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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY. Satan in Council—An Allegory.

Once upon a time, far back in the remote past, Satan, the "Prince of the powers of the Air," called a council in andemontion. Upon his throne of fire Lucifer himself, and upon his awful throne gleamed a burning diadem, that owned and flashed like living lightning the murky air; myriads upon myriads of fallen spirits—rank upon rank of Principalities and Powers," thronged the hall of audience. All forms of evil, grim and horrible, gathered around him, like satellites around a blazing star. Silent they sat in that illustrious hall, which the sulphurous flames lighted up, while the lurid smoke hung like a mighty canopy over the scene. Then rose up Satan—born to rule—who "dwelt like a star apart," matchless in evil as in power, and to the infernal multitude thus spake:

before their livid corpses are fairly stiffened, their companions shall gather like vultures, to fight and gash each other for the gold they leave; and in their turn shall fall, with their ill-gotten possessions—giving their bodies to the ravening wolf, and their souls to hell. I, too, will sharpen the assassin's knife, and help on the robber and the burglar, I will lay a spell upon the hearts of men and women, that shall work their destruction. The young maiden in the pride of her beauty, and with all her store of holy affections, shall forget her plighted vows to the youth who loves her, and leave him heart-broken to die; and though sickened with disgust, shall go the altar, and wed the grey-haired wretch who had heaped up gold. Nay, men shall bow down and do him reverence, and call him wise and good and great, though every piece he owns is stained with human blood, or wrung from the hand of woe by cruelty and oppression. Nay, the possessor of gold shall himself become infatuated, and at the black hour of midnight shall steal from his bed on tiptoe, and looking cautiously around in fear of robbery, shall open his iron chest, and count over every glittering coin, and hug it to his heart and worship it. Then shall he go forth and grind the face of the poor, taking usury, and robbing the widow and orphan, unmindful of conscience or of God, and when the death-angel comes, in his last agony, he shall clutch the yellow dross in his skinny hand and die, and come with all my votaries, and make his bed in hell."

up in the brain of the sea-captain, and seal up his eyes; and his vessel and all on board shall be engulfed and the bones of the marines within the bottom of the ocean. I will be the omnipresent curse of humanity. None so high or so low but he shall feel my bloody hand. I will take the sons of the kings, and the mighty men, and the chief captains, and the great ones of the earth and mangle them with dishonest wounds, strip them of wealth, fame, life itself, and fill their last hours with agony; I will open to their startled gaze the horrors of the pit in which I plunge them forever! Yet this is not all. I know that ye will laugh (if fiends can laugh) when I tell you that I will so manage that mankind shall all along think me their friend! I will come to them as an angel of light. The physician shall invoke my aid in sickness, and men shall never be so merry as in the presence of their deadliest foe! I will be at the wedding feast, the source of joy, and at the funeral gathering, the solace of their sorrow. I will fix my burning eyes upon men and fascinate them, and bind them in indissoluble fetters, yet shall they shout that they are free, while they dance like maniacs to the music of their own charms! I will bind upon their brows the iron crown of suffering, burning with hell fire, that shall scorch and sear their inmost soul and heart and brain; and yet shall they fall down and worship me, and for my sake part with houses and lands, gold and silver, and wives and children, and hope and heaven! He that would shun me shall find his betrayer in his own bosom; and where this suffices not to destroy him, he shall struggle alone against millions, and every custom and usage of the world, and every temptation that man can set before his fellow shall help me to his ruin. Though it is my mission to torture and destroy the whole race of Adam, yet will I so mix with their business, their pleasures and their daily habits, so flatter and delude their stupid senses, that they shall pronounce me a 'good creature,' nay, a 'creature of God.' Yes, the kings and governments of the earth shall declare my existence a 'public blessing,' and pass laws for my protection and that of my emissaries, while we walk the earth dominating its inhabitants, and tumbing them into hell! Yet shall the nations glory in the wisdom of their rulers, and turn a deaf ear to the wail of anguish that fills the earth, and exulting in the inspiration of the pit, turn to mockery all who shall oppose me. Oftentimes, too, will I wrap myself in the spotless robe of religion, and my chosen stronghold shall be in the temple of the Most High; and men shall deem it sacrilege to molest me in my work of murder. Let me then, O Satan, be ruler of the earth, for no one else can thus fill a world with desolation and ruin! Make me thy vicegerent upon the earth, and blood and tears shall flow as water—millions of graves shall mark where I have trodden in my triumphal march, and 'Hell's every wave break on a living shore, Heaped with the damned, like pebbles'—

He ceased; one unearthly yell of applause arose, amid the stamping of countless feet, and the clashing of adamant shields. The Arch Enemy stepped from his throne, and led the horrid spectre to a seat at his right hand, and spake thus: "Terrible Being! thou art henceforth my vicegerent upon the earth. Go forth, and hell shall be crowded with the souls of men thick as autumn leaves, or sand upon the shore. But first tell us by what name to call thee? And the fiend answered— "ALCOHOL!" So saying, he spread his broad, bat-like wings, and hell grew lighter as he vanished. How hath he fulfilled his mission! For a thousand years hath his fiery breath smote the wide earth with crime and death; and furnished men, as a countless food, To the red flesh-worm's slimy brood. Even while thou roarest he is near thee, ready to destroy thee and thy children, body and soul.

A TRUTHFUL ALLEGORY.—A traveller was pursued by an unicorn. In his affright he fell, and as a falling man caught at whatever was in his way; he caught the branches of a tree. He looked before himself, and saw a fearful precipice. He looked back, and saw the unicorn ready to destroy him. He looked again before, and saw a hideous dragon, with jaws gaping to receive him. He looked to the roots of the tree, and saw two rats, one white the other black, gnawing alternately at them. He looked among the branches of the tree, and saw it filled with poisonous spiders, ready to sting him; but from their lips dropped honey. Regardless of surrounding danger, he caught the honey, ate it, and perished. O reader! O man, see here thyself! The tree is life; the unicorn, death; the precipice, eternity; the dragon, thy destroyer; the rats, day and night, number-trover; the spiders, thy passions; the honey, thy pleasures, of which thou partakest to thy eternal ruin.

Calcutta, Bombay, Lahore and Madras, are soon to be connected by the magnetic telegraph, and railroads are being laid out. If these works can be secured against floods, they will do much to break up the spathy of the Hindoo mind.

Necessity of Revivals. BY LYMAN BECKER, D. D. I have lately heard disparaging remarks concerning revivals—that they were attended with so many defects, that their absence was better than their presence, and that, on the whole, we had better go back to the good old days when revivals were unknown, and the minister had easy times—when no such attacks were made upon his heart, and conscience, and intellect; but that he could spend most of his time on his farm fattening his hogs and getting in his crops, while he preached half a century he would never hear of a conversion. I would ask these croakers at revivals how many friends of missions would have been mustered if there had been no revivals? My brethren, we must have revivals. It must rain faster, or we perish with drought. There is no such thing as a growing progressive Church without them—no such thing as a prosperous country without them. God has never multiplied his people—never built up his kingdom rapidly without them, and never will. This is the thought I would impress upon those who hear me—the indispensable necessity of revivals of religion to perpetuate the Church and to convert the world. 1. Revivals are necessary as a kind of substitute for miracles. God is the author of conversion; but not in the way of miracles—not without reference to and conformity with the laws of mind.—Miracles cannot convert the soul. How many of those who witnessed the miracles of Christ, do you suppose, were converted by the prodigies that astounded them? Miracles had their use; but that use was not the conversion of the soul. But now their object is accomplished; the Gospel is authenticated; the work is under motion. Hear the world roar as it rushes along; and see, as civilization advances, wealth accumulates, luxury abounds, and society rises higher and higher, how men dislike the humbling doctrines of the cross! Religion becomes offensive; the Gospel is odious; and, if they go on, they will scout it out of the world with their sneers and contempt. How are you to make head against all this accumulating hatred? By jogging along in the good old orthodox way? No; men will go to hell by whole generations if something be not done. But go into a Church filled with these gay, self-sufficient contemptuous schemes, when the Spirit of God is abroad, and the atmosphere of revivals envelopes the mass. Then see how they stir; what an arrest is put upon the current of their worldliness! The whole town is affected. Conviction spreads from heart to heart, like fire in a dry forest. Every body feels, and you cannot tell why. In Litchfield, Conn., during a great revival, I would hear of conversions taking place simultaneously ten miles apart, without any contact or intercommunication. The Gospel then took hold. It was invested with a kind of almightiness. It is impossible for the truth to make such an impression at any other time. We must have revivals, if the world is ever to be converted. To wait till the Church is filled with the droppings of the sanctuary, is to wait forever. On the ratio of conversions which take place under an old, cozy, orthodox ministry, it would take to all eternity to convert the world. We must travel faster. A nation must be born in a day. 2. We must have revivals, to keep pace with the progress of the world's education, civilization, philosophy, business, thought. Every thing now goes ahead, and nothing but revivals will keep us in balling distance of the world. The Church is in the world, and if the Church goes ten times as fast as formerly, we need ten times the power to keep our hold upon it. A Church, in the days of the Puritans, could endure a season of death and destitution for seventy years, and yet keep alive. But ten years of destitution now will do more injury in a church than seventy then. If we went along in the old pace we should soon be out of sight. The world would leave us so far behind that we could not be discerned with a telescope. 3. We need revivals to secure this ministrations of sound Scriptural doctrine. The carnal mind is enemy toward God, and where conversions are infrequent the worldly spirit predominates. I have seen the time when men's minds were impressed with an omnipresent awe.—Some were vexed and some trembled as I preached the severe, humbling doctrines of the cross; but not a dog wagged his tongue. The presence of the revival enabled me to preach, without let or hindrance, the whole truth. But just as soon as the revival subsided, and the pressure was taken off, for me to have preached those same truths would have created an insurrection. We must have revivals, or we shall stand a chance to meet the mob. The world will not endure sound doctrine without the subduing power of revivals. 4. We need revivals to prevent the in-

tal effects of doctrinal formality. Many good people seem to think that if they have the Shorter Catechism in their houses, and especially if they have taught their children to "say" it, all will be well. I don't know anything more stupefying, Lethean, than a dead orthodoxy. Orthodoxy, without revivals, will produce formality. There are a great many ways to hell, and I do not know but the orthodox way is as fatal as any. He who lives on, trusting to the saving power of his creed, may be sure he is riding down the broad road at a railroad speed. I do not wish to speak of myself; but if there be a thing for which I desire to thank God, it is that he has permitted me to have some part in the glorious work of revivals. I am an old man and on the verge of eternity; I would say that if I had a thousand lives they should be devoted to the ministry of revivals.—You will ask me, how are revivals to be obtained? Take this, perhaps the last counsel of an old man; for I shall soon leave the world. I never yet had a revival unexpectedly, or on the mere ground that God is a sovereign, and pours out his Spirit when and where he pleases.—This doctrine never yet led to revivals. I always sought and labored for them, carefully watching the indications of Providence, and endeavoring, by the grace of God, to seize upon the appropriate moment. If the time came when efforts seemed called for, I made them. If I found my own heart not prepared for a revival, I took it to the throne of grace for correction. Revivals, like all good things, are to be labored for diligently, faithfully. Do any of you feel the need of a revival in your Churches? There is my experience. Prayer and labor, faith and works. Let me add, the preaching I have found to be most successful was doctrinal. I never wrote articles for the press, with rounded periods and polished style, to do execution within a revival. I never had any freedom when I was obliged to read my sermon so closely that I could not make a gesture.—Such sermons always grow cold in the mouth, and freeze the hearts of the hearers. I taught men they were rebels against God—the doctrine of total depravity—defining what I meant by it, and, by all means, what it didn't mean; and then, after stating the doctrine as clearly as I could, I endeavored to send it home. I never did any good with a sermon which had no application. Men are not so eager for the truth that they will pick it up. Other animals may do it, but sinners will not. Sermons ought to be made properly for execution. The Church will never do her duty without revivals.

The Drowned Babe.

But there is no future without its straggling clouds. Even now a shadow is trailing along the landscape. It is a soft and mild day of summer. The leaves are in their fullest. A southern breeze has been blowing up the valley all the morning, and the smoky haze hangs in the distant mountain gaps, like a veil on beauty. James has been busy with his lessons, and afterwards playing upon the lawn. Little Carrie has come in from a long ride, her face blooming and eyes all smiling with joy. The mother has busied herself with some flowers she loves so well. Little Paul, they say, has been playing in the meadow, and Tray has gone with him. But at dinner time Paul has not come back. "Paul ought not to ramble so far," I say. The mother says nothing; but there is a look of anxiety upon her face that disturbs me. Jamie wonders where Paul can be, and he saves for him whatever he knows Paul will like—a heaping plate of food. But the hour passes and Paul does not come. Old Tray lies in the sunshine by the porch. Now the mother is indeed anxious.—And I, though I conceal this from her, find my tears strangely active. Something like instinct guides me to the meadow. I wander down the brookside, calling, Paul! Paul! But there is no answer. All the afternoon we search, and the neighbors search, but it is fruitless toil. There is no joy that evening; the meal passes in silence; only little Carrie, with tears in her eyes, asks if Paul will soon come back? All the night we search and call—the mother braving the night air, and running here and there until the morning finds us sad and despairing. That day—the next clears up the mystery, but clears it up with darkness.—Poor little Paul—he has sunk under the murderous eddies of the brook. His boyish prattle, his rosy smiles, his artless talk, are to us lost forever. I will not tell how or when we found him, nor will I tell of the desolate home, and of her grief—the first crushing grief of her life. The cottage is still. The servants glide noiselessly as if they might startle the poor little sleeper. The house seems cold—very cold. Yet it is summer weather, and the soft breeze plays softly along the meadow, and softly over the murderous eddies of the brook. Then comes the bush of burial. The kind mourners are there; it is easy for them to mourn. The two clergymen pray by the bier.—"Oh, Thou who didst take upon thyself human woes, and drink deep of every pang of life, let Thy spirit come and heal this grief, and guide towards that happy land where justice and love shall reign and hearts laden with anguish shall rest forevermore." Weeks rolled on, and a smile of resignation lights up the saddened features of the mother. Those dark mourning robes speak to the heart deeper and more tenderly, than did ever the bridal costume. She lightens the weight of your grief, by her sweet words of resignation: "Paul," she says, "God has taken our boy!" Other weeks rolled on. Joys are still left—great and ripe joys. The cottage smiling in autumn sunshine is there; the birds are in the forest boughs. Jamie and little Carrie are there, and she who is more than all, cheerful and content.—Heaven has taught us that the brightest hours are in the clouds; that this life is a motley group of lights and shadows.—And as we look upon the world around us, and upon the thousand forms of human misery, there is gladness in our deep thanksgiving. A year goes by; but it leaves no added shadow on our hearts—stone. The vines chamber and flourish; the daisies are winning age and grandeur; little Carrie is blooming to the pretty cynicism of girlhood, and Jamie, with his dark hair and flashing eyes, is the pride of his mother. There is no slay to pleasure, but the remembrance of poor little Paul. And even that, chastened as it is with years, is rather a grateful memorial that our life is not all here, than a grief that weighs upon our hearts. Sometimes leaving little Carrie and Jamie at their play, he wanders, at twilight, to the willow tree, beneath which our boy sleeps calmly, for the Great Awakening. It is Sunday in the week-day of our life; to linger by the little grave—to hang flowers upon the headstone, and to breathe a prayer that our little Paul may sleep well, in the arms of Him who loveth children!

And her heart and my heart knit together with sorrow, as they had been knit by joy—a silver thread mingled with the gold—follow the dead one to the land that is before us, until at last we come to look upon the boy as living in the new home which, when this is old, shall be ours also. And my spirit, speaking to his spirit, in the evening watches, seems to say, so joyfully that the tears half choke the utterance—"Paul, my boy, we will be there!"

And the mother, turning her face to mine so that I could see the moisture in her eyes, and catch its heavenly looks, whispers softly—so that an angel might have said it—"Yes, dear; we will be there!"

GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.—Lieut. Lynch, of the United States Exploring Expedition to the River Jordan and the Dead Sea, visited the garden of Gethsemane about the middle of May, 1848. He says:

"The clover upon the ground was in bloom, and altogether the garden in its aspects and associations, was better calculated than any place I know, to soothe a troubled spirit. Eight venerable trees, isolated from the smaller and less impressive ones, which skirt the pass of the Mount of Olives, form a consecrated grove. High above, on either hand, towers a very lofty mountain, with the deep, yawning chasm of Jehosaphat between them. Crowning one of them is Jerusalem, a living city; on the slope of the other is the great Jewish cemetery, a city of the dead.

"Each tree in this grove, creaked and gnarled, and furrowed by age, yet beautiful and impressive in its decay, is a living monument of the affecting scenes that have taken place beneath and around it. The olive perpetuates itself, and from the root of the dying parent stem, the young tree springs into existence.—These are accounted one thousand year-old. Under those of the preceding growth, the Saviour was wont to rest, and one of the present may mark the very spot where he knelt, and prayed, and wept. No caviling doubt can find entrance here. The geographical boundaries are too distinct and clear for an instant's hesitation. Here the Christian, forgetful of the present, and absorbed in the past, can resign himself to sad, yet soothing meditation. The few purple trees will give ample food for contemplation,—for they tell of the suffering and the ensanguined death of the Redeemer."

WONDERFUL POWERS OF MEMORY.—A correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial relates the following curious case:

"There is a man living in Monroe county, named Daniel McCartney, whose powers of memory are truly astonishing. He has been totally blind from birth, and is forced to acquire everything through the sense of hearing, which is very acute. After hearing a voice once, he never forgets it, and can recognize an individual after years of absence, by hearing them utter naturally a single word. He remembers, and can give an accurate description of the state of the weather on each successive day, together with every visible eclipse, either of the sun or moon, for the last twenty-two years, or since the tenth year of his age. He can tell with undisputed accuracy the day of the week of any given day of the month, during that period; and can tell where he was, and in what he was engaged.—He has a distinct recollection of every article of food he has eaten at every meal for the same space of time; and in addition to these apparently impossible mental accomplishments, he can, unaided by any written record, quote every text from which he has ever heard a sermon preached, together with the name of the speaker and place! He can also calculate the number of minutes or seconds in any given period, without making any other than a mental use of figures, much sooner than the most ready mathematician can by usual method of computation.—His knowledge of sacred and ecclesiastical history is most surprising. By simply hearing others sing, he has memorized and can sing correctly some two hundred church hymns. In short, his memory is so remarkably retentive, that he requires but an audible reading of an article, or rehearsal of an event, to enable him to rival either the reader or speaker in communicating the subject matter to a third person at any subsequent period.

ARISTIPPUS.—"A father came to Aristippus, the philosopher, and wished him to undertake the education of his son; but when the philosopher asked five hundred drachms for his tuition, the father, astonished at the price, which seemed too much to him, and inquired why he desired that he should be a slave with a white collar, and you will have his answer: 'I will have you to be a slave to me, and you will have to be a slave to an inferior child.'"

FRIDAY, APRIL 1853.

The Temperance Cause

We publish in our paper of today an interesting letter from that old apostle of temperance, Dr. N. B. Powell, which we commend to the perusal of our readers. We shall also publish next week his letter to the editor of the Mass. Republican, together with the address, which accompanied it, of the State of Massachusetts to the citizens of that State, on the operation of the anti-liquor law which has been there adopted.

There may be some objectionable features in the law as proposed by the Selma Convention, but we readily grant, as it is an old maxim that nothing is at once invented and perfected, but that the fundamental and cardinal principles asserted by the proposed reform are not only sanctioned by the constitution of the country, but loudly demanded by the exigencies of the State, we think can easily be demonstrated and made too plain to admit of doubt in any unprejudiced mind.

We do not propose entering upon this inquiry now, but we shall in due time take up the subject and speak out as becomes the position we occupy as conductors of a religious journal. We eschew all connection with politics, and shall carefully avoid all interference with elections, but while we do this, we shall strike for the maintenance of principle, for the total subversion of the soul-destroying and withering curse upon our country, the retailing of spirituous liquors as a beverage.

Men may covet and find fault with some of the details of any proposed law, but all these can easily be remedied—they are as the dust of the balance compared with the great fundamental principles at stake. These principles are: 1. Has the state a right to legislate for the suppression of this evil, by placing an inhibition upon the traffic so far as may be necessary to abolish tipping shops, and kindred establishments, which have hitherto "framed mischief by a law," or shall the license law remain an everlasting blot and disgrace upon our statute book?

2d. The second great principle involved in the proposed reform is to allow the people themselves, by a majority to be certainly ascertained, to determine whether or not they will have this ruinous traffic continued among them. And why, in the name of liberty and all that freemen hold dear, should they be denied this privilege of protecting themselves, their families, their neighborhoods and counties, ay, our beloved State, from the ravages of a vice which is destroying its tens of thousands every year, bringing discord into neighborhoods, impugning and woe into families, and even now ravaging the heart of many a stricken one—of mothers, wives, daughters, whose tears are but the superadded price the licensed retailer pays to the State! As the law now stands, this great principle of republican liberty is violated.

The people of the country may resolve solemnly to have no such plague-spot as a liquor shop within it, yet if only "for respectable free holders" shall otherwise determine, these few can override the whole country! Can such a law stand? Are the people prepared to yield this great democratic principle that "the majority shall govern"? We have greatly mistaken the genius of our institutions, and the love of liberty which so universally pervades the masses, to suppose for a moment that this foundation stone upon which our government rests, still be swept away. We plead for it as for the dearest legacy bequeathed to us by our patriotic sires.

To remedy this monstrous departure from the true principles of republican government, and to avert the more ruinous and shocking consequences which have been, and are now the necessary results of it, is the main object of the proposed law emanating from the Selma Convention: A Convention composed of the best of men, and fully sensible of the great importance of the enterprise in which they had engaged. We repeat, the measures proposed in some minor details may, and probably will require amendment, but the main features involved in the recommendation, namely, the abolition of the license law, and leaving it to be decided by the people, as to whether they will be cured by a traffic, and at what price the privilege to sell shall be granted, should, in our poor judgment, meet with the unqualified approval of every good man.

All concede that this traffic is a grievous evil, and is doing incalculable mischief in the country, yet when any mode is suggested for getting rid of it, objections and reasons "plenty as blackberries" are arrayed against it. Some say the people are not ready for it, and that the country is to be prized out of the mass of moral slough into which intemperance has plunged it. Here we take issue with the objector. The people are far in advance of most of those who raise this objection, upon this vital subject. We have confidence to believe that the great mass of the people both see and feel the importance of second-hand action in reference to this traffic, and are prepared to second any legislation for the suppression of this vice by the strong arm of the law. They have been relying upon this moral suasion doctrine for many years—they have allowed this Legislature virtually to fix a price upon the morals of a large portion of the country, upon the lives of many, and the peace and happiness of still more, in the form of license fees for tipping shops, but they have determined to take the matter in their own hands. The time is not far distant when they will demand of the Legislature that they expunge from the Statute the license of this nefarious traffic. In the eloquent language of our venerable friend, Doctor Powell, "the cause of temperance like a mighty wave, is rolling over the Union, sweeping from ocean to ocean, and is too powerful to be resisted in this Christian age."

RESPONDENCE.

CHENUGGERS, ALA., March 23, 1853. To the Editors of the S. W. Baptist: GENTLEMEN—I forwarded to you by the last mail, the "Kentucky Era" with a request, that you should reflect, from the columns of your invaluable journal, an interesting article, written in Allegorical style, a happy hit, at the monster intemperance, should the article be too lengthy for your limits, and your space not be sufficient to give in detail all the proceedings of Satan's court, the full report of each of his faithful loyal subjects, I should be gratified, if you can find room, to let his Vicegerent King Alcohol speak and tell of his wonderful deeds, for his reign, his foot prints every where, are stained with blood. I perused with the deepest regret the editorial article of the Tuskegee Republican, upon the subject of the liquor traffic. I had hoped that he was mistaken in his vain boasting of the liquor drinking, &c., in Tuskegee, but that awful tragedy of Saturday night demonstrates the correctness of his statements. But for the vulgar and vile habit of drinking liquor, young Harris would not have been murdered; nor would his aged and dotting parents have had their hearts lacerated and crushed; by following to an untimely grave their only child, the stay and hope of their declining years. If the gloom of the woe, and sorrow, resulting from the catastrophe of Saturday evening, is not sufficient to convince the Editor and all others, of the necessity of abolishing the vile traffic, they would not be convinced (it seems to me,) through one "was to rise from the dead." The argument is exhausted; the time for action has come. The great and paramount object with all philanthropic Christian men is to arrest the ravages of the monster vice of the age, "intemperance." This overrides all other considerations. The office seeking-demagogue, the wily politician, the man without talents, or merit, will strive to evade the issue, to mystify and mix it up with politics; like that fish, described by naturalists, who, when pursued by an enemy, muddys the water, and thereby eludes his pursuers. Such subtleties will not avail those who are not in favor of legal suasion, the proposition of the Selma Convention, alias the "Alabama Law," are opposed to the temperance reform, are opposed to majorities ruling, and show an anti-republican spirit at war with the spirit and genius of our democratic government. The aspirant for office who evades the question and plays the artful "dogger," should look alone to the liquor influence for his elevation, and when placed in power, he will be the Dogger champion. The heart of the patriot and philanthropist should exult when he reflects that we have ten thousand Temperance men in our beloved State, combining a large portion of the talents and wisdom of Alabama. There can be no earthly necessity then, for voting for any man for office, who drinks liquor, or has any thing to do with the vile Traffic. The intriguing, designing politician will cry out prescription and say it will destroy their party. Ah! indeed—are not all good whigs, and all good democrats moral temperance men? Are not all good Baptists and Methodists and Presbyterians good temperance people? A Christian who is not temperate would be an anomaly. The temperance man ask nothing from their rulers or law makers, but protection—will any republican say, that a beat or township should have quartered or forced upon them, one of those sinks of iniquity, a liquor shop, alias a dogger, when ninety-five out of the hundred citizens are opposed to it—this would be democracy with a vengeance, for five besotted whisky drinkers and vendors, to govern and control the ninety-five moral tax paying temperance men.

I learn that Judge Dougherty is testing the question in Randolph and the upper counties, and the results are glorious, all go for the "Alabama Law." Noble man! He will wear prouder laurels than ever graced the warrior's brow.— Concert of action upon the part of the friends of this grand enterprise, is all that is necessary to its success. Let the one hundred and thirty thousand Christian professors, do their duty, and who can doubt for a moment the result. We ought to have our speaking men in the field with their memorials for signatures, the committees and all the friends of the cause should be up and doing. Our women too should follow the noble example set them by the females of New York.— That lady who went before the Legislature with her petition signed by twenty-eight thousand females, praying to have the destroying angel (the liquor Traffic) driven out of the land, has placed a wreath in her crown that will never fade while the Christian graces, "Faith, Virtue and Temperance" are cherished by the followers of the meek and lowly Lamb.

We have in this county several candidates for the legislature, a couple of whom have boldly declared their opposition to the liquor Traffic, and in favor of the "Alabama Law." From what I learn, Bacchus too will have his votaries in the field. It is humiliating to think that in so respectable a county as Macon, boasting of her College, her various flourishing literary institutions, her refinement, her taste, her morality and her religion, that an opposition or liquor alias Dogger Ticket should be run. It seems to me, were I inclined to support such a ticket, the victims of the monster would rise up before me; yes the ghost of that stricken young man Harris would haunt my path and ever be before my eyes. May God in his mercy deliver

us from the bondage, the curse of intemperance. The news from every quarter is cheering all the eastern States are rejoicing in Georgia, Tennessee and Kentucky, have spoken out; the line is not distant when the Temperance banner will wave over the land from Ocean to Ocean. Some of our friends I find are bewildered about men to fill high stations, such as Governor, United States Congressmen, &c. In that regard we are most fortunate; we have lots of men eminently qualified, and that would do honor to any station in the republic. Pardon me for only naming a few, such as H. W. Collier, Judge Ligon, Judge Chilton, Dougherty, Stone, Shortridge, Price, Williams, D. Chandler, Belsler, Clitherall, Clopton, Yancey, Pickett, Harlan and a host of others, of the same sort, great and good men, whose hearts are in the right place. Truly Yours, N. B. POWELL.

For the South-Western Baptist. Soul-Prosperity—No. xxxviii. MEANS FOR PROMOTING IT. Improve your season of spiritual refreshing. It is hard to toil in the midst of the parching heat, or the pinching cold, or to face the violence of the pelting storm. Ten these seasons have their urgent duties; we must meet them manfully, and shrink back from no necessary sacrifice. Still how much easier is it to toil when the elements are propitious and benign. Duty urges its claims upon the saints in seasons of peril and desolation; these claims must be duly honored. God sometimes, however, vouchsafes for wise and sovereign purposes seasons of special refreshing to his people; these seasons bring along with them their peculiar aids to duty, and of course their peculiar obligations, these should, consequently, be highly valued and improved. How carefully does the considerate farmer follow the softening and refreshing shower with his industrious arts? How joyfully does the merchant watch the movements of the commercial world, and throw his earnest efforts on each golden crisis as it arrives. And shall the people of God learn no profitable lesson from the children of this world? Must the votaries of worldly good be forever in advance, on the score of consistency and well-digested management of the children of light? There are times when the showers of the spirit fall refreshingly upon the heart; when the gales of Divine Grace blow sweetly and strongly; when the seas of Divine favor and providential opportunity are open and easy, and invite us forth to traffic in heavenly merchandise. The soul seems drawn to the mercy seat with an almost irresistible attraction; the feet linger at the gates of the sanctuary with an unwonted loze; the saints start in our eyes an angelic loze, and praise and meditation, and pious conversation are as easy as the breath we breathe. We are a wonder to ourselves. We are led to inquire what is all this, and why is all this? It is a tender and gracious visit from our dear Redeemer, and no doubt, for some important and gracious end. As far as circumstances will allow, we do well in humble faith and hope, to yield to these precious movements of the spirit, and drive from them all possible benefit to our souls. It may be that God is preparing us for some special victory over our spiritual foes; it may be that some new field of labor is about to open before us, and he would have us suitably furnished for the new enterprise; it may be that some heavy trial of our faith is near, and he would have us prepared for the emergency. Or it may be that death is at our door, and he would have us lay in some special supplies for our passage through the dark, cold sea, that lies between us and the heavenly Canaan. But whatever may be God's special design; it is a good time to trim our lamps anew, to gird up our loins; a sweet and precious time to get still nearer to the store-house of heaven, and put in our earnest plea for abundant supplies of all needed grace. It is a good time for us to overhaul our opinions, our principles and our practices, that in the brighter light which shines around us, in the spiritual and discerning frame with which we are now favored, we may the better detect our short comings, rectify our disorders, and effectually conform our hearts and lives to the Divine standard.

The saints of old knew how to improve their propitious seasons. That was a time of wonderful and gracious visitation, when the captive tribes were delivered from their Babylonian captivity and permitted to return to the Canaan and Jerusalem that they so much loved. Their hearts and their lips were filled with praise. "When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream. Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing; then said they among the heathen The Lord hath done great things for them. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Ps. 126: 1, 3. Thus did they commemorate the wonderful works of God. And now observe the wise and holy manner in which they husband this merciful visitation. They join prayer to praise; they plead earnestly for continued mercy—for a finished deliverance. "Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south." V. 4. David knew how to improve his prosperous times. He gave vent to holy love and solemnly renewed his vows of continued prayerfulness and improved obedience. "I love the Lord because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live." Ps. 116: 1, 4. I was brought low and he helped me. Return unto thy rest O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. Mine eyes have seen the righteousness of the Lord, and with words before the Lord. Ps. 138: 8, 9.

For the South-Western Baptist. Ordination of Rev. A. J. Battle. On Saturday the 25th of March, a Presbytery consisting of E. W. H. McIntosh, H. Tucker, J. T. Entwistle and Samuel Henderson, met according to the request of the Tuskegee Baptist Church, for the purpose of ordaining Prof. A. J. Battle to the work of the ministry. After the examination of the candidate it was unanimously agreed that he be set apart by prayer and the imposition of hands to the Gospel ministry on Lord's day the 29th March. On Sabbath at an early hour, a very large congregation assembled at the Church, in the presence of which the following order of services occurred: Sermon and reading of the Scriptures by Rev. H. Tucker. Ordaining prayer by Rev. S. Henderson, the Pastor of the church. Charge by Rev. W. H. McIntosh, Pastor of the Eufrata Baptist Church. Right hand of fellowship by the Presbytery, McIntosh leading. Benediction by the candidate. Indisposition prevented Bro. Eubanks from participating in services of the occasion. It was truly a day that will long be remembered. The services throughout were deeply solemn and interesting; and although they occupied more than two hours, yet a very crowded audience manifested the deepest interest until the close. The sermon of Bro. Tucker was one of surpassing power and interest. His theme was "The dignity of the Christian Ministry," drawn from the text "I magnify mine office." The doctrine was illustrated, 1st, by the powers of mind a discharge of duties involved; 2nd, it called into exercise the highest and noblest moral qualities—it was an office of disinterested benevolence; 3d, the objects it was appointed to accomplish; 4th, it was the only commission on earth emanating directly from heaven; and finally, it brought the agency of man in direct co-operation with the divine agency. The discourse throughout abounded in the most felicitous illustrations, as well as images of the most impassioned eloquence. We trust Bro. T. will consent to give it to the public through the "Baptist Preacher," as we learn he has been invited so to do. The candidate read to the congregation a concise and elegantly drawn up paper, containing his confession of faith. The charge by Bro. McIntosh was exceedingly solemn and impressive.

BURNING.—In Burnham churches are rising up here, and there, amid the vile moral waste, and thousands are already bowing to the authority of the blessed Redeemer, schools are in operation, and hundreds of children are leaving the vanity of putting their trust in idols. This God crowns the labors of our patriotic brethren with glorious success. Franklin was an observing and sensible man, and his conclusions were self-demonstrated. He said, "A newspaper and a Bible in every house, a good school in every district, all studied and appreciated as they merit, are the principal supports of virtue, morality, and civil liberty."

RESPONDENCE.

For the South-Western Baptist. Let us imitate and worthy examples. Has God delivered us from those that would ride over our heads? Has he "brought us into a wealthy place," and filled our soul with gladness? Let us do not to pay our promised vows, Let each one say, "I will go into thy house with burnt-offerings, I will pay thee my vows which my lips have uttered, and my mouth hath spoken when I was in trouble." Pa. 66: 13, 14. Now let us resolve to be much in praise all the rest of our day. Now let us fortify our bosoms against future mistrust and misgiving. Now let us bind anew the commands and the promises of God upon our yielding hearts. Now on this mount of favor it becomes us to gird ourselves for a higher ascent on the mount beyond, that thus we may go on from strength to strength, from height to height, till our feet shall be planted joyfully and immovably on Mount Zion above.

Do not understand me, my Christian brother, as advocating an irregular and fitful course in the service of God—far from it. Steadiness, and a general uniformity in the discharge of duty, cannot be insisted on too earnestly. A sweet, wholesome, uniform quietude of mind may be looked for as the general result of such a course. In days of darkness as well as sunshine, we must be "steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Yet, if at any time, "the light of the sun becomes seven fold;" if the Lord who giveth no account of his matters see fit somewhat to diversify our way with his occasional visits of superabundant love and joy; it would be presumption in us to think ourselves too prudent and too wise to accommodate our activity to our augmented light, to lean towards God's special intonations, and husband diligently, for our good and his glory, the surplus bounties of his grace.

We must remember that times of special comfort have their special dangers. The devil bridges us our extra dividends, and as the thief makes the most desperate plunge at the fullest prey, so Satan takes special pains to rob us of our best joys. I think it is Newton who says something like this, "The devil is like the foot-pad, who does not assault a man as he is going empty to the bank, but as he is returning with his money." We must watch in the mount as well as in the valley; in the bright and sunny day, as well as in the dark and stormy night. Are you now rejoicing, my friend, in the possession of some special favor? Has intelligence reached you that your distant, your only child is converted? Have you just returned from the sanctuary with your soul expanded with new views of your exalted Saviour, and of the heavenly glory? Do the hallowed influences of a precious revival of religion linger about your rejoicing spirit? The enemy at this very instant may be plotting some stratagem against your peace. O how gladly would he spoil your blessedness. Beware, or he will graft frivolity upon your holy mirth, rashness upon your newly animated zeal, self-exaltation upon your feelings of holy triumph. With watchfulness and prayer must you detain your consolations. With diligence must you improve your new dividend from the bank of heaven. Without care, and the blessing that God gives as the reward of holy carefulness, some distressing sin may press upon the heels of your triumphs; a sin far more dishonoring perhaps to God, than the lapses of your dark, desponding days, for it would be as though Peter had denied his Lord on the mount of transfiguration; or Moses had given utterance to unadvised and rebellious words by the very cleft of the rock where he had just beheld the glory of Jehovah.

For the South-Western Baptist. The Diary of Eneas. JANUARY 10TH.—In my reading today I have come upon those words of scripture upon which the world of men so much practically differ, though all read them alike, yet in solution and practice they are complete antipodes, the words are, "and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." (Acts xiii. 48.) While some understand them literally as it reads, others put the cart before the horse and seem to understand it thus, "and as many as believed were ordained to eternal life." On this subject I have no disposition to secrete the mould of my mind. I believe the record literally as it stands in the Book, and can add and say that I equally believe that in St. Mark, "He that believeth and is baptised shall be saved."

JANUARY 11TH.—Although my soul is somewhat buffeted with worldly cares and fears to-day, still on looking on the eminent man Paul was instrumental in curing at Lystra, who never had walked—been always lame, I believe the record and worship that power that effected the cure; even God, and ask is his answer shortened that it cannot save? JAN. 12TH.—Much commotion of spirit by worldly care and business today, but I look to God and resolve on a steady course of duty. JAN. 13TH.—Two distinct cases of observation strike me forcibly to-day, of the amplitude of God to deliver his servants in ways, unseen by themselves or others, in that of the deliverance of Paul and Silas from the inner prison, and in stocks at that, to his own glory. I believe the Holy record, and so take hope and comfort. The second case is the respective fates of the emigrating Oregon Presbyterian Colony, headed by Rev. J. C. Hanna, i. e. the twenty that slabbled off and traveled to themselves, because they would not agree to rest on the Sabbath. These twenty in part, after manifold difficulties and some deaths, reached their destiny eight days later than the others that preserved the Sabbath—a practical commentary on the path of safety.

JAN. 14TH.—Reflected more upon the great evil of entertaining evil thoughts to-day, than perhaps ever before in my life, both as regards the existing evil of them, and also, the sequence which follow, i. e. words, ways or actions, which usually follow in the train, and would hereby admonish myself to beware of the thus beginnings of sin, which surely lie in thoughts complacently indulged. JAN. 15TH.—This day has been unusually busy in worldly matters. I have only to record the regularity of morning and evening worship, and to note the sparing mercies of God over both me and mine. JAN. 16TH.—In the 20 chap. and 28 ver. of Acts, where the blood of Jesus Christ is denominated the blood of God, I affirm that I believe in its efficacy and atonement, as of the dignity as above described, (the blood of God) and take comfort in humbly relying on its atonement for my salvation. Lord help me to do so to the end. JAN. 17TH.—Business, and a number of visitors prevent reading and reflection to-day, as usual, which suggest the thought that it is good to have undivided set times for the service of God. JAN. 18TH.—Resolved that so long as this diary is kept up (at least) should business or company intrude as yesterday, unavoidable excepted, I will seek some time for private devotion at noon. 2.—I see much of the special providence of God in the preservation of St. Paul, through his sisters son, in 23 Acts, and hope in the same providence for myself. Yours in Christ, ENEAS.

For the South-Western Baptist. A gentleman of South Carolina, eminent alike for his scholarship and his patriotism, in writing to Professor Jewett, of the Judson, has the following P. S. "The people who come here from your place, afflict our ears very grievously by telling us, that they reside in Marion. Do teach your girls to give our old General his real name; and in honor of him, and of the town, to say, Marion." We fear the error is now too widely spread and too deeply rooted among the masses, to be easily eradicated; but in our humble sphere we will do what we may, to perpetuate the knightly name and the heroic achievements of the FLOWER OF THE CHIVALRY of the American Revolution. PEDAGOGUE.

TEXAS DEPARTMENT.

Houston, March 12, 1853. Editors of the S. W. Baptist:—The Lone Star of Texas never shone more brightly than it does upon the entrance on the Spring season of 1853. Blessed with universal health—having realized remunerating prices for an abundant crop of all the staple products of her fertile and prolific soil. Her monetary affairs in a safe and prosperous condition. Her public thoroughfares crowded with emigrants from all parts of the world. The spirit of internal improvement pervading her entire population—a hopeful feeling in reference to popular education—favored by the services of some seven hundred evangelical ministers of the gospel, and with forty-seven newspapers to increase the amount of general intelligence, with agents of the various benevolent and religious associations of the day permeating every portion of her wide domain, scattering light and knowledge among the masses of her population, aided by the all-powerful influence of two excellent weekly religious newspapers. With the common school master abroad in the land assisted by some ten thousand Sunday school teachers, giving valuable instruction to some ten thousand of the rising race, with hosts of teetotalers pledged to the promotion of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate—with many thousand pious MOTHERS and Fathers solemnly bound to train their offspring "in the way in which they should go." Aided by many hundreds of pious common school teachers—female as well as male—with all these important advantages, and many more which might be mentioned, are not the prospects of Texas as flattering in the extreme?—is not the star of her destiny in the ascendant? Who of our fellow-citizens, in the older States, will come over and aid us in causing the Lone Star to be the brightest and fairest in our political constellation. S. E.

THE SEED GERMINATING.—Some four years since, an Union Sunday School was organized at Roma, on the Rio Grande, by a donation of books, made through the Texas agency of the American Sunday School Union. Recently one thousand dollars have been subscribed to build a house for divine worship, after the Protestant form. A gentleman interested in the school, has written to the Texas Agent of the American Sunday School Union, to send them an Evangelical minister of the gospel.—Other Sunday schools are needed on the Rio Grande. Who will aid in furnishing the Mexicans and Americans on the Rio Grande, with Evangelical publications?

MAINE LIQUOR LAW IN TEXAS.—Public sentiment in Texas is fast increasing in favor of a legal prohibition of the traffic in intoxicating liquors. The Houston Division of the Sons of Temperance have unanimously passed a resolution recommending a prohibitory law and asking the concurrence of all the Divisions in Texas. In eastern Texas petitions are in circulation among the people asking for legal prohibition.

TEXAS THE COUNTRY FOR CONSUMPTIVES, AND FOR ALL AFFLICTED WITH PULMONARY DISEASES.—An experienced physician who had practiced several years in Texas, remarked that he considered the Brazos and Trinity bottoms, superior to Cuba for persons suffering with the diseases above indicated. Several clergymen and others, comparatively inclined, have emigrated to Texas with a view of availing themselves of the advantages of its climate, and in all cases in which the disease was not deeply seated they have experienced much benefit, many of them having been completely restored to health. Might not many valuable lives be prolonged by invalids from the North in the infancy of their diseases removing to Texas? Clergymen would find in this country a pleasant and useful field of missionary labor.—Id.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN TEXAS.—They are said to be about three hundred and fifty Sunday schools in Texas, of which some three hundred are on the plan of the American Sunday School Union.—The Texans appear to be a Union people.

FEMALE SEMINARY ON THE RIO GRANDE.—Miss Melinda Rankin, the author of that valuable and interesting book—Texas in 1850—has taken up her residence at Brownsville, and is engaged in building up a Female Seminary of the highest order, which is certainly a grand desideratum at that prospectively important point. She will, doubtless, succeed, as she brings to the task a finished education and many years of experience in that important business of teaching, both in the northern States and in Texas.—She also enjoys the confidence and cordial co-operation of Rev. H. Chamberlain, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at that place.

COTTON HOUSE AND GIN AT SAN ANTONIO.—A citizen of San Antonio about to erect a gin house and press. He has cotton gins now enroute for this place. He offers to purchase unginced cotton at its market value, or gin on toll.—Within our immediate vicinity, without care or attention, cotton has been produced to the amount of a bale an acre.—Our most intelligent farmers have entertained the idea, that our lands are equal to those on the Caney for the cultivation of this remunerative product. Their opinions are gathered from experience. We think that as a market is now offered at San Antonio, our agricultural neighbors would do well to improve the advantages by planting cotton.—San Antonio paper.

COLUMBIA.—The Columbia Democrat speaking of the growth and advancement of that beautiful town, says: "We are never without the means of intercourse by water with Galveston. Land in our neighborhood may be purchased at reasonable prices, and for a well known fact that there is no land on earth that surpasses that of Brazos county in fertility. We have every confidence in the growth and prosperity of Columbia, we feel that at no distant day we shall have a town, in point of business and beauty second to none in the Brazos valley."

THERE ARE SOME SINGULAR ERRORS into which subscribers occasionally fall in regard to their duties to publishers. Some seem to suppose that when they do not wish to continue a paper, all they have to do is, to refuse to take them from the office. What would be thought of the man who should order his baker to leave a loaf of bread at his door on the morning, and after a while should expect to escape paying for it by refusing to take it from his door. It is an established principle in law and common sense, that every subscriber to a newspaper is to be held to be a subscriber till he is notified, and orders his paper discontinued. If a paper is distinctly ordered to be stopped at the end of a specified time, it is the publisher's fault if it is not stopped, but if no such order is given, every subscriber is under obligation to pay for every paper which the publisher will he orders it discontinued.—Watchman.

MORTUARY.

Dist. at Loshopeke, Macon county, Ga. March 24th, of consumption, Miss Catherine daughter of Isaac and Mary Ann Williams, in the 15th year of her age; formerly of More, Md.

Baltimore papers will please copy.

A List of Prices in our Grocery Store has been compiled out of this paper, and appears in our next, and be consulted next week to week.

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NEW PUBLICATION OF THE

Southern Baptist Publication Society AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

DUTIES OF Churches to their Pastors, a Preliminary Essay, by Rev. Franklin W. Wood, of Baltimore, Md. 1 vol. 16 mo. pp. 108. Price 25c.

IN PRESS. And will be issued on the 13th April. "Mell on Baptism," in reply to Dr. Summers on Baptism, 1 vol. 16 mo. pp. 350. Price 50c.

Do do imp. Turkey, 1 15 Do do Turkey gilt edges, 2 50 Do do pocket plain sheet, 6 50 Do do do, 75 Do do imp. Turkey, 75 Do do ticks & gut edges, 1 25 Do do Turkey & gilt edges, 1 50

Way of Salvation, by Dr. Howell, (new ed.) 50 Evids of Infant Baptism, by Dr. Howell, (new ed.) 50 Fulfill on Baptism and Communion, do 50 Duties of Masters to Servants, (3 Prize Essays), 35 Simple Rhymes and Familiar Conversations for Children, by Dr. Malroy, 25 Predication and Sain's Perseverance, by Rev. F. H. Meli, 12 Argument against Infant Baptism, by Dr. Davy, 6 Advantages of Sabbath-school Instruction, by Dr. Malroy, 6

New Issues from other Publishing Houses. Course of Faith, by John Angel James, 75 Young Woman's Friend, or Female Piety, by John Angel James, 75 History of Providence, Carson, 85 Inspiration of Scriptures, Carson, 85 Living Character of Mother's Memorial of a Deceased Daughter, 60 A Stranger here; Bonar, 60 Memoir of Mrs. H. N. Cook; Sigourney, 75 Spring Time of Life, or Advice to Youth, Green Hollow, by Dr. Ide, 60 Morning and Night Writches, Trench on Study of Words, 50 The Faded Hope; Mrs. Sigourney, 75 Christy Duty, by John Angel James, 75 Blossoms of Childhood, 75 Broken Bud, 75 Pleasant Pages for Young People, or Book of Home Education and Entertainment, 1 25 Vane's Cyclopaedia of Anecdotes in Fine Arts and Literature, 3 10 to 5 50 Am. Baptist Register, 1853, 1 vol. pp. 496, 1 50

Clarity and its Fruits; Edwards, 1 00 Bible in the Family; Boardman, 75 Excellent Woman, 50 Bunyan's Allegorical Works, (new ed.) 8 vol. 2 00 Knowledge of Jesus; Carson, 65 Providence Unfolded; Carson, 65 An Olio—Poems by Mrs. Judson, 75 Hackett on Acts, 2 50 Heavenly Recognition, 75

The publications of Am. Baptist Pub. Soc., Am. S. Union and Am. Tract Society, sold at catalogue prices in Philadelphia and New York. Books issued by the Southern Baptist Publication Society, can be procured at Montgomery, Ala. Home at 20 per cent. discount for cash, to those who purchase to sell again. Books forwarded by mail at one cent per volume, payable in advance. New religious works constantly received as soon as published. Any works that are desired can be procured at short notice.

GEORGE PARKS & CO., Agents So. Bap. Pub. Soc., Charleston, S. C. April 10

SPRING TRADE. The great attraction of this market is the largely increased sales in the WHOLESALE Grocery Business, Resulting from very low prices, has induced W. A. GRANT to make arrangements for a more extensive business.

Having perfected the most advantageous arrangements for buying goods with Cash, he is prepared to sell to Cash purchasers, at the smallest advance, and as low as they can buy the same goods in the State.

His stock of BACON, PORK, and other leading articles, is now large, and will be kept constantly replenished by shipments direct. Call and see. W. A. GRANT, Montgomery, March 25, 1853. EXCHANGE HOTEL, Montgomery, Alabama. This splendid and popular Hotel has been recently renovated, and is now under the management of WASHINGTON TILLEY.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

Letters Received. Samuel Williams' letter received with remittance of \$5, for himself and bro. Bergin. You will see by the receipt list that you have paid to the 27th No. of the 6th Volume.

H. F. Goddard's letter came safe to hand, containing \$2.50 for Mrs. T. B. Hinton's subscription. Rev. J. S. Hart's very kind letter has been received, which very much encourages us. We hope he will renew his efforts to do something for us in Florida.

T. D. Bessel's letter received containing \$2.50 for Ed. H. Lide. John Sawyer's kind favor duly received with remittance of \$3.00. We hope he will succeed in getting us many new subscribers. Needham Bryant answered privately.

P. B. Chandler's letter has come safe to hand with remittance of \$2.50. John B. Lesieur's request has been attended to. Wm. C. Mynott's letter with enclosed \$5.00 for E. T. Goggin and himself.

William L. Foster's enclosure is hereby acknowledged. He has our thanks for his kind opinion. John Brock's letter received containing \$5.00 for himself, and half for Nathaniel H. Dobbins.

Wm. C. Morrow's kind favor duly received with remittance of \$5.00. Joseph Crawford's letter with enclosure of \$2.50 came safely to hand. John Roberson's letter containing remittance of \$2.50 has been received. His paper shall be mailed regularly, and if he does not get it he may feel assured that the fault is in the mail and not in us.

M. W. Phillips' remittance received—\$1.00. B. F. Hendon's letter came safe to hand with remittance of \$2.50 for W. W. Ward, which shall be placed to his credit. W. Cary Crane's kind letter received—shall be pleased to hear from him hereafter.

R. H. Thackeron. Answered privately—papers sent according to request. Benjamin Ringgold's letter received with remittance of \$2.50, the same placed to his credit. James H. Lowery. The paper shall be sent to him on the same principle that the former editor sent it.

W. W. Paschal's letter received with remittance of \$2.50 for Miss Caroline Welsh. His request shall be attended to. S. E. McDonald. Letter received containing \$2.50—shall be placed to his credit.

RECEIPT LIST. Paid to no. VOL. \$ Samuel Williams, 27 6 2 50 J. A. Burgin, 34 5 2 50 Mrs. T. B. Hinton, 35 5 2 50 John Lawyer, 13 5 3 00 P. H. Hundy, 34 5 2 50 J. J. Stewart, 60 5 5 00 Mrs. Sarah Meadows, 48 5 2 00 Gen. B. Graves, 34 5 2 50 P. B. Chandler, 31 5 2 50 William C. Mynott, 49 6 5 00 William L. Foster, 49 5 2 50 John Brock, 30 5 2 50 Nathaniel H. Dobbins, 48 5 2 50 W. C. Morrow, 50 6 5 00 Joseph Crawford, 48 5 2 00 John Roberson, 2 5 2 00 Benjamin Ringgold, 62 4 2 50 W. W. Ward, 12 6 2 50 Derrill Hart, 9 6 2 50 Rev. David Peebles, 9 6 2 00 Wm. Mortoli, 34 5 2 40 Wm. G. Herrin, 34 5 2 50 E. T. Goggin, 45 5 2 50 Kornega, 34 5 2 50 Wm. Thornton, 19 6 3 50 Alfred Budgett, 34 5 2 50 Stephen A. Thomas, 48 5 2 50 Wm. P. Bryan, 34 5 2 50 Dr. B. B. Knapp, 48 6 2 50 Jno. P. Stray, 49 5 2 50 Jesse H. Lide, 49 5 2 50 Maj. H. Russey, 31 5 7 50 W. J. Young, 34 5 5 70

DISSOLUTION. The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the name and style of C. Pomroy & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. ALEXANDER SHOTWELL, CHAUNCEY POMROY, Montgomery, March 24, 1853.

Trunks! Trunks! A NEW supply of TRUNKS just received and for sale at the fashionable Clothing Store of April POMROY & GREGORY. 1853—SPRING TRADE—1853. WALLER & TERRELL have received a large portion of their Spring Goods, and by the 20th of March will have their stock complete—embracing all the latest and most elegant styles of Ladies' Dress Goods—and all other articles usually kept in a Dry Goods Store—to which they respectfully invite the attention of their customers and the public. March 11, '53.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA—MONTGOMERY CO.

Special Court of Probate—March 10th, 1853. THIS DAY came John H. Cogburn, administrator of the estate of James R. Conyers, deceased, and filed an account of money laid out and expended for the use and benefit of Charles C. Conyers, an heir at law of said deceased, which was examined and ordered to be filed for the inspection of all concerned: And ordered that the 29th day of April next be set for a hearing of said account.

And ordered that notice of the time and place of said settlement be given by publication for three successive weeks in the South-Western Baptist, notifying all persons interested to be and appear before a Court to be held on the 29th day of April next, to show cause why said account should not be stated and allowed.

HUGH W. WATSON, Judge of Probate. March 18, 1853.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA—MONTGOMERY CO. Special Court of Probate—March 10th, 1853. THIS DAY came John H. Cogburn, administrator of the estate of James R. Conyers, deceased, and filed an account of money laid out and expended for the use and benefit of Charles C. Conyers, an heir at law of said deceased, which was examined and ordered to be filed for the inspection of all concerned: And ordered that the 29th day of April next be set for a hearing of said account.

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THE SOUTHERN MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY for all annual payments, provide both for old age and for a surviving family. To secure \$1,000, payable at the death of the family, or the same sum payable either to the party himself, when he arrives at the age of 60, or to his family if he dies sooner, the following annual Premiums are required:

At the age of 20, the Premiums are \$18.00 & \$23.00 " 30, " " 25.00 " 38.00 " 40, " " 28.00 " 41.00 " 45, " " 33.00 " 44.00 " 50, " " 38.00 " 54.00 " 60, " " 45.00 " 64.00 " 70, " " 52.00 " 74.00 " 80, " " 60.00 " 84.00 " 90, " " 70.00 " 94.00 " 100, " " 80.00 " 104.00 " 110, " " 90.00 " 114.00 " 120, " " 100.00 " 114.00 " 130, " " 110.00 " 124.00 " 140, " " 120.00 " 134.00 " 150, " " 130.00 " 144.00 " 160, " " 140.00 " 154.00 " 170, " " 150.00 " 164.00 " 180, " " 160.00 " 174.00 " 190, " " 170.00 " 184.00 " 200, " " 180.00 " 194.00 " 210, " " 190.00 " 204.00 " 220, " " 200.00 " 214.00 " 230, " " 210.00 " 224.00 " 240, " " 220.00 " 234.00 " 250, " " 230.00 " 244.00 " 260, " " 240.00 " 254.00 " 270, " " 250.00 " 264.00 " 280, " " 260.00 " 274.00 " 290, " " 270.00 " 284.00 " 300, " " 280.00 " 294.00 " 310, " " 290.00 " 304.00 " 320, " " 300.00 " 314.00 " 330, " " 310.00 " 324.00 " 340, " " 320.00 " 334.00 " 350, " " 330.00 " 344.00 " 360, " " 340.00 " 354.00 " 370, " " 350.00 " 364.00 " 380, " " 360.00 " 374.00 " 390, " " 370.00 " 384.00 " 400, " " 380.00 " 394.00 " 410, " " 390.00 " 404.00 " 420, " " 400.00 " 414.00 " 430, " " 410.00 " 424.00 " 440, " " 420.00 " 434.00 " 450, " " 430.00 " 444.00 " 460, " " 440.00 " 454.00 " 470, " " 450.00 " 464.00 " 480, " " 460.00 " 474.00 " 490, " " 470.00 " 484.00 " 500, " " 480.00 " 494.00 " 510, " " 490.00 " 504.00 " 520, " " 500.00 " 514.00 " 530, " " 510.00 " 524.00 " 540, " " 520.00 " 534.00 " 550, " " 530.00 " 544.00 " 560, " " 540.00 " 554.00 " 570, " " 550.00 " 564.00 " 580, " " 560.00 " 574.00 " 590, " " 570.00 " 584.00 " 600, " " 580.00 " 594.00 " 610, " " 590.00 " 604.00 " 620, " " 600.00 " 614.00 " 630, " " 610.00 " 624.00 " 640, " " 620.00 " 634.00 " 650, " " 630.00 " 644.00 " 660, " " 640.00 " 654.00 " 670, " " 650.00 " 664.00 " 680, " " 660.00 " 674.00 " 690, " " 670.00 " 684.00 " 700, " " 680.00 " 694.00 " 710, " " 690.00 " 704.00 " 720, " " 700.00 " 714.00 " 730, " " 710.00 " 724.00 " 740, " " 720.00 " 734.00 " 750, " " 730.00 " 744.00 " 760, " " 740.00 " 754.00 " 770, " " 750.00 " 764.00 " 780, " " 760.00 " 774.00 " 790, " " 770.00 " 784.00 " 800, " " 780.00 " 794.00 " 810, " " 790.00 " 804.00 " 820, " " 800.00 " 814.00 " 830, " " 810.00 " 824.00 " 840, " " 820.00 " 834.00 " 850, " " 830.00 " 844.00 " 860, " " 840.00 " 854.00 " 870, " " 850.00 " 864.00 " 880, " " 860.00 " 874.00 " 890, " " 870.00 " 884.00 " 900, " " 880.00 " 894.00 " 910, " " 890.00 " 904.00 " 920, " " 900.00 " 91

That morn'g... I thought I had... The life-long bleeding of the soul be o'er...

Abide in me... I pray thee now... Come and abide in me, and I in thee.

Music's Call... Come, when sad and weary... Life seems lone and dreary... Cheerful music bring...

When sweet morn is breaking... Joy celestial bring... Peaceful rest desiring... Music lives forever...

Sir Walter Scott--his Dying Hours.

Amid kindest attentions from all whom they met... The river was in flood, and not being able to cross the ford...

Mr. Laidlaw was waiting at the porch and helped to carry him into the dining-room... The next day he was better and they wheeled him in a chair out into the garden...

Next morning, being still better, the exercise was renewed... I have been listened with gentle devotion to these sacred words chronicled by the Blind Disciple...

...to him... the birds... the sportsmen... the first care is to remove the skin...

Monday found him very feeble, and he remained in bed... The instinct of labor was upon him and he would take no refusal...

His daughter put the pen into his hand, and he strove to close his fingers upon it... The poet looked up; again the tears gushed from his eyes...

Then a little after, "Friends, don't let me expose myself get me to bed... That's the only place now."

He never left his room again. For a few days he was able to sit up for an hour or two, at noon; and then that passed, and he lay still upon the pillows...

When Lockhart was called from his bed to attend him, he said, "Lockhart, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

He never spoke again; scarce showed any signs of consciousness, but gradually passed away... The next day he was better and they wheeled him in a chair out into the garden...

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