within. She had found a friend, a solace, on which to repose in the dark hours of affliction. I wept, but they were tears of joy that females are permitted to listen to Gospel truths, and are led by the holy spirit to obey its precepts. Each bank of the stream was covered "with a cloud of witnesses." I felt as if I could take no denial, but that all must come to a knowledge of the truth as it is presented to us in the Gospel.

Knowing that every department of Armstrong Academy is in a prosperous condition, I am anxious to extend our operations. I desire much that a school for females should be located in this vicinity, which shall be under the influence of the Baptist Denomination, and patronized by our Board at Louisville. Are there not many who would willingly aid in this work of benevolence?

We have been deeply affected by the death of Bro. Islands. Although he has left us, yet his memory is embalmed in many a christian heart. Yes, he is gone, his Savior called him home from earth to heaven. In the bright morn of spring

When she comes forth her beauties to unfold;
When soft the winged warblers cheer the vale;
And nature wears its garb of rich attire.
From these enchanting scenes we turn aside,
To watch the dying moments of a friend.

A Watchman now expires on Zion's walls.
There on the couch of death he prostrate lies,
Long days and nights of painful, dire disease
With patient resignation he endured;
His feeble pulse grows weaker; that voice
Which breathed

Sweet music to the ear is silent now
On earth, but wakes a sweeter strain in heaven.

FROM BRO. POTTS, OF ARMSTRONG ACADEMY.

I am truly glad to hear that at last there is a prospect of our getting help. I hope we will not again be disappointed. Our duties are sufficiently onerous here without travelling, neither will our situations admit of it. In consequence of the failure of my wife's health, Mr. Jones had to go into school, which throws, in a great measure, all the outdoor business of the institution upon me; consequently I shall not be able to do any thing saving in our immediate vicinity. It will be necessary for us to continue this arrangement, as I think it the best we can make, preferable to our getting another teacher. The school is now in a very prosperous condition, numbering 60. Our crop consists of 20 acres of wheat (which was commenced harvesting yesterday) 52 acres corn, 5 acres sweet and Irish potatoes, and about 2 acres of beans, melons, beets, and &c.; all looking well and in good order. The labor on the farm is done entirely by the boys.

On Sabbath 21st inst. I baptized one young man, and next Sabbath I hope to baptize several more. Some of our Choctaw brethren have established a school 4 miles from this place, which is taught by a Choctaw every Saturday and Sabbath, in the Choctaw language. It numbers about 35 male and female.

We might have established several had we had the means, but others have done it. We have to contribute to the support of this one. We hope good will result from it.
RAMSEY D. POTTS.

From the Western Baptist Review.

GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON; BY LIDDELL & SCOTT.

A standard Lexicon of the Greek Language has long been a great desideratum among the admirers of the richest, the most beautiful, and most exact of all languages. The Greek and English Lexicon of Messrs. Liddell & Scott is one of acknowledged excellence, and has been welcomed by Greek scholars in England and the United States as a production most happily adapted to the wants of the age. But the high price of the English edition has prevented its extensive circulation in the schools and colleges of this country.

To obviate this difficulty, an American edition has been published under the supervision of Mr. Drisler, of New York, at less than half the cost of the English edition. Had Mr. Drisler simply given us a faithful copy of the Lexicon of those learned gentlemen of Oxford, we should have been under lasting obligations to him for his efforts to throw additional charms around the language of classic Greece, by securing in our country a wider circulation of this valuable work. But, much to the regret of many lovers of sound learning and admirers of the language of Homer, Plato and Demosthenes, in all its purity, he has chosen to publish it "with corrections and additions," and although he has pretended to give such indications of these "corrections and additions" as will make them obvious at a glance, yet sometimes they are so left, that a comparison with the original is the only means by which they can be detected. But the English edition is so rarely to be met with, that the majority of inquirers after truth must find themselves in the most unpleasant state of uncertainty, being in doubt whether they are following those ripe scholars of England or Mr. Drisler of New York. This state of things is greatly to be lamented, as this Lexicon will probably take the place of all others. It is, surely, most desirable for students to know in all cases upon whose authority they are relying.

My special object, however, in this communication, is to call the attention of Baptists to a fact connected with this Lexicon, which is of vital importance to the cause of truth, and which, if permitted to pass unnoticed, may, at some time, be used as a triumphant argument against the practice of baptism by immersion. The Baptists should ever be on the look-out; for the supporters of those traditions which have found a lodgment in the bosom of the church, are leaving no means untried, in order that they may sustain the tottering and baseless fabric of infant sprinkling.

In the definitions of the Greek word *baptizo*, the Lexicon of Messrs. Liddell and Scott is entirely favorable to the practice of immersion, and in this respect conforms to the many able Lexicons which have preceded it. But alas for the cause of truth and common honesty, Mr. Drisler, of New York, has (very modestly and innocently) added, among his "corrections and additions," a new definition to *baptizo*, and, with the utmost gravity and self-complacency, has told us that it means—*"to pour upon."*

In the original there is no definition allied to this, and Mr. Drisler has added this new one to suit the favorite cause which he wishes to maintain, without giving to the student the least intimation that it is the production of his own sectarian feelings and biased intellect, and not the definition of Messrs. Liddell and Scott.

Mr. Drisler doubtless supposed that this artful expedient of his would pass unnoticed, and that in future discussions the learned and able scholars of Oxford would be quoted against the "ignorant, illiterate and bigoted" Baptists! Little did we think that such a course would be pursued by the "intelligent, educated and liberal" Pedobaptists! But judging of the future by the past, we may expect to see in subsequent editions such definitions, as these appended to *baptizo*, viz: "to wash in any way; to pour upon, to sprinkle"—sounds most mellifluous to the opponents of eternal truth and the advocates of error. But truth will prevail, and all such subtleties of lies will be swept away. Let those who would preserve the word of God in all its purity, guard well their rights and suffer no unfair advantages to be taken. Let them watch every mode of attack, gird well their armor, contend valiantly for their cause, and the time will come when a glorious victory shall be theirs, and when human traditions, voluntary blindness and sectarian prejudices shall no longer misguide and bewilder the minds of men.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred and crooked oak will tell of these for centuries to come. How forcibly does this beautiful figure teach the lesson of giving right instead of wrong tendencies to the mind.

From the Albany correspondent of the Reflector and Watchman.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 7, 1848.
While your paper is so often enriched with the correspondence of your friends in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and other prominent points of observation, it may not be out of place to report progress from this, the oldest city in the Union. In so doing, it would give me great pleasure to inform your readers that extensive revivals were in progress in all our churches; but though this cannot be said, we must not 'despise the day of small things,' nor be unmindful of small mercies. Churches are not always the most prosperous while receiving large accessions;—a growth in grace is as quite essential as the increase of numbers. In times of revival, when, as Dr. Goings used to say, 'the great barn doors of the church are thrown wide open,' then it is that churches should rejoice indeed, but with trembling.

But some of our churches here, have indeed reason to thank God and take courage. The Pearl Street Church, (Bro. Welch's) though a large and wealthy body, has for years been embarrassed with a debt upon their house of worship, to the amount of \$12,000, besides unpaid interest to the amount of \$1,500 more. This was no small sum to be raised in such a crisis in money matters, as has been felt this spring. But it has been done. The pastor, a few Sabbaths ago, announced that for the first time since the organization of the church, his congregation that day worshipped in a house that was their own, and that a consummation, which one year ago he did not expect to live to see, had that day been realized. The effect of the removal of that incubus upon the spirits of both pastor and people, has been most happy. (Brethren abroad! if you want to make your pastor preach one hundred per cent. better than ever before, just go to work and pay off all the debts upon the church, and see if that effect won't follow! Try the experiment.)

Last Sabbath was to us a day of interest. The Pearl Street church was crowded to excess to witness the baptism of Rev. Thomas Armitage, the highly esteemed pastor of the Washington Street Methodist church in this city. Mr. A. is a young man of good talents, and was much respected by the Methodist denomination, both here and elsewhere. The relation of his experience and change of views, before the church with which he has now united, was clear and satisfactory. On Sabbath evening last, he preached to a crowded audience from the text—'Earnestly contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.' The discourse, besides being a complete vindication of his course, in leaving a denomination in which he has been a preacher for twelve years, and whose order he could no longer fellowship, was also a sound argument in favor of immersion as the only mode of Christian baptism, and a clear exposition of the folly of holding on to that relic of Romanism—infant sprinkling. It is but proper to add that there are other points besides baptism, on which Mr. A. cannot agree with the Methodists. In a word, he is a Baptist. This affair has made no small stir among the people. God grant that it may tend to promote the cause of truth.

Speaking of Bro. Welch, reminds me of an anecdote in relation to him, that may bear repeating. It may serve as a caution to those who are getting above the simplicity of the gospel. He was spending a Sabbath in New York, and at the morning service, attended as a hearer in the church where he was to preach in the evening. At the close of the service, the preacher said in a somewhat pompous manner that he had the pleasure of announcing that 'the Reverend Doctor Welch, of Albany, would occupy the desk in the evening.' Of course, Bro. W. heard this, and turning to the friend who accompanied him, with a most peculiar expression of countenance, slowly repeated, 'Reverend Doctor Welch, what a mouthful! Why couldn't he just as well say, 'Brother Welch'—Sure enough! What title is more honorable or expressive than that of Brother? In the hour of death and in the eternal world, how empty these worldly titles will appear. I was agreeably surprised on visiting the Albany Rural Cemetery recently, to observe that of all the numerous monuments of the rich and the great in that beautiful resting-place of the dead, not one I saw had any title whatever attached to the name thereon. I think there is not a monument among them all, that has even that common handle to names, 'Esq.' upon it. This is as it should be. Death reduces all men to one common level;—how absurd then to endeavor to perpetuate in the abode of death, the pride of life. I like that plain, simple 'Spurzhelm' monument in Mount Auburn. The simple name alone is enough to perpetuate the memory all who are really worth remembering. Howard, Washington, and Franklin have the best monuments, the epitaphs of which are graven upon the hearts of their fellow creatures.

SICKNESS.

The average sickness of human life has been computed at two years in every seventy or about ten days per annum. Before forty years of age, it is but half, but after that epoch it increases rapidly and in a continually progressing ratio, till the close of life.

NOBLY DONE.

The Indian Advocate says that the Juvenile Female Sewing Society of the 1st Baptist church, of Louisville, Ky., composed of ten or twelve little girls, paid to their Treasurer a few days since, sixty dollars; it being but a part of the proceedings of their industry of the last six months. They intend to double this amount before the year closes.

HARSHNESS IN CHARITY.

We often accompany our alms with such harshness towards the unfortunate

object in holding out the hand of success—we show them a countenance so harsh and stern—that a simple refusal would have been less heart-rending to them than charity which is so withering and savage; for pity which seems to sympathize with the sorrows of the unfortunate, consoles them almost as much as the liberality which is their success.

We ought to have inserted the following prospectus before, but failed to do so. We most heartily wish the enterprise full success, and shall do all in our power to forward its interests.
PROSPECTUS.

The subscriber proposes to issue, commencing in Jan'y, 1849, a monthly, or quarterly publication, to be called the *Southern Baptist Review*. The object is to supply an obvious and universally admitted want of the denomination in the Southern States, by furnishing a Repository for that form of religious and literary composition, which is not suited to periodicals of a more miscellaneous, and less durable character. It will embrace Reviews, Criticisms, Essays on theological and scientific subjects, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Discussions, Statistical documents, Literary notices, &c., &c., &c. It will consist mainly, or if practicable, entirely, of original articles, the interest of which will depend chiefly on the editor's success in eliciting the efforts of our best Southern writers. It is thought that it should occupy a sort of middle ground between the scholastic stiffness of our Northern Quarterlies, and the common place familiarity of our weekly newspapers. In short, it is designed to be such a publication as will suit the taste and capacities of ministers, and the more refined and literary classes of our people in general;—being sufficiently theological to satisfy the pious, and sufficiently scientific to engage the attention of the more literary reader.

The proposed publication will be issued in the usual pamphlet form, printed on good paper, and executed in such a manner as will be creditable to the Southern press. Whether it shall be issued quarterly, or monthly, will depend on the wishes of its patrons, as they may be expressed prior to the time of publication. Our own impressions are in favor of a monthly issue—and we presume that this will be the decision of the general voice. If monthly, each number will contain 40 pages; and if quarterly, 120 pages;—in either case the number of pages furnished in a year will be 480. The price to subscribers will be two dollars per annum, payable in advance—a reasonable discount being made to local and voluntary agents.

Those who are favorable to the proposed publication, will please forward their names with such others as they can conveniently procure, any time prior to January next—the sooner the better. Payment will be expected on the receipt of the first number. We have no fears, as to the success of the undertaking, provided we can succeed in eliciting such contributions as we know our Southern friends can furnish, and such as may be necessary to make the publication what such a work ought to be.
T. MEREDITH.
Raleigh, N. C., July 1, 1848.

SOMETHING OF A CURIOSITY.

A short time ago, there was found at Kittanning, Armstrong Co., Pa., a gun barrel, in the trunk of a hemlock tree, the barrel passing through the tree nearly horizontally, and almost grown in. The barrel was a little more than three feet in length. It had a square breech and fluted to the muzzle, which is also what is called 'belt-muzzled'—differing from any style of gun now in use, or which has been used within the recollection of the 'oldest inhabitant.' It had the appearance of being an elegantly finished article, its sights being gold, and breech pin pure silver. How it came there, and how long it has been there are the questions which elicit solution. It must have been lost or left there before the tree commenced its growth; but how long before, and by whom no one can tell or surmise. The age of the tree, judging from the number of grains in it, on either side of the heart, is 110 years, and yet, strange to say, the gun bore but very slight evidences of rust or decay. When found the breech was just above the surface of the ground, and the muzzle slightly imbedded in the earth. It was loaded with a ball.

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Ladies' Department.

LADY ARABELLA JOHNSON.
The lady Arabella Johnson, daughter of the earl of Lincoln, accompanied her husband in the embarkation of Winthrop; and, in honor of her, a ship, on that occasion, was named by her name. She died in a short time after her arrival, and was buried near the neighboring Indian stone, or other memorial, in some exact place; but tradition has preserved it with a holy reverence. The branch of her excellence is yet all our thoughts; and many a kindles with admiration of her and many a bosom heaves with her untimely end.

What, indeed, could be more moving than the fate of such a woman? What example more striking than of uncompromising affection and Born in the lap of ease, and surrounded by affluence; with every privilege which could make hope gay, and tune desirable; accustomed to splendors of a court, and the less splendid hospitalities of her paternal home; she was yet content with what has, not inaptly, been called "this paradise of plenty and pleasure—a wilderness of wants," and a fortune superior to the delicate her rank and sex, to trust herself to an unknown ocean and a distant shore that she might partake, with her band, the pure and spiritual world of God.

To the honor, to the eternal her sex, be it said, that in the duty, no sacrifice is with them too dear. Nothing is with them possible, but to shrink from what honor, innocence, religion, The voice of pleasure or of power pass by unheeded; but the voice of fiction never. The chamber-sick, the pillow of the dying, of the dead, the altars of religion missed the presence or the smiles of woman. Timid though and so delicate that the winds of heaven may not too roughly visit such occasions she loses all danger, and assumes a preternatural courage, which knows not, and not consequences. Then she daunts difficulties, nor evades that resignation, which utters murmur nor regret; and that in suffering, which seems to even over death itself.

The lady Arabella perished noble undertaking, of which she had the ministering angel; and spread universal gloom through colony. Her husband was over-whelmed with grief at the unexpected and survived her but a single day. Governor Winthrop has pronounced his eulogy in one short sentence: "was a holy man, and wise, and a sweet peace."

He was truly the idol of the and the spot selected by him his own sepulchre became conspicuous in their eyes; so that many left dying request, that they might be buried by his side. Their request was granted; and the Chapel burying in Boston, which contains his remains, became, from that time, appropriate to the repose of the dead. The best tribute to this excellent that time, which, with so unsparing band, consigns statesmen, and even sages, to oblivion, embalmed the memory of their worth preserved it among the choicest England relics. It can scarcely be forgotten, but with the annual country.

ARREST OF COL. HUGHES.

We learn from the *Wa News*, that this officer was arrested that city on Friday, and gave the sum of ten thousand dollars next Circuit Court to the clerk, *et cetera*, and false imprisonment of John T. Davis, a soldier belonging to the District, serving in Mexico.—*Balt. Sun*

PAPER MAKING.

It is no uncommon thing for our paper merchants to sell paper were to-day, that was cotton-terday. A better illustration of power of steam could not be of the progress of the age. are placed in the duster, thence conveyed to the trough where in some kinds of papering is mixed with the pulp, these vats the paper passes over rollers, and finally between mensesly heavy rollers, which the glazed surface, and it is folded, packed and sent to Road; all in the course of a few The telegraph enables New-chants to order paper in Massachusetts at any moment, and receive turns, manufactured, and even by the next steamer.

GOOD HUMOR.

Let us cherish good humor. Christian cheerfulness. Let us endeavor to shake off that sultriness makes us so uneasy to ourselves to all who are near to us. Felled the perturbations of by the use of his harp; and music calmed the distracted

TERMS OF THE Tennessee Baptist... The Tennessee Baptist is published weekly...

From the Christian Watchman. A FEW CHAPTERS FROM UNPUBLISHED MEMOIRS OF THE REV. JONATHAN S. SHORT.

Mr. Stanshore now had leisure to view his course since he first left his paternal roof. He could see what had made several mistakes; but not occur to him to enquire what might not have been his own mental characteristics...

The Great Teachers, or Characteristics of our Lord's Ministry. By J. Harris, D. D. With an Introductory Essay, by H. Humphreys, D. D. 12th thousand. 12mo. cloth, 85 cts.

THE GREAT TEACHERS, OR CHARACTERISTICS OF OUR LORD'S MINISTRY. By J. Harris, D. D. With an Introductory Essay, by H. Humphreys, D. D. 12th thousand. 12mo. cloth, 85 cts.

H. G. Scovel. Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Articles, Stationery, &c. &c. &c. North side of the Public Square, 3 doors west of the Nashville Inn.

ent direction. Therefore, if they should afterward come to this mountain, then Moses would most certainly know and feel that he had really been sent by God to bring his people out of Egypt.

follow their bad example, and had forgotten the God of their fathers; and their sufferings might have been permuted by God, as a punishment for their sins, and to bring them back to him.

DRINK AND AWAY! There is a beautiful rill in Barbary, received into a large basin, which bears the name of 'Drinking-Drink and away!' from the great danger of meeting with rogues and assassins.