THE GRAVE OF GIULIETTA.

From Trieste, I did not, as usual with travellers, cross the Gulf of Venice "to 'the Ocean Queen;" but travelled round the head of the Adriatic, to that famous city of masks and gondolas. On the morning of the second day, I passed through the once celebrated but now decayed city of Aquileia, once second only to great Rome herself, the Bountiful Adriatic bearing to her heaven the tribute of a hundred climes, now deserted even by the sea, the metropolis of a dreary expanse of inhospitable marches and shrubless sands. I had passed the Lagunes of Marano, and the now insignificant village that gives to them their name; and I expected that before night-fall, I should arrive at the mouth of the river Tagliamento. A more dreary route than this it had never been my lot to travel; and the journey had already created an unusual and somewhat painful depression of mind. The evening was, indeed, magnificent: the sun looked down in glory from as gorgeous a sky as ever occupied the classic land of Italy: but it illuminated a wide waste of sand hillocks, and broad arms of the shallow Lagunes. No human habitation cheered the prospect; no sail moved over the waters; no sound broke upon the silence, save the low murmuring of the sea, and the occasional cry of some solitary bird.

I have said it was the evening: the sun had sunk, and I walked leisurely onward, purposing if not home presented itself, to seek some sheltered place until morning should break: it was the begining of July, and night was therefore of short continuance. Since passing the Lagunes, the beach had gradually risen, and now formed a barrier of considerable altitude above the sea, which gently broke, in small creamy waves, within a few hundred yards of the elevation. I had now reached a low headland, beyond which, a few hundred yards, another headland jutted into the sea; and, betwixt these, I had little doubt that a sheltered cove must lie, where I should find a resting place for the night. The moment I turned the headland, the base of which was just touched by the water, and obtained a view into the narrow deep bay that lay beyond, I perceived a small boat drawn up on the beach and a man in the act of scooping a hole in the loose dry sand that lay about fifty yards from the water. The rencontre was singular, the action was suspicious; but, even had I been desirous of retreating, I could not have done so unnoticed, for, apparently, at the same instant that I had made the discovery, I had been also observed: the man stood erect, looking towards me, and seemingly waiting my approach.

It may easily be believed, that my feelings were not the most enviable, when, advancing nearer, I observed that a person in female attire lay upon the ground, close to the spot where an excavation had already been made in the sand.—The appearance of the stranger was in singular contrast with the circumstances under which the meeting took place: his figure was youthful, and his face, on which the shade of deep sorrow seemed to have settled, denoted an age at which sorrow might be said to be an untimely visiter: he had scarcely passed the first years of manhood his fair hair and open brow marked him as the inhabitant of another clime than Italy, and, through the first rising tears, a world of feeling was revealed in the mild blue eyes that were fixed upon me. He addressed me, first in German, and then in French: 'You find me, 'said he, in a tone of mournful solemnity; 'in singular and suspicious circumstances; but, at present, let me complete my melancholy task, and I will then narrate to you the events that have brought me hither.'—When I looked on the fine open countenance of the speaker, so opposite from that of a Spalatro, I could suspect no evil, and I silently signified my acquiescence, and stood by, while he resumed his extraordinary occupation; and, having scooped out a shallow grave, he requested my assistance in performing the last obsequies to the dead. This, however, seemed to me too direct a participation in an act that more resembled the second of recent murder, than the performance of a Christian burial, and I mildly but firmly explained to the stranger the unwillingness I felt to aid him in his design, until I had some little acquaintance with the circumstances that had induced him to undertake so singular a task. 'I am not surprised,' he replied, 'at your suspicions your scrupile is just, and your request reasonable: sit down, then, upon the sand hillock, and, as my relation will be but short, there will be sufficient light when I have finished, to perform these sad obsequies.' I sat down accordingly, and while, for a few moments, he covered his face with his hands, before commencing his recital, I could not out feel the depression of my mind deepen into something almost bordering upon dread, as I saw the night gathering round upon the desolate shore, and the unknown dead stretched beside the open grave. It was in the words that, after a short interval of silence, the stranger spoke:—

'I am, by birth, a German, and a year ago I left Dresden, my native city, to travel through the southern countries of Europe. At Venice, I became known to the family of the Marquis di Pana; and I loved Giulietta, his only child, and was beloved by her. Her heart was mine, wholly mine, but her hand I could not obtain: the Marquis sternly opposed himself to my wishes; and after many fruitless attempts to see Giulletta, I discovered that she had been secretly sent from Venice to some place of concealment, but where I was unable to learn. I knew that absence would kill us both, and, disguised, I set out on a pilgrimage, to seek her that I had lost. During six months, I vainly sought: and yesterday evening, sorrowfully returning to Venice, about night fall, arrived at a solitary house that stands close to the water. As I approached this seduced habitation, an indescribable sensation, such as we are conscious of when approaching a beloved object, arose in my mind, and I drew forth my flute, and played that Silesian air which only one in Italy could recognize: I was at first, refused admittance, but saying that I wanted but a cup of water to proceed on my journey, I was permitted to enter. A man, in the habit of a fisherman, and his wife, were within, and it was no difficulty to perceive, that they had a secret. A certain embarrassment and looks full of meaning, that passed between them, created a strong conviction in my mind that this was the concealment of my loved and long lost Giulietta. I shortly after left the house, playing, as I went, the well known air, it was then after sunset, and I hid myself, at some distance, among the sand hillocks till near midnight. I then cautiously approached the spot; sure that, if my suspicions were just, the air I had played had prepared Giulietta for my appearance.

'I had waited but a few moments between the house and the water, when a casement was withdrawn,—and in another moment I clasped Giulietta in my arms.' Here the stranger's eyes filled with tears, and his emotion was violent.—'Did I,' said he, 'find her but to lose her for ever!—did I look upon her living, but to see her die! it was indeed,' continued he, wiping away his tears,—'it was indeed, Giulietta.—But oh! how changed! death was in her countenance: her cheek was always pale,—but now, it wore the sickly pale of decay—and her form!—it was wasted to a shadow. Once, she was beautiful,—but see,' he, rising, 'see her dead,—still she is beautiful.' We arose, and he motioned to me to lift the napkin that covered the face of the dead: it was, indeed, loveliness in death.— 'Eighteen summers have scarcely passed over her,' said the mourning stranger,—and he threw himself upon the sand, and took her hand, and looked in her face, long, and earnestly.

At length a burst of passionate grief came forth like a tempest, then rivers of tears gushed from his eyes; and when they ran out, sighs, the upheavings of the soul, and sobs—that seemed to rise from the deepest wells of sorrow, showed how unspeakable is that grief that waits upon the blighted promises of youth At length he arose, recovered himself, and resumed his mournful story. 'Giulietta,' I said leave this place and fly with me; the boat that lies there unmoored, will soon carry us from danger? Scarcely had she strength to say, that death was very near; that she loved me as she had done ever: that she would have lived for me—and was willing to die for me. 'Giulietta,' said I, 'you are my wife: here, we have none to unite us. But heaven hears and accepts our vows, and may God bless us.'

'I had scarcely spoken this, when the sound of voices was heard; we are discovered. I said, and I instantly lifted my bride in my arms, and ran towards the boat; the force with which I struck it sent it forward into the water, and as it left the shore I sprang into it with my beloved burden. The infernal guardian of my Giulietta, rushed from the house to the water, followed by another—both venting hideous imprecations. I grasped the oars, and laying my Giulietta in the bottom of the boat, rowed for life, life that was valued by me, only for the sake of her who lay beside me. The pursuers followed into the water; but it grew deeper, and they could follow no farther. A flash, followed by a report, and the whizzing ball that passed over my head, was the last expression of their rage,—and we were beyond the dangers of immediate pursuit.

'It was now the dead of night; and after pausing awhile to listen if any squad came over the still water, I bent down, and lifted Giulietta—and placed her beside me,—and laid her head upon my bosom. 'Giulietta, I said, we are safe, Giulietta:' but she answered not. I took her hand, but it returned not my pressure; I laid my hand upon her heart, but it was still. I was alone, on the wide sea, with my love,—but she was dead. Long I gazed upon her face,—sometimes I fancied she breathed; and I said, 'Giulietta,—my wife, Giulietta!' But no! no! no! Giulietta was dead. Whither could I go? My Giulietta was no more my living love, but I wished to know her grave. I will lay her in the grave with my own hands, I said, and I will make my dwelling beside it, and while it was yet dark, I rowed along the shore, until, as day was breaking over the Dalmatian hills, I reached this cove. Here I have sat all day, hidden among the sand hillocks, and my dead love beside me; and as night approached, I began to make her grave; it is now finished; and this is all my story.'

There was a solemn calmness in the manner and countenance of the unhappy German.—We now rose silently; but the stranger motioned me to be still, and himself lifted his lost one, and laid her in the grave. He then knelt down, and I knelt beside him: he lifted the napkin, kissed the cheek of the dead, and said: 'Giulietta, I will not forsake thee. I cannot heap sand on her grave,' said he, 'do this last office for me; and he turned away while I covered her, forever, from his sight. I prayed to God to support him in his dreadful affliction, but I heard no voice respond Amen.

It was now near midnight, dreadfully had the depression of my mind been deepened by the events of the last few hours. I asked the stranger to go with me; 'No,' he replied, 'I will remain.' 'But your life is in danger,' I said. 'It will not long be in danger,' he answered.

I knew that it would be unsafe for me to proceed by this route to Venice, and I resolved to retrace my steps to Aquileia, and, as I looked back, ere passing the headland, to the spot where Giulietta was laid, I could see the stranger, sitting, in the gloom, by the grave of his bride.

From the London Literary Gazette.

A TALE.

Charles VIII. sent into Germany a man named Bernage, who proceeding night and day on his journey, arrived late one evening at a chateau, where he requested to remain till morning, but was refused. Monsieur L. the owner, however, learning from whom he came, ordered him to be admitted, and prayed his excuse for the incivility of his servants: adding, that certain relations of his wife, who wished evil to him, rendered the caution he had seen necessary. Burnage told him the purport of his journey, and received from him the offer of rendering to the king his master what service lay in his power. The supper hour arriving, Monsieur L. conducted Barnage into an apartment most richly hung with tapestry, from behind which, as soon as they were entered, there came one of the most beautiful women eyes could behold, but with her head shaved, and dressed entirely in black After Monsieur had washed with Bernage, the water was carried to the lady, who did the same, and then took her place at the bottom of the table, without speaking to any person, or any one to her. Bernage regarded her attentively, and found her the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, save that her countenance was very pale, and her air extremely sorrowful.—When she had eaten a short time she asked for some wine which was presented to her in a most extraordinary vessel: a skull mounted with silver. She drank two or three times out of the cup; and when supper was ended, after making her obedience to the master of the house, retired as she entered without uttering a a syllable. Bernage was so surprised at what he saw, that he remained pensive: which his host perceiving he said to him, you are no doubt astonished at the scene you have witnessed; but the honour and candour I have found in you will not allow me to keep secret the cause of this seeming great cruelty, lest you should deem me capable of it. The lady you saw is my wife, whom I loved more than man ever loved woman: I risked every thing for her, and against the will of my parents married her; she also returned my love so ardently, that I would have hazarded a thousand lives for her. We lived for some time in so much enjoyment and pleasure, that I considered myself the happiest man in christendom. But honour obliging me to make a journey, she forget herself, her conscience, and her love she had for me, and threw herself into the embraces of a youth I had brought up in my house: and so great was my passion for her, that I was long ere I could bring myself to suspect her; till at last my eyes were opened, and my love was turned into fury and despair. Feigning one day to go into the country, I secreted myself in her chamber, where I had been only a short time, when my wife and her paramour entered. I killed him in her arms; but as I thought death an insufficient punishment for her crime I have inflicted one far more insupportable: imprisonment in the chamber, the scene of their wicked pleasures, in a cabinet of which I have hung the bones of her gallant. And that she may never lose the memory of it even at her meals, I cause her to drink opposite me out of the skull of the ingrate; thus to see living him whom she has made her mortal enemy and kept in remembrance of him dead whose friendship she preferred to mine.

In every other respect, I treat her as myself, except having her hair cut off; for that is an ornament no more to be allowed to an adulteress than a veil to a prostitute. This is an outline of her story, and should you wish to see her, I will lead you to her apartment. Bernage accepted his offer, and upon entering they found her seated before a good fire, alone, and in deep sorrow. Bernage wished much to speak to her; but the presence of the husband withheld him, who, perceiving by his looks what passed in his mind, said, you can speak to her if you desire it; she will reply. If your patience, madam, they said Bernage to her, be equal to your punishment, I regard you as the happiest woman in the world. The lady with her eyes bathed in tears, and with the utmost grace and humility, answered, "I confess, Monsieur, my fault to be so great that all the ills the lord of this house, whom I am no more worthy to call husband, can do to me, are nothing to the regret that I have for my offences;" and she burst into a more violent paroxysm of tears. Monsieur L. took Bernage by the arm, and, they quitted the appartment. The latter proceeded on his journey next morning, and in taking leave of the former, spoke thus to him:" The esteem I feel for you, Monsieur, and the hospitality I have experienced under your roof, induce me to urge your attention to the great repentance of your good wife: look on her in pity; you are young and without children; consider the evil, if a house such as yours should fall, or those whom you dislike should become heirs to your wealth." Monsieur L. who had resolved never to pardon his wife, remained long silent; at last feeling the weight of what Bernage had said, he promised, that if she continued in her humility, he would at length pardon her.

Bernage, having returned to court, related what had happened to him, to the king, who was so much struck, and especially at the account of her beauty, that he sent his painter Jean de Paris to take her portrait; which he did with the consent of her husband, who pardoned her, and had a family by her.

RECIPROCITY OF GOOD OFFICES.

The situation of man in society demands the exercise of mutual charity and love. Who could exist in a world of evil, where man is constantly at variance with his fellow man? Who would choose to live in the world without the exercise of those gentle sympathies which bind heart to heart, and unite soul to soul—those kindly feelings which cause the rough passages of life to become smooth, and which create a mental sunshine and serenity, even in the midst of the tempests of human misfortune?

The condition of life is such, that all men can scarcely arrive at entire perfection of duty at once, and are liable, even in honest conviction, to embrace the principles of false philosophy, or the doctrines of an imperfect faith. Must we exclude such men from the circle of our charity—from the exersise of our affections? Must we not walk in the street, or sit at the fire side, with the man who differs from us in some opinion? It is not thus written in the precepts of our holy religion. We are commanded to imitate him who went about doing good, who was not ashamed to enter the dwellings of the poor, and to impart his good offices to those who were out of the way.

Can that be the true principle of Christ, which will not admit the exercise of that charity which is the bond of perfectness? If a man is in error, is he to be reclaimed by invective? If he has wandered from the truth, will he love you the better for insult, or be convinced of your correctness by your persecuting him? Such are not the principles of the doctrine of Christ.

Hear what a holy apostle says, "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous. Be of one mind, live in peace. Be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient; in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves."

How happy would society become, if men would subdue the evil passions which agitate its repose, and reciprocate only those friendly services, and cherish those kindly regards which constitute the unities of the great family of man.

SKETCH OF BISHOP RAVENSCROFT.

The death of this distinguished Minister of the Gospel has been heard with much regret, not only in North Carolina, and Virginia, but by the Friends of his Church in the Northern States. Several paragraphs have appeared in the Philadelphia prints—and in one of them, he has been compared to Moses himself, in the reading of the Deuteronomy.

Being a native of Virginia, and having taken Holy Orders under the ministration of Bishop Moore, his Life and Death have excited great interest among his fellow-citizens in this State—And it was under the influence of those feelings, that Bishop Moore on last Sunday delivered an impressive Funeral Discourse, from the Pulpit of the Monumental Church, commemorative of the merits of the deceased. The Sermon was intended to illustrate the Immortality of the Soul, as taught by Holy Writ—and it concluded with the following Sketch of Bishop Ravenscroft, with a Copy of which we have been favoured by the Reverend Author.—Richmond Enq.

Extract from Bishop Moore's Discourse.

'I have been led to the selection of the present subject by that solemn event, which I announced from this desk the last Tuesday; the death of our venerable friend BISHOP RAVENSCROFT. The departure of an individual so highly gifted, is no common occurrence. Ordained to the Ministry, and this alter by myself, and a native of Virginia, I should be deficient in duty to you, to his memory, and to the Church at large, were I to pass over the event in silence. Often, Brethren, has he addressed you from this place; & from his tomb, he now proclaims in your ears, the transitory nature of temporal things; assuring, you that Man cometh up, and is cut down like a flower: that all flesh is grass, and the glory of Man, however firm in constitution, resplendent in talents, and graceful in structure, is as the flower of the field. Yes, my hearers, were he permitted to speak to you at this moment, he would direct your attention to that Saviour who is the resurrection and the life.' He would shew you the folly of trusting the salvation of your souls to any thing short of Christ Jesus: and would proclaim the Redeemer as the only way to the regions of eternal peace.

'He would tell you, that the language of entreaty in which he addressed you during life, however warm and animating that language had been, was too cold for the occasion: that the most fervent appeals he had ever used, though they burned on his lips, were too frigid; unworthy a subject, involving in it eternal considerations. He would shew Heaven on the one hand, and with a Seraph's tongue would entreat you to flee from the wrath to come, and to lay hold on eternal life. Were he to see you halting between your duty to God, and the concerns of the world, he would press an immediate renunciation of the things of time. He would solicit you to awake from your slumbers: to take up the Cross without the least delay. He would tell you, that to-morrow might be too late; that 'now is the accepted time—this the day of salvation.'

'It is productive of great satisfaction upon an occasion like the present, to look back & to take a view of the individual, whose death and removal forms the subject of our consideration. It is a Minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, whose departure has awakened the best sympathies of our nature, and which has involved the Church of North Carolina in gloom: a Minister, whose faithfulness was universally acknowledged, and whose pastoral virtues were so highly valued by the people of his charge.

'Bishop Ravenscroft became alive for the importance of religion about 18 or 20 years since; and for the last thirteen years, has been zealously engaged as a Preacher of the everlasting Gospel. That feeling which animated his bosom, infused itself into all his discourses, and rendered him both popular and instructive. The fidelity which distinguished his labours, met with the blessing of Heaven, and Carolina in common with his former Parish in this Diocess, can bear witness to his affection and unwearied exertion.

'In the month of April, 1819, he devoted himself at this Alter, in the presence of many of you now before me, to the service of God, and of the Church—was admitted Deacon's orders, and laboured one year in the county of Lunenburg. In the course of a short time, he entered the second grade of the Christian Ministry, and was invested with the order of Priesthood. He then removed into the county of Mecklenburg, where through the influence of Major John Nelson and a few other individuals, St. James Church were erected, and set apart for the solemn purposes of religion.

'In that retired Parish he laboured with great fidelity; and saw in several instances remarkable evidences of the blessing of God, on his pastoral exertions. On one occasion in particular, when engaged in the administration of the Lord's supper while standing at the Alter, inviting in the most earnest terms, the approach of his fellow mortals to a commemoration of the sufferings of the Lord Jesus Christ: so powerful and melting were his appeals, and so encouraging his remarks, that a certain individual, who had resisted all former pleadings on the subject of religion, and who had invariably denied his belief in the Saviour, burst into tears, and came weeping to the Lord's table to partake of the symbols of the dying love of a crucified Saviour. So great were the emotions of the Parishioner, that he threw his arms around his awakened Parishioner, rejoicing at his union with him of love and mercy.

"After labouring in Mecklenburg five or six years, the Bishoprick of N. Carolina being vacant, he was selected to fill the station and was consecrated in Philadelphia in the year 1823.

'Ardent in disposition, and blessed with a constitution of uncommon strength and hardiness, he entered upon his Episcopal labours with a determined purpose to fulfil the object of his mission, travelling to the remotest parts of the State, without regard to the season of the year, or the situation of the place. His constitution from his exposure, received several severe shocks, and bowed to the pressure of his exertion. Disease with its paralizing influence deprived him of his strength, and frequently prostrated him on a bed of sickness. Debilitated, however, as his body became his mind retained its vigour; and his efforts in the discharge of duty were always renewed the moment he recovered strength to travel. His pastoral visits were extended the last year to the States of Kentucky and Tennessee—in both of which he organised the Church and took them under his Episcopal care.

'At the last General Convention in Philadelphia, he was seriously indisposed, and confined for several weeks. Through the aid he derived from the Physicians of that city, his strength and energies again rallied; and in my interview with him last autumn in Petersburg, he considered himself so far restored as to justify an expectation of living several years. His former disease, however, soon returned with additional violence; and after a long confinement he terminated his earthly career on Friday morning the 5th instant, without a struggle or distorted feature; in the 58th year of his age.

'Possessing his mind to the last moment, he was enabled to make that preparation for death, so essential to his eternal comfort. He looked forward to the event, without a disquieting apprehension. He appointed the place of his sepulchre; and ordered his grave prepared some time before his decease.

'His trust and confidence was in the Redeemer of mankind. He knew that the arms of the Lord Jesus were open for the reception of every true believer. To the cross of Christ he flew for refuge: and on that atonement made for sinners on Mount Calvary, he trusted for the salvation of his soul.

'You, my Brethren, who knew his strength of mind, and were conversant with the discriminating powers of his understanding must be convinced, that he had weighed in the balance of reason, the religion in which he believed: and that nothing less than evidence, the most satisfactory and conclusive, could have attached him to the cross: and moulded him into a compliance with the religion of Jesus.

'That we may all fly to the same refuge which succoured him—that we may all enjoy the same consolations, which bore him in triumph through the valley and shadow of death, and which attended him to the bosom of his God and Saviour—may the Almighty in mercy grant for Jesus Christ's sake.'

Fayetteville, (N. C.) March 11.

Upon the receipt of the intelligence, on Saturday last, of the lamented death of Bishop Ravenscroft, the following proceedings took place at a meeting of the Vestry of St. John's Church, in this town.

At a special meeting of the Wardens and Vestrymen of St. John's Church, held at the Vestry Room on Saturday Morning, the 6th inst. the Rev. Mr. Jones, Rector of the Parish, presiding.

A letter communicating the melancholy intelligence of the death of the Right Reverend JOHN STARK RAVENSCROFT, D. D. Bishop of this Diocess, was submitted to the meeting, whereupon the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

In his allwise providence it has pleased Almighty God to call to his eternal rest, our Right Reverend Father in God, the venerated Bishop of this Diocess. While we would desire to bow in humble resignation to his sovereign will, under this severe bereavement with which he has visited us and the Church at large, we feel called upon, both from the respect and love borne to the memory of our deceased Diocesan, and, from our duty at all times to lay seriously to heart the afflictive dispensations of our Heavenly Father, not to suffer this trying event to pass by, without solemn recognition.

Therefore Resolved, That in testimony of the respect and veneration we entertain for the memory of our departed Father in God, the Wardens of this Church be directed to clothe it in suitable habiliments of mourning. And that the communicants and members of the congregation, male and female, be requested to wear the usual badge of personal respect and regard during the session of Lent.

Resolved also, That the Rector of this Church be requested to deliver a discourse at some early and suitable day, appropriate to the afflictive dispensation, and that he request the Congregation to observe the same as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer.

On motion, the meeting adjourned.

W. G. H. JONES, Chairman.

T. L. HYBART, Secretary.

PIRATES EXECUTED.

Capt. Wilcox, of the schr. Superior, of Philadelphia, arrived at N. York from Gibraltar, states that on the day on which he sailed, the Captain of the gang of pirates recently executed at Cadiz, was hung at Gibraltar.

Maryland Gazette.

ANNAPOLIS:

Thursday, March 25, 1830.

Appointments for BALTIMORE CONFERENCE, *March* 1830.

Baltimore District—Christopher Frye, P. E.
Baltimore city—Marmaduke Pierce, John Bear, Henry Furlong, Joseph White, Thos. B. Bergant, George Hildt,
African Churches—Joseph Frye.
East Baltimore—James M. Hanson, John Poissal.
Baltimore Circuit—Henry Sleet, John H. Baker.
Severn—Robert S Vinton, Richard Brown.
Annapolis—Thomas J. Dorsey.
Calvert—James Sewell, Jacob Doub.
Prince-George's—Robert Barnes, John A. Henning.
Ebenezer—John Smith.
Montgomery—Basil Barry, John L. Gibbons.

Potomac District—John Davis, P. E.
Alexandria—Jacob Larkin.
Foundry—Stephen G. Roszell, S. Kepler.
Georgetown—John L. Emiss.
Fairfax—Charles Kalbfus.
Leesburg—Samuel Clark.
Loudon—John Guest, Davis Kennison.
Stafford—Wm. O. Lumsdon, John A Collins.
Fredericksburg—Dr. Edwin Dorsey.
Lancaster—Enbias Riley, George W Humphreys.
Westmoreland—Richard Bond.

Rockingham District—James Watts, P. E.
Rockingham—Wm Hank, W. H Bonnes.
Staunton—Gerrard Morgan, John Clarey
Fincastle—John Howel, Stephen Smith.
Christiansburg—Peter M'Enally, Christian Hartman.
Monroe—Thomas Taneyhill.
Greenbrier—Joseph Spriggs, John M'Enally.
Warm Springs—Hezekiah Best.
Pendleton—James Reed, Jr N J B Morgan.
South Branch—John Roades, N P. Cunningham.

Cumberland District—Norval Wilson, P. E.
Jefferson—W Monroe, Joseph Rowan.
Winchester—Charles A Davis.
Winchester Circuit—Franc M'Cartney, W. Edmonds.
Woodstock—Henry I Keppler, W. B. Edwards.
Berkley—R Cadden, J. Housewirt.
Allegany—David Shaver, J. M'Enally, Christian Hartman.
Springfield—James Berkley
Cumberland—Charles B. Young.
Bedford—Thomas Larkin, John B. Rigden.
Clear Spring—Wm. Butler, C. Parkinson.

Northumberland District—David Steel, P. E.
Sunbury—Josiah Forrest,
Northumberland—Jas W. Donahay, A. A. Eskridge.
Lycoming—Wm Prettyman, Jas H. Brown.
Bellefonte—Isaac Collins Oliver Ege.
Pittsburg—James Sanks, Z. Jordan.
Huntingdon—Samuel Ellis, H. Tarring.
Lewistown—Amos Smith.
Concord—E E. Allen, A Britten

Carlisle District—Wm. Hamilton, P. E.
Carlisle—samuel Bryson.
Carlisle Circuit—J. Bowen. J. C. Lyon, A. Griffith, Supern'y
York....Henry Smith.
Shrewsbury....P D. Lipscomb,
Harford....C. B Tippett, G G Brook.
Great Falls....T M'Gee, Josh Bernard, N. B. Mills, Supern'y.
Liberty....Jas Riley, T. H W. Monroe, B. D. Higgins, Supern'y.
Frederick .. John A. Gere, James Reed, sen'r.
Hagerstown ...Edward Smith, J. M. Brent,
Chambersburg....A. Hemphill
Gettysburg....Jonathan Munroe, Robert Crooks.

The Conference for 1831, to be held in Washington, 10th March.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

The following extracts are taken from a "Report of the Officers of the Temperance Association of Washington county, Maryland," at their first Annual meeting, held in Hagers Town on the 1st January 1830.

"Little more than a year since, a few citizens of this county conceived it to be their duty to form an association for the purpose of checking, as far as they might have ability, the Vice of Intemperance. They had seen its devastations—they had contemplated the swelling flood rolling its proud waves over the land and engulphing alike poor and rich, wise and ignorant, lowly and eminent

They were but a feeble handful; but twenty-four in number and of small influence.—This is their first annual meeting, and in submitting, as required by the constitution, a brief report, the officers present to the Association a heartfelt congratulation on the evidence this day afforded, of the work wrought among us, as we trust, by the Spirit of the Lord.

The barrier which is lifted up has been seen, and many are flocking round it. Hope has sprung up in hearts which at first despaired of successful resistance and there is ample encouragement for all, who will look around and consider the reformation which seems already to have been effected by means so apparently inadequate.

Many of the original members of this Association were farmers. So prevalent in our region had been the use of ardent spirits, that these farmers were thought to have jeoparded their harvests: and many there were, hearty advocates of temperance, who thought it impracticable to procure labourers without whiskey, and dared not encounter the risk.

The question was fairly tested in various parts of the county, and the apprehension proved to be visionary. No difficulty was experienced in obtaining labourers. Those who firmly tried the experiment, have made their distinct statements, and the result was in every case most satisfactory. The limits proper for this report will not admit of details, but many facts were reported by those gentlemen which went to shew clearly, that the harvest (an unusually heavy one) was accomplished, on the temperance plan, with more ease and economy, attended with less sickness than usual, without quarrelling, fighting and profanity and that the labourers were almost without exception satisfied and pleased with the change. Since these effects were made known, many other farmers have determined to pursue the same course, and we have reason to hope that hundreds of harvests will be gathered in this county next year, without the aid of the whiskey bottle.

Nor has the reformation stopped here. It is thought that among multitudes who have not yet cast in their lot with us, the use of ardent spirits is greatly diminished. Public opinion is rapidly changing It is no longer thought an indispensable rite of hospitality to endeavour to stupify or madden the guest; and those who still habitually lift the bottle, find it less sweet than when they drank, unwarned. They hate, affect to despise, but seldom fail to think of the Temperance Societies.

Several merchants in Hagers-town, Williams-Port, Clear Spring, and other villages, have given up the sale of strong liquors. Others have determined to buy no more after selling out their present stock In one of the villages mentioned, there are five stores: the proprietor of one has relinquished the sale of liquors three others declare themselves willing to do so, provided the other and only remaining one will unite in the measure, which is not yet done. We hope that in all such cases, each one will be enabled to have right views of his own duty and responsibility, and follow the dictates of an enlightened conscience. We deem it worthy of particular remark & commendation, that the two tavern keepers in the village of Clear Spring, and two others west of the North Mountain, have determined to banish from their houses the ruinous and disgraceful habit of tippling on the Sabbath day.