

# VERMONT TELEGRAPH.

"I AM SET FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE GOSPEL."

BY ORSON S. MURRAY.

BRANDON, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1837.

VOL. I. NO. 12.

### TERMS.

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All letters, to secure attention, must come postage paid.

## Vermont Telegraph.

BRANDON, SATURDAY, DEC. 9, 1837.

The following was received one mail too late, for insertion in this week.

For the Vermont Telegraph.

Brother Murray:—I very much dislike, in all public discussions, to have the main point at issue lost sight of in the petty bickerings of the parties. And the more do I dislike it in religious discussions, because such certainly demand candor and honesty. In no circumstances do we more need to be on our guard against wrong feelings, and wrong motives, than in public debates, oral or written. When parties commence, each with a determination of carrying the point, we may despair of either party yielding the point when convinced; and besides, they must possess more than ordinary candor and piety, not to misrepresent each other's language, and impeach each other's motives. And when either or both of these faults are seen, the discussion is uninteresting and injurious. Servants of God must not "strive for the mastery," unless they can be "temperate in all things." And knowing my deficiency in an attainment so noble, I hope never to engage in such a strife.

These remarks, I have thought, were called for, in view of the contemplated discussion between brother Miller and myself—and especially in view of some remarks of the former, in the last Telegraph, relative to my introductory article. I have hesitated some about replying, but, hoping to prevent like occasions in future, I have concluded to present a few strictures.

Having presented myself before the public as an objector, I shall offer some objections to the article under consideration. In the first paragraph of that article he says, he

never will require brother Miller to show what I might have said in truth, after he has proved that what I have said, for truth, is false. I wish now to be understood, that I deny the right of brother Miller, or any other person, to require me to explain any passage in Daniel or elsewhere, after I have shown that his explanation is wrong. That is at my option. I may or may not explain, just as I feel able and think best.

I thank you, brother Murray, for your correction of some of brother Miller's closing remarks. How he could charge me with "bowing to expediency," and of setting up, "What will the world say?" as my standard, is a mystery to me, when I expressly declared "that for truth we are not responsible, but for theories advanced for truth we are responsible." I must conclude that either he did not read this sentence, or that he designed to misrepresent, or that he forgot it when he wrote. Charity would incline me to believe the last.

I do hope, if brother Miller has occasion to reply to any of my articles again, he will first read till he understands me, and then remember it when he writes. This will prevent much replying and explaining and correcting; for I will endeavor to be plain enough to be understood. I hope this will be the last time correction will be needed on either side, during the discussion.

I will say nothing about his parenthesis in my only argument—let the public judge what his object was in doing it.

With regard to commanding time, I will say, I design to commence when I think I am ready—perhaps in two weeks. And I hope the watchword will be, Truth and straight-forward. AARON ANGER.

Waterbury, Dec. 1st, 1837.

REMARKS.—I did exceedingly regret that brother Miller would throw out such an article as the one here replied to; because I saw no call for it, and no good to arise from it either to his own cause or to the candid inquirer after truth. I admitted it into the Telegraph only lest I should seem to be partial, and refrained from more remarks upon it than I made for the same reason. I have now been constrained to say this much by way of explanation to those who may have inquired to know why it was admitted. It is most earnestly and anxiously to be hoped that preliminaries are now settled; and that in future the work will go straight-forward.

brethren, in every part of the land where it has been circulated and read, are well convinced of its importance, especially to us as a denomination, as to be ready for any effort which its circumstances may require. A large amount of subscribers must be immediately added to the list, or this will be the final appearance of the Christian Review.

The appeal of the committee is to the friends of a pure and elevated periodical literature,—to the friends of the truth, the whole truth,—to the friends of that kingdom which is not of this world. Will not the ministers and other intelligent brethren give this subject a careful consideration, and without delay forward some definite reply to the question submitted?

BARON STOW,  
DANIEL SHARP,  
LUCIUS BOLLES, } Committee.  
BARNAS SEARS,  
JOS. W. PARKER,  
Boston, Nov. 15th, 1837.

Be not Conformed to this World.  
Extracts from a letter, dated, SHELDON, December 3, 1837.

Dear Brother Murray:—The subject of superfluous expense in dress, furniture, and equipage, treated on by a female in a late number of the Telegraph, is one that has lain with weight on my mind. And when I have seen christians paying out so much, as some do, of what God has given them, to be in the spirit of, and conformity to this world, thus letting into the church every vain, foolish, and expensive fashion that comes into the world, working death to their own souls, it causes me to mourn.

I have often spoken to christians on this subject; and I find the same kind of apathy and cloudiness of mind in regard to it, that there formerly was on the subject of using intoxicating drinks. Although a few seem to have some sense of the wrong, yet the general plea is that it would not be best to appear singular in the world. But to what cause can we ascribe the great declension in the churches—the great difficulty of sustaining and enlarging benevolent operations of vast importance, but that christians let the spirit of the world drink up the spirit of grace in their own souls—drain their purses, and consume their time in attention to that which will not profit soul or body? It appears to me that christians are far from doing what they can in a pecuniary way; and it appears to me to be of primary importance that there should be a revolution in the churches, in this matter. How can the church be a light to the world, or a savory seasoning to it, so long as they go by the side of, or follow after it, in the fripperies and follies of dress and ornaments, and all the continual shifts of fashion.

My heart waxed warm on the subject; but I forbear to impose any more of my bungling performance on your hands, than have an assurance that my brethren would denounce me more of my own

class of mechanics, connected by so strong a tie as the love of gain, with the traffickers in bodies and souls. Moral Reform operations are most unwelcome. Like the men whose business it was to make silver shrines for the Goddess Diana of Ephesus, their craft is in danger from the diffusion of right principles among the community. What is it to them, that thousands of their fellow creatures are pressing down to destruction through this open gateway, so long as their purses are lined with the profits accruing from it? Let those, whose folly regards money as only a secondary good, refuse to enrich themselves with the spoils of bartered virtue and blasted character, of expiring hope and murdered innocence. No such scruples disturb the consciences of these men, who like the spider, feed and fatten in the very elements that are poison and death to others.

As we look through the different strata of society, and see how they are all, from the lowest to the highest, pervaded by the sin of impurity, it seems to the eye of sense impossible to eradicate an evil so deeply imbedded in the very centre of the social system. When shall we find a spot which has escaped the dire contagion? Our halls of legislation, our courts of justice, our seminaries of learning, the work shops of our artisans, and even the altars of our God have all felt its withering influence. Men in the highest walks of life, are so deeply dyed with crime, that we almost forget our abhorrence of their guilt, in astonishment at its unblushing audacity. If there is less actual profligacy among us, as a people, than among the inhabitants of France, there is so much less of refinement here, that the difference seems hardly in our favor.

What then can be done to arrest the progress of this wide-spread evil? What remedial system shall be devised; proportioned to its magnitude? But one such remedy exists, provided by infinite love, and placed by infinite wisdom in the hands of frail children of the dust. It is the application of gospel truth, bringing about the prevalence of gospel principles. No human being is too weak or obscure to assist in this mighty work, none is so situated that his or her influence will have no bearing on its ultimate issue. The God of Joshua, of Barak, of Gideon, and of David is still on the throne, and it is still his glory to accomplish his vast designs by means of the most insignificant and unlikely instrument. He who enabled 12 unlettered fishermen to overturn the most splendid, imposing, and firmly based system of pagan mythology the world ever saw, and to plant the cross above the throne of the Caesars, has lost none of his ability or

With some of them I had journeyed many weary miles. Through them I had addressed the heathen, and distributed the word of God. To some of them I had endeavored to impart important theological truths. I had heard them pray, and preach in their own tongue to listening audiences. I had marked their behavior in secret, and in hours of peril. Not to love them would be impossible. To part from them for life, without pain, is equally impossible. May it but prove salutary to myself.

The consciousness of a thousand imperfections in the discharge of my duty, forms the principal trial. Still there has been good devised, and good begun, and evil checked, and plans matured, which I trust will be found in the great day among the things which perish not.

Madras.  
A voyage of fourteen days, in a small sailing vessel, brought me to anchor in the roads of Madras, January 26, 1837. The city presents, from the sea, nothing to create large expectations. Only a few public buildings are visible, and not much of the town, as the site is quite level. There being no indentation of the coast, nor any island to break off the sea, a heavy swell rolls in throughout the year.

Vessels anchor in the open roads; the large ones keeping about a mile distant. Cargoes are loaded and unloaded, by boats adapted for passing through the surf. Among the first objects that struck me, were the catamarans, gliding in every direction. These are exactly like a New England stone sled. Three flattened timbers about eight or ten feet long, are tied together horizontally, and sharpened a little at the point. One or two men propel it with a paddle, flattened at both ends, and dip first on one side, and then on the other. They sit on the calves of their legs. In this position, which is the only one the case admits. They often remain for hours. The water, of course, comes up between the timbers, and washes over the little vessel, so that the men are kept wet to the middle. If they would carry any articles dry which is seldom attempted, they construct a little platform of bushes in the centre. When no boat could live five minutes, these catamarans go about in perfect safety. The men are often washed off, but instantly leap on again without alarm. A water-proof cap, for the carriage of letters to and from newly arrived vessels, is almost their only article of dress. The rest is but a strip of cotton cloth, two or three inches wide, fastened to a twine tied round the hips.

Landing seemed so difficult, though the weather was fine, that it was hard to conceive how gods could be conveyed without cutting wet. Yet these boatmen do it.

the villages within several miles, is generally reckoned at 420,000. But a census made in 1823 gave only 27,000 houses. This, at seven inhabitants to a house, would make the population about 190,000. Large spaces, even within the walls, are wholly vacant. Allowing for houses omitted in the census, the population is perhaps 200,000. There are populous villages in the neighborhood, containing probably 100,000 people. One of the most striking peculiarities in the town is the universality with which males and females, old and young, bear upon their foreheads, arms, and breasts, the marks peculiar to their religion, or sect of it. Some have a red or blue spot, on their forehead; others blue, red, white or yellow perpendicular lines; others horizontal lines. Some in addition to these, have white ashes rubbed in lines, on their arms and breast! I could not help recurring continually to that hot Dent. 32:5. "Thou shalt not have any gods but me, children." The illusion is doubtless to a similar custom.

The incident of Elijah running before the chariot of Ahab, (1 Kings 18: 46,) is continually brought to recollection here, and wherever else I have been in the East. Men of distinction have servants running before. At least two always beside the carriage. Even the humblest equipages, and persons on horseback, are never without one of these runners, who is called *ye-ee*. It is astonishing how these men, accustomed to the business from childhood, can endure. The coachman never slackens his pace on their account, and they keep up during the whole drive. For a long time this appendage destroyed the pleasure of my rides. The men however do nothing else, and their labor, on the whole, is certainly far less than that of a mechanic with us.

State of Religion.  
The state of religious feeling in Madras, just at this time at least, is little better than in Calcutta. The concert of prayer, which is held unitedly at different churches in rotation, was held, while I was there, at the Scotch kirk. One city minister only was present. The services resembled those of public worship. It could not, with propriety, be called a prayer-meeting. But religion seems to be exerting its blessed influence in the city more and more, and just at this time there seems to be something like what is called, with us, a revival of religion. The directness and ardor of address of the newly arrived American missionaries, has produced strong impressions on several interesting individuals, and on one of the pastors. Fifty or sixty persons, chiefly soldiers, are anxiously pressing into the kingdom of God.



—and especially in view of some remarks of the former, in the last Telegraph, relative to my introductory article. I have hesitated some about replying, but, hoping to prevent like occasions in future, I have concluded to present a few strictures.

Having presented myself before the public as an objector, I shall offer some objections to the article under consideration. In the first paragraph of that article he says, he has seen a communication addressed to you, the public and himself, "from brother Angier, pledging himself to present and prove six objections to my lectures on the second coming of Christ," &c. Now I must beg leave to say, that I have never "pledged" myself to "prove" or, in better English, to "sustain" six objections, &c. I have "pledged" myself to state, or raise some objections to "Wm. Miller's arguments and proof of the second coming of Christ, in or before the year 1843." Here is no play upon words. That article was not written without some care and reflection; and I think I have not yet been quite so imprudent as brother Miller represents me. I know the difference between candidly "presenting" objections for brother Miller to remove, if able, and "pledging" myself to sustain them. The former I expect to do, the latter the public may judge, and the sequel prove, that I cannot do. If my objections are removed to my satisfaction, I "pledge" myself to preach his doctrine—to proclaim it "on the house top." If on the other hand, they cannot be removed—if they are well grounded, the public ought to know it. I present myself, not so much as the opponent, to return blow for blow, as the scholar, enquiring for the truth. And while I hope to exercise all proper docility, I shall give him an opportunity of showing his "aptness to teach."

Secondly: Brother Miller, after saying that he thinks he has already established some points to which I object, remarks, "but if brother Angier otherwise judges, I hope he will tell the public and myself what those passages of scripture, which I have presented as evidence do mean," &c. That is, if he cannot solve the problem, for me, he hopes I will for him. I thank brother Miller, for his apparent willingness to become the scholar. But, he goes further to say, "this, to me, appears to be the ground which brother Angier bought to pursue in his two first objections." If by these remarks I am to understand that I am under any obligation to do so, I again object. If brother Miller should declare, in public, that twice 12 make 36; I have done all my duty when I hold up 12 articles in each hand, and let all see that twice 12 make only 24; without proving that it takes thrice 12 to make 36. So, as brother Miller has stated his full belief, that the 70 weeks end at Christ's death, and has founded much of his theory upon it, I shall feel that I have done all he has a right to require of me on this point, if I show that they do not then end, without telling when they do end. I

to be partial, and restrained from more remarks upon it than I made for the same reason. I have now been constrained to say this much by way of explanation to those who may have inquired to know why it was admitted. It is most earnestly and anxiously to be hoped that preliminaries are now settled; and that in future the work will go straight forward.

CHRISTIAN REVIEW.—Contents of the December No.

The reciprocal Influence of the Missionary Spirit; Influence of Christianity upon Public Morals; Relation of Philosophy to Religion in Ancient Greece;—Sewall on Phrenology; Buckland's Geology; Ministerial Education, in Georgia; Miss Marribeau on America; Principles of Translation; Literary Notices; Miscellaneous Intelligence.

Let the following Circular be promptly responded to by a large number of Baptists in Vermont who need such a work as the Christian Review.

Shall the Christian Review be discontinued?

At a meeting of several patrons and friends of the Christian Review, recently held in Boston, a statement was made respecting the condition and prospects of the work; from which it appeared, that unless some special and very successful efforts are speedily made, either to extend its circulation, or to provide other means for its support, it must be discontinued with the present number. Seriously deprecating such a result, for reasons which must be obvious to every considerate mind, the brethren present appointed a committee to devise and execute measures, such as the exigencies of the case appeared imperiously to demand.

This committee, considering it as both suitable and important, that their brethren in other places should be consulted, immediately despatched one of their number as a deputation to the principal cities as far south as Richmond, with instructions to submit to all concerned the final question, "Shall the Christian Review be discontinued?" Much will depend upon the answer which he shall receive.

The Committee would now respectfully submit to all the subscribers and readers of the Review the same question, and urgently solicit a prompt reply.

It may be proper for the committee to state, that the publication of the work was commenced in compliance with the repeated and earnest entreaty of many ministers and others of the Baptist denomination in different parts of the U. S. The editor, who has conducted it with so much impartiality and ability, was selected in accordance with public sentiment, strongly and unequivocally expressed. It has now been sustained, by extraordinary effort, through two volumes, and the committee have evidence, that it has given general satisfaction. But at no time have its resources from the subscription list been sufficient to defray the expense of its publication, and benevolent individuals, anxious for its continuance, have generously contributed to its support. The time has now arrived, when the question must be decided, whether the work can or cannot be made to sustain itself. The committee believe that it can;—that their

it appears to me to be of primary importance that there should be a revolution in the churches, in this matter. How can the church be a light to the world, or a savory seasoning to it, so long as they go by the side of, or follow after it, in the fripperies and follies of dress and ornaments, and all the continual shifts of fashion. My heart waxes warm on the subject, but I forbear to impose any more of my bustling performance on your hands. I have an assurance that my brethren would deny themselves more of vain gratifications, so that they might have more to do good with. Among other things, to take the Sabbath and have their heads enlightened, their hearts enlarged, holy affections warmed, and thereby they enjoy more, while they do more.

Yours with esteem,

### MORAL REFORM.

#### DETERMINED SUICIDE.

Mrs. Margaret Hunter, aged 40 years, who resided at No. 14 City Hall place, died yesterday morning of suicide. During the previous night she swallowed a dose of laudanum; and to make assurance doubly sure, she soon after swallowed a dose of corrosive sublimate. Her death, in a very few hours, was the result.—San.

The above was a house of assignation. After the death of the miserable keeper, her furniture was sold at auction, and our office agent was for a short time present at the sale. From the rough estimate he was able to make, with the help of a printed catalogue, he supposed there could not have been less than \$10,000 worth of furniture, all of it the most splendid kind imaginable. It was indeed a temple of luxury, where nothing was wanting to captivate the senses, seduce the imagination, and corrupt the heart. All the appliances of modern ingenuity and refinement, were brought together here with an utter recklessness of expense; and the establishment was probably in this respect a fair sample of many houses of the same kind in this city. But it may be asked, "how can these women afford to lavish money thus profusely? Whence can such outcasts from society, draw these large supplies?" The answer to these questions reveals a system of iniquity, which may seem incredible to those who are happily ignorant of the wickedness of our cities. There are men, calling themselves respectable, and who dare to talk about an honest livelihood, who make it a regular business to supply the keepers of these charnel-houses with all the traps and baits needed in their infamous profession. From some extensive cabinet making, and furnishing warehouses, they obtain a supply of furniture, on which a mortgage or bill of sale, is given as security. Installments are paid, monthly, or as far as practicable, to the owners of the chattels, for which a most exorbitant price is originally charged. In case of the death of the keeper, (which almost always occurs by violence) the men who own the furniture, come before the public administrator with their claims, and the property is publicly sold to satisfy their demands. It is usually bought in by the owners themselves, for less than half its value, so that they realize a profit of from 1 to 200 per cent. on the articles thus furnished.

It will readily be seen, that to this large

no bearing on its ultimate issue. The God of Joshua, of Barak, of Gideon, and of David is still on the throne, and it is still his glory to accomplish his vast designs by means of the most insignificant and unlikely instrument. He who enabled 12 unlettered fishermen to overturn the most splendid, imposing, and firmly based system of pagan mythology the world ever saw, and to plant the standard of the cross above the throne of the Caesars, has lost none of his ability or willingness to save. His eye scans the length and breadth of the enormous evil we are called to combat, and his hand can guide us, feeble and worthless as we are in ourselves, to sure and speedy victory. It is necessary that we should feel our own utter insufficiency to accomplish the work of reform, but this conviction must be united with a faith in God, which staggers at no apparent difficulties in the way of the fulfilment of his promises. "A season of preparation for any great change in the moral world, is never one of favorable appearances." The rubbish that has been accumulating for centuries, is scattered around, the foundations of many generations are torn up, and he who looks only on the unsightly materials, can scarcely realize that the day is coming when the top-stone of a stately and splendid edifice will be laid, "with shoutings of grace, grace, unto it." Yet such we know is the fact; and when our part of the labor is done, we shall have only to stand still, and see the salvation of our God. "Fret not thyself, because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity. For they shall soon be cut down as the grass, and wither as the green herb. For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; yea, thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be." "Wait on the Lord and keep his way, and he shall exalt thee to inherit the land; when the wicked are cut off thou shalt see it."—*Adv. of Moral Reform.*

### MISSIONARY.

From the Bap. Missionary Magazine. Deputation to Eastern Missions JOURNAL OF MR. MALCOM.—CONTINUED.

#### Final departure from Burmah.

Leaving the shores of Burmah, probably forever, inflicted on me no small pain. The dear list of names who compose our bands of labor in Burmah, seemed before me as the shore receded. Personal intercourse had been rendered endearing by intimacy, by mutual prayers, by official ties, by the kindest attentions, by a common object of life, and by similarity of hopes for the world to come. To part forever could not but wring my heart.

"Tis sad to part, even with the thought That we shall meet again; For there it is that we are taught, A lesson with deep sorrow fraught, How firmly, silently, is wrought Affection's viewless chain. Long ere that hour, we may have known The bondage of the heart; But, as uprooting winds alone Disclose how deep the tree has grown, How much they love is only known, When those, who love, must part."

The little churches gathered from among the heathen, added much to the sense of bereavement inflicted by this parting. The faces of the preachers and prominent members had become familiar to me.

The men are often washed off, but instantly leap on again without alarm. A water-proof cap, for the carriage of letters to and from newly arrived vessels, is almost their only article of dress. The rest is but a strip of cotton cloth, two or three inches wide, fastened to a twine tied round the hips.

Landing seemed so difficult, though the weather was fine, that it was hard to conceive how goods could be conveyed without getting wet. Yet these boatmen do it, and display energy and skill scarcely to be surpassed. Keeping time to a rude tune, they now take long pulls, and now short ones, as the waves run past; they at length push the boat forward on a foaming billow, and she is thrown upon the beach. As it recedes, some jump out with the ropes, who, at every returning wave, get her a little higher, till she lies upon the sand. The operation is sufficiently disagreeable, especially to the timid. The passenger is not only almost thrown from his seat, by the heavy striking of the boat upon the beach, but is generally well sprinkled by the breakers dashing against her before she can be hauled up sufficiently. The boats are very large and deep, but made entirely without ribs or timbers, and very light. The sides are formed of thin wide planks, warped by fire to a proper shape, and fastened together by strong twine. Against the seams straw and mud are fastened strongly by the twine which ties the planks together. No nails are used, for none could keep a boat together, knocked about on the sands as these are.

The Black town, so called from the color of the natives who reside there, is well laid out, and is defended by a substantial brick wall. The houses are far better, on an average, than those of the natives in Calcutta. Though there are not so many superb residences of baboos as in that city, there are some scarcely surpassed in elegance by any country seats in America.

A space of several miles in the rear of the Black town is occupied by the Europeans. Their houses are not placed in rows, but scattered about and embosomed in gardens and shrubbery. Trees are planted in rows along the principal avenues, and the number of pleasant drives surpasses those of any city I have yet seen in the East.

The fort is on the shore south of the Black town, with a large open space between, reserved as an esplanade. On the margin of this opening next to the sea, and also below the fort, are the most fashionable resorts for the numerous equipages which bring out inhabitants to the freshness and the glory of sunset the rushing of the ceaseless surf at your feet—the scores of vessels—the cool sea breeze—the quiet ocean—the wide view of the western sky—the varied equipages—and the cheerful faces, make it every way charming. In going to "the course," you meet, along the less pretending roads, merchants on their camels, Arabs on their stout steeds, Burmans and Moguls on their stout ponies, native gentlemen in their handsome but close carriages, drawn by bullocks, whose neck and feet gingle with many bells, while the humbler ones are drawn by a single ox in an indescribable sort of wheel-barrow, or by one or two men, or are borne in palanquins.

The population of Madras, including all

meeting. But religion seems to be exerting its blessed influence in the city more and more, and just at this time there seems to be something like what is called, with us, a revival of religion. The directness and ardor of address of the newly arrived American missionaries, has produced strong impressions on several interesting individuals, and on one of the pastors. Fifty or sixty persons, chiefly soldiers, are anxiously pressing into the kingdom of God.

I was happy to find, in the city, several Sunday schools. Only that of the Wesleyans seems flourishing.

As regards Christianity among the natives, Madras is behind Calcutta. I inquired of several ministers, and most of the missionaries, but no one knew the state or number of native converts. The nominal Christians are few. As to the real converts, one thought there were but two or three in the whole city and suburbs; another thought there were not a half a dozen, at the utmost; no one supposed there were more than that number. Some hundreds have been baptized, with their children, and many have grown up, who were baptized in infancy. The conduct of this body does little honor to the cause.

Of the Catholics there are some thousands, but they are scarcely distinguished by better morals or manners from the heathen, except by their not smearing their bodies and faces with idolatrous marks.

#### Anniversaries.

I had the pleasure of attending the anniversary meetings of the Wesleyan Mission, the Madras Bible Society, &c., and was greatly refreshed to see the crowded attendance, and the general interest taken in these institutions. They brought me also into a pleasing acquaintance with many missionaries from distant stations, and thus enabled me to enlarge my stock of official memoranda.

I was particularly pleased with the Wesleyan plan of having a second anniversary for the natives, in which the services and speeches were in Tamil. The body of the chapel, cleared of the settees, was well filled with natives, who sat, after their fashion, on the floor. They behaved with perfect decorum, and listened with attention. It certainly is a plan happily calculated to enlighten and improve the converts, while it instructs and informs the heathen.

A case has recently occurred, which has excited a great interest among the natives, far and near. Arumuga Tambiran, (literally, the six-faced god,) a distinguished devotee, has been converted to Christianity. He is now very old, having been for fifty years a prominent pilgrim and teacher. Dressed in a yellow robe—the sacred beads round his neck—smeared with ashes and clay, and bearing the various insignia of his high station, he made pilgrimages to many and distant places of distinguished sanctity, and was every where received with profound veneration. Eleven others, who had begun this course with him, had all died. Scarcely any man, far and near, stood so high, in his way, as Arumuga. His public baptism, last August, has created a strong sensation through the entire peninsula. Being a poet, he has written several pieces, which have been printed in large quantities, and are sought after with great avidity,—this being the