

# South Western Baptist.

WILLIAMS, CHILTON & ECHOLS, Proprietors.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

\$2 50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. IV.

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, FEBRUARY 25, 1853.

NO. 44

South-Western Baptist,  
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING.

A. WILLIAMS & S. HENDERSON, Editors.  
J. H. & T. F. MARTIN, Publishers.

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## RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

### The Tale Bearer's Confession.

I remember in a congregation where I once labored, one of my hearers told me the story of another, but he begged I would say nothing about it. This, by the way, a vile way. I gave full credit to the story; this, by the way, was wrong. I felt very much hurt on the occasion, and expressed myself with some degree of severity. This was soon carried to the speaker, and lost nothing of the asperity in its passage. Reports which tend to mischief are like snowballs, the further they roll the more they gather. The speaker was in his turn offended; he spoke also with asperity; said "he would be so treated, he would be no man's slave, he was not accountable to any one, he would go no more to the meeting, &c., &c." Soon, very soon, was all he had communicated to me. I was assuredly right, and would let him see I could not be his slave; nay, I would not be his servant; I would call no man master on earth; I had but one Master. This gentleman was one of the first characters in the meeting; he was not at meeting the next Sunday; I was not sorry; I merely hoped he never would be there again.

The storm began to thicken, the passions began to form; some affirmed that he was very respectable, others thought I was much so; I should have gone to him, at the first instance, and talked to him, at of him; I soon found I was wrong, at the difficulty was how to get right, observe, not to know what was right, but to bring myself to do what was. You must know, when I first set out in my present mode of life, my gracious Master provided me with a tutor who was to accompany me as a mentor. I could not see him, but I could very sensibly feel his reproofs and understand his admonitions. He advised me to retire with him awhile. I felt my face glow at the motion, I knew what it was for; I read the severe account I was going to be brought to; but there was no avoiding it, with trembling dread I retired.—"Come," said my mentor, "sit down." "I replied, "the certainly was wrong." "Stop," said my mentor, "it is you that I have now to deal with; you have done wrong; you, who by precept and example ought to lead the way of peace."

"But I ought to exhort, and reprove, and rebuke." "Stop, sir," said the mentor, "and call to mind that the snuffers on the altar should be pure gold. Reproofs and rebukes come with a very ill grace from an offender."

"An offender?" "Yes, an offender; and of the worst sort; an offence in you, and of this nature, is peculiarly offensive."

"Suppose any of your hearers in like circumstances, what advice would you give them? Suppose them offended by a brother, you would advise them to be calm, to suspend their judgment, to seek an opportunity alone with the supposed offender, address him in the language of love, of charity; hope it was not so bad as was expected; at least you would hope the intention was not bad, &c., &c.—Thus you should have advised your hearers, thus you have not done; you have by your conduct, in this instance, injured your cause—injured your Master's cause, and, perhaps, made wounds that may never be healed. You know not, at this moment, what this kind friend is suffering; what his dear wife, his venerable parent, each of whom having a regard for both can say nothing, but must suffer in silence. Oh! you have done very wrong."

"The tears gushed in my eyes, I thought of praying. 'No,' said my mentor, 'not yet; you should first do right. Go, and acknowledge your fault.'"

"I cannot."

"You must, indeed you must."

"But he will treat me roughly."

"You deserve it, you must bear it; you will have the pleasure of knowing you did all you could, in your present cir-

cumstances, to repair the wrong you have done. When thus you have done, should you not meet forgiveness and reconciliation from him, you may apply to your offended Master; and, peradventure, you may find forgiveness and reconciliation from him."

I went out with an aching heart, experiencing the full force of the truth as I went along. "The way of the transgressor is hard." I arrived at his dwelling; I entered his doors! but Oh! with what different sensations, when unconscious of offence! Oh! how painful is guilty conscience! I found him reading; he did not lift up his head, he did not speak; I could not. His dear companion blushed, she trembled, she spoke.—However, he read on. I attempted once and again to bring out what my mentor charged me to do—I failed. At length, for I must come to it, I said, with a faltering voice: "You are justified, sir, in your conduct on this occasion; I deserve it all; and all this, yea more, I can bear, with much more ease than I can the reproaches of my own heart. I am come to give this troubled heart some ease, sir, by acknowledging my error; I have done wrong, sir, in taking up a report of you, or saying anything about you to any one but yourself; I beseech you forgive me"—and was going to add; but he got up, his countenance suffused with tears, and would have spoken, but could not; he gave me his hand, however, and it was filled with as warm a heart as ever beat in a friend's bosom; it has never cooled since, though this was many years ago. On my return I was congratulated by my kind mentor, and then poured out my soul to my Heavenly Father, whose consoling language was, "neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more."—*London Evening Magazine.*

### John Foster and Robert Hall.

It is remarkable, their difference in their suggestive law or tendencies. Hall if in Egypt would be likely to ascend the summit of the hoary pyramid and look from the cloudy pinnacles on the wild scene below—the Nile and the desert; Foster to search for the charnel-house of the dead—the fragments of the past—ruins and skulls; handle them, and muse over them with an absorbed curiosity, as before a noble picture of art.—The gloom of night or the solemn wilderness met his economy; the sea in a state of tempest met his aptitudes when he could imagine it a mighty minstrel playing its wild music to the spirit of the storm, or the wail and agony of Nature over the calamities of the fall. Hall would look on them as Adam from the bowers of Paradise beholding the majesty and power of God in creation; not from some jagged cliff, amidst the perils of precipices. Each had the elements of grandeur; but with the one, it was grandeur in a state of disturbance; with the other, grandeur at rest. Each mind was an orb of magnitude, but Foster's path kept no parallel.

But there were two momentous matters in which they were kindred spirits, which no mortal estimate can give the worth of; or that had a massive character of Christian integrity. It was well consolidated and built. Their purity was a white robe without a rent or a soil; we mean only as far as outward disgrace was in question, not as men in the sight of God. They stood where many fell.

In death, they were not divided.—There was something truly sublime in the dying moments of Robert Hall.—When his afflicted wife asked him if he was dying, startled by his appearance, with a calm and divine firmness he answered, "Yes it is death—death—death!" while his noble frame wavered and fro in convulsive agony. While child after child was borne from the room of the dying father, unable to endure the sight, the look, that last look he gave them when utterance was almost gone—the thousand thoughts that gathered into that eye, and lighted it up with beams of unutterable love, just before it was about to close forever—was a spectacle of sublimity not often witnessed on the brink of dissolution in the experience of men. In some of the last throes of his mortal conflict, his arm rested on his physician's shoulder for support; but in one of the pauses of his agony, he turned to him with a benign look to ask if his weight was burdensome; mindful to the last of the comfort of others. But the chief charms of this solemn hour—the last hour of a great man on earth—was the position he took, of a poor creature, a sinful worm, looking to the cross of Christ for merit and mercy, only through that divine Sacrifice willing to take the place and assuming it of the most defiled of men; if He would put a sapphire crown upon the head of other worthies he was content to leave his own, the lowest at the feet of the Crucified.

"If," said Daniel Webster to a friend, "religious books are not widely circulated among the masses in this country, and the people do not become religious, I do not know what to become of us as a nation."

### My Mother's Bible.

For years it has been hidden in an old, worn-out trunk, and but recently I found it. The very trunk is precious.—It is many years since I saw my mother. In her youth, I have heard, she was very full of life and joy. A cloud of golden hair parted from a forehead which arched over a blue and happy eye. Her fair face was not marked by a single ripple of sorrow. Her form, tall and graceful, was elastic and buoyant. But as I first remember her she was a meek and patient sufferer. Her form was wasted by distressing sickness,—which had come to stay and ravage. I remember her attenuated hands—so pale and thin that the light seemed to pass quite through them. But as she used to sit at the window, watching for father, her face was very placid and gentle. At such times she sang very sweetly in a low voice. Its sweetness and pathos used to stop my play, and I looked up wonderingly into her face. She loved Jesus; and in those sweet songs which stole into my young heart, she communed with Him. I was very young, but confined as she was to her sick room, she loved to spend hours in teaching me to read; and my first lessons were in the Bible, perhaps this very Bible. The Lord's prayer and the commandments—she taught me these, and I can recollect how earnestly she heard me repeat them. My father knelt by my bed-side one night when he laid me down, and taught me the prayer—verse beginning, "Now I lay me down to sleep;" but my mother taught me all the rest of little children's religion, so far as I remember. I did not know how much she was suffering all that time, but probably she felt that she should soon cease to teach me.

My dear mother! How far away are those scenes, yet how near. It seems as though I could now feel your gentle hand on my eyes, which were ever opening to look into your face, while I knelt beside your knees repeating that prayer at your lips. My dear mother! Your heart was broken soon. Father died far away in search of health, and the children were scattered. Kind friends took charge of us, when with broken heart and broken reason you could no longer. But who was there to take charge of you? This, your precious Bible, tells me that God is the comforter of the widow. I do not wonder at its worn look.

I never saw my mother after that separation, but my youngest sister, who staid with her till her death, a few years later, speaks of mother's chair, and mother's corner, and mother's Bible. And one day when a smile rested on her face—a stranger there—she spoke of Heaven, the rest of the weary, the home of father, the place of Christ. I am not surprised then to find these last chapters in Revelation so studied that the whole margin is worn away. And here in the Gospel of John are her pencil marks. She evidently loved the verses, "Let not your heart be troubled. In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, ye may be also." How often she turned to these while waiting to go. Did her painful sickness distress her body, yet her "heart" could "not be troubled." Were her eyes of faith blinded by tears, she did but resort to another passage close by; for she seems especially to have been satisfied with the words of the beloved disciple, which run, "And they shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hands. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one." Ah yes! this doctrine of the Perseverance of Saints has been the buoy on which many a buffeted Christian has rested—to which my mother clung—which my mother's Bible taught her—until the arm of Christ came to the rescue. How many, like the sinking Peter, have caught hold of this hold of Christ and been stayed up. And how much of the strength of this passage lies in its closing clause, "I and my Father are one." If Christ had not been God—if this clenching assurance had been clipped off—my mother's Bible would not have given her such comfort.

Then here is another: "Marvel not at this; for the hour cometh in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and close by is another line traced in her delicate penciling at the verse, "And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." Yes, the Apostle says, "If there be no resurrection, then is our preaching vain." In this truth, in this prophecy of the Christian's resurrection, lies some part of the comforting power of the Bible. Mysteries as is the mode, the fact can be held, and when the Christian is bowing to the earth under the weight of distress and

physical anguish, there is comfort in the prophecy of incorruption from corruption.

And so there are many marked verses which one can see were the choice medicines which the Great Physician, out of Gilead, brought to her. She was a bruised reed, fragile as the flower-stem, and the great storms beat her down to the earth. Thick clouds shaded her; yet this precious book imprisoned for her so much of the light of heaven that it never became quite dark—brought so much life and healing that she never quite withered.

In the painting of "Christ in the Manger," the light flashes upward and around, tingling all within its reach with supernatural brightness. The sleeping child lies quietly, yet thus illuminating all those else shaded faces. The crucified and risen Saviour, in this her favorite Bible, thus enlightened her shaded face.

Now the Infidel tells me to regard this as all superstition. Was it such? Shall I believe that when nothing else could, and this did so fully comfort my mother—desolate and bereaved—this Bible is all vain, and only imposture? If it be imposture, the wicked inventor knew more deeply the solace fit for a broken spirit than any living man. He had entered more fully into the mysteries of grief and better knew its cure than any historical man. When all friends could do no more than gather, and weep, and feel that all their words were completely idle, they could take this marked Bible, and by reading a few of its simple lines could bring peace. When all other poetry was unmusical and irksome, these Psalms were read and re-read, till the leaves were all tattered and torn. These careful stitches by which she kept the parts together; how do they attest her love and prove the sweetness of this volume. Oh no! tempted maiden, tempted to laugh at the Bible, let these stitches, so nicely taken, tell you that my mother found in this book, in these Psalms, when stripped of husband and children, and tossed with pain, a treasure from which nothing could have divided her. Ah, young girl! bright with buoyant life and clothed in beauty, love this precious book. My mother loved it, and till her death it was full of comforting truths and promises. When a girl she was like you in the life and the beauty. May you be like her in the love and the trust—and if afflicted like her, may you find this richest consolation.

How plainly the religious is the most interesting part of our life or our history. This Bible! How it affects me! It was my mother's. Now I have a Milton which she much read and marked: A Shakespeare of which she read some. I have volumes of poetry and volumes of prose of various kinds, all of which bear marks of her pencil. But, tell me why all these awaken comparatively so little interest. I have her hymn book; I love to read her hymns; but after all this little brown Bible—the covers once broken off, then carefully replaced—some of the leaves once torn, but afterward so tenderly and lovingly stitched together—her name on the blank leaf—parts very yellow, tinged by constant use, other parts white, as though not so often read—these little dots and lines drawn against particular verses—this little brown Bible, once my mother's, awakens deeper interest than all other relics.—Now why is this? Because it lets me into her religious life, and shows me that she loved Jesus, and accepted Him for her Saviour. It tells me that as a sinner she came to Him for pardon and peace; and that she found it. It lifts up the veil and shows her admitted to his presence—redeemed by his blood.

Oh! what a precious legacy is this Bible. When my mother read it she was drinking life for herself—but she was doing more—she was making ready for me the holiest treasure she could leave. When she taught me from it she was filling my heart with a sacred love for its teachings; but doing more also, she was hallowing this very copy—ah! yes, far more, she left here in this book an eternal tie which will bind my love to her. I shall think of her oftener, and hallow her memory more sacredly.

Suppose I had known her as a gay woman. Suppose she had left me a variety of rich ornaments. What great pleasure should I have now in thinking of her. Suppose she had been celebrated in literature or in art, what lasting thrill would have been left to me like this, awakened by her worn Bible. After all, the question would have recurred constantly, it would have demanded an answer: What of her soul? What can you tell me of her religious nature? What proof can you give that she is forever with Christ, beholding his glory? What certainty that her sins were forgiven, and that her repentance was deep, and that her faith overcame the world, and that she is now numbered with the saints in glory? Oh! these questions would have been imperative. The religious nature in man is felt to be his deepest nature; and when her life has gone by, and memory is all that remains

to us of a mother, we cannot but long for a witness like this—her worn Bible, the evident solace of her grief, the strength of a soul penitently broken for sin, the cherished prophecy of a life to come—her tattered and penciled Bible—an undisguised but convincing testimony that she believed and followed his words who says, "Come unto me and find rest unto your souls."—*Vermont Chronicle.*

[From the American Messenger.]

### A Sister's Love.

"I was a thoughtless youth," said the Rev. Mr.—"even more regardless of serious things than boys in general.—But I had one tie which bound me to home, and restrained me from all outward immoralities; this was a peculiar affection for my sister. Few brothers and sisters, I think, ever love each other as we did. All our thoughts, feelings, and plans were shared together, and neither could enjoy any thing alone. A walk, a ride, a book, or concert, lost half its charm if Anna were away, and she was the first to soothe every rising sorrow.

"When I was seventeen, there was a revival of religion in the church to which my father belonged, and Anna and I occasionally attended the evening meetings. I noticed Anna was very silent on our return from these; but as I did not care to say any thing upon the subject, I was content it should be so. Yet there lurked within me an uneasy fear that she was becoming more interested in religious things than I was. I could not bear the idea; it even made me angry to think of my bright, lively Anna's becoming a Christian, for I was certain it would spoil her for me, and destroy our happiness in each other. I became more certain something was weighing on her spirits, for instead of moving merrily about the house, singing snatches of gay songs, her step became slow and thoughtful, and her eye was downcast and often filled with tears. Yet with a cruel selfishness, I refrained from asking what disturbed her; and once when I saw her eye resting on my face with an expression of intense interest, I turned away from the beseeching glance, and left the room.

"The next morning, I found a little note from her on my table. I took it up with a feeling of bitterness in my heart, and crushing it, thrust it into my pocket, determined not to read it, so sure did I feel that it contained something about my soul's salvation. I was then a member of the academy, fitting for college, and I went to the school-room, endeavoring by unusual attention to my books to forget the circumstance altogether. But a sense of my injustice smote me, and in the course of the forenoon, I drew forth the note intending to read it, but determined that it should exert no influence over me. I had even planned a reply to it, in which I should beg her never to let that subject be spoken of between us. And yet my heart was so melted by the contents of that little note, that before it was finished I was forced to bow my head over the desk to conceal my tears. It touched the right chord in my heart. She said she had told no one of the new hope of heaven which was in her heart, because she must first speak of it to me, as she had always done of other feelings, and that she could not fully enjoy it without my sympathy. Yes, she was my own trusting, loving Anna still. Becoming a Christian had not made her cold and distant, as I had fancied it would; and when I went home I had a long, frank conversation with her. From that point I date my first religious impressions. To that dear sister's love and prayers I owe my soul's salvation, so far as any human instrumentality is connected with it; and I need not say that she was thenceforth dearer to me than ever. Yet, had she remained silent at this point, and had I learned the state of her feelings from others, a barrier would have been raised between us, which might never have been removed."

Do not fear to speak, young Christian, of your new hopes and desires to your dearest friend; but speak tenderly, naturally, and confidently, I need not add with humility also; for when was ever a human soul filled with the love of Jesus, that it was not softened and humbled by it, and made "meek and lowly?" W.

PROVIDENCE OF GOD IN MINUTE EVENTS.—It is an erroneous view to think of God as governing the grand phenomena of nature, and leaving those which are minute to the operation of a set of laws which he does not uphold at every moment in all the fullness of their application. "We cannot," says Chalmers, "disjoin God from one particle of the Universe of God." We may despise what is small as beneath the notice of our pride, but nothing is too microscopic for Him who, while "he measures the waters in the hollow of his hand, and metes out heaven with a span, and comprehends the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance," yet, num-

bers the very hairs of our head, and knows of every sparrow that falls to the ground. The minuteness with which God provides for all wants is well brought out in the sixty-fifth Psalm, where David speaks of him as attending to the very setting of the furrows of the field, and the watering of the ridges.—"Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice; Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water; Thou preparest them corn, when Thou hast so provided food; Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly; Thou settest the furrows thereof; Thou makest it soft with showers; Thou blessest the springing thereof; Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness."—*Professor Balfour.*

### Teach your Children to Pray.

Parents, if you love your children, do all that lies in your power to train them up to a habit of prayer. Show them how to begin. Tell them what to say. Encourage them to persevere. Remind them if they become careless or slack about it. Let it not be your fault, at any rate, if they never call on the name of the Lord.

This, remember, is the first step in religion which a child is able to take.—Long before he can read, you can teach him to kneel by his mother's side, and repeat the simple words of prayer and praise which she puts in his mouth.—And as the first steps in any undertaking are always the most important, so is the manner in which your children's prayers are prayed, a point which deserves your closest attention. Few seem to know how much depends on this. You must beware lest they get in a way of saying them in a hasty, careless and irreverent manner. You must beware of giving up the oversight of this matter to servants and nurses, or of trusting to your children doing it when left to themselves. I cannot praise that mother who never looks after this most important part of her child's daily life herself. Surely, if there be any habit which your own hand and eye should help in forming, it is the habit of prayer. Believe me, if you never hear your children pray yourself, you are much to blame. You are little wiser than the bird, described in Job, "which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust, and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them. She is hardened against her young ones, as though they were not hers; her labor is in vain without fear."

Prayer is, of all habits, the one which we recollect the longest. Many a gray-headed man could tell you how his mother used to make him pray in the days of his childhood. Other things have passed away from his mind perhaps. The church where he was taken to worship, the minister whom he heard preach, the companions who used to play with him—all these, it may be, have passed from his memory, and left no mark behind. But you will often find it far different with his first prayers. He will often be able to tell you where he knelt, and what he was taught to say, and how his mother looked all the while. It will come up as fresh before his mind's eye as if it was but yesterday.

### 'A Farewell to Alderbrook.'

BY MRS. EMILY HUDSON.

"Dear, beautiful Alderbrook! I have loved thee as I shall never love any other thing after the sun of Time is set.—Everything, from the strong old tree that wrestles with the tempest, down to the amber moss cup cradling the tiny insect at its roots, and the pebble sleeping at the bottom of the brook—everything about thee has been laden with its own peculiar lesson. Thou art a rare book, my Alderbrook, written all over by the Creator's finger. Dearly do I love the holy truths upon thy pages; but I may not dwell mid flowers and music ever; and I go hence, bearing another choice book in my hand, and echoing the words of the angels, 'Look! look! live!'"

"I stand on the verge of the brook, which seems to me more beautiful than any other brook on earth, and take my last survey of the home of my infancy.—The cloud, which has been hovering above the trees on the verge of heaven opens; the golden light gushes forth bathing the hill top and streaming down its green declivity even to my feet; and I accept the encouraging one. The angel of Alderbrook, the ministering spirit sent father by the Almighty, blesses me. Father in heaven, thy blessing ere I go!"

"Hopes full of glory, and oh, how sweetly sacred! look out upon me from the future; but for a moment thy beauty is clouded. My heart is heavy with sorrow. The cup at my lip is very bitter. Heaven help me! White hairs are bending in submissive grief, and aged

dimmed eyes are made dimmer by the gathering of tears. Young spirits have lost their joyousness, young lips forget to smile, and bounding hearts and bounding feet are stilled. Oh, the rending of ties knitted at the first opening of the infant eye and strengthened by numberless acts of love, is a sorrowful thing! To make the grave the only door to a meeting with those in whose bosoms we nestled, in whose hearts we trusted long before we knew how precious was such love and trust, brings with it an overpowering weight of solemnity. But a grave is yawning for each one of us; and it is much to choose whether we sever the ties that bind us here, to-day, or lie down on the morrow? Ah, the 'weaver's shuttle' is flying; the 'flower of the grass' is withering; the span is almost measured; the tale nearly told; the dark valley is close before us;—tread we with care. My mother, we may neither of us close the other's darkened eye, and fold the cold hands upon the bosom; we may neither of us watch the sod greening and withering above the other's ashes; but there are duties for us even more sacred than these. But a few steps, mother—difficult the path may be, but very bright—and then we put on the robe of immortality, and meet to part never more.—And we shall not be apart even on earth. 'There is an electric chain passing from heart to heart, through the throne of the Eternal, and we may keep its links all brightly furnished by the breath of prayer. Still pray for me, mother, as in days gone by. Thou bidst me go. The smile comes again to thy lip and the light to thine eye, for thou hast pleasure in the sacrifice. Thy blessing! Farewell, my mother, and ye loved ones of the same hearthstone!"

### Universalism.

AN ANECDOTE.

We were personally acquainted with all the individuals referred to in the following anecdote:

A young Universalist preacher of commanding eloquence, and very great popularity, was returning from some "meeting" in Niagara county, New York, some years since, in company with his uncle. During the ride the preacher was more than usually silent; when about half way home he exclaimed, "Uncle! I'll tell you what I am going to do." "Well," said his uncle,—"what are you going to do?" "I'm going home, and I'm going to burn every sermon that I ever wrote!" "What are you going to do that for?" asked his uncle in astonishment. "I'm going to do it because it's of no use to preach Universalism. Look at the congregation we have just left—almost every one of them either drinks or swears—the very worst men in the place; and I have been preaching there now so long, and what good does it do; who has left off drinking or swearing? not one. I don't know whether the doctrine is true or not—I don't believe it is true, and, if it is it ought not to be preached, and I won't preach it."

The preacher was as good as his word. He never preached another Universalist sermon. Soon after this the present writer became acquainted with him, and we account it a great favor that it was under our own ministry that he was brought into the church, and eventually numbered among her clergy. We have often almost wept over his bright but brief career. His remains now rest in the graveyard connected with Grace church, Lockport, in Western N. York.

SOMETHING LEFT TO LIVE FOR.—A little fatherless boy, of four years of age, sat upon the floor surrounded by his toys. Catching sight of his mother's tears as they fell thick and fast he sprang to her side, and peeping curiously in her face, as he put his hand in hers, said, "You've got me," (simple, artless little comforter!) Dry your tears, young mother. There is something left to live for; there are duties from which your heart may not shrink! A "talent" you may not "bury;" a stewardship, of which your Lord must receive an account; a blank page to be filled by your hand with holy truth; a crystal vase to keep spotless and pure, a tender plant to guard from blight and mildew, a drop that must not exhale in the sun of worldliness, an angel for whom a "white robe" must be made, a cherub in whose hands a "golden harp" must be placed; a "little lamb" to be led to the "Good Shepherd!"

"You've got me!" Aye! I have not his face with unavailing sadness, lest he catch the "trick of grief" and sigh amid his toys. Teach him not by your vain rejoicing that "Our Father" pitieth not his children! Teach him to love Him as seen in the sky and sea, in rock and river, teach him to love him in the cloud as in the sunshine! You will have your gloomy hour! there is a void even that loving little heart may not fill, but there is still another, and he says, "ME ye have always?"

What shall be Done?

How shall more ministerial labor be brought into the vineyard of the Lord? is a question, the magnitude of which, at this time, is second to none other, which can be propounded to our Churches? Making the necessary allowance for the number of our Ministers who are secularized, superannuated, &c., there is not in Alabama an average of more than one ordained Minister for every three Churches; and we should not be surprised, if even this is not a little over the mark. Many of our pastors have four churches. And even after this mighty draft upon our present available ministry is made, not a few of our churches are totally destitute of any regular preaching. They are dying out for the want of the bread of life. Those of our churches who share but a fourth part of the ministrations of one man, are in many instances exhibiting signs of declension, in numbers at least, which are truly alarming. It is more than any one man can do, we care not what his intellectual and physical endowments may be, to perform that amount of labor necessary to the spiritual growth and welfare of four churches. To say nothing of the time he loses in going from one to another, it is utterly impossible for him to perform any private pastoral labor worth the name. Preaching on Saturdays and Sabbaths constitutes substantially the sum of what he can do.

Now, we ask our churches, in the fear of God, how long they are going to allow this state of things to continue? Is it not time that our churches and ministers were waking up to provide in some way for this alarming destitution? Dear brethren, is the spiritual welfare of your children and servants a matter of less consequence, than the number of cotton bags you may be able to carry to market from year to year? Why should you be enlarging your farms, and increasing your force every year, while your own children, to say nothing of your servants, are growing into their permanent habits under the influence of almost every thing they ought to resist, and without being brought under the ministry of the gospel more than once every month? As well might you expect to fill your barns and cotton houses to overflowing at the end of the year, by working your farms only one week in each month, as to suppose that the employment of one-fourth of the time that God claims for spiritual husbandry, will result in producing a rich harvest of the fruits of the Spirit.

Now, we have many ministers, who, despairing of even a scanty support from the churches, have considered themselves compelled by a stubborn necessity, to engage in other business to support their families. A certain brother of our acquaintance, who would adorn any station in the denomination, as a minister, some years ago, in moving to one of our villages to engage in a secular pursuit, met one of his brethren in the road, who commenced expostulating with him on the subject, telling him that it was a shame for a preacher of his talents to become absorbed in the cares of the world. Our brother simply turned around, pointed to a wife and six children, and the contents of one wagon that contained all their goods, repled with an earnestness and pathos which sealed the kind enquirer's lips in silence: "Ah! my brother, it is a question of bread and meat!" It is believed, that if the available ministry of Alabama were all devoted to the work, there would be at least one preacher for every two churches. And if this could be accomplished, it would certainly be a decided improvement on the present system. That it can be accomplished in a short time we are thoroughly satisfied. That it will be accomplished—remains to be seen.

Now, a measure that looks to "a consummation so devoutly to be wished," is entitled to the very serious and prayerful consideration of our brethren. To remain as we are, will incur a moral delinquency of no ordinary magnitude. To retrograde will brand our churches with treason to the high and holy trusts committed to them by the King of Zion, and blast them with mildew and death. What, then, is to be done? O that we had a Moses, whose mighty voice should ring through the camps of Israel throughout the length and breadth of our land, commanding "the whole host that they MOVE FORWARD!" The gospel armour is formed exclusively for aggressive movements. It leaves the back wholly unprotected. Onward! onward! is our watch-word. Every step we take must be aggressive, or we prove recreant to the highest obligations which the highest authority can impose. The momentous question still recurs, what shall be done?

In the first place, such guarantees must be furnished to our ministers, as sober, discreet, prudent men require in the ordinary industrial pursuits of life. The Ravens are all dead that fed Elijah. There are no widows of Serepta, whose meal and oil are supplied by an unseen hand, to whose hospitalities we can consign them. We know of no supernatural means to multiply the "loaves and fishes" adequate to such a demand. Their tables must be furnished as all other tables are—according to the common laws of productive economy. And until these assurances shall be furnished, we cannot expect our preachers to relinquish their only means of support, and throw themselves upon a hazardous experiment with every presumption against them. And then, added to all this, the minister knows he must die. And the very prospect of leaving a wife and children without any means of support, is quite enough to make him pause before he relinquishes a business which promises their only indemnity against such a calamity. We have no fears that these views will subject us to the charge of a want of faith in God. No brother will make this charge, who is in the habit of paying his pastor even a moiety of what is his duty. Such a faith as we do not possess, resides only in the bosoms of those whose hearts are steeped in avarice. A man who treats his minister worse than he does the poorest, meanest slave on his plantation, is quite a fit subject to exercise that faith.

In the second place, a simultaneous effort among all our churches upon this subject, would very much facilitate its accomplishment. Union is strength here as well as every where else. Effort stimulates effort. For example: Suppose every church in Alabama should resolve to meet on the same day to deliberate in the fear of God, at their various houses of worship, on the question, how can our ministerial strength be fully developed? It would not be twelve months before a hundred additional ministers would be brought into the service, and a new impulse would be communicated to every religious enterprise. But this point is so obvious that we need not elaborate it.

It is proposed by the brethren, whose names are appended to the call for a "MINISTERS' CONVENTION" which we have been publishing for a week or two, to mature some plan by which our ministry can be more fully consecrated to the work of preaching the gospel. And if the magnitude of the subject, thus simply stated, fails to excite the sympathies, the prayers, and the attendance of our brethren, both laymen and ministers, nothing that we could say would do it. Come brethren, one and all; and let us take counsel together once in our lives, upon a subject, than which nothing that shall come before the approaching Session of the American Congress will be worthy of comparison.

Contrary to our rules, we publish "Advent's" communication without a knowledge of its author. Much as we are pleased with his thoughts on "Social Scenery," we cannot violate this rule any more even for him. His next communication must be accompanied by his name.

Revival Intelligence.

The Baptist churches in the city of New York are experiencing quite a refreshing season. About seventy were baptized in twelve of the churches, among the number are two Swedish noblemen. In one church, twenty-five have been baptized in the course of a month.

We learn also from the N. Y. Chronicle, that a very extensive revival is in progress at Hamilton, N. Y. More than a hundred conversions have already occurred, and the work is going on with unabated interest. Between thirty and forty were baptized on the first Lord's day in February.

Some forty have been added to the church at Orlando, Indiana.

The Baptist Register states that forty-two have been recently baptized at New Lisbon.

BAPTISTS IN GEORGIA.—We see it stated in an exchange paper, that the membership of the Baptist churches in Georgia, is equal in numbers to that of all other Protestant denominations and all the Roman Catholic population united; and that they have nearly five times the number of separate churches of all other denominations together. We doubt the last part of this information. Will the Christian Index set us right!

BAPTISTS IN PENNSYLVANIA.—The N. Y. Chronicle says, that there are in Pennsylvania 16 Baptist Associations, 332 churches, 251 ordained ministers, and 46 licentiates. During last year there were 1852 persons baptized, total number of members in the State 30,053.

IN WISCONSIN there are 4,624 regular Baptists—1,919 Free Will; and 500 Campbellite Baptists. Total, 6,143.

THE DIFFERENCE.—About four hundred years ago, printing was invented, and looks are not yet created over all the globe; while the use of Tobacco became universal in fifty years after its discovery.

The estate of the New Hampton Baptist Theological School, (N. H.) has been sold, and the proceeds are to be united with \$20,000 which the Vermont Baptists propose to raise, to found a new institution in Fairfax, Vermont, 20 miles east of Burlington.

It will be seen by an advertisement in our columns of this week that the Summer Session of the East Tennessee University, located at Knoxville, has just commenced.—The Hon. WM. B. REESE, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, is now President. The Faculty also are able and learned men; and the location of the University is peculiarly healthful and accessible. The expenses too of Board and Tuition appear to remarkably cheap.

Conversion of Catholics.

At a meeting held in London, Dec. 15, in aid of the Society for Irish Missions to Roman Catholics, Rev. Mr. Bickersteth made the following encouraging statements:

Between thirty and forty thousand people have within these four years abandoned the idolatry of Romanism, and made an open and bold profession of their conversion to the truth of the gospel, and who are now living in the praise and glory of God. In one district in the West of Ireland alone, in a union where this movement commenced, and where, between four or five years ago, there were not more than five or six hundred converts, there are now between five and six thousand. In the Society's schools there are between five and six thousand children regularly attending and receiving instruction in Protestant truth. In the Western part of Galway, the Bishop has confirmed no fewer than one thousand nine hundred and forty-eight converts from Romanism. In the same district where, at the commencement of the movement, there were only two Protestant clergymen, there are now eighteen. Eight new churches have been erected, where crowded congregations assemble every Sabbath to hear the gospel of Christ; many additional schools have been built, in which thousands of children, the children of Roman Catholic parents, are taught from week to week God's holy Word. He spoke not of hearsay or report. He had had the privilege of witnessing the operations of the mission himself, and of seeing with his own eyes the reality of the work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[For the South-Western Baptist.]

Soul Prosperity—No. xxxvi.

MEANS FOR PROMOTING IT.

Cultivate Gratitude for blessings already received.

An important means for promoting our future growth in grace, is to cherish a grateful remembrance of soul-mercies already received. One reason that God does so little for us, is that we are so little thankful for what he does. Praise, as well as prayer, is an important means of grace; indeed in its place it is absolutely essential. God would more abundantly answer prayer for future good, if He were to receive our more abundant acknowledgements for past benefits.—What encouragement, so to speak, has God to bless us, if he gets so few thanks for blessings already granted? The beggar that is forever asking alms, and yet seldom expresses gratitude for our repeated gifts (though we are not to relieve the distressed in and for the purpose of getting thanks,) loses at length his hold on our tender, charitable feelings. His apathy and ingratitude shut up our compassions; and moreover, we begin to fear that favors received with so little thankfulness will really do him but little good; perhaps he wastes our bounty; perhaps he gives one-half of the bread he begs to his lazy dogs. If a child receives a gift with a smile, a tear, and a hearty "thank you my dear Father;" how does it encourage the father to repeat his gifts; but if indifference marks the reception, or perhaps a scowl that the gift was not sooner bestowed, or in greater supplies; it tends to chill the parent's heart, and shut up the doors of his bounty. So with our heavenly Father. He takes it very ill that we are so ungrateful. He sees that we are not right for further mercies, and as we withhold our praise, he stays his giving. He that has not grace enough to be more than coldly thankful for grace already given, is in a poor frame to make a profitable use of large supplies.

"Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God: for it is pleasant, and praise is comely."—Ps. 147: 1. See with what multiplied and precious epithets the believer's praise is ornamented: it is good, it is pleasant, it is comely; then surely God must value it, and that which he so much prizes must be profitable. To restrain our gratitude, is a great insult to Jehovah; such conduct seems to say, "the blessings enjoyed are not from God; or if from Him they are still too trifling to think about."—Can we more effectually provoke the Majesty of heaven, and look up the storehouse of his beneficence? Forgetfulness of God's wonderful works was one of the great offences of his ancient Israel. Ps. 106: 21-23. The Psalmist felt no doubt that he had the best of reasons for bringing his soul under such strict injunction to bless God: "bless the Lord O my soul; and all that is within me bless His holy name." Ps. 103: 1; and the best of reasons for the fixed resolve, "I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being." 103: 33. His soul abounded in praise; God's faithfulness towards him abounded in blessing.

"Thankfulness is a high gospel duty.—"Giving thanks always." Eph. 5: 20. "By him therefore let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually." Heb. 13: 15. To be unthankful is heathenish. Inspiration makes this one of the peculiar traits of heathen character.—"Neither were thankful." Rom. 1: 21. And can we suppose that a heathenish spirit will help on the Christian from glory to glory. A gentleman at the risk of his life saved a man (a Hindoo) from drowning; and as soon as the poor man was able to speak, instead of thanking him, he asked for a present. We are too much like this forgetful, unthankful Hindoo. We need presents from heaven, rich and numberless, for we are very poor; but if we would oftener preface our requests with abounding thanks that God has saved us from drowning—saved us from everlasting perdition, we should no doubt have better speed. Dare we think that it is for an idle reason that God has ordained thanksgiving as the accompaniment of prayer? "Be careful for nothing; but in every thing by prayer and supplication, let your request be made known unto God. Phil. 4: 6. Praise is prayer's acceptable harbinger; and wonderfully does it prepare the way before God for prayer's coming. It says, "O Lord thou hast been good, very good in time past to him that has sent me; he feels it, he bids me to declare it aloud and sincerely in thine ear; he bids me say, thy grace is wonderful; and whilst he has his being will he bless thy holy name. But here comes another friend, a poor yet earnest beggar to ask for more in the behalf of him who sends"—"The way is open," replies the Lord; "let him come and ask for whatever he needs; I discover that my mercies are not squandered; my bounty is honored, and those that honor me I will honor." And now comes up Prayer, humble contrite, and weeping, (prayer is that other friend whose coming praise had intimated,) he spreads out his arms, he opens wide his mouth, and he tenderly pleads, in behalf of Him who sends, the merits of Jesus. "Enough, enough," the Lord replies; "go say to him who sent thee, thy petitions are granted, may far beyond thy asking and thinking, for thy messenger's praise has assured me that thy heart is considerate and tender, and that thou art making a wise and diligent use of my past mercies."

A thankless soul is a barren soul.—Where there is but little praise for God's mercies, there is apt to be much grumbling at his providence; and a murky, dark, complaining spirit puts out the light and joy of the soul, as noxious gases extinguish the traveller's lamp, and leave him to wander, (gasping for breath) amidst fogs and marshes. A grateful praising frame (if the figure can be pardoned) is the oxygen of the soul. It quickens the spiritual pulse, and exhilarates with joy. Oxygen will make the points of iron burn; so this blessed frame

finds good in the hardest providence, it kindles their sharp points into blazing torches to guide and cheer as on our way. A grateful temper gets honey out of the lion's carcass; water out of the flinty rock. It sanctifies the Lord God in our hearts; and God thus honored sanctifies anew our powers, and sets us apart to His glory.

"Were there not ten cleansed? But where are the nine?" Luke 17: 17.—I would not keep company with those ungrateful nine who refused to return and give glory to God. In such company it is strange that we languish? O how much have we to be thankful for. How vast, tender, enduring and manifold are God's mercies. All short of the flames that are never quenched is love. That He has fed and clothed, sheltered and guided us all our lives long is great goodness, and demands our constant praise. But especially consider well my brother what the Lord has done for thy soul.—You feel no doubt that there is much land to be possessed; often feel that you are feeble, your lusts strong, and if you are a Christian, the very least of all. Well, be it so. But is it nothing that you are out of perdition? Nothing that you have gained some little foothold by faith in the land of Canaan? Nothing that the work of grace has been commenced in your heart, that Satan is dethroned, sin pardoned, and your soul sealed an heir of heaven? "But O, I have so little love!" Is it still love? It is then so much of the image of Jehovah; and it cost the blood of his son. Does not this demand thy praise? That you have some proper sense of your need, that you bemoan your sins, and desire deliverance, is the fruit of amazing grace. Up then, and bless God for what he has done. Because for a reason you find no water in the wilderness, do not forget that he brought you through the Red sea. Praise God for that, and the rock will soon pour out its supplies. If you have yet to fight with Og king of Bashan, do not forget that God hath already bruised the head of Leviathan, that old crooked Egyptian serpent, and rescued you from his cruel bondage. Bless God for that, and take fresh courage, and Og shall tremble and fall. If needs press on you like an armed troop, do not forget your past needs, and the pleading that they prompted, and the gracious deliverance that came. Stir up thy soul to praise. "But I am in the wilderness—I am in captivity—how shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Ps. 137: 4. Did you not sometimes when a child, sing and whistle along through the dark woods, to keep up your spirits and scare away hob-goblins? Now this was childish; but it is not childish to sing praises to God in your troubles; this frightens the devil, and pleases God.—"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Thus did Job exercise himself in the day of his calamity. Did not Paul find something to praise God for in his troubles? Did not he and Silas find something to sing about in the prison of Philippe? Had that singing not been mingled with their praying, it may be the earth-quake would have lingered, and deliverance had not come so soon. Mr. Nevins relates an anecdote of an individual who was cast away upon a desolate island. At first the individual set apart a day for fasting and prayer, but no deliverance came; he then set apart a day for thanksgiving and praise; and soon a vessel hove in sight, and he was rescued from his perils.

ADVENA.

For the South-Western Baptist.

TALLADEGA, Feb. 6, 1853.

Dear Brethren:—I send you a few more lines on foot washing. God admonished Moses, for see, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the Mount.—Now if Moses had disobeyed the instruction and admonition, the Lord would have been displeased at him for his disobedience. And are we the proffered followers of our Lord and Master, under less obligations than Moses and the children of Israel were? I think the scripture teaches us, that we are under greater obligations than they were. Well now let us consider whether we have obeyed all things, according to that which has been shewed unto us, by our Lord and his Apostles. I think some of my brethren will answer with me, and say we have not obeyed. I speak of the ordinances of the Churches; two, are received and obeyed as they were taught by our Lord, namely: Baptism and the Lord's Supper, while that of foot-washing is neglected. We are in the same condition Peter was, when he said, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Jesus answered him, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." All that disobey the example and admonition of our Saviour, have no part with him. We fail to exhibit the example which our blessed Lord tells us we ought to do. We miss all the blessings which might be realized by rendering obedience to the great head of the Church, and my dear brethren of the Baptist order, let us begin to examine closely for the cause of our negligence, and pray the Lord to remove it out of the way that we may say, like Simon Peter did, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head; let us hold up the standard according to that which has been shown unto us by our Lord and Master.

I will now name the principal cause which is in the way, according to my understanding; this great monster, the pride of human nature, which is so contrary to the disposition which was possessed by our Saviour. He said, "Come and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, my yoke is easy and my burden is light." We too often speak by our actions and say, the yoke is hard and the burden is heavy; in place of getting down at each other's feet, we show too much disposition to be over their head; that humble and self-denying spirit is too often lacking by all who profess that they have passed from death unto life. Brethren we some times see a great deal of hardness manifested by members of the Church against each other, so much so they can hardly bear with each other, and very often some little frivolous matter is the cause of a great deal of trouble. Now if we were to observe the example of our Lord regularly in each one of our Churches as he has admonished us, that we ought to wash one another's feet, I do verily believe it would be attended with the best of consequences. I am fully persuaded that if two brethren who possessed some hardness against each other, would just get right down and begin to wash each other's feet, their hearts would begin to soften and the tear of brotherly love would begin to steal out and flow down their cheeks. My candid opinion is, that the Saviour intended this example for a great and good purpose, which is and would be attended with his blessing, and let us consider for a moment, that while we are washing the Saints' feet we are, in one sense, washing the Saviour's feet. For he has declared himself to be the head of the Church, and his Saints are his body, and we are taught, by the reading of the scriptures, that it was observed in the day of the Apostles, but I fear it has gone out of practice. Just for the same reason that baby sprinkling has come into practice, to accommodate human nature, these things ought not so to be. C. P. NORRIS.

TELEGRAPH BETWEEN EUROPE AND AMERICA.—The idea of connecting Great Britain and the United States by telegraph is revived in London on a grand scale. The proposition is to extend the line from Scotland by way of the Orkney, Shetland and Ferøe islands to Iceland, and thence to Greenland; thence across Davis's Straits to Labrador and Quebec. The entire length of the line will be 2500 miles; and the submarine portions of it from 1400 to 1600. From the Shetland islands it is proposed to carry a branch to Bergen, in Norway, connecting it there with a line to Christiania, Stockholm, Gottenburg, and Copenhagen; from Stockholm a line may easily cross the Gulf of Bothnia to St. Petersburg. The whole expense of this great international work is estimated considerably below £500,000.

profits, and dreams of successful adventures, or ruinous losses. The scholar talks of his favorite authors—criticizes Homer or eulogizes Virgil, and dreams and thinks of fancy realms or of theorems and arguments. And shall one who is a candidate for Eternity, and whose whole life is a preparation for its joys or its woes, never think or talk of his interest? Especially, shall members of the Church spend in idle and senseless conversation, the time allotted them for preparing to enter on that Eternity, whose billows are breaking just before their feet? How many hours are daily spent by professors of religion in talking about parties and news and love and marriage and all such earthly and transient interests, which should be spent in Holy converse. Let us beware! When we come to stand at the judgment, we may find that this idea of our having treasures laid up in Heaven, where our hearts and thoughts have never been, is a fiction. How awful a thing it will be to find our drafts on the Bank of Heaven will not be honored.

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TEXAS DEPARTMENT.

Emigration to Texas.

We conceive that there never has been a period in the history of Texas when as strong inducements were presented for emigration to our country as at present. The rage for land speculation is over. Land can be purchased now at much lower prices than were asked twelve years ago. Land-holders have generally become satisfied of the folly of expecting to realize from appreciation in the value of their lands. There is no State in the Union in which lands of the same intrinsic value can be purchased as low as in Texas.

21. Titles to lands of undoubted purity can now with much more ease be procured than formerly. This is a matter of no small importance to those, who, from having suffered from this cause, in other States, are desirous of avoiding the evils of litigation.

22. The healthfulness of different parts of the State, have been subjected to the test of experience, and emigrants can now avail themselves of that advantage in making a location.

23. There are many portions of our State where good farming lands can be purchased in the vicinity of churches, schools, and all the appendages of cultivated society. The various denominations have now become established, in different parts of the State, and emigrants can make a selection of a location with reference to their affinities on the subject of religion. Families of all the leading denominations can, in this respect, be accommodated.

Extract from the minutes of the Union Association, on the operations of the American Sunday School Union in Texas:

Resolved, That this Association highly approve the efforts of the American Sunday School Union, to establish Sunday schools throughout our State, and that we commend their publications to the Churches of our denomination in Texas.

YOUTH'S PENNY GAZETTE FOR TEXAS.

A gentleman in Texas proposes to be one of five persons to give five hundred dollars to furnish the youth of Texas with one copy each of the Youth's Penny Gazette for one year. Who will contribute the balance?

SPRING IN TEXAS.—Already can we discern unmistakable evidences of the rapid approach of this delightful division of the year—the season of song and poetry. The early blossom is beginning to adorn many of our fruit trees. The tender grass is peering forth in our Prairies. The feathered songster chirps a merrier tune. The cattle which annually betake themselves to the bottom lands to seek protection from the piercing norther have come forth to browse upon the prairie to enjoy the genial rays of the sun and crop the tender blade of grass.

The Sunday Schools which were disbanded during the winter months are being revived and measures are in progress for an increase in their number—as well as for opening new schools where none have yet existed. In short, the note of preparation is being sounded in every department of business and every species of effort. To all we say AWAKE! and betake yourselves to the appropriate duties of the season!—Houston Star, 5th inst.

SUGAR CROP.—There are very few of our Sugar Planters who have not raised this year two hogheads of sugar to the acre, and many have raised three hogheads. The planters of Louisiana are boasting that three hogheads of sugar have been raised to the acre on some of the plantations near Baton Rouge. The average crop of Texas this year will compare with the best sugar counties of that State.

A LARGE WHEAT FIELD.—The Northern papers contain an account of a wheatfield in Illinois which contains upwards of three hundred acres. There is a field lying between the Trinity and Brazos, at the head of Towacannie creek, which is sixty miles long and forty broad, every acre of which, with the exception of a small portion, in the beds of creeks, will produce wheat of the best quality. It is an elevated plain, the soil of which is a dark friable mould containing a large portion of lime which admirably adapts it for the culture of wheat. If this field were all cultivated, it would furnish wheat enough to supply half the Southern States with bread.

We learn from a gentleman who has lately visited the counties on the upper portion of the Trinity that thousands of emigrants are now settling in those counties and the roads between the Trinity and the Brazos are literally lined with emigrant wagons. The road between Dallas and Waco is so thoroughly beaten by the numerous emigrant wagons that it resembles one of the great turnpikes in the Eastern States. Many of the emigrants are from Missouri and Illinois and they intend to settle in the Northern counties where they can raise wheat and other grains similar to those that are cultivated in the North-western States. The emigrants who commenced the culture of wheat in those counties a few years ago have raised as fine crops as any that are raised in Missouri or Illinois, and as the best wheat land can be purchased for fifty cents an acre, one may reasonably expect that the farmers of this section will in a few years be enabled to furnish flour for all the cotton and sugar growing counties in the State.

ALIGATOR SKINS.—Mr. J. W. Benedict of Galveston, has manufactured some of the most beautiful boots and shoes that we have ever seen with leather made of Aligator skins. These skins

are tanned and prepared so that they resemble the finest calf skin in pliability and are beautifully mottled, like tortoise shell. He intends to send a pair of boots to the World's Fair in New York. He certainly merits a premium for changing the skins of these huge ugly monsters to forms of beauty and usefulness.—Houston Telegraph.

SPECIAL APPOINTMENTS.

JANUARY 27th, 1853.

To the Editors of the S. W. Baptist.

I wish you to do me the favor to keep the following notice of my appointments to form Associational Bible Societies in your paper.

Tuskegee, with the Church in Tuskegee, the 4th Lord's day in February.

Alabama Association, Carlisle, the Saturday before the first Sunday in March.

Pine Barren, with the Alleton Church Saturday before the second Sunday.

Bethlehem, with the Bellefonte Church Saturday before the fourth Lord's day.

Calhawa, with the Siloam Church, Marion, the Saturday before the first Sunday in April.

Little Bigby, with Jones' Creek Church, the Saturday before the first Sunday in May.

Choctaw Association, with Wabash Church, Saturday before the second Sunday.

Bethel Association, with Spring Hill Church, the Saturday before the third Sunday.

I hope all the Pastors of Churches in the above Associations, will form in each of their Churches, Branch Societies, to be represented at the formation of the Associational Society. And further, that in Associations not yet named, the work will be commenced, as I shall if the Lord will extend my visits, going in all in due time.

J. D. WILLIAMS.

MINISTERS' CONVENTION.

In view of the lamentable destitution of the Word of Life that prevails in many portions of the Lord's vineyard, it is proposed to hold a MINISTERS' CONVENTION in the City of Montgomery, at 10 o'clock A. M. on Thursday before the 1st Sabbath in April next, for the purpose of devising means whereby a greater amount of ministerial labor may be brought into the field. As this is an object of the first importance to the Church of the Redeemer on earth, and as it is hoped that, coming together with this single end in view, much may be accomplished that remains to be done, it is earnestly desired that all our Ministry will make it convenient to be present on that occasion.

- A. G. McCRAW, J. D. WILLIAMS, A. W. CHAMBLISS, I. T. TICHENOR, H. TALBIRD, W. W. WELLES, J. H. DE VOTIE, H. E. TALLAFERRA, J. S. FORD, W. B. JONES, T. G. KEENE, WM. WILLIAMS, C. F. STURGIS, A. T. M. HANDY, P. H. LUNDY, J. M. WATT, D. PEEBLES, P. E. COLLINS, D. R. W. McIVER.

We invite the special attention of Ministerial brethren to a communication in to-day's paper, numerously signed, calling a Ministers' Convention to meet in this city on Thursday before the 1st Lord's Day in April next. We are requested to state, that although it is called a Ministers' Convention, it is not intended to exclude any of our brethren from participation in its deliberations. It is so called, because it looks to the consecration of the Ministry to their work. We trust that many of our lay brethren will be present on that occasion. And as an evidence that we most cordially approve of the movement, we subscribe our names to this article, and join in the call of that Convention.

A. WILLIAMS, SAM'L HENDERSON.

SAURIN'S DESCRIPTION OF A DYING INFIDEL.

"O were my tongue dipped in the gall of celestial displeasure, I would describe the state of a man expiring in the cruel uncertainties of unbelief. Ah! see, everything conspires to trouble him now. I am dying; I despair of recovering; physicians have given me over; the sighs and tears of my friends are useless; the world cannot cure me; I must die. It is death itself that preaches to me. Whither am I going! What will become of my body! My God, what a spectacle! the horrid torches, the dismal shroud, the coffin, the tolling bell, the subterranean abode! What will become of my soul? I am ignorant of its destiny; I am plunging into eternal night. My infidelity tells me my soul is nothing but a portion of subtle matter; another world, a vision; immortality, a fancy; but yet I feel, I know not what, that troubles my infidelity. Annihilation, terrible as it is, would appear tolerable to me, were not the ideas of heaven and hell to present themselves to me in spite of myself. I see heaven, that immortal mansion of glory, shut against me. I see it at an immense distance. I see it, but my crimes forbid me to enter. I see hell; hell, which I have ridiculed; it opens under my feet. I hear the horrible groans of the damned; the smoke of the bottomless pit chokes my words, and wraps my thoughts in suffocating darkness.

Such is the infidel on his dying bed. This is not an imaginary flight; it is not an arbitrary invention; it is what we see every day, in those fatal visits to which our ministry engages us, and to which God seems to call us to be sorrowful witnesses of his displeasure and vengeance. This is what infidelity comes to; this is what infidelity is good for; thus most skeptics die."

GENERAL NEWS

NEWS BY TELEGRAPH

FOUR DAYS LATER

Arrival of the Alps. Another Advance in the Cotton Market.

The new screw steamer Alps arrived here on Liverpool this day, with dates to the 2d, or four days later than those of the Niagara.

France—The Emperor's Marriage. Louis Napoleon was married to Mile Eugenia Montijo on the 30th ult., the attendant ceremonies being of the most magnificent kind.

Foreign News.—The America brings four days' later news than the intelligence by the Alps, but the accounts by her are only important in showing that the Cotton Market had been firm and active, and the advance of one eighth penny reported by the Alps had been maintained.

Four Steamboats Burnt. Great Loss of Property—Three Persons Burnt.

The steamer Jno. Sawney, with 1500 bales of cotton, from Yazoo, took fire while coming out and just before her arrival at the levee this morning.

The Government of Peru has received with great satisfaction the intelligence of the acknowledgement of the right of that country to the Lobos Islands.

Congressional. In the Senate, on the 15th, the Deficiency Bill was considered till two o'clock, when it was laid aside, and the resolutions of the committee on Foreign Relations, on the subject of the right of way across Tehuantepec, were taken up, and debated by Messrs. Hale and Brooke.

The House of Representatives passed the bill of the Senate amendatory of the several laws relating to coinage, and afterwards went to Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union upon the Post Office Appropriation and the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bills respectively.

In the Senate, on the 17th, after the transaction of various items of private business, a number of important reports were made, among them was one accompanying a resolution in favor of demanding religious rights for American citizens in future treaties.

The House of Representatives passed the first Office Appropriation bill, and spent some time in Committee of the Whole on a state of the Union in the consideration of Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bills.

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The House of Representatives was engaged in the consideration of the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill, but did not come to a conclusion upon it.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19. In the Senate to-day the President's Message, relative to Nicaragua, was referred to Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The Army Appropriation bill was taken up and a bill granting the right of way for a railroad in the district passed—Pacific passed at 3.

In the House, the Civil and Diplomatic bills were debated, and amendments were adopted relating to the different foreign ministers, so as to enable the new Administration to change the representatives abroad, valuing for a full mission to Peru, and one to Central America, and creating the office of Charge d'Affaires to Switzerland.

An important Report was presented to the Senate on Friday, by Mr. Mason, relative to the difficulties in Central America, connected with the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty.

The Committee on Foreign Relations, from whom it emanates, declare the Bay Islands property of the Republic of Honduras, and that any occupation thereof by Great Britain, would be a violation of the Treaty of 1850, and further state that the British settlements at Belize, as defined by the treaties with Spain, lie within the territory of the Republic of Guatemala, and so equally constitute a part of Central America.

The Report recommends no measures to be adopted in the Senate, in regard to the declaration of war, and that the British settlements at Belize, as defined by the treaties with Spain, lie within the territory of the Republic of Guatemala, and so equally constitute a part of Central America.

Where a house is well furnished with books and newspapers, the children are usually intelligent and well informed; but where there are no books and papers the children are ignorant if not profligate.

Col. King.—We are glad to see that all the latest accounts from Havana represent the health of our Vice President elect to be materially improving, and concur in the opinion that he will be enabled to return to Washington within three or four weeks after the inauguration.

LIBERAL BEQUESTS.—ROBERT KETTLE, of Glasgow, Scotland, has bequeathed £3,000 for Baptist Missions in the Highlands and Islands of Scotland; £3,000 to the Glasgow City Mission; and £3,000 to the Scottish Temperance League.

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COMMERCIAL

Montgomery Cotton Market. State Register Office. Monday, Feb. 21, 1853.

COTTON.—Notwithstanding the very favorable tenor of the foreign advices, since our last report of the market, prices have further receded 1/4 to 1/2, mainly produced by the large receipts at Mobile and New Orleans. We quote Middlings 8c; Good Middlings, 8 1/2 to 8 3/4.

COTTON STATEMENTS. Stock on hand, 1st Sept. 1852, 583. Received past week, 800. Previously, 62,387—63,253. Shipped past week, 1,806—63,253. Previously, 62,405—64,331. Stock on hand, Feb. 21, 1853, 5,005.

Montgomery Prices Current. CORRECTED AND REPORTED BY E. HALIMANN.

BAGGING, Kentucky, per yd., 14 1/4 to 14 1/2. India, 12 1/2. BALE ROPE, Kentucky, lb., 7 1/4 to 8 1/2. BACONS, Sides, 9 1/2 to 9 3/4. Shoulders, 11 1/2 to 12 1/2. Hams, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2. COFFEE, Rio, 10 1/2 to 10 3/4. Laguaira, 11 1/2 to 12 1/2. Java, 15 1/2 to 16 1/2. Maracabo, 13 1/2 to 14 1/2.

CORN, per bush., 27 1/2 to 28 1/2. FLOUR, Superfine, per bbl., \$5 50 to 6 00. Extra, 7 00. LARD, lbd. and kegs, per lb., 12 1/2 to 14 1/2. MOLASSES, hbl. per gall., 28 1/2 to 30 1/2. Half, 4 1/2 to 5 1/2. SUGAR, Brown, per lb., 5 1/2 to 6 1/2. Clarified, 6 1/2 to 8 1/2. Crushed, 10 1/2 to 11 1/2. Salt, per sack, 1 25. Rice, per lb., 5 1/4 to 6 1/2. Montgomery, Feb. 25, 1853.

EAST TENNESSEE UNIVERSITY, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE. THE Summer Session of this Institution will commence on the 21st of February.

The Hon. W. B. Reese, late Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, well and extensively known for his varied attainments in Science and Literature, now fills the Presidency of the University.

The faculty consists of five officers, affording ample and thorough instruction in all the various branches of Science embraced in the very best literary institutions of the country.

The University contains three Departments of Study, viz., the Collegiate, the English or Scientific, and the Preparatory. Tuition in the Collegiate Department is \$21 per session; in the Preparatory \$13; and in the English from 13 to \$21, according to the nature of the studies.

Boarding varies from \$1 25 to \$2 00 per week. The entire annual expenses of a Student, including clothing etc., need not with strict economy exceed from \$140 to \$160. The University is situated 15 miles from the present terminus of the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, between which and Knoxville, Steamboats are constantly plying, thus rendering the Institution easily accessible at all times.

The location of the University is exceedingly healthful and has proved peculiarly so to Students from the South. For further information relative to this Institution address the President, Hon. W. B. Reese, or the Secretary, JOHN DEAN, CLACK, Feb. 25, 44—21 [Sec. of the Board of Trustees.

SPRING FASHIONS! HATS!! HATS!!! C. POMEROY & CO. have just received the latest styles of Hats, made of the finest materials, and in the most fashionable manner.

SPRING STYLE HATS, comprising Rankin's, Read's, and Beebe's Imperial Mole-skin, Black, Cassimer, &c., &c. February 12, 1853.

Montgomery, 1st Jan. 1853. GILMER, TAYLOR & CO., IN returning their thanks for the patronage heretofore extended to them, beg leave to inform that they have now on hand, a new element in the GROCERY TRADE of this city—namely—A strict adherence to a Cash System of Business.

Having sold, in the two years and a half since the establishment of their concern—a Half Million of Dollars worth of Groceries and Western Produce—their large and wide field for a practical test of the present mode of doing business in this trade, as it now prevails in Montgomery, and have satisfied themselves by actual proofs, that a trade conducted on a cash basis, with a reduction in profits of one half, will be as profitable to the seller, and much cheaper to the buyer; and therefore they this day announce a cash Grocery establishment—wholesale and retail—for the benefit of all cash customers.

The extensive nature of our business heretofore, is the best proof that can be offered of the general satisfaction we give to those who favor us with their patronage. And we have now the additional inducement to offer, in the location at New Orleans of Mr. Samuel Snodgrass, as our Special Agent for the purchase of Goods—who is well known to be fully acquainted with the merchandise suited for this market; and having ample facilities at command, will always afford himself of the lowest prices in the New Orleans market. Soliciting your patronage, we are Your obt. servts., GILMER, TAYLOR & CO. Montgomery, Jan. 7, 1853.

THE subscriber has on hand and is constantly receiving, a good and general assortment of Cabinet Furniture of almost every description, which he will endeavor to sell at uniform prices. He has also a first rate Upholstery, who is capable of doing all kinds of Upholstery or Paper-hanging which may be required. All orders attended to with neatness and dispatch. He also keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of Metallic Burial Cases. JOHN POWELL, Montgomery, Jan. 19th, 1853.

BARNEY BROTHERS, No. 45, 47, Commerce and Front-streets MOBILE, ALA., IMPORTERS and dealers in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, Cutlery, Axes, Hoes, Chains, Straw Cutters, Fan-mills, Ploughs, Mill-Rocks, Mill-Irons, Blacksmiths', Carpenters' and Farmers' Tools of every description.

Merchants and Planters visiting our city would do well to call before purchasing. Our stock is very complete, and we are determined to sell low. Orders are attended to promptly, and great care taken in their execution. if

C. A. SUGG, DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONARIES, Greensboro', Ala. April 14, 1852.

W. W. WALLER, JOHN D. TREBELL, WALLER & TREBELL,

Corner of Market and Ferry Sts., MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA. DEALERS in Fancy and Staple Dry-Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots and shoes, Hardware and Cutlery, Saddlery, and all other articles usually kept in a Dry Goods Store.

W. & T. are permanently established in Montgomery, and by selling goods at small profits to solvent and punctual purchasers they hope to make permanent customers, with whom they can long continue to do business pleasantly and satisfactorily. Their facilities for purchasing goods at low prices are equal to those of any other house in Montgomery. They keep a very large stock, and are constantly replenishing.

Cash purchasers will always find prices satisfactory. Feb. 11, 42

MRS. HAGADON respectfully informs the Ladies of Montgomery and the adjoining counties, that she is now receiving her Spring Stock of Millinery both from New York and New Orleans, consisting of Bonnets, Caps, Head-dresses, Flowers and Ribbons, all of which she intends to sell at reduced prices.

She has also a Fashionable establishment in the city of Mobile, No. 9 Dauphin st., where the ladies both in the city and country may be supplied with the choicest Goods in her line. All orders promptly attended to. Jan. 31st, 1853.

ROBERT & HOWARD, Physicians & Surgeons, TUSKEGEE, ALA. January 21, 1853.

HOOPER & MARQUIS, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Macon County, Alabama. WILL practice in co-partnership in the various courts of Macon, Montgomery, Pike, Russell, and Tallapoosa counties; in the Supreme Court of Alabama, and the U. S. District Court at Montgomery.

HENRY C. HOOPER, (GEORGE MARQUIS, Union Springs, Ala.) Tuskegee, Ala. Jan. 14, 1852.

LEWIS COLBY & CO., THE N. YORK BAPTIST BOOK-STORE, AT THE OLD STAND, 122 NASSAU ST. CONTINUE to keep on hand a large assortment of Theological, Religious, Miscellaneous and School Books, which they offer on the most reasonable terms.

Coleby & Co. have prepared to furnish any of their own large and valuable List of Publications, are at the same time agents for the books of AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY, THE MASSACHUSETTS SABBATH-SCHOOL SOCIETY, THE NEW-ENGLAND SABBATH-SCHOOL UNION, and other large publishing establishments; and have special facilities for supplying Ministers of the Gospel, Sunday-Schools, Colleges, and Book-sellers generally, with every thing in their line at publisher's prices.

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A. B. M

