

Clearfield Republican.

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SPEECH FROM GEN. PATTERSON.

His Campaign Defended—Statement of the orders which he received.

So much has been said in denunciation of Gen. Patterson, who was in command in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry at the time of the battle of Manassas, that we make room for the following synopsis of a speech recently delivered by that gentleman. He speaks as by the book, and shows that the allegation that he "lost the battle of Bull Run," &c., is entirely gratuitous, and made either through gross ignorance or criminal prejudice:

At Philadelphia on Saturday afternoon, 10th ult., the members of the First City Troop met in commemoration of the formation of the company in 1774. After assembling at their armory, the Troop proceeded to the Continental Hotel, where they partook of the anniversary dinner.

Upward of eighty members, in their handsome uniforms, were seated around the table. At the further end of the room hung the old flag of the troop, which was borne through the battles of Trenton and Princeton.

After these had been ably discussed, Gen. Patterson, in response to a toast and three cheers, made a forcible speech, explaining his reasons for not intercepting Gen. Johnston, previous to the battle of Manassas Junction. He said he was not in the habit of giving reasons for anything he did or did not do, but in the presence of men of so much intelligence—a part of his command in the short campaign in the valley of Virginia, he considered it due to them as well as to himself, to give a short statement of facts.

The Slanders against Gen. Patterson.

During the latter part of July, all August, and part of September, there was no slander against him so gross that it could not be asserted and reiterated with impunity and swallowed with avidity. The gentlemen of the troop knew how false these slanders were. He had submitted to them in quiet, although he had the documents in his possession to prove that he did all that he was ordered to do, and more than any had a right to expect under the circumstances in which he and his command were placed, and he defied any man, high or low, to put his finger on an order disobeyed.

No False Step Made.

The gentlemen of the troop were witnesses of what was done, and he asserted what they knew to be true—that the column was well conducted. There was not a false step made, nor a blunder committed. The skirmishers were always in front, and the ranks well protected. They were caught in no trap, and fell into no ambush. They repeatedly offered the enemy battle, and when they accepted it, they beat them. There was no defeat and no retreat with his column.

A Full Investigation Demanded.

It might be asked, "Why have you not made this statement sooner?" Because the publication of the documents sooner would have been most detrimental to the public interests. He preferred bearing the odium so liberally bestowed on him, rather than clear himself at the expense of the cause in which we are all engaged. The time had arrived when the matter could, without injury to the service, be inquired into, and he was determined that it should be done, and that before long all the documents referred to should be published and spread before the American people, unless those whose duty it was to do so should in the meantime do him justice.

Some of the Facts.

He would state a few facts: On the 2d of June he took command at Chambersburg. On the 4th, he was informed by the General-in-Chief that he considered the addition to his force of a battery of artillery, and some regular infantry, indispensable. On the 8th of June a letter of instructions was sent him, in which he was told that there must be no reverse; a check or a drawn battle would be a victory to the enemy, filling his heart with joy, his ranks with men, and his magazines with voluntary contributions; and, therefore to take his measures circumspectly, and attempt nothing without a clear prospect of success. This was good instruction and most sensible advice. Good or bad, he was to obey; and he did.

Important Orders.

On Friday, the 13th, he was informed that, on the supposition that he would cross the river on the next Monday or Tuesday, Gen. McDowell would be instructed to make a demonstration on Manassas Junction. He was surprised at the order, but promptly obeyed. On the 15th he reached Hagerstown, and, on the 16th, two thirds of his forces had crossed the Potomac. The promised demonstration by Gen. McDowell, in the direction of Manassas Junction, was not made; and on the 16th, just three days after he had been told he was expected to cross, he was telegraphed by the Commander-in-Chief to send him "at once all the regular troops, horse and foot, and the Rhode Island Regiment and Battery," and told that he was strong enough without the regulars, and to keep within limits until he could satisfy him that he ought to go beyond them. On the 17th he was again telegraphed, "We are pressed here. Send the troops I have twice called for without delay." This was imperative, and the troops were sent, leaving him without a single piece of artillery, and, for the time, a single troop of cavalry. It was a gloomy night, but they were all brought over the river again without loss.

A Plan of Operations Proposed.

On the 20th of June, he was asked by the General-in-Chief to propose, without delay, a plan of operations. On the 21st

he submitted to the General-in-Chief his plan, which was to abandon his present line of operations, move all supplies to Frederick, occupy Maryland Heights with Major Doubleday's heavy guns, and a brigade of infantry to support them, and with everything else—horse, foot and artillery—to cross the Potomac at Point of Rocks, and unite with Col. Stone's forces at Leesburg, from which point he could operate as circumstances should demand, and the General's orders should require. No reply was received; but, on the 27th, the General telegraphed to him that he supposed he was that day crossing the river in pursuit of the enemy.

The Forces.

On that day the enemy was in condition to cross the river in his pursuit. He had over 15,000 men, and from 20 to 24 guns. Gen. Patterson about 10,000 men and six guns, the latter immovable for want of harness. On the 28th he informed the General of the strength of the enemy and of his own force; that he would not, on his own responsibility, attack without artillery, but would do so cheerfully and promptly if he would give him an explicit order to that effect. No order was given. On the 29th he received harness for his single battery of six smooth-bore guns, and on the 30th gave the order to cross. On the 2d of July he crossed, met the enemy and whipped them.

Propositions.

On the 9th of July a council was held, at which all the commanders of divisions and brigades, and chief-of-arms, were present. Col. Stone, the junior line officer, spoke twice and decidedly against an advance, advocating a direct movement against Shepherdstown and Charlestown. All who spoke opposed an advance, and all voted against one. On the same day he informed the General-in-Chief of the condition of affairs in the valley, and proposed that he should go to Charlestown and occupy Harper's Ferry, and asked to be informed when he would attack Manassas. On the 12th he was directed to go where he had proposed, and informed that Manassas would be attacked on Tuesday 16th. On the 13th he was telegraphed: "If not strong enough to beat the enemy early next week, make demonstrations so as to detain him in the valley of Winchester." He made the demonstrations, and on the 16th, the day Gen. Scott said he would attack Manassas, he drove the enemy's pickets into his intrenchments at Winchester, and on the 17th marched to Charlestown.

On the 13th he telegraphed the General-in-Chief that Johnson was in a position to have his strength doubled just as he could reach him, and that he would rather lose the chance of accomplishing something brilliant than by hazarding his column, to destroy the fruits of the campaign by defeat, closing his telegram thus: "If wrong, let me be instructed." But no instructions came. This was eight days before the battle of Manassas. On the 17th Gen. Scott telegraphed: "McDowell's first day's work has driven the enemy beyond Fairfax Court House. Tomorrow the Junction will probably be carried." With this information he was happy—Johnson had been detained at the appointed time, and the work of Gen. Patterson's column had been done.

On the 18th, at 11 in the morning, he telegraphed Gen. Scott the condition of the enemy's force and of his own, referring to his letter of the 16th for full information, and closed the dispatch by asking, "Shall I attack?" He expected to be attacked where he was, and if Manassas was not to be attacked on that day, as stated in Gen. Scott's dispatch of the day previous, he ought to have been ordered down forthwith to join in the battle, and the attack delayed until he came. He could have been there on the day that the battle was fought, and his assistance might have produced a different result.

On the 20th he telegraphed that Johnson had marched with 35,000 Confederate troops, and a large artillery force, in a south-easterly direction. He immediately telegraphed the information to Gen. Scott, and knew that he received it the same day.

DEATH FROM HYDROPHOBIA.—Mr. John Earnest, an industrial citizen of Norris-town Pa. died a few days ago, of hydrophobia. He was bitten about a month since by a dog which had no appearance of being rabid, and which was accidentally strangled a short time after. At times during the convulsions and spasms of the deceased, it took the united strength of four and five men to hold him. When not in convulsions he was perfectly sensible, and fully conscious of his awful condition. During his lucid intervals he would warn his attendants to be careful so that he would do them no harm. From the first moment of his attack till his end, he declared that there was no hope for him but in death.

The Polynesian, a paper published at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, warns its readers against the barbarism and shocking state of society in the United States, and contrasts it with the peaceful life of the Sandwich Islanders. It is rather hard if we are sunk so low as to become an object of pity to the Sandwich Islanders.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher lectured at the South Baptist Church on Tuesday evening. The society that procured his services did so, hoping to raise a fund for a charitable object, to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. The receipts were \$1061 of that sum Mr. Beecher took \$100!—*Hartford Courant*, 9th.

Tenderness of conscience is always to be distinguished from scrupulousness. The conscience cannot be kept too sensible and tender; but scrupulousness arises from bodily or mental infirmity, and discovers itself in a multitude of ridiculous, and superstitious, and painful feelings.

A VISIT TO BEAUFORT.

The correspondent of the New York *Express* gives an account of the visit of Commodore Dupont and General Sherman accompanied by Captain Davis, the fleet captain, Captain John Rodgers and Capt. G. P. R. Rogers, of the Wabash, and other officers of the navy, on the gunboat Seneca, Capt. Ammen, to Beaufort, on the 12th. The correspondent accompanied the party, and he thus tells about the place and what he saw:

"It is a small place, occupied in summer by many of the wealthiest planters in S. Carolina, who resort to it for its delicious ocean air; 2,000 or more are usually there as late in the season as November, but in the winter the population is not more than five hundred. The houses are mostly wooden, with stuccoed fronts, spacious verandas and high porches; they stand along the shores in gardens crowded with orange and lemon trees, fragrant jessamines, magnolias and huge cactuses, gorgeous in crimson and yellow.

No sooner had we put foot on shore than the melancholy experiences of the day began. A warehouse on the wharf had been broken in and its contents pillaged; the relics of stores of food were strewn around, empty barrels, broken doors and windows, cases of liquor or oil overcast, and wanton destruction of every sort perpetrated upon the property, and this was but a sample of what we were to meet at every step. All the shops and stores were rifled; the postoffice despoiled, and on the doorsteps some fragments only told what had once been written. Not a white man was to be seen, besides those of our own party. Captain Rodgers, of the Wabash, immediately distributed his men around so as to guard against surprise, and gave strict orders that not an article should be removed from the village. Negroes who we had seen before landing had got away with their plunder, but other groups lounged around, touched their hats to us, or in default of hats, pulled their shaggy wool, and seemed anxious to talk. We asked where were the white people: "All gone, massa, gone the day of the fight—left us behind." "Their story was uniform. Their masters had fled with the greatest precipitation so soon as the firing commenced at Port Royal. Some indeed had left even earlier, but not one now remained. They endeavored to persuade or force the blacks to accompany them, but in vain, the negroes had remained, and others had come from the surrounding country, and an indiscriminate pillage of the town had commenced. The testimony of the blacks was unanimous that the negroes were robbing and destroying everything they could lay their hands on, until on the 10th, Capt. Ammen, of the Seneca, had arrived, and his officers threatened to shoot them unless they desisted.

We went through spacious houses where on a week ago families were living in luxury, and saw their costly furniture despoiled; books and papers thrown out on the floors, mirrors broken, safes smashed, pianos on the sidewalk, feather beds ripped open, and even the filth of the negroes left lying about in parlors and bedrooms; in many instances no purposes of plunder could have been served, but simply a love of mischief gratified. The flight must have been very rapid, for the curtains were sometimes at the windows, and in nearly every house the private papers and letters remained. Wedding cards and invitations to dinner sometimes lay on a drawing room table, while the walls were defaced and the furniture broken all around by the hands of the negroes. Many of the officers went into houses of their friends, some into mansions, even, where they had dined and slept in other days. Mr. Nat. Heyward's house was one of the finest we entered; another was that of Edward Rhett, where Barnwell Rhett himself had often resided.

The blacks told us that the rebels returned nearly every day, but only early in the morning before sunrise, and in small numbers. Gen. Drayton and Gonzales were said to have been in Beaufort that morning with thirty or forty horsemen.

We came down the river slowly, having left two gunboats near the town, and stopped on the way to examine the remains of an old Spanish fort, on the property of John Joyner Smith, and a live oak grove said to be the finest in South Carolina. The grove is spacious and magnificent beyond anything of the sort to be seen elsewhere. The great branching oaks stand each apart, so that their growth is not obstructed, and broad promenades between them lead out to the cotton fields. Pendant from the boughs hangs the parasitical moss which clusters so thickly on the orange, the lemon, the live oak and the fig tree; and here and there, on the green sword beneath, the little nigger babies were at play. Beyond the grove, which was pronounced by those most familiar with the South, superior to any in Florida or Georgia, stretched out a plantation of cotton, partly picked. We visited the store house, where thirty or forty bales were found, as yet unopened; two of McCarthy's gins and a steam engine were there ready to our hands, and a crowd of negroes offered their services in ginning. In the quarters of the blacks we bought turkeys and poultry, and eggs, and saw two men grinding corn at a mill, exactly as the Egyptians ground it 2,000 years ago. The planter's house was deserted by its owner, but we did not enter, for the slaves had apparently left its contents undisturbed; only at Beaufort there has been known to occur any of the sad ravages I have described. It was night, before we returned from the excursion, so full of melancholy, and even appalling suggestiveness.

The Rebel Leaders in Missouri.

During the late contest in Missouri, the names of two men as rebel leaders have become more prominently associated with the secession cause than any other. They fought conjointly the battle of Springfield, and won it. After that they separated, and are reported again as having joined their forces for a final effort against Fremont. These two men are totally different in their mental organizations. One of them is really a General of fine natural capacity; the other a mere partisan leader. The former is Gen. Sterling Price, who is now the senior officer of the rebels in front of the column of Union troops as it advances into southwestern Missouri. Flushed with the victory over Lyon at Springfield, by a rapid march northward he passed all the main positions of the Union troops, and struck a successful blow at Lexington. There he took Col. Mulligan, with full two thousand Union troops.

Gen. Price's experience as a military leader began actively with the Mexican war. He was one of the appointments made by Brigadierships by President Polk from civil life. Up to that time his pursuits had been confined to the peaceful, unless his attendance upon militia musters and holding a harmless rank in their ranks be taken as an evidence of proclivity to human slaughter.

Price, in pursuance of the command assigned him, headed a column of western troops in 1848, by way of New Mexico and El Paso, into the States of Chihuahua and Chihuahua. Indeed he had succeeded Gen. Kearney, of the regulars, in command of the Department of New Mexico, after the latter had pressed forward to California. He crossed the Jornada del Muerto (journey of death) as the immense desert in the southeastern part of New Mexico is called, and occupied Chihuahua one month after he left Santa Fe. He started in pursuit of the enemy, stationed in force at Santa Cruz de las Rosas, sixty miles from the capital of the State, on the morning of the 8th of March, 1848, and reached their position at daylight on the morning of the 9th. He seems, therefore, gifted with the faculty of attaining distances as well as Fremont. He performed the march at the head of 250 mounted men—a march which, for the time it lasted, was quite equal to Fremont's from San Jose to Los Angeles. After the delay, necessary to bring up his artillery, he attacked the town on the 16th of March, and continued the siege against a greatly superior numerical force until the enemy, commander and all, surrendered unconditionally.

After returning to Missouri, he became the democratic candidate for Governor, and served four years as chief magistrate of that State. When the recent outbreak against the government occurred, he became "Club" Jackson's Chief of the "State Guards," and, as such, still makes his reports to the alleged Governor of Missouri. Once, when Benton was addressing a Missouri audience, Sterling Price interrupted the "Old Roman." The latter, turning upon him in the majesty of his bonine wrath, said:

"You'll yet be hanged for treason!"

"Old Bullion's" prophecy seems likely to be fulfilled.

Price is fully fifty-five years of age, the possessor of a most massive frame; with hair and beard originally red, he presents now a singular shock of both gray and red intermingled. The other associate rebel leader to whom allusion was made above is "Ben" McCullough, better known as Major of the Texan Rangers than in any other character. He first obtained celebrity as the leader of a band of scouts which were employed to defend the region of country which lies north and west of San Antonio from the incursions of Indians, outlaws and Mexican marauders. For years anterior to the outbreak of the Mexican war he had been known upon the frontier as reckless, dauntless, and intrepid. He learned to love the "man-hunt of the prairies." He had many an injury and forgotten wrong to avenge upon "the mixed breeds, the unworthy successors of the Aztecs and of Cortez." The disasters of Mier, Laredo, and Santa Fe, were to be wiped out. No better opportunity could be afforded than in a war backed by the immense resources of the United States.

Hence he seized with avidity the opportunity of enlisting his company in Gen. Henderson's regiment of "Texan Rangers." In that regiment he served for six months, and after their term of service closed he re-enlisted a company, and remained upon Gen. Taylor's line until after the battle of Buena Vista.

Before that battle was fought and won special and extraordinary service was required of the enterprising officers of that column. Maj. Gaines and Cassius M. Clay were taken at Encarnacion, Capt. Headley, at the head of a detachment of Yell's Arkansas cavalry, was taken. No scouting party seemed able to return. Even Col. May, with a detachment of four hundred men, returned without any definite information in regard to the numbers or disposition of the forces of Santa Anna.

Ben McCullough, with a few men, was sent out to reconnoitre to obtain what was wanting—information. He sent back all his men, retaining only one man, and entered the lines alone—the enemy being encamped at the scene of Gaines's disaster. Next day he returned with full information of the number of the enemy, of his guns, cavalry, and munitions of war. This caused Gen. Taylor to fall back at once from Agua Nueva to Buena Vista. In the battle McCullough bore a brave and gallant part.

Since that time he has been appointed Marshal of one of the Districts of Texas, has been Commissioner to Utah in conjunction with ex-Governor Powell, and has always enjoyed the fullest confidence of the government until our recent civil convulsions.

THE REBEL MINISTERS

SKETCH OF JAS. M. MASON.

This gentleman is a native of Virginia, and was born near Washington, Nov. 3d 1798. He graduated in 1818 at the University of Pennsylvania, and soon after commenced the study of law at William and Mary College. He was admitted to practice in 1820, after a short vacation in the office of Benjamin Watkins Leigh, at Richmond. In 1825 his political career commenced with his election to the House of Delegates. Declining a re-election to this position, he was chosen a member to the House of Representatives from the district composed of Frederick and Shenandoah counties, and in 1847 was elected by the Virginia Legislature to the United States Senate—a position to which he has been successively elected every term since, and was to hold until next year. On the breaking out of the present difficulties he took a prominent part in their development, and was chosen to the Confederate Congress from the Eighth District of Virginia. During his term of office in the United States Senate he was Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, and was thoroughly posted on all matters connected with our foreign relations.

SKETCH OF JOHN SLIDELL.

John Slidell is a native of New York State, where he was born about the year 1793. What would his father, honest old John Slidell, the tall, slender, of Broadway, say, were he to rise from his grave, as the San Jacinto comes up our harbor with his son, a rebel and a prisoner? Going to New Orleans "to seek his fortune," the present John was enabled, with the education which he had previously received, to rise rapidly in his legal studies, and was admitted to the bar soon after. His first public position was that of United States District Attorney at New Orleans, to which position he was appointed by President (General) Jackson. He was elected frequently to the State Legislature and while a member of Congress was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary and Envoy Extraordinary to Mexico, as a last means of averting the war which was just then on the point of breaking out with that country. His mission, it is almost unnecessary to state, was fruitless.

Senator Slidell was an ardent partisan of the Americanization project for the absorption of the Spanish, Mexican and Indian races by the Anglo-Saxon, and partially for this reason was appointed, by President Pierce, United States Minister to Central America. He subsequently succeeded Soule in the Senate, when the latter was appointed Minister to Madrid, and held that position when Louisiana seceded. He was offered the Ministership to Paris by Buchanan, but declined. He is now a member of the rebel Congress, from Louisiana. Mr. Slidell is a brother of Alexander McKensie Slidell, who, while in command of the United States brig-of-war Somers, during the administration of President Tyler, hung Midshipman Spencer from the yard-arm, on suspicion of instigating a mutiny on board the ship—a circumstance which no doubt will be remembered by our readers.

Every thinking man will look round him, when he reflects on his situation in this world; and will ask, "What will meet my case? What is it that I want? What will satisfy me? I look at the rich, and I see Ahab, in the midst of all his riches, sick at heart for a garden of herbs; I see Dives, after all his wealth, lifting up his eyes in hell, and begging for a drop of water to cool the rage of his sufferings; I see the rich fool summoned away, in the very moment when he was exulting in his hoards! I look at the wise—I see Solomon, with all his wisdom, acting like a fool; and I know, that, if I possessed all his wisdom, were I left to myself, I should act as he did. I see Althiophei, with all his policy, hanging himself for vexation; I see a man of pleasure—I see a man of pleasure, that it is Satan's bed into which he casts his slaves!—I see Ean selling his birthright for a mess of pottage! I see Solomon, after all his enjoyments, leaving his name a scandal to the church to the latest age! If I think of honor—I take a walk in Westminster Abbey—there is an end of all inquiry. And what remains of the greatest man of my country? A boasting epitaph! None of these things, then, can satisfy me! I must meet death—I must meet judgment—I must meet God—I must meet eternity!"

Christians are imbibing so much of the cast and temper of the age, that they seem to be anxiously tutoring their children, and preparing them by all manner of means, not for a better world, but for the present. Yet in nothing should the simplicity of faith be more unreservedly exercised, than with regard to children. Their appointments and stations, yea, even their present and eternal happiness or misery, so far as they are influenced by their estates and conditions in life, may be decided by the most minute and trivial events, all of which are in God's hand, and not in ours. An unbelieving spirit pervades, in this respect, too intimately the Christian world.

No SUFFER ENTER.—"Reflect, my brethren," exhorted a chaplain, "that whoever falls this day in battle, sleeps to-night in Paradise." The fight began, the ranks wavered, the chaplain took to his heels, when a soldier reproachfully reminded him of the promise! supper in Paradise. "True, my son," said the chaplain, "but I never eat supper."

The Hartford *Post* says that the Rev. (?) Henry Ward Beecher, in his recent lecture in that city, made this remark, "Our country is now forced to fight (Great Britain, morally with one hand, and hell broke loose down South with the other."

Religious Miscellany.

We are called to build a spiritual house. One workman is not to busy himself in telling another his duty. We are placed in different circumstances, with various talents; and each is called to do what he can. Two men, equally accepted of God, may be exceedingly distinct in the account which they may give of their employ.

There is not a nobler sight in the world than an aged and experienced Christian, who, having been sifted in the sieve of temptation, stands forth as a confessor of the assaulted—testifying, from his own trials, the reality of religion; and meeting, by his warnings and directions and consolations, the cases of all who may be tempted to doubt it.

We must make great allowance for constitution. I could name a man, who, though a good man, is more ungoverned in his tongue than many immoral persons, shall I condemn him? he breaks down here, and almost here only. On the other hand, many are so mild and gentle, as to make one wonder how such a character could be formed, without true grace entering into composition.

Whatever definitions men have given of religion, I can find none so accurately descriptive of it as this—that it is such a belief of the Bible as maintains a living influence on the heart. Men may speculate, criticize, admire, dispute about, doubt, or disbelieve the Bible; but a religious man is such because he so believes it, as to carry habitually a practical sense of its truths on his mind.

We are too apt to forget our actual dependence on Providence, for the circumstances of every instant. The most trivial events may determine our state in the world. Turning up one street instead of another, may bring us into company with a person whom we should not otherwise have met; and this may lead to a train of other events, which may determine the happiness or misery of our lives.

BREATH OF RELIGION.—Religion should influence its possessor in all the relations of life. Whatever he does, he should do it better for being a Christian. Religion should make one a better student, a better master a better parent, a better child, a better man in all respects. The pious but eccentric Roland Hill remarked, "He would not give a farthing for a man's religion whose cat and dog were not the better for it."

The Christian's fellowship with God is rather a habit than a rapture. He is a pilgrim, who has the habit of looking forward to the light before him; he has the habit of not looking back; he has the habit of walking steadily in the way, whatever be the weather, and whatever the road. These are his habits; and the Lord of the Ways is his Guide, Protector, Friend, and Felicity.

There is no calling or profession, however ennobling in many respects to a Christian mind, provided it be not in itself simply unlawful, wherein God has not frequently raised up faithful witnesses, who have stood forth for examples to others, in like situations, of the practicality of uniting great eminence in the Christian life with the discharge of the duties of their profession, however difficult.

Men are to be estimated, as Johnson says, by the mass of character. A block of tin may have a grain of silver, but still it is tin; and a block of silver may have an alloy of tin, but still it is silver. The mass of Elijah's character was excellence; yet he was not without the alloy. The mass of John's character was base; yet he had a portion of zeal, which was directed by God to great ends. Bad men are made the same use of as scaffolds; they are employed as means to erect a building, and then are taken down and destroyed.

A sound heart is an excellent exultant. Men stand doubting what they shall do, while an evil heart is at the bottom. If, with St. Paul, they simply did one thing, the way would be plain. A miser, or an ambitious man, knows his points; and he has such a simplicity in the pursuit of them, that you seldom find him at a loss about the steps which he should take to attain them. He has acquired a sort of instinctive habit in his pursuit. Simplicity and rectitude would have prevented a thousand schemes in the church; which have generally risen from men having something else in plan and prospect, and not the one thing.

Christians are too little aware what their religion requires from them, with regard to their wishes. When we wish things to be otherwise than they are, we lose sight of the great practical parts of the life of godliness. We wish, and wish—when, if we have done all that lies on us, we should fall quietly into the hands of God. Such wishing out the very sinews of our privileges and consolations.—You are leaving me for a time; and you say you wish you could leave me better, or leave me with some assistance; but, if it is right for you to go, it is right for me to meet what lies on me, without a wish that I had less to meet, or were better able to meet it.

Human nature is like the sea, which gains by the flow of the tide in one place, what it has lost by the ebb in another. A man may acquiesce in the method which God takes to mortify his pride; but he is in danger of growing proud of the mortification; and so in other cases.

Mrs. Partington says that nothing despises her so much as to see people, who profess to expect salvation, go to church without their purses when a re-collection is to be taken.