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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

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Home Circle.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life.

Dryden.

How many a girl has seen all to come out right from the heart.

"I don't like the sign. There's a storm brewing in my name and Jack Bretton! If the child was only here! The storm will soon burst." And the old man scanned the horizon anxiously, while a troubled look crept to his face. The flutter of a white robe caught his eye at that moment, and the rugged features softened into a fond smile.

"There she is among the rocks! That's Dor in her white sails and wind-ruffled ringlets. Bless her!" The old man looked almost beautiful with the joyful light breaking over his face.

A light, airy form flitted over the rough boulders and up the beaten path of the cottage; a pair of rosy arms were clasped about the old sailor's neck, and a sweet voice said:

"I am here, father."

Jack Bretton drew the little form to his bosom with silent fondness. He gazed tenderly upon the beautiful, bright young face, and there was a world of gentle patting in his voice as he said:

"Yes, darling! I've tried to be a father to you since that dreadful night when I found you a helpless babe upon the rocks yonder, clasped in the bosom of your mother, where the cruel waves had thrown her lifeless, dead; and he drew his jacket closer across his eyes, while Doralyn crept close to his bosom, and hid her face upon his shoulder in tearful silence.

The old sailor was the first to arouse himself. He lifted the beautiful head from its resting-place, and putting on a cheerful look, said:

"There, Dor, dry your eyes, and tell me where you've been, and if you love your rough old foster father."

Doralyn's whole countenance lighted instantly, and a low, sweet laugh bubbled over the ripe lips.

"Where have I been? Why, down to my grouties!" she cried, gaily. "And do I love you? Better, O, far better than the whole world beside!"

A merry light danced in the old man's eyes. He held her from him at arm's length, and with a sly, humorous nodding of his head, said:

"Ah, Dor, you've forgotten the young lord yonder, Egbert Allandale, and he laughed heartily.

All the brightness fled from Dor's face; her hands clutched nervously at her white drapery, and flashes of light came and went in her dark eyes.

"Don't mention him," she cried, passionately. "I hate him, I hate him! Her voice was lost in sobs, and breaking from her father's arms, she fled into the house, and to her own little room, where she threw herself upon the bed in a flood of tears.

Doralyn had never known another home but this; no parent but Jack Bretton, who had been both father and mother to her. There were not many children of her own age near the cottage, and he had answered the purposes of playmate as well. Jack Bretton had been an orphan, he had never known what it was to love or to be loved until Dor grew to be the very idol of his eyes. He felt her a little boat, and before she was two years old she was as skillful at the oar as himself, and scarcely a bright day passed but found her on the waters, and the rich music of her voice kept time with the soft dip of the oars, as she rowed some sprightly air. One day while exploring alone among the many little coves that abounded along the shore, she discovered a sail-boat wedged among the rocks, and its owner, a slight, handsome youth, trying vainly to extricate it.

Always ready to render any assistance in her power, Doralyn rowed alongside, and with charming frankness said: "You are in trouble, can I help you?"

The stranger turned a pair of beautiful dark eyes upon her, and a bright smile parted his finely-curved lips; he sprang to his feet, and touching his cap with as much gallantry as if she had been a born princess, replied:

"I would be most happy to avail myself of your assistance, if indeed, such delicate hands could render me any;" and he smiled demurely.

"I often get into such predicaments myself," she replied, springing lightly ashore. "Why," she cried, "a sharp point has gone quite through the bottom of your boat! Get into mine, and, as I pry up this end, pull it off. There, that will do!"

Doralyn had predicted rightly; a hole had been forced through the bottom, and as soon as the boat touched the water it commenced to fill.

"Well, here is a dilemma!" cried the youth, in a vexed tone; "it will be of no service to me now."

"Do you live far from here?" asked Doralyn.

"At Allandale Hall," was the response. "I am the earl's son."

"My boat is at your service," said Doralyn, quietly, when she was sufficiently recovered from surprise to speak.

"Surely, some good fairy sent you to me," he said, brightly. "But yourself?" he questioned, troubled again.

"I live but a few steps from here, yonder path," Doralyn hastened to say.

"A thousand thanks!" cried the young lord, as he sprang into the boat. "And now the name of my fair sea nymph?" he asked, as he took the oars.

"Doralyn Bretton," replied the beautiful girl.

"Ah! then you are Jack Bretton's foster daughter," he said, a strange, proud look flashing the boyish frankness of a face that had rendered truly charming. "I have heard of you," and the boat shot along the shore, and Doralyn was alone; alone and so dreary, as if something bright had forever left her life.

That handsome face was engraved on her memory; sleeping or walking, it was before her. She ceased to be the careless child, content with sea-shell houses on the beach, and all that had been her every joy. Henceforth she was a daily visitor at "Rocky Lane," but she never saw the youth there again.

She grew restless at each disappointment. But to have seen him once again; had he soon forgotten her, were thoughts ever in her mind, until it seemed her little heart would break. One day, dressed in her usual costume, a dress of spotless white, with fluttering ribbons at her shoulders, and about her waist, she left her old haunts, and took the road toward Allandale, unconscious of the sweet picture she made. Doralyn moved in a slow, half-dreaming way, like one in a dream. As she neared the park lodge, the clatter of hoofs on the road startled her from her reverie. Fearful that it was the young lord—though the hope of seeing him had drawn her thither—Doralyn looked around her like a frightened hare, seeking some place of concealment. In her haste she stumbled over a large boulder, and fell stunned and half-unconscious by the roadside.

For a time she lay helpless where she had fallen, then she felt herself lifted in a pair of stout arms, borne to the lodge, and laid upon the bed.

"Is she dead, your thing?" asked the keeper's wife, bending over her, and pushing the clinging curls away from the white brows.

Doralyn opened her eyes and smiled faintly.

The good keeper hastened to procure a glass of wine, and his wife gently raised Doralyn to drink it. It had the desired effect, and fully restored, the grateful girl pressed the woman's hand to her lips, while tears filled her eyes and fell upon her cheeks.

At this moment the door opened, and the heir of Allandale, Lord Egbert, entered the room. Dor sprang from the bed, and with her tear-bedecked cheeks, crimson with confusion, bowed shyly and trembling before him.

"Why, uncle, what little fay have you here?" exclaimed the handsome youth, then recognizing her, continued: "As I live, my good fairy! How are you, my little one?" and he extended his hand with mock gallantry, while mischief sparkled in his handsome eyes. "You are a little fairy, and I'd marry you now—what is it, if I were old enough—if you were not a fisherman's daughter?"

Doralyn was sensitive as she was proud; the rich blood surged to her very temples, then left her face pale as marble. Her great dark eyes sought his, and for a time held them until he shrank beneath her glance. Then turning from him without a word, she pressed in turn the hands of the keeper and his wife, and vanished from the lodge. Had Jack Bretton seen her then in her beautiful indignation, he would have been doubly proud of her; and his surprise that there was "no common blood in her veins" would have been a conviction. Some half dozen years had passed since then, but the memory of that hour still burned in Doralyn's heart. The young lord had been in foreign parts, and rumor said a youth more generous, noble-hearted and kind, was no where on the continent, to say nothing of being the acknowledged son of every circle; but the insult she had received at the hands of the youth could not be forgotten to the man.

The mention made of him by her father aroused every sensitive nerve to more acute pain, for she remembered that Lord Egbert was soon expected at the Hall; and though since their last meeting she had grown more beautiful with every passing day, she was a fisherman's daughter still.

The harsh splash of the waves against the rocks, mingled with the sharp report of a gun, startled Doralyn from the fluff slumber into which her sobbing had lulled her. It was dark as Erebus; the storm roaring wildly round the cottage; the stars she knew, had burst in all its fury, and the signal gun told of a ship in distress.

Taking a dark, heavy jacket from the wall, she drew it over her bare arms and shoulders, and went into the keeping room. Her father was at the door, with a lantern and ropes, ready for the beach.

"I am going with you, father," said Doralyn, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Don't say no, father," she continued, as he began to expostulate; "with God's help I may succor some poor sufferers!"

There was no need for further parley, and taking up his lantern Jack Bretton led the way, closely followed by Doralyn. Lights were flashing along the beach, carried hither and thither by the weather-beaten men, whose faces were blanched—not with terror—but in seeing the hopelessness of any effort to render assistance

to those aboard the wrecked vessel, which lay crushed amid the treacherous rocks only a short distance from shore.

"Father, something must be done; launch a boat, numbers may be saved!" cried Doralyn, her voice hoarse with emotion; and without waiting for a reply she sprang into a boat. As with hasty fingers she began to cast it from its moorings, she lude all who would to follow her. All stood back silently.

"Rash girl!" cried Bretton, rushing lightly to her, but he was too late, the light craft was already loosened.

"Buck father!" she cried; "I will return."

The old man tottered as if struck; his heart-broken wail reached the young girl's ear; its despair pierced her soul, but it was now too late to go back. Breathlessly those on shore watched the plunging of the boat, guided by that white-robed figure. Now it was seen high upon the surging waves, now lost to view in the dashing spray. Minutes that seemed like ages to the watchers on the beach, passed, and it still kept clear of danger—and then the darkling distance hid the brave girl from view.

"She is gone!" passed from lips to lips, and strong men's eyes were filled with tears, for she was much beloved.

Suddenly the strained eyes turned seaward discerned the dark struggling shoreward, that white-robed figure still at the helm. A glad shout went about the night and storm, and "Tis she! 'tis she!" burst from each anxious breast.

It rides nearer and nearer: a score of strong hands are ready to snatch it from its great wave rolling in with it upon its bosom. It is in, the boat is fairly lifted over the beach, and safe at last. Doralyn rises and totters to her father's outstretched arms, while those she has loved and death to save—a young and a noble-hearted man—are kindly borne to Bretton's cottage, which is nearest.

There was no smile on Doralyn's pale lips, the next morning when the Earl of Allandale took her small hand in his, and she learned from his lips that it was his son she had saved from the waves.

Her waxen cheeks were for an instant softly flushed; then with a bow in acknowledgment of the tearfully uttered thanks of his lordship, she threw a swift glance toward the cot where the young lord lay, and quickly left the room.

Whether it was regret or joy, or both, that brought the bright tears to her eyes, in the privacy of her room she could not have told herself. But she was actually weeping as she put on the dress, an inward wound that was proved anew.

Egbert was unfit for immediate removal, and he was to remain at the cottage.

After that silent burst of sorrow Doralyn hid her throbbing, aching heart beneath a cold exterior, and nursed him as she felt it was her duty to do.

Egbert had instantly recognized the long since forgotten "sea-sprite" of his boyhood. Her manner at once recalled his youthful megalomania, and in his heart he was ready to throw himself upon her indulgence, and seek pardon at her feet. But she utterly repelled him, and yet with this icy barrier between he grew to love her. He loved to feel her bright presence in his room; her soft hands about his pillow; her breath against his cheek; and fisherman's daughter thought she was, to have known her love was his in return, he would have esteemed an assurance above price.

It was hard for her pride to forgive him; but every day as Doralyn met the tenderly appealing glance of those handsome eyes, a softness crept into her heart, which she strove to drive back, but vainly; and she grew to regret the time when he would no more need her care, or the little attentions which were a source of pleasure now.

But it came at last. Egbert's eyes had wisely followed her every movement the evening day. As the afternoon crept on, and the hour of parting drew nearer, there was a restless impatience in his manner, and starting to his feet he commenced to hastily pace the floor. Doralyn sat by the window, her face strangely pale, and her eyes sadly wistful, gazing out upon the sea.

Egbert paused before her. There was a fierce struggle in her bosom, and her pride could scarcely crush back the wild joy in her heart, when he snatched her hand, pressed it to his bosom, and cried:

"Dor, speak to me! my bright, my beautiful one, say but one word, that I may know that I am not wholly abhorred to you. I have waited in vain for one sign, yet I cannot go without telling you how wildly I worship you—how entirely you possess my heart. I love you, Dor! Can you—will you forgive the boyish folly I have long since repented, and for which I see you still bear me resentment?"

"I can give you but one answer, my lord," she replied, the hardness in her voice telling how much she suffered. "I remember, if you have for a moment forgotten it, that you are the heir of Allandale, and I am a fisherman's daughter still!"

"Dor, I pray forget those words!" he cried, his brow flushing hotly. "Were you a beggar I could not love you less—nor more!"

He drew her passionately to his bosom as if he would hold her there forever.

Her cheeks burned crimson beneath his kisses. Oh! it was heaven to rest against his heart. She gave herself to his embraces for a moment. Then pride struggling for the mastery, became triumphant.

"I have answered you," she said, and drew away from him, as carriage wheels sounded near the door, and the Earl of Allandale entered the room.

Doralyn escaped amid the bustle of departure, and when the cottage grew still, and all were gone, she threw herself upon her bed, and weeping, forgot her misery in unconsciousness.

lost piece of silver (Lake xv). They walk the street unveiled and mostly bare-footed, and gather every morning and evening around the marble trough of the "Virgin's Fountain," gossiping and quarrelling, and filling their large water jars, which they carry very gracefully on their heads. I was touched by a beautiful little girl that took me by the hand and imploringly looked up to me as if she had lost her father or mother.—Sunday at Home.

WALL STREET, NEW YORK.—Across the island of New York, in 1685, a wall made of stone and earth, and cannon mounted, was built to keep the savages out. Along by that wall a street was laid out, and as the street followed the line of the wall it was appropriately called Wall Street. It is narrow, it is short, it is unarchitectural, and yet its history is unique. Excepting Lombard street, London, it is the lightest street on this planet. There the government of the United States was born. There Washington held his levees. There Mrs. Adams and Caldwell and Knox and other brilliant women of the Revolution displayed their charms. There Wiltshere and Jonathan Edwards and George Whitefield sometimes preached. There Dr. Mason chided Alexander Hamilton for writing the Constitution of the United States without any God in it.

There negroes were sold in the slave mart. The criminals were harnessed to wheelbarrows, and like beasts of burden, compelled to draw, or were lashed through the street behind carts to which they were fastened. There fortunes have come to coronation or burial, since the day when reckless spectators, in powdered hair and silver shoe buckles, dodged Dagan, the Governor General of his Majesty, clear down to yesterday at three o'clock.

The history of Wall street is to a certain extent the financial, commercial, agricultural, mining, literary, artistic, moral and religious history of this country. Only a few blocks long, it has reached from the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico, from San Francisco to Bangkok. There are the best men in this country, and there are the worst. Everything, from unswerving integrity to tip-top scoundrelism—everything, from heaven-born charity to bloodless Shylockism.—Extract Sermon of Dr. Talmage.

From the Charlotte Observer.

THE BATTLE OF BIG BETHEL.

And the Captain of the Mecklenburg

OFFICE FARMER AND MECHANIC, Raleigh, Nov. 27, 1879.

As our esteemed friends, the Home and Democrat give us only weekly visits, and as some misapprehension may arise before your next week's issue, permit me to borrow a corner of your columns to state that in the note to my sketch of the battle of Big Bethel, I designed to give only the names of captains actually present at the time. A battle had not been expected, and several of the officers were absent on various duties. I followed Col. Hill's official report, which mentions all the company commanders thus:

"My thanks are due in an especial manner to Lieut. J. M. Poteat, Adjutant, and Lieut. J. W. Ratchford, aid, both of them cadets of the N. C. Military Institute at Charlotte. Capt. Bridges, company A; Lieut. Owens, commanding company B; Capt. Ross, company C; Capt. Ashe, company D; Capt. McDowell, company E; Capt. Starr, company F; Capt. Avery, company G; Capt. Hoke, company H; Lieut. Whitaker, commanding company I; and Capt. Hoke, company K; displayed great coolness, judgment and efficiency. Lieut. Gregory is highly spoken of by Maj. Lane for soldierly bearing on the 10th. Lieuts. Cook and McKethan, company H, crossed over under a heavy fire to the assistance of the troops attacked on the left, so also did Lieut. Cohen, company C. Lieut. Hoke has shown great zeal, energy and judgment as an engineer officer on various occasions."

A correspondent of the Democrat, writing from the field the next day after the battle, says:

"The Hornet's Nest Riflemen, under command of Lieuts. W. A. Owens and T. D. Gillespie, Capt. Williams being sick and absent, behaved with great bravery; as did also Capt. Ross' company, the Charlotte Greys—these two companies being nearest the point of attack. Indeed, all our men acted nobly, whose praise is in every mouth. The Fayetteville companies, Edgecombe, and Lincoln Stars are composed of as good grit as ever shouldered a gun."

I also spoke of the "organization at Yorktown" in the defense of "regimental organization," not that the actual organization took place there.

This explanation is given because I wish my friends to feel satisfied I am trying to set forth the exact facts. I shall, of course, miss the mark occasionally, as I was carrying either musket or sword all those unhappy days; but I trust every old Confederate soldier will assist me in attaining accuracy.

With this I send a full roll of both the "Hornets" and the "Greys" at Yorktown, which may be worthy of preserving in print when you have a spare corner for it. Cordial regards to all my Mecklenburg friends.

Very truly,
R. A. SHOTWELL.

Happiness is like manna; it is to be gathered in grains and enjoyed every day. It will not keep; it cannot be accumulated, nor have we to go out of ourselves in remote places to gather it, since it has rained down at our very doors, or, rather, within them.

UNDER THE AXE.

The jailer of Meahlit prison in Berlin, entered on the 24th of September, 1850, a dark cell, in which a pair of restless dark eyes in a face by no means unprepossessing, was chained to the wall.

"Sefteloge!" said the jailer, in a tremulous voice, "Will you be a man?" The prisoner looked at him with an expression of terror. He muttered a few incoherent words. "To-morrow at day-break" proceeded the jailer, "all will be over."

The prisoner sprang to his feet. The clanking of his chains caused the jailer to start.

"You mean that I shall not be among the land of the living to-morrow morning at day-break?" he gasped, stepping close up to the jailer. The latter nodded his head.

"You will now be prepared for the scaffold, Sefteloge," he said to the prisoner. Sefteloge uttered a cry of terror, and staggered back to his humble couch.

"I'm not prepared to die," he moaned, bursting into tears. "Is there no hope?"

"None. He will be here directly."

"Who?"

"The headman. He will cut off your hair."

A convulsive tremor passed through the prisoner's frame. He began to utter heart-rending cries. At this moment the door of the cell opened. A middle-aged man of very resolute mien stepped in. "You can leave us alone," said the newcomer to the jailer, who quietly withdrew. And now commenced a truly revolting scene. The prisoner shrank from the stranger in mute despair.

"You had better be as docile as possible. I am the headman," said the stranger. "Sit down by my side."

"No! No!" shrieked the ill-fated prisoner, "I am not ready to die yet."

"You shall not die yet," rejoined the headman. "You will be decapitated to-morrow."

"No! No!"

The headman dragged him by his chain toward him. The prisoner endeavored frantically to resist him, but the headman's great strength enabled him to overcome the resistance of the struggling wretch. While the latter was wildly clanking his chains, the headman cut off the collar of his coat with a small, but very sharp knife. The shirt collar was removed, and with a pair of sharp scissors the hair of the prisoner was removed, the whole operation consuming but a few minutes. In the meantime the prisoner, to shudder again and again, uttered loud wails, groans and imprecations.

"Oh, that my bullet had not missed the heart of that cruel king!" he finally exclaimed.

"Silence!" thundered the headman. "Another such remark and I shall have to gag you!"

"Down with King Frederick William the Fourth!" cried the prisoner defiantly.

The next second the headman had fastened a small iron gag in the mouth of his victim. The latter tried to cry out, but was able to produce only a sort of low gurgling sound. The headman then commenced to feel the prisoner's neck with his hand. He nodded his head with an air of satisfaction.

"That's a good neck," he murmured.

Then he left the cell. The doomed man was no other than a would-be regicide, Sefteloge, who had deliberately fired at the breast of King Frederick William the Fourth, of Prussia. But his bullet had rebounded, the King wearing a mail-armor; and Sefteloge's motive was in attempting to shoot the King has never been definitely ascertained. He seemed to be a sort of crack-brained utopian, and a number of eminent physicians pronounced him insane.

Efforts were made to induce the King to commute the sentence of death that had been passed upon Sefteloge. But Frederick William turned a deaf ear to these remonstrances. His reason had been unsettled by the revolutionary commotions of 1848, and there can be but little doubt that, in 1850, he was already insane. This a crowned madman signed the death-warrant of another lunatic. Until mid night Sefteloge remained in his cell heavily ironed and gagged. Then his fetters were removed, and a sumptuous repast was served up to him. On the eve of his execution Prussian captives are treated with great liberality. They gave him also a bottle of port wine, which he drank so rapidly that he was soon completely intoxicated. And now the doomed regicide became horribly hilarious. He made fun of himself, and joked about his impending death. He demanded more wine, and it was given to him. At last he fell into a sort of stupor, and passed a few hours in fitful slumber.

At five o'clock in the morning the headman shook him by the shoulder. Sefteloge uttered a cry of alarm. Upon recognizing the headman he turned deadly pale. "It's time!" said the headman. The prisoner then himself upon the stone floor of his cell, and rolled on it, a prey to indescribable anguish. His appeals for mercy became deafening, and in this condition he had to be carried to the scaffold. There he became almost superhumanly strong, and for six minutes the headman and his attendants were unable to drag him to the block upon which he was to end his life. The witnesses of the shocking scene on the scaffold were terribly excited. One of the clerks of the court fainted. Others had to leave the scaffold in hot haste. Sefteloge's yells and roars were so deafening that they were heard at a considerable distance. At last he was fastened to the block. He uttered a last cry, when the headman's axe descended on his neck, and a thick stream of blood rose from his trunk. He was dead.

FOR THE GAZETTE.

WOMEN PREACHING.

Mr. Editor:—I have read with much interest the article of your fair correspondent which is so gentle and christian-like that I am nearly tempted to use the words of Agrippa: "Almost thou persuadest me to be a christian."

But, says your correspondent, Voyager "is worthy of somewhat more respect" (the italics are mine). I hope I will not be considered over-stocked with flippancy when I beg to ask the question if I have not the right to write on a subject that so many great men, both in this country and Great Britain, are now so freely denouncing? Why should I not be worthy of respect? I am only doing what the Rev. Dr. Glass is now doing in the Raleigh Christian Advocate, what the great Doctor Dalney of Union Theological Seminary, Virginia, has just done in the Southern Presbyterian Review, what the Right Rev. Bishop Smith of the Bishopric of Kentucky, who is the senior Protestant Episcopal Bishop for the United States and President of the bench of Bishops in the United States is doing. He has taken the liberty of expressing his opinion on the subject. I have for the last two or three years eagerly sought all the information that it has been possible for me to obtain, and the result has been that the Christian Advocate, the organ of the Reformed Dutch Church, has denounced women speaking in church. The Episcopal Recorder, the organ of the Reformed Episcopal Church has done the same. The New York Churchman, the organ for the principal one, of the Protestant Episcopal Church does the same.

I grant that the Churchman advocates sisterhoods—so should every one. For instance, Sisters of the "Sacred Heart," "Sisters of Mercy," "Sisters of Charity," and other sisterhoods. They, like the women of the Bible, are not ordained to preach, but to help the church in its work of love and mercy. The New York Presbyterian journal published in various cities in the United States denounce the new custom. The New York Christian Advocate has had some articles to appear in it that have rather favored it, but the editor, so far as I have seen, is opposed to women preaching. I have watched with much anxiety to see the course the Christian Advocate would take.

Congregational church, whence some of these women sprang. Yet this journal gives no countenance to women preaching. Even the Advocate, the organ of the same church for the Northwest, and one of the extreme journals as a leveler—even it is opposed to it. I seldom ever see a Baptist journal or any extracts from any except the Economist and Chronicle, one of the most able journals I know of, and it is certainly opposed to women speaking in church. The only journal, so far as I know of, that gives any countenance whatever to women preaching is the New York Independent—Beecher's organ. But thank God it has unaccountably lost its influence North. Now it is to be seen that I have only done what every one has claimed as a right to do, and that is to show the unfaithfulness, (that is according to the New Testament) of women preaching. I can say one thing, I like your fair correspondent, have endeavored to have enough of sense of propriety to refrain from calling the name of any female in this temper. Well, now for her own sake, as I am determined not to be thrown off the track.

I most respectfully beg to ask of your fair correspondent, for she is the only one, as far as I have heard, who has attempted to quote one word of scripture. The Bible is ignored entirely. Well, let me ask, if Jesus Christ wished for women to preach, why did he not take Martha as one and Mary as another of his Apostles? It is only necessary to read of these two good women to reverence their very name. He certainly had great confidence in the wisdom of Canaan, for he said, "O woman, great is thy faith!" Well, as he did not take any woman as one of the twelve of his church, why did he not instruct the Apostles to select some, or even one or two, as their successors? Did he do so? No. Let us suppose, then, he neglected his duty, as the advocates of women preaching seem to imply. Why did not the Apostles correct the blunder of our Saviour and appoint women to preach? Some one may say, "At that time there was none suitable." Let us see if that is so. Oh, here is what that man of God, Saint Paul, says: "Great Priscilla and Aquilla, my helpers in Christ Jesus." He (Saint Paul) says, "I commend unto you Phoebe, our sister, which is a servant of the church." (You will please note he does not say preacher.) And again he says, "Greet Mary, who bestowed much on us." Some one says "That is enough." But I say, let us have more. Says Paul, "Salute Tryphena," again, "Salute Julia." Here are quite a number of good women. Why did not Paul say, let us ordain these women as our successors? "Perhaps he did say so," some one says. Well, look through the new testament and see if you can find anything but that which strictly forbids women, not only to preach, but not to speak in church, for it is a shame. If it was a shame, then, and Saint Paul said so, I do not hesitate to say so now. Now, I have the happiness to know that what I have said is on the side of what the whole christian world is fringing down, and that I am in opposition to only a small number. Yes, a very small number of persons, who are encouraging a dangerous innovation to religion.

VOYAGER.