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POETRY.

From the Methodist Protestant.

CHRIST AT THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Methinks I see the Saviour, in that love
Which always urg'd him to commisserate
Afflicted man, approach Bethesda's Pool,
When at the celebration of a feast,
Which Jewish ceremonies had enjoin'd.
The Pool had porches, five--surrounding thus
The 'house of mercy,' as 'tis sometimes call'd;
Where multitudes of wretched impotents—
Of blind, halt, wither'd—an asylum sought,
In anxious expectation of a cure:
For, 'twas appointed, oft to send from heav'n
An angel-visitant, who kindly mov'd
The waters of the pool, mysteriously
Imparting to the fountain healing pow'r;
When, whosoe'er first enter'd, whole was made
Of his diseases, whatsoe'er they were.

One, who had eight and thirty years been here,
In impotency's feeble state, did lay,
In melancholy mood, and griev'd to see,
While slowly moving down to touch the wave,
Another intercepting his descent,
And instantly receiving health and strength.
On him the Saviour looks—looks at the heart,
As well as at the body, thus infirm;
And, fill'd with heav'nly sympathy and love,
He asks—'wilt thou—O, wilt thou be made whole?'

Ah, little thought the feeble sufferer,
That by this stranger he should be relieved;
And, thinking Christ intended to direct
His course again towards the troubled fount,
A cure to seek, when chang'd with healing pow'r;
Desponding, thus to Jesus makes his moan:
Mock not my suff'rings thus—with fury, long
My malady's corroding fire has burnt,
And dried my spirits up.—Sir, none to me
The needful help affords, when mercy's near,
And heav'n presents th' effectual means. Alas!
My impotence gives others entrance first,
And I am left from year to year uncur'd!—
Death, my deliverer alone can be:
Its slumbers, soon shall ease my body's pain;
But then, this pain, suspension only seeks,
Till greater torments fasten on my soul,
And Justice makes my misery complete!—
Who will a tear of pity shed for me;
Or, friendship's hand present, as if to ease,
Or lull awhile to rest, this throbbing heart?
Cans't thou deliverance give, to one so weak,
So helpless? Wilt thou deign to look on one
So despicable—as thou see'st I am,
And put me first into this troubled pool?'

The Saviour looks—and pity moves his soul,
And mercy's fountain in his bosom, swells
With troubled wave,—to heal a helpless worm!—
He looks again—and says, 'thy strength receive—
Arise, arise--take up thy bed and walk!'

O! what a happy change ensues! The mind
Resuscitated, energy receives:
The nerves relaxed—the sinews, long unstrung—
Anew their vigorous offices perform:
The limbs now re-assume their wonted strength:
To perfect health, the body is restored:
All now is renovated—all is well;
When, rising up, he takes his bed and walks!

Him, Jesus in the temple, where oft met
The worshipping assemblies of the Lord,
Again espies; and knowing well the cause,
His impotence induc'd, (sin was the cause,)
A solemn and a timely warning gives,
And seeks to guide his mind, both to perceive
Who had performed the pleasing miracle,
And understand, and do, Jehovah's will:—
'Behold, thou art from thy diseases free'd:
No more the law of heaven transgress—that law,
Which in this place thou oft expounded hear'st,
Lest thou a two-fold punishment receive. J. P. C.

FROM THE LADY'S BOOK.

THE INDIAN BRIDE.

My dear Atterley, you little know the strength of woman's love.

VOYAGE TO THE MOON.

The plate we have chosen for our present number represents an imposing view of those great natural curiosities the Rocky Mountains. The following story, the scene of which is laid partly in these romantic regions, will be read with great interest. It forms a sufficient illustration of the engraving.

The funeral mounds, scattered over the fertile plains lying upon the tributaries of the Mississippi, that majestic parent of waters, have, for two centuries, attracted the eye of the solitary hunter, and awakened the sympathies of the humane and contemplative traveller. Within the limits of the state which bears the name of that dark and angry flood, they are usually discovered upon the beautiful levels irrigated by streams, every where intersecting a region of undying verdure, once the dominion and peaceful home of the free-born Indian. Now they exhibit no vestige of his race, save these green and solitary tumuli, at once the monuments of his power and instability. They are, nevertheless, the sepulchres of brave, generous, and gentle beings. The warrior lies here, whose daring deeds had struck dismay to the soul of the invader; the maiden, whose only monitor was the impulse of a guileless bosom; the matron, whose native virtue and open handed hospitality cherished unfeeling men, who were ready, even at her fireside, for deeds of violence; and the innocent babe who only averted its eye from her bosom, to sport with the dazzling instrument of merciless slaughter.

Their blood has sunk into the earth, the very echoes sigh out the tale of desolation, silence sits in their solitary places, and corruption awaits the summons which will invest it with immortality, and bid the oppressor and the victim to the awful tribunal of their common God!

But little of the history of this exterminated people is now known; even what remains, comes through the perishable medium of tradition, unstable as the race of which it is a memorial; but it yet furnishes many a tale of high daring, stormy passion and consuming vengeance, of true magnanimity, matchless fidelity and ardent affection—possessing fearful and engrossing interest. One of these traditions is the foundation and material of the present narrative.

About the year 1800, a surveyor of the Natchez district was employed to compromise the differences existing between the landed proprietors, by the re-survey of certain conflicting lines, which produced feuds and collisions fraught with agitation to the community.—These lands embraced a large portion of the beautiful plains of Second Creek, as highly esteemed by the aboriginal, as they now are by the civilized occupant. During the progress of the survey, the chain bearers paused at the foot of a mound, over which the compass directed their course. It was similar in appearance to those ordinarily seen, but of much smaller dimensions, and encircled by trees so disposed as to preclude the supposition that such an arrangement was the result of accident. The mound formed nearly a sharp cone; and from its centre rose the stately shaft of a magnificent oak, whose towering head, wrapped in a cloud of verdure, shaded the entire circumference. The spot was on the extremity of a peninsula, formed by the meanders of the creek, and offered a place of repose so attractive, calm and secluded, that the party halted for refreshment.

The eye of the practised surveyor is extremely acute; his curiosity was on this occasion much excited; and, after a careful examination, he declared to his companions his belief, that the earth had been raised to mark an important corner.

"If," said he, "it were larger, I should pronounce the mound to be a place of burial: but the Indians didn't do these matters in so small a way; they were never over fond of hard work, and instead of digging graves, to save labour, they piled the bodies in layers, you see, one over another, until the height became distressing, and then began again. This little hill would hardly hold a pair."

"It can't be a Spanish corner," said one of his companions, "for this oak grew here long before a Spaniard ever trod the soil; its size speaks it above a hundred years old, and, more than that, it's a planted tree."

"Aye, aye," rejoined the surveyor; "but it may have been set in French times."

"Hardly," exclaimed the third;" the Frenchmen, God knows, took as little care of lines & corners as their copper faced friends. Land was too plenty, in their day, to make them particular about boundaries, even if the lazy devils had been disposed to drive a plough, which they never were. Niggers now, Indians then. The Natchez were the cooks and bottle-washers for Mounseer; and the fattest turkey, the best quarter of venison, and first choice of women always fell to number one!"

"Spaniard or French," now shouted the surveyor triumphantly, "here's the mark."

His companions hastened to the tree; but though they examined with interested eyes, they could not discover what professional experience so easily distinguished and eagerly pointed out.

"Nothing but the scar of a sore shin," said one, "from a flash of lightning or a falling tree."

"Or the marks of a red-headed ivory bill, or the practising of a January buck," said the other.

"Neither bark, nor bird, nor buck, nor yet a thunderbolt," replied the surveyor, "but the work of man, and done with steel. But hand a hatchet and the story is soon told."

The axemen were forthwith called, and a chip of large dimensions, running well towards the centre of the tree, was detached, and exposed to view the rude representation of a Roman cross. At this denouement the man of the compass was exceedingly puzzled.

"It was done by the hand of man," said he, "as I told you; but it is no corner. A St. Andrew," he continued very gravely, "would have settled the matter, but a Roman cross was never a surveyor's sign-manual."

Here the investigation ceased; the chain-bearers recommenced their labour, and the whole party proceeded to matters having for them higher interest and greater attraction. Since that period an aged Indian has related the fragment of a tradition leading to the history of the oak, and of the mound on which it grew. It was intended as our friend the umpire remarked, only for "a pair;" and a hapless pair were they who slumbered in that green and silent valley.

The close of the seventeenth century found the adventurous Frenchmen, who penetrated the wilderness of the Mississippi, in great favour with the Natchez nation. The politeness, so proverbial of this versatile people, and the ease with which they assimilate themselves to the strangers among whom they may be thrown, give them advantages among savage tribes over all other nations. As regards the unfortunate Natchez, the French did not properly appreciate their motives: and the honest effusions of native benevolence were ascribed to duplicity or cowardice.

It is not now intended to detail the wrongs of that race, who were distinguished above every other within the limits of northern America, for the refinement of their manners, the ardour of their affections, the chivalric character of their courage, and the unsuspecting hospitality which resulted from this felicitous combination of moral virtues. It is sufficient to allude to the infliction of heartless insult and notorious oppression by the French, and the vindictive spirit which the fiery Indians, driven to desperation, would naturally exhibit.

A young man, whose father bore a commission in the service of the French king, had accompanied him to the Mississippi, at a period when the best intelligence existed between the natives and the emigrant strangers. The youth, though scarcely seventeen, possessed talents of a high order, a sound judgment, and a most ingenuous disposition. His form was just assuming the finest proportions and graces of manhood; and, though withdrawn at this early age from the discipline of the schools, he was deeply imbued with the love of virtue and a thirst after knowledge: indeed, his whole character presented a striking contrast to the reckless spirits by whom he was surrounded. On his arrival in the western world, he became soon charmed with the brave and adventurous character of the natives; he loved to unite in their expeditions in pursuit of game; and, urged on by a spirit of curiosity and enterprise, he roamed far and wide over those vast prairies which spread across the centre of our continent, and whose western limits are only fixed by the pointed summits of the Rocky Mountains, which dart high into the blue atmosphere, and reigned then, as they yet reign, over vast regions scarcely tributary to man. Settling at length among the Natchez, his kindness and suavity speedily rendered him a favourite. He engaged in their pursuits, and joined in their pastimes: no difficulty subdued his enterprize, no danger repelled his intrepidity. The hunter extolled the keenness of his glance and the fleetness of his foot; the warrior contemplated, with admiration, the calmness of his courage and his self possession in the hour of peril. Mild and engaging in his manners, as he was dauntless of soul, the children thronged tumultuously around him, and in the warmth of their artless affection they named him "the good Frenchman." He climbed the trees for the grape and the pecan; distributed among them the simple ornaments which they admired; gathered wild flowers for their hair, and selected for them the most beautiful feathers from the spotless heron and rose-coloured flamingo. But beyond the mere desire of pleasing, he aimed at being useful; and he instructed this docile people, so far as they came within his influence, in those domestic arts most calculated to prove beneficial. To the elder he taught agriculture and the manual occupations adapted to their capacities; to the younger, the literature of his native land; and to all he held out in their grandeur and sublimity, the bright promises of that religion which influenced his own actions and exalted his virtues.

Among the pupils of St. Pierre was the daughter of a chief, in whose family he maintained the most friendly intercourse. She was, at this period, but twelve years of age, and in his estimation, as well as in fact, a child. She listened with delight to his instructions, and her attentive manners and entire confidence won his affections, while her expanding intellect promised the most gratifying success in the cultivation of her mind. This result became daily more evident; his exertions were redoubled, and, in the lapse of four years, the native genius of the interesting Natchez shone forth in intellectual beauty.

She was named, in the figurative language of her race, "the Morning Star." St. Pierre, in playfulness, or for the sake of brevity, called her Etoile. They at length became inseparable; they walked together through the boundless forests, which bloomed in their native beauty around them; together, they trod the margin of that stream whose living waters, even at that early day, bore upon their bosom the silver strains of melody, and which now, in the holy calm of a summer sunset, or beneath the glittering serenity of a mellow moon, are unsurpassed in brightness; together they admired the sublime works of the Creator—distant and resplendent worlds wheeling in their immensity, their silent majesty, and their unapproachable magnificence; and together they knelt in adoration of the Almighty Author, amidst the stupendous works of his hands and the evidence of his omnipotence.

Is it necessary to ask, if hearts thus in unison had imbibed other sentiments than those which characterized their earlier intercouse; or whether the enthusiasm of the instructor, and the emulation of the pupil had not been exchanged for mutual admiration and deep and ardent affection? At the age of twenty one, manly grace distinguished the stately form of St. Pierre; and sixteen summers had unfolded the beauties and matured the attractions of this child of the wilderness, whom he now loved beyond all the world beside.

At this period of our narrative, the encroachments of the French had attained a point which became intolerable to the Natchez, and every circumstance unequivocally proved that opportunity alone was wanting to bring down retributive vengeance on the aggressors. Intercourse had gradually decreased, mistrust took possession of the minds of the French, and they resumed, in appearance at least, the discipline of a military post. St. Pierre had witnessed these indications with regret, and saw the approach of a storm, ominous in its aspect, and destined, at no distant period, to burst with unexampled fury.

The stern warrior, who had heretofore regarded the intimacy of the Christian youth and his daughter with the indifference of a barbarian, was unsuspicious of that league of the heart which united them. He announced to them that their intercourse must terminate.—To St. Pierre he declared that faith and truce with his nation were at an end, and that his person would be unsafe among the Indians; for the Natchez warriors were sworn to immutable hate and deadly vengeance.

"I have no crime to allege against St. Pierre," said the chief, "but that he is a Frenchman. Go again across the great lake, over which your nation have come to the distress and ruin of an unoffending people. You are now safe: when we meet again, which I hope we may not, it must be as enemies in battle. The spirits of my slaughtered children, from the deep gloom of our forests, cry aloud for blood."

Arguments were lost on the inexorable warriors. St. Pierre urged with impassioned eloquence every motive by which he hoped to attain his purpose. As a friend to the Natchez and a Frenchman, he proposed a medition between the exasperated parties, and hinted at a new and permanent compact.

"We have sworn by our God," said the old man, pointing to the sun, whose setting beams seemed to linger among his white locks as if to listen, "we have sworn by our God, and the oath is irrevocable."

But when the unhappy lovers confessed the nature of their attachment, the glance which met the submissive look of the trembling girl, too plainly indicated the high displeasure of her father. He upbraided her as one unworthy of her lineage and nation, who could consent to mingle her blood with the enemies of her race. He spurned the idea with scorn; and bade her prepare for a union with a warrior of her own tribe.

This sentence Etoil and St. Pierre knew to be irrevocable. They contrived, however, to arrange, during the hasty interview, a mode and place of meeting, should opportunity permit; they renewed their pledges of unalterable attachment, and resigned themselves to their fate, anticipating more auspicious days. Weeks elapsed, but the obstacles presented to a meeting, in the increased vigilance of the hostile parties, were almost insurmountable. Circumstances now transpired, rendering action indispensable, without regard to consequences. Etoile was informed by her father that the period of her marriage with a warrior of the Natchez was fixed, and that the young and brave of the nation were to signalize the occasion by a hunting party, such as had not been witnessed in their generation. She betrayed no emotion, seemed to acquiesce in the wishes of her father, but determined to avoid, at any hazard, a fate to her more awful than death.

By the promise of a great reward, she induced a young Indian to bind himself to her service, she instructed him to proceed by night to the French encampment, cautiously to approach the chain of sentinels, and to send an arrow, which she had prepared, within the lines. To it she attached a small piece of paper, on which was inscribed, in emblematic characters, the intelligence she was desirous of communicating to St. Pierre. She informed him that at the rising of the moon, on the night appointed for her marriage, she would meet him at a place designated by her, that they might fly from scenes which, to them both, were fraught with peril. This communication, being firmly fixed to the arrow, was given to the messenger, who faithfully performed his engagement. The missile was picked up in the morning by one of the soldiers; curiosity, surmises and suspicions were excited, but no explanation could be made of what was called "the Indian picture." It circulated among the officers, day after day, until all excitement ceased, and the incident was forgotten. To St. Pierre it presented no mystery; and he silently and joyfully prepared to obey the summons. The eventful moment at length arrived. Etoile appeared calm and even happy. Arrayed in the picturesque costume of her nation, heightened in effect by her own exquisite taste, she never looked more beautiful or seemed more tranquil. Suspicion was thus disarmed, and she was left to the exercise of her own inclination.

The young warriors had accompanied their companion, whose singular good fortune was that day to be completed in the possession of the most lovely maiden of her tribe, upon an expedition which her father had represented to her as one of hunting, in honor of her bridal. The party was to return at night and the marriage to be solemnized amidst general rejoicing. Towards the close of the day Etoile wandered off, as if accidentally, from her unsuspecting companions; and pursuing her object with great rapidity, a few hours brought her to the place of meeting, agreed upon with St. Pierre. The latter had arrived before her, and they were once more in each other's arms. No time was to be lost; the night was advancing, and they knew that the absence of the intended bride must soon be discovered. They therefore turned their steps towards the French camp as a place of present refuge, resolved to remain there until opportunity should enable them to reach a seaport, whence they might embark for Europe.

But what a scene awaited them! They were surprised on reaching the lines, to find their approach undiscovered and unobstructed. The challenge of the sentinel, the hum of the camp, the roll of the evening drum were unheard; and the solitude of the desert, only broken by the ominous shriek of the owl, fell heavily upon their hearts. They reached what had once been the encampment of the French, where a smouldering heap of ruins, and the ghastly spectacle of mangled and consuming carcasses, too surely indicated the fate of the ill-starred garrison. So secret had been the plan of the Natchez, and so fatal their expedition, which, under the disguise of a hunting party, was intended against the French, that they fell upon them at sunset and massacred them to a man. This was the chase destined to distinguish the marriage pageant of a warrior's daughter, and was emphatically called by the Indians "the hunt of the French dogs."

The onset was made and the catastrophe accomplished, during the time occupied by St. Pierre and Etoile in reaching the place agreed upon for an interview. To describe their sensations were a hopeless attempt, nor had they leisure for the indulgence of unavailing sorrow, danger pressed sharply upon them; for they well knew that pursuit would be speedy.

At the distance of thirty miles, on the route to the next French post, there lived, in safety and seclusion, a venerable priest of the Roman Catholic order; he had retired from the irreligion and depravity which latterly degraded the French, and undisturbed by the Indians, who respected him for his humanity and spotless life, devoted his days to prayer and contemplation. To the hospitality of this holy man they therefore resolved to commit themselves, in order to solicit his services in the solemnization of their marriage; after which, it was their determination to seek the sea-board and sail for France. In the prosecution of these intentions, they entered the wilderness, and on the following evening reached the residence of the priest. He received them with kindness, and heard the sad fate of his countrymen with undissembled grief; but well knowing the vigilance, sagacity, and matchless perseverance of the Indians, the good man urged them to prosecute their flight without unnecessary delay. He first confirmed their vows in the holy sacrament of marriage, and pronounced their indissoluble union. A hasty repast was provided by their host, a blessing pronounced, and again they sought the depths of the forest. The moon rose in cloudless majesty, seeming, by the cold serenity which sat upon her changeless disk, to mock the thousand emotions which alternately agitated the wanderers. St. Pierre, well versed in the habits of the Indians, pursued his path through the most intricate woods and defiles. On reaching a stream, the fugitives would plunge into the water and follow its meanders a long distance, that their trace might be lost to their pursuers. In the practice of these and similar stratagems, they passed the night. On the ensuing morning the sun shone out in splendour, the forest resounded with the gush of music, hope held out bright prospects for the future, and their spirits seemed to react under these reflections and the vivifying beauties of the coming day. Exhausted nature, however, after such exertions, required repose; and the sun had passed the zenith before the wearied youth awoke from the false visions which transported him, with that beloved one, to home and kindred, far from persecution and danger, among the green hills and sunny glades of his own vine clad land. Etoile was yet slumbering by his side, and he most unwillingly dispersed the fair dreams which seemed to impart to her repose unbroken serenity. They now arose: the evening was delightful, the sky was unobscured by a cloud, and a balmy and refreshing breeze, with almost a conviction of safety, inspired the travellers with renewed vigour. Apprehension, though thus allayed, was not banished from their minds. The anxious and vigilant St. Pierre had paused frequently within an hour, as if in the attitude of listening: he climbed a tree to the topmost branch, and again descending, pressed his ear closely to the earth.

"My fears are groundless" said he, "it is but the moaning of the forest wind."

"But hark! Again? Pshaw! It is the cry of the wolf; he is early on the chase; some straggling deer has passed his den, and the savage is roused by the scent of blood."

And now at briefer intervals there came upon the breeze, low and broken, but not unmelodious sounds, like the closing ring of a distant guitar, or the parting wail of an Æolian harp; now for a moment pausing, as if in doubt and perplexity, and again busting forth in the ecstacy of triumph. The strain came booming on, the deep notes swelled out to their fullest scope, and pealed sullenly among the drowsy echoes of these deathlike solitudes.

"It is not the cry of the wolf," resumed the agitated St. Pierre; "nor yet the yell of the panther; and dogs, there are none in the wilderness."

The wild sounds, now opening from the highlands and approaching the valley where the travellers stood, fell coldly on the heart of the terrified girl: for it was beyond a doubt, that a foot, unerring as death, hung like destiny on their flight. Etoile flung back her luxuriant hair, turned her ear towards the quarter whence the sounds proceeded, and a fixed look of speechless amazement too truly told the sequel.

"It is the bay of Sanglant," at length she exclaimed; "we are lost, for ever lost! My father's blood hound is out, and when this cry is heard, death—death is on the wind. Faith herself may now abandon hope."

With but sufficient strength to utter these words, the agonized wife sunk into the arms of her husband.

They proved too true. The Indians, unexpectedly baffled by the stratagem of the fugitives, had well nigh abandoned pursuit. At this juncture it was fatally proposed to dispatch a runner for the favourite dog of the chief. He was of an illustrious stock, but unfavourably known in the cruel history of the early emigrants to Cuba; celebrated for staunchness and indomitable courage, for great vigour of limb, incredible powers of scent, and of matchless endurance in the chase. His sagacity upon this occasion had not been too highly appreciated, and his cry, which never deceived, was hailed by the Natchez with a shout of savage exultation. St. Pierre, convinced that flight or resistance would prove equally desperate and unavailing, submitted in silence and with unshaken fortitude; but his disconsolate companion, overcome by the various emotions which had so rapidly agitated her soul, lay helplessly in his arms. They were thus made captives by the triumphant Indians.

The prisoners were reconducted to the village: the good father, who knew well the fate prepared for St. Pierre, saw the party on their return, and accompanied them, in order to afford to the condemned those consolations which Christianity always confers in mortal extremity. In a solemn council of the nation the unfortunate Frenchman was condemned to the stake, amidst the lamentation of women and the heart-rending cries of children, to all of whom he was endeared by a thousand tender recollections. The preliminaries to such an execution are too well known to require description; they are such at least as humanity shrinks from contemplating.

The hour arrived, and the victim, serene and undismayed, was bound to the tree.—Over his head hung a gorgeous image of the sun; as if the sacrifice, then to be offered, would prove acceptable to that divinity. It might have been affixed there in derision of the holy faith of the sufferer. In many circles of great height, increasing from the centre, were disposed the combustible destined to terminate this awful tragedy.

Etoile, the bride—the wife, was there too; and she viewed the preparations with the calm and steady eye of an indifferent spectator. Not a tear dimmed her dark eye, not an intercession escaped her lips; for tears and prayers, she well knew, could hope for no sympathy among the fierce and relentless spirits of her nation. She was attired in her bridal dress, disposed with the utmost regard to elegance and taste; at her belt, almost concealed by the folds of the tunic, hung a small hatchet, and, pressed to her bosom, she bore a silver cross, presented by her husband in days of peace and happiness. Through the top was drilled an opening, in which was inserted a strong and sharp bone either of fish or fowl. Little regard was paid to her, in the engrossing interest which attached all eyes to the pile, now bursting into a blaze.—The smoke and flame wreathed up into wild and fearful eddies. Etoile suddenly sprang forward into the line of fire, which repelled the near approach of the executioneers.

"I come, my love," she exclaimed, "I come. In life or death I am for ever thine. Neither the cruelty of man nor the terrors of the grave shall sever us! The emblem under which we die, assures us of another and a happier home!"

At the same instant she struck the image of the sun from the stake, and with a single blow of her hatchet planted the cross in its place; then, embracing the sinking form of her husband, she yielded up her noble spirit.

The aged priest collected their ashes, raised the mound in which they were deposited, and encircled it with the most lovely trees of the forest. He planted the oak which has been described, and engraved upon it the sign of the cross, a simple memorial of Christian faith and mortal suffering.

FREE TRADE MEETING.

At a meeting of the friends of Free Trade, assembled in Cambridge, on Monday the 14th inst., Thomas Breerwood, Esq., was called to the chair, and Thomas White appointed Secretary. The object of the meeting was fully explained by the Chairman. After some preliminary remarks, *James A. Stewart*, Esq., offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this meeting, the Tariff of 1828 is unjust, oppressive, and ruinous to the general interests of the country, and has totally failed to gratify the purposes even of those through whose agency it was inflicted on the nation. It is a forced and patched-up system, changing, by legislation, the natural occupations of men, driving them unwillingly to other resources, and paralyzing the agricultural energies of the American People.

Resolved, That we entertain a conviction that, after the liquidation of the National Debt, a Tariff by which duties are imposed upon imported articles adequate for revenue, and adjusted with a view to reasonable incidental protection, is all the *country* requires; and any other amount of imposts, levied exclusively with a view to the benefit of the Manufacturers, is so far giving them a gratuity, by taking the money from the pockets of the Farmers, Mechanics, Planters, and other interests of the community—a result fraught equally as we believe, with injustice as impolicy.

Resolved, That whilst we are free to admit that the infant departments of American industry should be encouraged in all proper ways, and that the manufacturing of fabrics of indispensable and paramount importance, which we should have capacity to make in order to constitute us an independent people, ought to be sustained; yet we are irresistibly led to the conclusion, that the manufacturing of any article, which would require a greater incidental protection than would be afforded by a system of duties for revenue to the estimated amount of twelve millions of dollars, is not demanded by the country, and would be highly inexpedient. Trade should generally be left to time, and the other promoting causes which arise naturally in the progress which a people make to perfection in the arts and sciences, and not receive a premature and hot-bed growth by the injudicious interference of Legislation, when, too often, the leading branches of business are crippled, and fall a sacrifice to interested combinations of minor interests, who regard not the aggregate welfare.

Resolved, That we look forward with pleasure to the period rapidly approaching—the payment of the National Debt, which, in all probability, will be the next year; when (if not before) we trust there will be a reduction of the onerous Tariff, which has been hanging like an *incubus* upon the trade and pursuits of the Eastern Shore for years—to which we have, however, submitted patiently heretofore, knowing that some plan was necessary, in order to raise a fund to satisfy the debt incurred in the revolutionary and last war, although it was peculiarly destructive to our interests: and we fully believe, when this burden of taxes is taken from our shoulders, we shall feel the animating impulse imparting new vigor to the decayed business of Old Dorchester.

Resolved, That any other Tariff after the payment of the National Debt, beyond a revenue system of imposts arranged with a view to incidental protection, is not required by patriotism nor an enlarged system of policy, and must be effectuated by the joint efforts and influence of the Manufacturers, who are immediately profited, and the remote beneficiaries,—those who are ultimately repaid by donations for roads and canals, of mere local importance; forming, in fact, a complete system of *log rolling*, corrupting in its operation the very fountains of Legislation, and introducing a wild, visionary and speculating state of things, degrading in its rise, delusive in its progress, and utterly destructive in its final consequences.

Resolved, That we highly approve of the proposed Convention of the friends of Free Trade, from the Eastern Shore of Maryland and the lower counties of Delaware, to be held at Easton the third Monday in June next.

Resolved, That the Chair appoint seven Delegates to represent this county in that Convention:—Whereupon the Chair appointed Dr. Thomas Woolford, Maj. Charles Leary, Capt. Levin Jones, Peter Lecompte, William Vans Murray, Joseph L. Turner, and William H. Yates, Esqs.

On motion, *It was resolved*, That the Chairman and Secretary be added to the number.

On motion, *It was resolved*, That the proceedings of this meeting be signed by the Chairman and Secretary, and published in the Cambridge Chronicle and Eastern Shore Whig.

THOMAS BREERWOOD, Ch'n.
Thomas White, Sec'y.
Cambridge, May 14th, 1832.

METHODIST CONFERENCE.

The General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, continues to hold daily sessions at the Union Church, in Fourth street, commencing at half past 8 o'clock, in the morning. At the commencement of the Conference, the various matters relative to the government of the church, were referred to several committees, some of which have already reported. That on the Episcopacy, have expressed themselves satisfied and pleased with the course pursued by the superintendants, since the last General Conference, and recommended the appointment of three additional Bishops, to take a share of the heavy duties now devolving upon Bishops McKendree, Roberts, Hedding, and Soule. The committee on the boundaries of the annual Conferences, recommended in their report, some alterations in the existing arrangements, and the formation of three additional Conferences in the south and west—making in all twenty-two annual conferences—to facilitate the Itinerary operations. This report has been taken up and acted upon, and the resolutions adopted.

An argument of much interest took place last week, on a motion made by a delegate from the Holstein Conference, to commit that portion of the Methodist discipline which relates to slavery, to a special committee, for their opinion as to its just interpretation. It appears that at present, among a certain portion of the southern and western Methodists, two opinions prevail on the subject—one portion of the society believing it inimical to their religious principles to hold slaves, under any circumstances, while the other regard the traffic in slaves only, as particularly reprehensible. This motion was warmly opposed by several southern delegates, on the ground that legislation upon that point at this time, would considerably hamper and retard their exertions in spreading abroad the truths of the gospel. All who addressed the Conference on this subject, spoke in decided terms of the evils of slavery, and referred with pleasure to the time when this blot will be removed from our national character. The motion was negatived.

The Conference was occupied parts of several days in considering an appeal made by Mr. Tippitts, of the Pittsburgh Conference, against the decision of that body in his case. After a careful examination in the matter, it was referred again to the Pittsburgh Conference, as evidence was now elicited which had not been produced when the case was first agitated.

Memorials have been presented asking the Conference to take a decided stand in the cause of Temperance, and petitions asking for information on the subject of Masonry, and whether it be consistent with the christian religion—which have been referred to special committees.

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