
been of a discouraging nature; but I trust that the time is not far distant, when God will take away the reproach of his people there, and again give them favor in the eyes of those around them. It is in my mind to spend the winter among them, "If the Lord will."

Last Tuesday I set out in company with **Ribers**, **Karbons**, **Kilborn** and **Moses Dudley** for the yearly meeting. We had a fatiguing journey; but the satisfaction we experienced in the meeting, more than compensated for the fatigues of a journey of 130 miles. The administration of the Lord's supper, appeared to be attended with an especial blessing to believers, and many could say it was good for them to be there. My heart was sensibly affected in contemplating a Saviour dying love to your sinful man. My mind was led back to the time when Christ, in the presence of a few disciples, instituted this ordinance, and said, "This do in remembrance of me." I was also led to reflect on the astonishing prayer of the people since that time, notwithstanding all that has been said and done to prevent it, and felt my heart to rejoice to hear it preached, and see its ordinances attended to, where but a few years since, men contending to be saved, raise their hands against it, and say, "The blood of these unrighteous, bring us no salvation to their habitation." I trust where that I fear this ordinance is too much neglected in some places, even by those who profess to take Christ as their "leader and commander," and also believe the command, "Do this in remembrance of me," is not yet abrogated. Is such an excuse sufficient to justify them in neglecting one of the positive commands of their Leader? If not let us remember that "To obey is better than sacrifice."

In some places in this country it has been so sickle this fall, but the Lord in mercy has preserved my health, so that I have been able to ride about as extensively as I did in Maine. I have generally here, as in Maine, visited destitute churches already formed, feeling it more my duty so to do, than to form churches, and thus leave them altogether destitute. I long to see my brethren in Maine, some of whom expect me to be destitute, and perhaps utterly discouraged. May the Lord supply their needs and comfort them. I often think of the destitute and lonely situation of hundreds in the world, who scarcely hear a sermon once a month, and some hardly once a year. I sometimes fear that I and some others, who profess to "watch for souls," are sometimes deficient in our duty towards some of those destitute places or individuals, within the compass of our knowledge. O, if it is the case, how shall we answer for it in the coming day? Let us who are negligent, and give heed to the Lord, be diligent, and give him no rest till he establish Jerusalem, and make her a praise in the whole earth.

ELIAS HUTCHINS.

Elder SAMUEL THOMAS, an itinerant preacher of the Free Communion Baptists, from Upper Canada is now in this vicinity. He has preached several times to good satisfaction at our meeting place. He is well recommended by the church of which he appears to be a member. He has travelled in the ministerial capacity in almost every state, and is the same Eld. Thomas of whom mention is made by Eld. John Colby in the account of his first journey to Ohio. The following communication is from his pen.

Mr. Editor,—I sit down to give some information respecting a revival in the province of Upper Canada, a country which I have explored upwards of two years past. This place but a few years since was the seat of war, carnage, and desolation! The savage yell, the dolorous war whoop, and the screams of the dying, not only broke the silence of midnight but the silence of day. From the head of Lake Ontario, Many of our fellow citizens of the United States, leaving their parents, or wives and children, met their fatal fate at the heights of Canada, and there fell victims to their enemies, and bleached the hills with their bodies. But, blessed be the King of souls, since that time, that scene is changed.—The Lord of glory has visited this land, and has brought peace. Instead of hearing the sound of war, or the war whoop, we hear the sound of free, glad and redeeming love. This land is changed to a land—the savage is changed to a Christian. The tomahawk is buried—the scalping knife is deposited where we trust they will not be again lifted to shed human blood. The Lord reigns in the midst of Zion. Here is a Methodist Conference, two Bibles, a church, a school, and a well established church of England, and some Presbyterians; which all seem to be engaged in, the kingdom of Christ. All bars of separation seem to be giving way to the powerful Kingdom of Christ and his dominion. Those who were Calvinists and Antinomians, are laying their former creeds aside; and are not only willing to have union, but communion with the saints of God. The

ted gambler is no more heard in the streets. But instead of this, we often hear at our conference meetings, the distressed crying for mercy, and the sound of the voice of praise to God in the high-

The work among the Indians here seems mostly to have originated from the labors and instrumentality of Methodist missionaries. The most noted one of these is Eld. Case, who has established a school among them. The tribes who have partaken of the late revival mostly consist of the *Muhawks, Moxogones, and Wyandots*. As I was travelling last winter from Little Rock to Kingston, I called to hear a *Muhawk* preach. I suppose there were upwards of a hundred Indians collected, and as many whites. His name is a native, a young man not more than thirty-two or twenty-two years of age. He has a tolerably good English education. He first preached to the Indians in their native language, who seemed to receive the word with joy. He then addressed the white people in their language. The latter part of his address was affecting. He observed something of the devil and idolatrous state which they had formerly been in, saying, "We have worshipped them which were no Gods;" and even went to observe that some had worshipped snakes. Alluding to a nation, called the Snake nation, living high up the Missouri, (of which I have seen no trace,) he said, "I have seen the traces of Capt. Clark's warriors, who explored that river to its source." He then observed "I thank you, white men, for your missionaries among us—God taught us not to shed blood. You taught us agriculture—you taught us Christianity. We can now, with delight, worship the true God. We love God—we love Jesus, who died for our sins."

This same young Indian accompanied me nearly to the town of Belleville, where there was an Indian encampment, and many wigwams. It being in the evening, he desired that I should pray among his red brethren, to which I assented. After prayer I heard the cry of a female, who seemed to be in distress. I asked Peter Jones (this was the Indian preacher's name) what these things meant. "O," says he, "this is one of our mothers, who is happy. She be so happy, she sleep none all last night—She praise God every night."

The shop-keepers no more can make a profit by selling whiskey to the Indians. They will not touch it. I trust the Lord is bringing about his purposes—the heathen are to be a possession, and the uttermost parts of the earth for an inheritance. I travelled from there to Perth, and baptized three women. From thence, I proceeded to Grand River, where I met with a number of Scotch Baptists. Some called them Independent Baptists. I was very little different from the English ones. Another party were called Newlights, holding to washing one another's feet, and kissing one another.—I then reached among them, and the Lord seemed to be with us in a wonderful manner; and then went to Osbornough, among the Methodists; where the Lord seemed to carry on his work in a powerful manner. The last evening in which I preached in that place, I told them at the close of my discourse, that I should set out the next day for Rhode Island, and perhaps I should never see them no more forever. I inquired for one of the brethren, and he prayed for me. Five or six came forward with their hands raised in deep distress. I started next morning on my journey for the east. But before I had reached Mr. Johnston's, five or six more came after me, saying, that I must go back and see Mr. McFerry, a

young scotian ministers.—I then turned
my face about and went on,—I layed
down and for him. As evening was
drawing he appointed and while I was preach-
ing he gave glory to God. Next morning
I left him praising the Lord. I proceeded
to Lawrence, and soon arrived in the state
of Vermont. I then inquired for Baptists.
They informed me there was a great
number in Kingsbury, and that place
I met with Dr. Artlun, a young preacher
of that order. This young man had just
received a Seminary education, and had
commenced the practice of law, in which
he was eminent; but the Lord converted
and made him a minister of him. Under his
labors there is a great revival in Water-
bury, Cambridge, and other places. His
disciples, who are many, are called "the
sons of the ministry." I thank you for
the interest you take in God, some of this char-
acter are set apart to the glorious work of
the ministry.

SAMUEL THOMAS.

We understand that the next session of the Bowdoin quarterly meeting will be held in Wales, the last Wednesday and Thursday in December next.

Two weeks before last, in giving the names of persons who have taken Registers in retail, **STEWART DICKFORD** of Newburgh, was mentioned as one—it should have been **ESKINZA DICKFORD**.

The Weather. Several days embracing the conclusion of last, and the commencement of the present week, were extremely

ly cold. It is the opinion of most people among us, that such cold weather so early in the season has not been experienced at any time within their recollection. In the afternoon and evening of Tuesday last a great quantity of rain was poured down which swept away the snow that had previously fallen; and checked the earth. Yesterday morning many of our farmers commenced operations, with an intention to finish their fall's stint, but we conclude they were necessitated to "turn out," before night, in consequence of another uncomfortable snow storm, which began its vigorous whistling early in the afternoon.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

The body recently found at the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek, supposed to be the remains of Morgan, proves, upon further investigation to be the body of Timothy Munro, of Clark township, Upper Canada, who was drowned at the mouth of the Niagara river about the close of the month of September last.

Lester M'Call was executed in Nassau county, U. Canada, on the 10th ult., in 48 hours after his trial, for the murder of his wife—the consequence of intoxication!

A "New England Stage Association" has been formed in Massachusetts, who make it an article of agreement, that "no driver shall be employed who indulges in intemperance, profaneness, or indecent and abusive language."

Language of America.—In the *Le Globe* of August 25, it is asserted on the authority of the Abba Anduze, that the Aborigines of America, who inhabit the shores of the Pacific, have two principal languages, which form the instrument of communication between the various tribes.—The same traveller believes, that some affinity exists between the manners of these savages and the ancient Hebrews; and that knowledge of the Oriental Languages could be of great utility to the student of the original American tongues.

Fire.—We understand that the Stage w
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a
vern in Brunswick owned and kept by
Mr. Rogers was destroyed by fire on Wed-
nesday evening last. There was an insur-
ance on the building.—Am. Pat.

riot in New-York.—The New-York papers give the particulars of a disgraceful scene which took place in Chatham-street Thursday night last, in the demolition of the windows with brick-bats of a store.

Mr. Le Rouge, to compel him to comply with regulations recently adopted by our shopmen, to close their doors at night fall. It is mentioned that the presence of the Mayor, Sheriff, Police Officers, &c. were necessary to the dispersion of the mob; and that three of the rioters had been committed to Bridewell.

Mr. Gallatin, our Minister to the Court of Great Britain, is to return to the United States, with his family, in the ship Silvanus Jenkins, which was to sail from Liverpool Oct. 8; for New-York.

Gardiner Lyceum.—Mr. John H. Lothrop lately a tutor in Yale College, has been appointed Principal of Gardiner Lyceum, and will shortly enter upon the duties of that office.

Lord Goderich, Prime Minister of England, has given 100l. to Kenyon College in Ohio.

Dearborn's platform balances, for weighing, are said to be the most perfect ever invented.—The balance is capable of sustaining ten tons, and at the same time will weigh one or two pounds with precision. With care, and under cover, it is calculated the apparatus would last twenty years. Mr. Dearborn, of Boston, has rendered great service to mechanics by his inventions, among which this is the least valuable.

As an instance of commendable honesty and integrity, we mention that a lad, son of Mr. Benjamin Tilden, of this city, was so fortunate recently as to find a wallet, containing \$1100; and he, being a young man, son of Mr. Jacob Tilden. As soon as the loss of the latter became known to young Tilden, he repaired directly to Mr. Barstow, and restored the wallet with its contents untouched, and reward for his honesty. Mr. Barstow presented young Tilden with fifty dollars. Though doubtless he has many such sons, yet to be so excellent an example deserves to be made public for its influence it may have on others. — Boston Patriot.

GREAT FIRE AT MOBILE:

MOBILE, Oct. 21, 1827.

I have only a moment to tell the sad news of our calamity. A fire broke out this morning in the Mobile Hotel, occupied by Mr. Austin, in Royal street. At the time of the fire, all the streets were common streets and in ruins. Dauphin street, from the wharf to St. Joseph street on both sides; Conti, both sides, between the water and Royal streets; Royal street, both sides, between Franklin and Conti streets, except the Alabama hotel corner of St. Francis and a small square adjoining it. It is impossible to estimate the loss, probably a million—\$500,000. The loss of our business, property, and the lives of many persons, and considerable number of goods, were consumed with the stores. The flames spread so rapidly that it

as impossible to stop them. The fire is
will raging and uncertain when it will stop.

FOREIGN

[illegible]

Natural Gratitude.—On Friday, afternoon last, a boy about 14 years of age, attending to the cows on the farm of Reid, near the city, was attacked by a bull, and severely injured. He was repeatedly kicked and trampled upon for a length of time, so as to be very severely injured in all parts of the body. Nobody being near, his cries were not heard; and all consequences would very soon have ensued, had he not been released in a most unusual manner. While the furious animal was getting more and more enraged he attacked by the rest of the cattle (twenty in all) determined to kill him in order to defend himself, he led them off, and was fortunately still able to move, and who was thus enabled to escape. Such an example of the exertion of a degree of intellect in cattle, led to an inquiry of the writer regarding the circumstances of the case. The boy informed the writer of the fact, that one only of the cattle (a bull) came first to his rescue and attacked the rest, and in a little time the others came, and the assistance of the first. This was a wonderful and almost unheard of instance in rather a sickly condition, during which time the boy had paid it considerable attention, giving it handfuls of corn, and otherwise administering to its comforts, which attention it has nobly repaid, by rescuing its benefactor from a violent and shocking death.—*Life Herald.*

The vessel hoisted.—A few days ago the steam boat arrived at Georgetown, filled with passengers from London. A passenger, covered with rags, declared that neither he nor his two sisters had any money to pay their fare. The steward who had been often tricked in the same way, said he was determined to have some kind of security. He took the man's ragged coat, with the intention of showing it over-board. This was strenuously resisted by the Irishman, and in the struggle the coat was torn in two. The steward who retained his part of the garment, examined it, and found it was the same as he had seen before. He was much annoyed at the anxiety of the Irishman to keep his coat, and began to examine it, when he discovered, concealed by the lining a piece of gold. The steward deducted the fare of the Irishman and his two sisters, and returning his fair balance, discharged him and the ladies.

—*Florida Democrat.*

DIED,

at Bridgeton, BENNETT PIKE, Esq. - Counsellor
at Law.

hereby given to all, whom

that the Book of Accounts belonging to **ANDREW AYER and ANDREW AYER & COMPANY**, as **ANDREW AYER** is interested in the same, transferred and assigned to me in due form of law.

All persons indebted to **ANDREW AYER** in the aforesaid Books, are requested to make immediate payment to me.

JAMES AYER, 3d
Newfield, Nov. 15.

BENJAMIN PITTS
 WOULD inform the public that he has taken
 the stand formerly occupied by DANIEL
 W. Limerick, Limerick town, where he attends
 ready at all times, by day and by night, to
 assist travellers in a style which he hopes
 will suit the taste of his acquaintance. In
 his house food and drink are constant.
 Limerick, Nov. 1, 1857.

THE Subscriber would inform those with whom
 he has unsettled accounts, that he will be at
 Limerick, the three first days of January,
 to attend to the adjustment and settlement
 of the same; and wishes such to govern themselves
 accordingly.
 JOHN LIBBY.
 Limerick, Nov. 6, 1857.

DOCTORS.

From the Black Book of the

THE FEAR OF AUTUMN.
Fear of Autumn, pale and weeping,
Thus remind me of that hour,
When old age around me crept,
And I was left alone and drear;
Then like thee, by autumn blest,
Wither'd and deep'd in my frame,
I shall sleep in death, and with fame,
With youth's beauty, and with fame.
Fear of Autumn, pale and weeping,
By the stars that wildly rave,
With a deadly bow invested,
Thus remind me of the grave;
When, like thee, I slumber'd in my bed,
My mortal body and my breath,
And, like thee, on earth I lie,
Folded in the arms of death.
Leaf of Autumn, lonely straying,
Soon, ah! soon, thou shalt disappear,
Yet, thy form, although departing,
Speaks to me a lesson dear;
It gently leads me to prepare,
Here on earth, for judgment day,
Heaven alone my only care,
And my refuge and my trust.
Leaf of Autumn, send it down,
The reminder of thy power,
And thy beauty in death shrouded,
Of friends that slumber in the tomb;
And I shall be there, I soon shall sleep,
Life like a leaf that soon will fall,
Then I shall go for friends to weep,
Grief nor sorrow feel no more.

From Montgomery's Poetical Island.

MEET AGAIN.

Joyful words we meet again,
Love's own language, comfort daring
Through the souls of friends at parting,
Life to death we meet again.
While we wait this vale of tears,
Compassion round us care and sorrow,
Gloom to-day, and gloom to-morrow,
Meet again our earthy cares.
Far in exile when we roam,
O'er our lost endeavours weeping,
Loudly sighs silent keeping,
Meet again transports us home.
When the weary world is past,
Happy they whose spirits soaring,
Fast ascend to realms above,
Meet again in heaven at last.

MISCELLANY.

GREAT CHRISTIAN LAW OF RECIPROcity.
Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—Matt. vi. 12.

How shall we dispose of a phrase, an sweeping and universal in its import, as that of "all things whatsoever"? We cannot think that such an expression as this was inserted for nothing, by him who has told us, that "every man everyone who takes it away from the words of this book." There is no distinction laid down between things fair, and unfair—between things reasonable, and things unreasonable. Both are comprehended in the "all things whatsoever." The signification is plain and absolute, that, let the thing be what it may, if you wish others to do that thing for you, it lies imperatively upon you to do the very same thing for them also.

Let a man, in fact, give himself up to a strict and literal observation of the precept in this verse, and it will impress a two-fold direction upon him. It will not only guide him to certain performances of good in behalf of others, but it will guide him to the regulation of his own desires of good from them. For his desires of good from others are here set up as the measure of his performances of good to others. The more selfish and unbounded his desires are, the larger are those of which he is burdened. Whatsoever he would that others should do unto him, he is bound to do unto them; and, therefore, the more he gives way to ungenerous and extravagant wishes of service from those who are around him, the heavier and more insupportable is the load of duty which he brings upon himself. The commandment is quite imperative, and there is no escaping from it; and, if he, by the excess of his selfishness should regard it imperatively, then, the punishment, due to the guilt of not acting under the authority of this commandment, follows in that train of punishment which is annexed to selfishness. There is one way of reducing this verse to a moderate and practicable requirement; and that is, just to give up selfishness—just to stifle all ungenerous desires—just to moderate every wish of service or liberality from others, down to the standard of what is right and equitable; and then, there are we are called to be kind, even to the evil and the unthankful. But, most assuredly, this verse lays upon us none other thing, than that we should do good services for others as are right and equitable.

Therefore, extravagant, that a man's wishes of accommodation from others are the wider is the distance between him and his hidden perfection, and of his text. The separation of him from the great increase at the rate of two bodies, depending from each other by equal and contrary movements: The more selfish his desires of service are from others, the more feeble that very account will be his desires of making any surrender of himself to them, and yet the greater is the amount of that surrender which is due. The poor man, in

fact, is moving himself away from the rule, and the more he is justifying as he goes away from the main; and the more he is in the scale of selfishness, beneath the point of a fair and moderate expectation from others, does the rule rise in the scale of duty, which it demands upon him; and thus there is rendered, in him, double for every unfair and ungenerous disposition that he would make on the kindness of those around him.

Now, there is one way, and a very effectual one, of getting these two ends to meet. Moderate your own desires of service from others, and you will moderate in the same degree, all those duties of service to others which are measured by these desires. Have the delicacy to abstain from any wish of encroachment on the convenience or property of another. Have the high-mindedness to be indebted for your own support to the exertions of your own hands in the industry, rather than to the dastardly habit of preying on the simplicity of those around you. Have such a keen sense of equity, and such a fine tone of independent feeling, that you could not bear to be the cause of hardship or distress to a single human creature, if you could help it. Let the same spirit be in you, which the Apostle wanted to exemplify before the eyes of his disciples, when he coveted no man's gold, or silver, or apparel; when he labored not to be chargeable to any of them; but wrought with his own hands, rather than to be burdensome. Let this mind be in you, which was also in the Apostle of the Gentiles; and then, the text before us will not come near you with a single oppressive or impracticable requirement. There may be other passages, where you are called to go beyond the strict line of justice or common humanity, in behalf of your suffering brethren. But the passages, where you are called to go beyond the strict line of justice or common humanity, in behalf of your suffering brethren, are such as require a positive imposition; and you, by moderating your wishes from others down to what is fair and equitable, do, in fact, reduce the rule which binds you to act according to the measure of these wishes, down to a rule of precise and undeviating equity.—CHALMERS.

NORTH AMERICAN FOREST.

We take the following wild and eloquent description of the autumnal changes in America, from an extract from "Neale," "Brother Jonathan," published in an English work entitled "Rejected Articles." The London writer, perhaps not knowing Neale to be an American, pronounces him to be the most original writer of his day, and the most extraordinarily gifted, as far as mere natural faculties go.

"The autumnal beauty of a North American forest, is a sight which no eye can like nothing else on earth. Many a time have we gone through it; slowly tilting over a pretty blue lake, there among the hills; our birch canoe dipping with every motion of the paddle—the waters beneath us—all the mountain about—all unknown to the world; in a solitude—a quiet profound as death—and bright as heaven; the shores overhung with autumnal foliage, and a sky so wonderful so visionary—that all the clouds, and all the mountains were of pine, or of the clear water; and our boat was like a balloon.

"Say what you will, there is nothing to be compared with a scene of this kind—about an hour before sunset—in the depth of a great North American solitude—a vast amphitheatre of wilderness, rock and mountain—after the trees are changed by the frost. People may talk of their fine Italian skies; of their hot, bright East Indian skies; of the deep midnight blue, of the South American sky. We have seen them all; steep under them all; but under this sky, like one great moon; worshipped them all; seen them through all the changes of storm and sunshine, darkness and light; and we say, that in reality, they are dim, heavy—unclouded, uninteresting compared with your North American skies; a little before and after sunset.

"And so, too, of the garniture; of a North American wilderness, after two or three clear, frost nights. There is nothing to be compared with it under heaven. The mountains—rivers—woods—all nothing to do with it. All at once. Other countries are in a better state of cultivation. Their trees are less numerous; their wild shrubbery, less like a vegetable inundation over the land—covering every foot of the earth; or the changes of their color, from season to season, are slow and gradual.

"It is not so, in America; North American forests, their transformation is universal, in nature, in a single night, they do it. In the evening of one day, perhaps, all the great woods will be green; with hardly a red or a brown, or a yellow leaf. A sharp frost will set in at night. Before the sun rises again, the boundless verdure of the whole province; a whole empire, in truth, will be changed. In the morning, there will be hardly a green leaf to be found. Before the week is over, go where you may, through the superb wilderness, and you will find nothing but a few brilliant scarlet, or a few purple, with every possible variety of brown, green, and yellow, and crimson, and blood color. Of all the trees, none but the evergreen tribe, will keep their integrity. They will show above the battlements of the mountains, darker than ever, more cloudy than ever.

There are many architectural ruins, or ruins, in the splendour of the surrounding landscape.

"No one is not saying too much of all this beauty? Of all this great magnificence—when the fresh, cold, brisk wind of the season, strikes upon the hills, and the sun, shining, to the warm sunshine; like a tempest, among prodigious flowers—leaving and scattering the tropic colored foliage over all the earth, and over all the waters; it is not saying too much—merely to say—that, under Heaven—throughout all the vegetable creation, there is no spectacle of beauty, or show of richness, or grandeur—to be compared with it. Imagine—we do not mind appearing a little absurd, if, thereby, we may give the stranger a true idea of this appearance. Imagine, therefore, a great wilderness of poppies, or tulips—outspreading itself on every side, reaching quite away to the horizon; over hill, and over valley—or a wood, literally encumbered; heavy, with great, gorgeous, live interludes—forever in motion.

"We have been a traveller; we have looked upon the dark Norwegian woods—their dull, evergreen—towering upon the sky—covering white provinces, woods, too, of stupendous oaks—each tree, if you were divided, overshadowing a man's inheritance; flourishing bravely through whole territories; more than one quiet, solitary place—entirely shut in by the hills; flowering all over; all the year round. But we have never met with—never heard of—never looked upon; elsewhere, that profusion of glorious vegetable beauty, which is to be seen, every fall, in the woods of North America; heaped upon all the banks of all the rivers—upon the very shores of the great mountains; or accumulated over the low countries—and weltering there, all the day through, in the light, or shadow—or moon, or sunshine, of the season."—Vol. ii. pp. 23-23.

Duelling.—Brytaine, a Missionary at Grenoble, was endeavoring to enforce the duty of forgiving our enemies. When he perceived that a large part of his audience consisted of troops then in garrison at that place. Anxious to enhance the occasion of denouncing that detestable practice of duelling, and perceiving that the attention of the military was strongly excited, he paused for a moment, and then said,—"Perhaps there is among my hearers, some high spirited soldier who burns as I speak to interrupt me, and to ask the humble missionary who now addresses you, whether he knows, whether he can conceive, how a man of honor feels when he has been outraged by a blow? I am prepared to answer him, and tell him I do know what those feelings are: and my knowledge is derived from a book that teaches all of us whatever it concerns all of us most to learn; from a book that describes the worst of all insults with an indignation at least equal to what modern honor can inspire. I have been taught by my Bible how a blow may be felt, and how it shall be repented. The Bible informs that the Savior of the world, without a murmur against his judge or against his executioner, submitted to all that could embitter the agonies of death. Insulted, vilified, scourged, crucified—he uttered not a word! It was not until he received a blow, that he condescended to open his mouth. And what said he then? Let the Bible tell us, and let the Duellist (if he can) surpass him. In the example of the Savior of the world, stand by, struck down with the pangs of his hand, saying, adwrest thou the High Priest so? Jesus answered him, if I have spoken evil, bear witness of me; but if well, why smitest thou me?—Abby Maury's Treatise on the Eloquence of the Pulpit.

Brighton New Church.—The following (says a London paper) are the names of the trees planted in St. Peter's Church Yard, with their symbolical descriptions:—
Colar of Lebanon.—It being the tree selected by Solomon for building the temple of Jerusalem.

Fig Tree.—A native of Babylon, and the tree on which the unhappy Ishtar, while hung their harps when they bemoaned the loss of Jerusalem.

Sycamore.—The tree on which Zachariah climbed to see Christ on his way to Jerusalem.

Thorn.—To remind us of the crown of thorns.

Apple.—It being the tree of which the cross is said to have been formed.

Yew.—The principal symbolical tree of the ancients, and the bark of which the Scriptures were probably first written.

Ash.—Esteemed a sacred tree in ancient times, and the one to which the Serpent is said to have a strong antipathy.

Plane.—The favorite tree of the Greeks, and under whose shade the Athenian philosophers retired to study.

Birch.—The tree from which the Licetors, made their fustic.

Rose.—The tree of the Romans, and the coffin chamber of Belshazzar.

Cypress.—The funeral tree of all Eastern nations.

Yew.—The sacred Yew, so, fear'd in war, and a grave, consecrated and dedicated to the grave.

Apple Tree.—Although the tree of life, it shows that immortality is not the lot of anything terrestrial.

Halley.—A shining comet in the constellation of Cygnus, passed by the earth, and was the harbinger of the Millennium, and the feast of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin.

Poplar.—A plant held sacred by the Romans, and the tree used to mark the boundaries of their lands.

Apple.—The tree of which the body of hospitality was formed by the days of the year.

Plane.—The tree of the year of the year.

Poplar.—The tree of the year of the year.

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Apple.—The tree of the year of the year.

Plane.—The tree of the year of the year.

Poplar.—The tree of the year of the year.

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Plane.—The tree of the year of the year.

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