

remember your Maker, and ask him to guide you: it is a good old saying, "they are well guided whom he guides, and he leaves them that don't ask him, to their own ways." I want you to keep out of bad company—it has ruined many young people. I want you to keep company with sober good people, and to learn their ways—to keep the sabbath—to be charitable to the poor—to be industrious and frugal—just to all men, and above all to love one another. Believe me my children, if any thing could disturb me in the grave, it would be to know that you did not live as brother and sister ought to live: nothing could be worse except that you would not all follow me to heaven. Oh my dear children! I have had a great deal of trouble and sorrow in raising you! If I should feel after death as I do now, I could never endure to see any of you without an interest in Jesus at the great day, and forced away never more to meet again. Parting here with your parents you know had almost taken my life,\* when I had hope to see them again; but I am now sure I could not live to see any of you cursed by your maker, and driven away to dwell forever with the Devil and his Angels.

While I lived, you know that it was my great desire to have you all around me and near me here; but my great desire has been to have you with me in the world to come. Believe me nothing could make me so happy as to have my three poor dear children there;—yes, and your children and all your connections. I would wish to take you all to heaven. Then think of the vanity of this world—think of Jesus the saviour, death, judgement and eternity, and don't forget the living and dying advices of your most affectionate mother till death and after death.

ELIZABETH STEELE.

Folded in the foregoing letter, was also found in her own hand writing, the following prayer, which must please every pious mind—

O LORD my God, thou great three One! I give my self to thee this day to be thine, to be guided by thee and not by another; and I desire to take God for my God, Jesus Christ to be my Saviour,

\* Her first husband was murdered, strit and barbarously mangled by the Indians, in the Cherokee war, that preceding the last.— Her second husband died of a lingering illness. In both cases she was uncommonly afflicted with her trouble.

the Holy Ghost to be my sanctifier and leader. Lord, thou hast promised that all that will come to thee thou wilt in no wise cast out. All I beg is in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ my Lord.

To this I set my hand,

ELIZABETH STEELE.

The date of the above was either not affixed or torn away from the paper.

It cannot be disagreeable to the serious mind to add, that she was remarkably fond of the following Hymn, and left it in her bible, where it was found since her death, in the hand-writing of her grand daughter, who had transcribed it for her.

THE HYMN.

THE hour of my departure's come,  
I hear the voice that calls me home,  
At last O Lord! let trouble cease,  
And let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run,  
The combat's o'er, the prize is won,  
And now my witness is on high,  
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust,  
I bow before thee in the dust,  
And thro' my Saviour's blood alone,  
I look for mercy at thy throne.

I leave the world without a tear,  
Save for the friends I held so dear,  
To heal their sorrows, Lord descend,  
And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come at thy command,  
I give my spirit to thy hand,  
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,  
And shield me in the last alarms.

It would be a severe and ill-natured reflection on the religious taste of the present age, to be making apologies for publishing the above memoirs, and therefore no apology shall be made. It is a debt due to an amiable character, and may not be without its use to the public.

[The above is published at the request of the reverend Mr. Samuel MacCorkle.]

From the FEDERAL GAZETTE.

Mr. BROWN,

HAVING lately seen in your paper, a letter written by Dr. Rush, in which he denies the utility of corporal punishments in schools, or that ferules have the power of communicating know-

ledge, I cannot help considering his opinion as a most damnable *heresy* against the creed of almost all the schoolmasters in the world. Let us have none of these dangerous INNOVATIONS. Was not tolerance impressed on the minds of our forefathers from time immemorial, by due and wholesome flagellation of their bodies. And shall we pretend to be wiser than they! No, no, I repeat it, let us have none of those dangerous INNOVATIONS. A pretty story truly, to "burn all the ferules in the world"—he might as well propose to burn all the schoolmasters in the world; for what is a schoolmaster without his ferule? Aye, what is a schoolmaster without his ferule? Let Dr. Rush answer me that question if he can. A king without a sceptre would not be a greater solecism than a schoolmaster without a badge of his authority!

Permit me to address to Dr. Rush the following *Verses in praise of Birch*, remarking at the same time, that they will apply equally well to a *ferule*, bamboo, leathern strap, cat o'nine tails, or any other instrument of punishment used in schools. X.

In praise of BIRCH.

THOUGH the oak be the prince and the pride of the grove,  
An emblem of pow'r and the fav'rite of Jove,  
Though Phœbus with laurels his temples has bound,  
And with chaplets of poplar Alcides be crown'd;  
Though Pallas the olive has grac'd with her choice,  
And old mother Cybel in pines may rejoice,  
Though Bacchus delight in the ivy and vine,  
And Venus her garlands with myrtle entwine;  
Yet the muscs declare after diligent search,  
No tree can be found to compare with the Birch.  
The birch, they aver, is the true tree of knowledge,  
Rever'd by each school, and remember'd at college.  
Though Virgil's fam'd tree might produce as its fruit,  
A crop of vain dreams, and strange whims for each shoot,  
Yet the birch on each bough, on the top of each switch,  
Bears the essence of grammar, and the eight parts of speech;  
'Mongst the leaves are conceal'd more than mem'ry can mention,  
All cases, all genders, all forms of declension.