

smile. "Ahl captain, you have not forgot the ghost, I see. — But it is a long time to remember an old score, and I hope you'll forgive me."

"On one condition I will," replied Captain R—— "that you will tell me honestly how you managed to make all my sailors believe that they saw you, night after night, on board the ship as well as on shore."

"They did see me," replied Billy, in his usual sepulchral voice.

The Captain began to be in some doubt whether he was talking to Billy Morgan or his ghost.

"You don't pretend to say you were really on board my vessel all the time?"

"No, not all the time, only at such times as the sailors saw me—except previous to our arrival at Gibraltar."

"Then their seeing you jump overboard was all a deception?"

"By no means, sir; I did jump overboard; but then I climbed back again directly after."

"The deuce you did—explain."

"I will, sir, as well as I am able. I was many years among the Sandwich Islanders, where the vessel in which I was a cabin boy was wrecked, a long time ago, and I can pass whole hours, I believe days, in the water, without being fatigued, except for want of sleep. I have also got some of their other habits, such as a great dislike to hard work, and a liking for going where I will, and doing just what I please. The discipline of a man of war did not suit me at all, and I grew tired after a few days. To pass the time, and to make fun for myself with the sailors, I told them stories of my adventures, and pretended that I could live in the water and had as many lives as a cat. Besides this, you know, I played them many other tricks, and played for a musket, and partly from a kind of pride I felt in making them believe I was half a wizard. The punishment you gave me, though I own I deserved it, put me out of all patience, and I made up my mind to desert the very first opportunity. I had an old soap-sate with me whom I could trust, and we planned the whole thing together. I knew if I deserted at Gibraltar, or any of the ports of the Mediterranean, I should almost certainly be caught, and shot as an example; and for this reason we settled myself in a coil of cable which was stowed away by two decks, close to the bows, where it was dark even in the day time. My messmate procured a piece of oil-canvas, with which I might cover myself if I found it to be necessary. To make my jumping overboard have a greater effect on the crew, and to provide against accidents until the ship arrived at Gibraltar, I took care to fill my tobacco-box with tobacco, my pockets with biscuits, and to sling a canteen of water round my neck, as I told them perhaps I might like it into my head not to go to the bottom for two or three days. I got Tom Brown to write my will, intending to leave my watch and chest to my messmate, who was to return them to me at Gibraltar, the first chance he could get. But Tom played us a trick, and put his own name in place of my friends. Neither he nor I were very great scholars, and the trick was not found out till afterwards, when my friends was afraid of discovery if he made any report about the matter."

"Who was your friend, asked Capt. R——

"He is still alive, and in the service. I had rather not mention his name."

"Very well," replied Captain R——, "go on."

"That night I jumped overboard."

"How did you get back into the ship?" asked the Captain hastily.

"Why, sir, the forward port hole, on the starboard side, was left open, with a bit of rope fastened to the gun, and hanging down so that I could catch it."

The Captain struck his forehead with the palm of his hand, and said to himself,

"What a set of blockheads we were!"

"Not so great as might be expected," said honest Billy Morgan, intending to compliment the captain; but it sounded directly the contrary.

Interesting letter from the Secretary of War, to the Secretary of the New York Convention, for the emigration of the Indians.

Richmond, Virginia, August 25, 1829.

Sir—Last evening, by the Steam Boat Norfolk, from Baltimore, your letter to the President was received at this place, with a transcript of the Constitution, relating to the Indians, recently adopted at New York by your Convention. With the course pursued at your meeting, the President is much gratified, and desires me to declare to you, he cannot but appreciate highly the views taken by you of a course of policy, which justice to principles recognized, and humanity towards our Indian brethren, con- strained him as matter of conceived duty to adopt. He regrets that so many inaccuracies, both as to object and motive, should have found place in the public journals of the day, evidently misrepresenting, and calculated to produce incorrect impressions. The great consolation entertained by him though, is, that time will prove that his only end, and object and purpose, is to do full and impartial justice, to the extent that his official discharge of duty will sanction.

I beg leave to assure you, that nothing of a compulsory course, to effect the removal of this unfortunate race of people, has ever been thought of by the President, although it has been so asserted. The considerations which controlled, in the course pursued, were such, as he really and in fact believed, were required, as well by a regard for the just rights which the state of Georgia was authorized to assert, as from a conscientious conviction, that by its humanity towards the Indians would more effectually be secured. Of this they have been as-

scared, and in that assurance, no other disposition was had than to explain fully to them, and the country, the actual ground on which it was believed they were rightfully entitled to stand.

How can the United States Government consent with Georgia the authority to regulate her own internal affairs? If the doctrine every where maintained be true, that a state is sovereign, so far as by the constitution adopted it has not been parted with to the General Government, there must follow, as matter of certainty, that within the limits of a State there can be none other, than her own sovereign power, that can claim to exercise the functions of government. It is certainly contrary to every idea entertained of an independent government, for any other to assert adverse dominion and authority, within her jurisdictional limits; they are things that cannot exist together.

Between the State of Georgia and the Indian tribes within her limits, no compact or agreement was ever entered into; who then is to yield, for it is certain in the ordinary course of exercised authority, that one or the other must. The answer heretofore presented from the Government, and which you, by your adoption, have sanctioned as correct, is the only one that can be offered. Georgia, by her acknowledged confederate authority, may legally and rightfully govern and control throughout her own limits, or else our knowledge of the science and principle of government, as they relate to our own forms, are wrong, and have been wholly misunderstood.

Sympathy indulged is a noble and generous trait of character; but it should never assume a form calculated to outrage settled principles, or to produce in the end a greater evil than it would remedy. Admit it were in the disposition of the Government at Washington to hold a course and language—different from that they have heretofore employed; and to encourage the Indians to the belief that rightfully they may remain an exercise civil government in despite of Georgia? Do those who are the advocates of such a course, consider it reconcilable to propriety, dream of the consequences to which it would lead, or consider after what manner so strange an idea could be put in practice? Have they looked to the State of Georgia, consistently in the recital of her own construction of right, demanding of the United States their constitutional authority to interfere, and appealing to the States to sustain her against encroachments, which, if submitted to, might, in the end, prove destructive of the whole? If nothing else can be traced through such an appeal and in such an issue, I think the good and the humane may at least perceive that in it there is to be discerned, and that the weak and undisciplined Indians, in such a contest, would be a wretchedly destroyed, that the places which now know them, would presently know them no more.

From the conversations had with the President, recently and formerly, on the subject of the Indians, I am satisfied, that no man in the country entertains towards them better feelings, or has a stronger desire to see them placed in that condition, which may conduce to their advancement and happiness. But to encourage them to the idea, that within the confines of a State, they may exercise all the forms and requisites of a government fashioned to their own condition and necessities, he does not consider as an advantage to them, or that the exercise of such a right can properly be conceded. What would the authorities of the State of New York say to an attempt on the part of the Six Nations, to establish, within their limits, a separate and independent government; and yet their authority, to do so, would be as undeniable as that of the Creeks, or Cherokees, within the territory of Georgia or Alabama? Would they agree, that the Indian law of retaliation on the next of kin, should be enforced for the accidental killing of one of their tribe? Or, that nothing of trade & commerce by citizens should take place within their limits, except in conformity to the provisions of their municipal code?

Would they assent to have their citizens rendered liable to be arraigned at the bar of an Indian court of justice, and to have meted out to them the penalties of their criminal code? It is obvious that no state of this Union would grant such authority. Consider, however, that these Indians are entitled to be considered sovereign within their own limits, and you concede every thing else as matter of consequence. Admit the principle and all is admitted—and what then? The sword, the alone arbiter in any community, where questions of adverse sovereignty and power are to be settled, would, in the end, have to be appealed to, and when this shall be the case, the ban best prophet in our land cannot but discern what will be the finale of the contest. Is it not preferable, and does not their own peace, and quiet, and happiness, demand, that they should surrender, at once, such visionary opinions, and, by retiring beyond the Mississippi, place themselves where every conflict, as to state authority, will cease and where the most enlarged and generous efforts by the government, will be made to improve their minds, better their condition, and aid them in their efforts of self government? For your efforts, and those associated with you in convention, furthering this liberal and only practical scheme, the time will come when all good and generous men will thank you.

In conclusion, the President desires me to thank you for the communication made to him, and to offer you an assurance, that every legitimate power of his, will be freely bestowed to further and assist the laudable and humane course which your convention has adopted.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, your obedient servant, JOHN H. EATON.

From the Miner's (Pa.) Journal, Sept. 19—HORRID MURDER.

We understand that Captain Wright, of one of the North American Company's boats, was inhumanly murdered on Friday night the 11th inst. on his boat lying in the canal near Reading. We have heard so many contradictory reports respecting this murder, that we will forbear stating any particulars, further than that the blow was inflicted by a socket pole thrown by an unknown person, and penetrated his head about three inches. He lingered a day in the greatest agony, and then expired. Capt. Wright always bore an unexceptionable character.

Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS: Thursday, October 1, 1829.

RICHARD J. CRABB, will be supported as a Delegate to represent the City of Annapolis in the next Legislature of Maryland.

JAMES MURRAY will serve, if elected, as a Delegate to represent this city in the next House of Delegates.

THE ADDRESS of Edmund B. Davall, Esq. "To the Voters of Anne-Arundel and Prince George's Counties, and the City of Annapolis," was received at too late a period for insertion this week.

To the Voters of Anne-Arundel County. Whilst entertaining the most lively sense of gratitude for the continued friendship of my fellow-citizens, experienced on repeated occasions heretofore, and kindly promised by many of them on the present occasion, I am nevertheless induced by individual circumstances, to decline taking a poll at the ensuing election for Delegates to the General Assembly. I beg those especially, who have interested themselves in my behalf, to accept my most sincere thanks.

ROBERT WELCH, (of Ben.) Sept. 28, 1829.

For the Maryland Gazette. TO MISS ISABELLA.

Lovely tresses, sweetly flowing, O'er thy neck, in ringlet curls, Youthful love and beauty glowing, In thy face sweet lovely smiles. Sacred be thy name forever, And thou art he who art thy lover.

Thy form enchanting, light and airy, A heavenly spirit dwells within; A constant smile, ne'er known to vary, To angelic seraph, near akin.

When morning's dawning blushes the scene, Thy radiant smile, and thy sweet voice, On the long destined ear, ever true, Fairest flower, whose beams, In thy soft expressive eye, Loveliest buds ever teeming, With the minstrel's refrain die.

When morning's dawning blushes the scene, Thy radiant smile, and thy sweet voice, On the long destined ear, ever true, Fairest flower, whose beams, In thy soft expressive eye, Loveliest buds ever teeming, With the minstrel's refrain die.

Thou reign'st triumphant, Flora's Queen. Health thee lovely, o'er the power— The magic charm, around thee spread, The brightest, fairest, and the sweetest, Ever seen in Heaven's flower bed. There is a charm, there is a smile— About thee Love's secrets begin. LOGAN.

For the Maryland Gazette. TO MRS. H. H. R.

You ask for friends, a line or two, To peace, to friendship, love, and you— Alas! I sell my scribble rhyme, My best exertions shall be thine.

May you the peace of Heaven still know, Still life thy soul from scenes below, Still place thy hopes on Him above, The fountain of all glory love.

Then friendship, ah! that sacred name, From Heaven's high altar friendship came— With outspread wing, and plumed crest, To be a Lovely Lady's guest.

Long as the Heaven's star display— Till time shall cease, and rocks decay— Remain unsullied, like thine own, Of mortal frailties free alone.

The cares of life, the clouds may low'r, And dusk upon thy silent hour, With calmness will that heart of thine, Seek comfort in the God divine. LOGAN.

To the Editor of the Maryland Gazette. SIR—Being one of those people formerly called Federalists, and early supporters of General Jackson's election, I enclose you for insertion, an article taken from Mr. Walsh's Gazette, and copied from Mr. Miner's Village Record, both of which editors, as is generally known, were opposed to the General, though Federalists like myself. It was indeed, matter of astonishment to me, that these federal gentlemen, with many others, in the Middle and Southern States, by local interests, should have preferred to assist their favorite factors in the hands of a man who was characterized by reserve and self-consequence, as Mr. Adams certainly was, to another, who was distinguished for his soldier like candour and disinterestedness, like the General; for, I hardly suppose they could have been privy to the elevation of Mr. Clay, and relied on his liberal interference in my mind.

To my mind, it did not require the publication of the correspondence between Mr. Monroe and the General, referred to by Mr. Miner, to justify the preference I had long before given the General; but it would be more astonishing, now that the President has fulfilled every expectation which could have been founded on that correspondence, by independent federalists, if any of them should withhold their support from the administration of the general government, or from those who will support it in the legislature of the state.

What your own views may be Mr. Editor, I know not, but if, as I expect from the character of your Gazette has sustained, such articles as contain no libel or ungentlemanly expressions, may obtain insertion, to whatever side they may incline on political questions, this will appear in your columns at an early day. Give me leave to say, before I conclude, that it is in the late partial and obstinate party conduct of the editors of many newspapers that the friends of the administration find the justification of the appointment of other editors of papers, to lucrative offices in no many instances. I am, Mr. Editor, very respectfully,

A NATIVE OF MARYLAND.

We extract the following paragraph from the Village Record, a paper which is edited by a gentleman always a Federalist, who was very zealous in the cause of the late administration, and entertaining a particular predilection for Mr. Clay.

"That there should be, at periods not too distant, a thorough investigation, by new hands,

into the affairs of the different departments of government, is a doctrine which we have long maintained now to deny, without subjecting ourselves to the charge of gross inconsistency. Of the individual cases of removal, we are free to say, some have commanded the approbation of our most deliberate judgment. Many we have sincerely regretted of the most we could form an opinion of their individual propriety. Of the appointments, as regards truth and principle warrants us in saying, that there are many which do honour to General Jackson and his Cabinet. Until now, the walls of party division, which have so long separated the people into two great sects, though the causes for their division have long since ceased to exist, have never been effectually prostrated. Perhaps no other name than that of General Jackson would have been sufficiently popular to bear through and sustain the noble innovations upon the settled but disgraceful policy so long prevalent.

Adhering to his declaration to Mr. Monroe, Gen. Jackson has appointed Federalists and Democrats indiscriminately to office, putting to shame those brawlers who would exclude a wise and good citizen from serving his country, merely because he had borne the name of Federalist. The Hon. Louis M. Lane, of Delaware, has never ceased to avow his adherence to the principles of Washington, Hamilton and Jay. Yet Mr. M. Lane is selected for the first diplomatic appointment in the gift of the nation. The son of Robert Goodloe Harper—the son of Alexander Hamilton—Washington Irving, and other Federal citizens, are called into public life. The rays of Executive favour no longer pass through the distorting medium of ancient party prejudice. As a party man—as a mere Federalist I should say—Gen Jackson has redeemed his pledge—he has behaved with noble independence. Liberal principles have triumphed—the Federalists are free.

For the Maryland Gazette. Mr. Green.

How often do the most important events of our lives arise out of circumstance of the most trivial nature; the chain of our existence is connected by links so small that they sometimes elude our observation, until, as we look back on past life, we perceive their regular and unbroken connection. A few months ago I wandered out with a friend in the most frequented promenade of our little city, to gaze at the assemblage of beauty and fashion which exhibited their fascinations, and laugh at the awkward affectation of those who, without any pretensions to either, attempted a display of both. The walk itself is a beautiful one, commanding a splendid view of the Severn, as it winds its serpentine course for some miles, before it empties itself into the expanded bosom of the Chesapeake, and also of the diversified scenery on each side of it—Art, it is true, has not done much for this situation, but Nature has been lavish indeed with her gifts, and the eye may look without tiring on the verdant landscapes which nature has strewn around it. Many retired haunts were in view, where the student might pursue his meditations undisturbed, or the poet find food for his imagination, and excitement for his fancy. As we stood admiring the surrounding country, our attention was arrested by groups of detached parties strolling carelessly along, sometimes crossing our path, and sometimes wandering from us. My friend, who was of a gay and somewhat satirical cast of mind, amused himself and greatly interested me, by his singular and spirited remarks on the different objects that came within our view. His satire was turned mostly against those laughable and self-conceited characters, styled by a correspondent under the title "ambition" blands." Yonder (exclaimed my friend) goes a young man, of a fine and manly form, with expressive features. He was educated at a distant University, and has returned home so completely enraptured with the degree of A. B. that he cannot conceal his great importance. He possesses talents, and his manners are naturally agreeable, but he is so finished a fop that (was he a Johnson in wisdom) with all his Collegiate accomplishments, such as pride and conceit, his company would be intolerable. I perfectly concurred with him in opinion—This gentleman was in company with two young ladies, who were fine looking women, but whose beauty was somewhat marred by a knowledge of his existence; as they passed us, the judge of his existence, they passed us, and flirting his rattle in his hand, assumed a most consequential air, and made some observation, in a voice so low as unfortunately to be unheard. After they had passed, my friend remarked in a tone of mingled pity and contempt, would that fashion, with all its redeeming qualities, such as varieties and importance, &c. &c. had also the power to decorate the mind as well as the body of a Dandy. But, he continued, you will find 'blood in a turnip as soon as good common sense in a dandy.'" While we were thus amusing ourselves, we were passed by two persons of a very different description; a delicate, sickly looking old gentleman leaning for support upon the small, but finely rounded arm of an elegant young female, whose beautiful features were slightly shaded by a veil of the finest texture. Always an admirer of female beauty, I cast an enraptured gaze on her as she passed, and the expression of sweetness that beamed from her soft blue eyes has never been forgotten—her thoughts, as well as her attention, appeared to be entirely taken up with the object of her solicitude, whose feeble step indicated lost health, and the pressure of increasing years. With every grace in face or form to attract admiration, she seemed neither to claim nor expect it; unlike many of her sex, the power of whose charms we fight against, because a proud consciousness of their possession leads them to exact our homage; and what we feel to be claimed as a right, we are tenacious to withhold. Although we both exclaimed "how exquisitely beautiful!" yet the effect produced on our minds was widely different. With my companion the impression resembled a fleeting shadow, which, passing away, leaves no trace behind it; with myself, though I have mingled in the giddy circle, and walked in the paths of pleasure, the excitement has not vanished, nor has the vivid impression of lovely-

ness faded away. As I returned home, I was nation was at every step, though the tongue was silent, and in the visions of the night the lovely form flitted before me. I treated her enquiries after her were successfully avoided at no very distant spot, although a perfect stranger to me, and she was attending her only parent, bowed down with age and infirmity, on an excursion for health, to the promenade here. I sought her retirement, I would with all the fervency of early love, but that soft blue eye fell before my ardent gaze, and she suffered me to retain her trembling hand, while she replied to my entreaties, yet failed in my endeavour to gain her as my bride. Her father needed her exclusive attention; I was now all his own as a wife it would be in her power, indeed so frail is human nature, it might not be in her wish, to bestow it—It was impossible, and I relinquished my suit; my heart is her's still, and whether or not my fondest wishes shall ever be realized, the remembrance of that afternoon's walk will never be erased from my recollection while memory retains her seat.

For the Maryland Gazette. SPECULATIONS OF A BACHELOR. No 2.

There is no period in a woman's life more critical, than when, as it is technically termed, she "turns out," or in other words, is brought to talk to the gentlemen, to attend balls, and to every thing which a votary of fashion and dissipation "may of right do." This important period appears to be fixed, in this part of the world, by general consent, at about fifteen or sixteen. The consequence of this practice is, that young ladies, who should have studied Papa and Mamma, and have been in bed at nine o'clock, we now find eating ice, taking nonsense, and waltzing and flirting with the beaux in an assembly room at one in the morning.

Verily, Mr. Editor, "these things ought not to be." The change from a school to the dancing saloons of a fashionable life, is too great to be lightly and inconsiderately made. I am a thousand times obliged to the pathos of a person who is thus emancipated, that she is immature, and passions in all the strength and uncontrolledness of youth. The worst of society, the male flirt, is ever on the watch to take advantage of the inexperience of such a novice to outstrip her affections, and then to leave her to the enjoyment of remorse and disappointment. If she be rich, the fortune teller is ready to whisper into her ear tales of love, in which she imagines that his heart responds, and she is probably inveigled into a clandestine and unhappy marriage. If she be poor, there are always men willing to allure her, by promises of wealth and pleasure, into paths which lead to nothing but misery and early death. I know it will be said, that these things are very rare occurrences. But it is sufficient for my purpose that they do sometimes occur. And that no parent knows whether they may occur realized in the case of his own child, and thereby, even the possibility of exposure to such dangers should be carefully avoided. My acquaintance, should be governed by the fitness and qualifications of the individual concerned, and not by any general rule predicated on age. The parent should examine into the strength and maturity of her mind—she should observe whether she has resolution to partake of pleasure, without becoming fascinated with its charms and devoted to its pursuit—whether she can listen unmoved to the flattery of artful and designing men. For as surely as a delicate flower will wither, beneath the power of a snipping frost, so surely will good humor and that amiable humility of soul, which is charming in woman, be blighted by exposure to the influence of flattery. Anna B—— was the daughter of an intimate friend, and never did I know a lovelier girl in heart, soul, and body, than Anna, aged fifteen. She was then all good humour and animation; but even in the highest exuberance of her spirits, her conduct and her conversation were tempered with modesty. I saw her again, the succeeding winter, when contrary to her father's wishes she had "turned out," and alas! a lamentable change had taken place. She was then receiving with complacency, nay with pleasure, the incense which a train of flatterers were offering, and I soon perceived that she had become vain, and had learned to think herself beautiful. She was now proud and assuming, and frequently a frown wrinkled her brow as the prize of another man's ear. Instead of prinking in her eye as it glanced on the mirror, who were watching her every movement with a vigilant attention—I had once fondly, foolishly thought, that Anna, modesty and good nature, were inseparably and alas! they had parted, never I fear to meet again.

Like broken clouds—or like the stream That smiling left the mountain's brow, Yet e'er it reach the plains below, Breaks into floods that part forever."

Mr. Editor, awkwardly, sheepishly modest women are my aversion, but an impatient woman is absolutely intolerable. I refrain, however, from dilating further on this subject at present, as it is my intention to devote a future chapter, to the sole purpose of defining and praising true modesty.

But let us suppose all the difficulties I have enumerated to have been self-assured, and the fair young lady to have been thrown, in defiance of all the laws of reason and experience, into the arms (leges silent inter amas) of that delightful monster fashionable life. She finds her situation a perfectly novel one, (at least to her)—entirely different from all her past life; and naturally enough concludes that to adopt herself to it, she must undergo a thorough change, a radical regeneration. She immediately commences the work of "going," and unless she is old enough for the good habits acquired by a life of habits, take deep root, she soon concludes them, to make room for others more fashionable. The little information she may have picked up at school, is soon forgotten, with the exception, perhaps, of a smattering of arithmetic, which shopping renders necessary, and in the

ices of the useful, and large she (once) finds are substituted the fashionable standard of the day, and a thorough acquaintance with all the accords of the toilet. If she can dance well, walk well, and play, and sing well, she is perfectly accomplished, and if she should accidentally recollect a little history or geography, she is considered a paragon, and every one is amazed at the extent and variety of her information. This picture may be somewhat exaggerated. Mr. B, but it is at any rate not far from the truth. Every one who mixes in society at the present day, must acknowledge, that he often meets with young ladies, whose emancipation from the sampler and copy book, is to him most surprising and unaccountable—where are women in nothing but age.

Speaking of men leads me to mention another evil resulting from the early and improper entrance of females into society—it calls into being swarms of precocious beaux—younglings who are learning to tie a cravat, and to say "damme" with a good grace, when they should be conning their Latin, and grubbing up Greek roots from their Lexicons. I can say from experience, that to meet it is very unpleasant, to mingle with this young generation. It is actually a fact, and you will not doubt be surprised to hear it, that before I was fifty I could not help feeling quite old and antiquated, solely in consequence of seeing these youngsters, whose numbers I had known as babies, strutting about with a lally on each arm. Now if there were none but real, *bona fide* women to be met with in society; if our balls and parties were not in-terrupted by troops of silly, impertinent girls, these precocious gentlemen would not make their appearance, and men would feel more comfortable. The exertions of our schoolmasters would then be crowned with greater success, and much anxiety removed from the minds of parents—"Let no young man 'turn out'" before twenty, least," is the dictum of an experienced Bachelor.

PRAYER. Consider prayer not only as a sacred duty, but as an inestimable privilege. It is the dictate of nature, delightful in prosperity, resistless in distress. I do not mean that outward ceremony—those cold and formal addresses to the Throne of Grace, which neither elevate the mind, nor purify the heart, but that deep and heartfelt communion which gives to humility power, and to weakness strength; which adds gratitude to faith, and confirms the spirit in its important hope.

Can it be possible that human beings, frail, helpless dependent, fated to die, yet destined to a fearful immortality, should voluntarily deny themselves the sustaining hope, the never failing consolation which springs from this communion with their God, this worship of their Maker? It is irrational, I should say impossible.

It has been said that no man ever died an Atheist. I doubt whether any man ever lived an Atheist. Even scepticism of a less hardened character, is but a delusion of pride, a worldly conceit, a vain, a miserable boast. We cannot resist the consciousness of the existence of a Supreme Being. We cannot resist the consciousness of the conviction of a future state. We cannot stifle the knowledge of our own transgressions, nor can we renounce the hope of life hereafter.

Though full of pain this intellectual being?" This life, then, is but the commencement of our existence; the passage and the prelude to that future which is to know no end. One internal evidence of this, is the unstable and unsatisfying nature of its best and highest enjoyment. Who is there that has not felt the truth of the exclamation, "Who is there that has never occasionally felt? Who is there that has never occasionally felt who is there that has never occasionally felt? Who is there that has never occasionally felt? Who is there that has never occasionally felt?"

Statistical View of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

From the Minutes of the several Annual Conferences for 1829, just published, it appears there are in the Conference, W. Va., Col., Ind., Pa., Ontario, Canada, [1828] 8,734 10 915 9,678

Pittsburgh, 22,383 176 22,559

Ohio, 32,700 193 32,893

Missouri, 5,237 350 5,587

Illinois, 12,723 126 12,849

Kentucky, 23,885 2,682 26,567

Bolton, 17,952 2,012 19,964

Tennessee, 17,476 2,499 19,975

Mississippi, 10,918 3,579 14,497

Alabama, 38,708 5,276 43,984

Virginia, 28,184 2,755 30,939

Baltimore, 28,614 10,302 38,916

Philadelphia, 38,812 6,139 44,951

New York, 32,769 371 33,140

New England, 20,359 220 20,579

Genesee, 63,522 50 63,572

Maine, 19,246 74 19,320

Oleiss, 9,939 2 9,941

Total 48,570 62,814 111,384

Corrected total of last year, (See Methodist Magazine, December, 1828) 418,438

Increase this year, 29,305

The number of travelling preachers is 1697, superannuated 120—total 1817. Last year the total was 1642, making an increase since last year, 175.

POSTSCRIPT

FIRST BATTLE BETWEEN THE MEXICANS AND SPANIARDS.

Captain Ballejo of the brig Matilda, in thirty days from Tampico, state that the Spaniards had full possession of Tampico, and it was very sickly—the houses were converted into hospitals for the accommodation of the troops, upwards of 700 of whom were sick with the fever. The Mexican troops were at Old Tampico, distant not more than one mile, fortifying it, and intending to bombard the New Town before the return of Laborda with fresh troops.

The American merchants had to embark on board the ship, the ship Hornet, which was lying off Mr. Harrison's house had been plundered and himself badly treated.

Capt. B. has brought dispatches for Government.