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Dr. R. L. Madison - (Late Surgeon of the Va. Military Institute) offers his professional services to the citizens of Staunton and its vicinity as Surgeon and Physician.

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Attorney at Law. GEORGE H. SMITH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, STAUNTON, VA.

Attorney at Law. GEORGE M. COCHRAN, JR., ATTORNEY AT LAW, STAUNTON, VIRGINIA.

Attorney at Law. DR. ARTHUR HAS RETURNED, and will be glad to see his old patrons. Oct. 24-11.

Real Estate Agencies. J. D. PRICE & CO., REAL ESTATE AGENTS, HARRISONBURG, ROCKINGHAM CO., VA.

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Valuable Information. AUGUST A. GRUBERT, MANUFACTURER OF STILLS AND ALL KINDS OF TIN AND COPPER WARE, STAUNTON, VA.

Photograph Gallery. JOHN B. EVANS' Tobacco and Grocery Store.

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals. DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, &c.

Photograph Gallery. THE subscribers have opened permanently a PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY at FALL in Staunton, over the store of Roane & Albey, opposite the Virginia Hotel where Pictures of every style can be had.

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Baltimore Advertisements.

ESTABLISHED 1835. PIANOS, PIANOS, PIANOS! CHARLES M. STIEFF, MANUFACTURER OF GRAND AND SQUARE PIANOS.

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FOR THE SALE OF ALL KINDS OF COUNTRY PRODUCE. No. 23 AND 29, KING STREET, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

Staunton Advertisements. TO THE LADIES. PIPER & FUNKHOUSER are now receiving at "White's Corner," opposite B. Crawford's old stand, one of the largest and prettiest stocks of DRESS GOODS they have ever had.

Blacked Cotton, Brown Cotton, Combs, Dress Trimmings, etc. The above goods (with the exception of Cotton fabrics) can and will be sold at astonishingly low prices for CASH, as we have determined to sell our goods at the smallest possible advance above cost.

SlOOO BOUNTY - For Mexico! THE President of the United States having pardoned all men worth \$20,000, the subscribers would now draw attention to their new stock of FALL and WINTER GOODS which have been selected with great care.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, &c. I have received a large stock of pure DRUGS, MEDICINES, OILS, DYE STUFFS, PAINTS, SPICES, PATENT MEDICINES.

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REPLY TO BISHOP GLOSSBRENNER.

Unpleasant as it is, I am constrained to notice the communication of Bishop Glossbrenner, in your last paper. You are a disinterested witness of my extreme reluctance to engage in this controversy, and the pains I took to avoid it.

The Bishop has courted it, and on him rests the responsibility. I will, in the briefest space, narrate the facts as they occurred. A copy of the Religious Telescope, Dayton, Ohio, their only English church organ, came into my hands through a friend in Rockingham. It contained several days proceedings of their General Conference, held in Iowa, somewhere. An extract containing the announcement to the Conference of the capture of President Davis, with a series of twelve resolutions on the state of the country, were furnished by me to your paper for publication.

Not a word of comment accompanied them. They possessed a general interest for our people. We had no mails. The paper was brought by one on horse-back from the West. A number of respectable gentlemen of this and Rockingham counties, desired the publication. It might be supposed their own people would be gratified to know what their highest church judiciary had said and done, especially as it was the first time in four years that it had met. This denomination, in 1848, had 60,000 members. Many of them are citizens of the Valley and N. W. Virginia.

The proceedings of their Church, as of Methodists, or any other denomination, are a legitimate subject of criticism. Because of the publication by me, of this extract, several ill-natured squibs, in your paper and the Register, were aimed at me by some of the rash-lights, as I termed them, of the U. B. Church. These impugned my motives and misrepresented them.

For reasons satisfactory to myself, I prepared an article under the signature of "Otobine," in reply. I selected the name out of respect to that great and good man, Wm. Otobine, a German Reform Presbyterian preacher, who in 1800, with several other distinguished German divisions, founded the U. B. Church. Before "Otobine" appeared, Bishop Glossbrenner's communication, from the Religious Telescope, appeared. It was a defence of his course in this General Conference. Weak as it was regarded by all parties, yet I felt an inclination whatever, to gain say it, and at once wrote to you to withhold Otobine, as I did not desire to be involved in a controversy with the Bishop. Otobine was in type, as you have informed me, before my letter reached you. I regretted it exceedingly; but this feeling was much enhanced, on finding that the Bishop had demanded the author, and in the face of the explanations, as above made by you, for me, came out with a second article, which you showed me. As a special favor to me, altho' your paper was going to press, you suspended the publication twenty-four hours, to give me time to communicate with the Bishop. This I did the next day, by sending a messenger a dozen of miles, to his house and gave him the explanation more fully than made by you, and deprecated a controversy. I received the following note of which this is a verbatim copy:

Floral Hill Nov. 1865. "Mr J. M. McCue, Dear Sir: Yours of the 16th inst. is before me. And would say, to me it is very unpleasant indeed to engage in controversy, especially in a paper controversy. But sir you could not expect me to be silent after reading your published article. I could not be silent and do justice to myself, my family or the church of which I am a member. Your requesting the Editor to withhold your article after you had read my explanations copied from the Religious Telescope is not known to the public & consequently is doing all the injury to me that it could have done had you not ordered its suppression. If you will through the Spectator take back your article signed "Otobine" and give your reasons for so doing and those reasons are of such a character as to relieve me from the odium which your communication has thrown upon my character & standing as a minister of Christ I will be satisfied. If not, I shall insist on the publication of my article. Most respectfully, Yours &c., J. G. GLOSSBRENNER.

By my messenger he sent me word to meet him in town next day. I could not do so in person, but wrote to you, at length, and prepared an article which went far as a regard for self-respect would permit. Altho' my messenger got to Staunton, as early as I could have done—a distance of 15 miles—the Bishop had been there, and left, demanding the publication of his article. As I remarked before, on him rests the responsibility.

I will notice briefly, his defence, for supporting this resolution: "That we are in favor of placing every inhabitant of the land, black and white, on an equality before the law, and hereby pledge our influence and efforts to secure the complete enfranchisement of the negro, with all the rights of an American citizen." What are the rights of an American citizen? To vote, sue and be sued, to give testimony, to be a Representative in the State and National councils, &c. If it was the intention of this politico-religio-Conference, if I may make a term comprehensive enough to express its character, to limit the meaning of the resolution, as the Bishop defines it, why did he use the word political, to express the meaning he intended? He represented a large slave-holding community, and knew how distasteful such a resolution would be, yet he utters not a word of protest. He did not sugar the pill, but swallowed it, as a precious morsel. As its scope was most comprehensive, and no doubt was so intended, by the ultra Black Republican majority constituting the body, we might infer, that amalgamation and miscegenation were intended, but as the Bishop raises his hands in holy horror we will let him off, for the present, yet will notice his course as it relates to the other resolutions, presently. He quotes Col. Reagan, of Texas, in support of his views. He is disingenuous here, and evidently had run for authority. Did he not know that Col. Reagan, at the time he wrote his address to the people of Texas, was in Washington city, just released a few days before, from Fort Lafayette, and was knocking at the door of the Executive for pardon? He (R.) knew that one of the conditions the President imposed on Texas to come back in the Union, was to acknowledge the emancipation of the negro, and hence Col. Reagan penned his newly acquired sentiments to his people, knowing they would be offensive to them, but policy and expediency dictated the course. The Bishop quotes the remarks of my

friend, Judge Watson, of Charlottesville, as delivered at Lynchburg, at the late meeting of the Va. Synod, in favor of the elevation of the negro, &c. He (the Bishop) will know that Judge Watson, and all good men, feel constrained now, under necessity, to "accept the situation." They cannot do otherwise. Did he ever hear of Col. Reagan, or Judge Watson, or any other good Southern man, avowing this doctrine, before the surrender of Gen'l Lee's army? The Bishop and his church have always preached up this idea as far as they dared to do so, for the doctrine is based on rule the Seventh of the Discipline of the Church. 'Tis the doctrine of that arch-fiend, Geo. Thompson, the English missionary of the abolition, who came to the U. S. forty years ago, and, strange to say, has been permitted to preach his infernal doctrines even thro' the West. Sumner, and Phillips, and Hale, and Giddings, and Wade, and Chase, and Andrews, and Beecher, and Garrison, and all that pestiferous crew, who have revolutionized New England and the North Western States, have been preaching the same doctrine that produced the personal liberty bills of the free States, that nullified the acts of Congress, trampled on the rights of the South, secularized the elections, elected Lincoln, brought on the war, drove out the Southern States, and murdered a million of her best people, beggared thousands, laid waste our whole country, and that the war is over, keep the bayonets yet in the South, prevents reconstruction and keeps us all out in the cold. I repeat, the doctrine that you, and your entire church, preach, as based on the 7th Rule of your discipline, has done all this mischief. Your Conference had no right to travel out of the sphere of its duties, to discuss matters of State. It was not its province. The Government protects it in its religious rights, with the understanding that it does not encroach on what is Caesar's. 'Tis no apology, that other denominations do so. 'Tis the strongest proof of my declarations above, that its course precipitated the country into this war. You indulge in a fling at me for writing over the signature of "Otobine," in saying, "I do not possess any of the qualities of that good man." I am ready to concede that point, Sir, in a qualified sense, but at the same time, I regret to say, that the contrast between this extraordinary man, and yourself, who is his successor, will stand out so conspicuously before I get thro', that he that runs may read. Bishop Otterbein and the Rev. S. Asbury, the first Methodist Bishop in America, were contemporaries, and the former, by the special request of Asbury, assisted in his [A's] ordination in 1784. Otterbein died in 1818. He was a ripe scholar in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Philosophy and Divinity. Asbury, on hearing of his death, exclaimed, "Is father Otterbein dead, an honor to his church and country, one of the greatest scholars that ever came to America, or was born in it. Alas! the chief of the Germans is gone to his rest and reward, 'taken from the evil to come.'" How prophetic is that remark, and how fully its truth is demonstrated by the course of the present Bishop, and the Church which he [O.] founded. Truly, he was taken from the evil to come. On preaching the funeral sermon of Martin Boehm, a distinguished contemporary of Otterbein, Bishop Asbury used this language, "Hell is full of the skulls of unfaithful ministers," and the biographer goes on to say, "such was not Boehm, such was not Otterbein." May the biographer of the present distinguished occupant of the Bishoprick, exclaim, "such was not Glossbrenner."

The doctrines of your church, as remarked, have always denounced slavery. Your church organ, the Telescope, has always been one of the most violent fanatical papers of the North. More than fifteen years since when a number of copies were taken at this office, I, as a magistrate, and, as in duty bound, called the attention of the Postmaster, to Sec. 24, of Chapter 198 of the Code of Va., which made it his duty to destroy it as an incendiary publication, and he did burn a large number in the public square of our village. It has always maintained its incendiary character. Its influence on the people in Va., among whom it circulated, upon the clergy and laity of the U. B. Church in our late conflict, was most manifest.—The large number of those, liable to military duty, within the influence of your church, who engaged that duty by desertion, and other expedients, was a subject of every day comment. Who is it that ever heard of a chaplain of your church that performed any service in the army of the Confederacy? How many prayers in the family circle, or at church, were ever heard uttered, by any of your clergy, in behalf of the struggling, the bleeding South? Bishop, on what occasion did you ever perform any service of this sort? You have lived in Va. many years; married here; reared a family; enjoyed the protection of her laws, but when the day of her trial came, you turned your back upon her. The bible says: "he that is not with us or for us, is against us." There can be no neutrality. The man who strikes down the mother that bore him, is a paricide, the vilest character among offenders. The man who aids the enemies of his State is a political paricide, a traitor. The character of Benedict Arnold stands out in painful prominence on the page of history. You say somewhere, that you never preached a political sermon. Did you ever hear of a patriotic sermon? Do you not remember a most remarkable one, preached by a noted Chaplain of the American Army, just before the battle of Chancellors Ford? Its author stands out in bold, yet pleasing prominence, on the page of history. You never preached a political sermon? Oh, no!—yet you participated in the acts of that most remarkable assemblage—your General Conference—on the day the capture of President Davis was announced, when your compeer and brother, Bishop Markwood, used that chaste and refined language, on being called for a speech. You enjoyed it, no doubts. He (M.) insisted, as a reason, why he ought not to make a speech, "that the Conference ought not to waste time over the capture of that infamous, villainous, black-hearted rebel. If there was any tone of intelligence between heaven and earth, over which men may rejoice, it is the capture of that scoundrel." How admirably you and Bishop Markwood exemplified that Catholic spirit you referred to, as applying to me, when you say:—"May mercy, grace and peace be multiplied, &c." You could sing the doxology with reverence and true thankfulness, after the utterance of such pious sentiments, by your most refined and worthy compeer. You could sing it after the meek and

humble Dickinson declared "he could sing if it were the devil himself was captured." You never preached a political sermon, "yet you could sing the doxology at a time and under circumstances when the Conference might have been mistaken by a stranger, for one of the political assemblies in old Tammany, in times of high party excitement. Angels wept to see the impious behavior of a conference calling themselves the Lord's anointed, and whose blood-thirsty spirit would have done credit to the French population in the days of Marat and Robespierre. Shade of Otterbein! Could you have been permitted to visit earth, and have entered that convocation of bishops and clergy, who professed to represent the church, founded by you, would you not exclaim, "how prophetic the language of the sainted Asbury, 'taken from the evil to come!'" Yet, you do not rest content with singing the doxology, but you participate in the adoption of some dozen resolutions, that, for bitterness and uncharitableness, might have been concocted in some political caucus. Time and space forbid a reference to them all. "Resolved, that we see in secession, treason and rebellion, the mortal turpitude of the sin of slavery; and in the wanton and wicked assassination of our good and beloved Chief Magistrate, the culmination of that iniquity." You have spent the most of your life in a community of slave-holders. Did you believe all that you said in that resolution, especially of the charge contained in its last clause? A categorical answer is desired. Did you really thank God, as you say in the 7th resolution, for the capture of Jeff. Davis and staff, and if so, how did you manage to conceal so perfectly your sentiments from your neighbors and friends here? You said in the 8th resolution that justice demanded the execution of Davis, Lee, Johnson and the leaders of the rebellion, and that mercy to them was completely with crime. Did you sanction that resolution from the bottom of your heart? A categorical answer is desired. In the 10th resolution you say that "we believe that those persons and churches that have and do still defend slavery, and plead for its divinity, to be deeply implicated in the crime of treason and murder, and as being unworthy of Christian fellowship." Do you so believe? Do you remember ever to have seen or heard of any church in the South pleading for the divinity of slavery? If so, when and where? You have oftentimes been invited by your brethren, of other denominations, to preach for them, and it may be, to the communion table. If so, did you accept the invitation, and sit down with slave holders? If you answer in the affirmative, how can you reconcile your conduct with the truth of this resolution?

The 11th resolution says "we rejoice to know &c. Now that slavery is ascending to what it came from &c." Where do you mean? Was it to the devil? and if so how could you reconcile it to your conscience to sit with slaveholders at the table of the Lord? Where do you get the proof of its descending to the devil? Please explain. But to go back to the 6th resolution, which I passed intentionally for a time. You say "that we deplore the loss of the many brave men who have fallen in defence of the Government, and deeply sympathize with the many, who mourn the loss of loved ones." This refers, of course, to the soldiers of the U. S. Army yet let me inquire, if you and the clergy and laity of your church, have felt no sympathy for the thousands of brave men in our Confederate army, who made themselves a bulwark, between our cruel foe, and you and your families, and your property? Have you not felt sympathy for the few brave and noble men who sell in a righteous cause? As you pass to and fro thro' your diocese since your return from the last Conference, do you meet the same kind and cordial greeting you were accustomed to receive, outside of your own Church, before the war? If not, have you asked yourself, why it is so? All your sympathy was expended in Iowa upon those soldiers who did, for four years, visit upon us so much affliction and suffering, and your neighbors, and former friends, remember this against you. Does it surprise you?—How many of your brethren, of other denominations, have invited you into their pulpits since your return? An answer is desired. As remarked before, your Church has, for years, aided in preparing the public mind, in the North, to precipitate this war upon us. You know this to be true. You aided in preparing the minds of your people in Virginia, if not to take up arms against her, at least to assume a position hostile to her, in this, that they avoided, by all means in their power, to aid her, which, as I have shown, was clearly their duty. You and their sympathies were manifestly, uniting with the North, as has been most conclusively demonstrated. So, Bishop, when next you mount your horse, and turn your face towards the South-west, and have travelled less than twenty miles from your door, you may pass a spot ever memorable as the scene of a foul and cruel murder, perpetrated by that arch-foe of hell, Dave Hunter, and as your eyes rest on the tree, from which dangled the body of that pure, brave, noble-minded martyr, David Croix, you may sigh, and exclaim, "alas! that I should have aided by my teachings to have perpetrated such a crime." Pass on a few miles, indulging in this feeling of remorse, and ere there has been time enough to calm your feelings, the bare and crumbling walls of what was, a few months ago, the "Virginia Military Institute," the resort of so many of the youth of the South, engaged in securing the inestimable benefits of a liberal education, and ever a hallowed spot, from the associations that connect it with the name of Jackson, and a fresh pang enters your soul, as you remember that your teachings aided in inciting that child of the devil, (Dave Hunter) to commit it to the flames. You cast your eyes around to the tomb of that brave Christian soldier, the immortal Jackson, which was desecrated by the ruthless hands of a Vandal soldiery, and you sigh again, and exclaim, "Oh for a draught from Lethe's stream, to drown the horrid memories that crowd upon me." Yet, Bishop, in spite of your efforts, memory will do her work, and carry you back a few brief months to a scene, amid the wilds of Iowa, where a grand Sandrion of bloody-minded men, the successors of Otterbein, and Boehm, and Geeting and Ernst and Weidner, were in session, and resolved that

Lee and Davis and Johnson (and Jackson, had he lived), ought to suffer a malefactor's death. Ask yourself, if you were there, and then remember the prophetic speech of the sainted Asbury when he exclaimed of him, whose mantle you wear, "taken from the evil to come." Would not conscience do its appropriate work, and cause you a feeling of remorse, almost greater than you could bear?

Should you desire to visit the Northeastern portion of your bishoprick, and travel less than twenty miles, down the Valley, you would enter upon the burned district, in which you find, instead of comfortable mansions, surrounded by well filled barns, distended granaries, crowded stock yards, black and smouldering ruins, and crumbling chimneys, marking the face of a once beautiful and plentiful region. Ask yourself, what complicity you and your church had, in producing this ruin? Extend your progress, and mark particularly, how many of those edifices, sacred to the worship of that God, whose vice-gereut you are, and note, if you can, their defaced and ruined condition, and their walls, once adorned with extracts from that Bible, you may perchance, oft-times, in former days, have opened on their desks, now marked with obscene and ribald inscriptions, and ask yourself, was agency you had in this sacrilegious work. At your eye takes in the several objects that present themselves at New Market, and Rude's Hill, and Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, and Kernstown, you note, with more than ordinary interest, the modest hillocks now sodded and green with verdure; all that marks the last resting place of the thousands of brave and noble hearts, that poured out on these fields, their precious blood, to keep back from your fame and mine the ruthless foe, and then recall, in imagination, to the labours of that Conference where you had tears to shed and sympathy to bestow, not on these brave men, your defenders and mine, but for the dastard foe that laid them in the dust. You have lived the greater part of your life in a slaveholding community, and been an eye-witness of the care, and attention bestowed by the owners upon that unfortunate race, which your church with the negro-philists of the North seem to have regarded with so much sympathy, that your efforts and theirs have resulted in their instantaneous manumission. As you meet them now, in your daily walks, pale, haggard, ragged, hungry, starving, does conscience not do its proper work? But when you read, as you do daily, of their horrid condition, all over the South, at Washington and elsewhere, how can you sleep at night for remorse, for the agency you and your Church have had in precipitating them, poor, inoffensive, passive sufferers, as they are, into this condition, more horrible far than the "middle passage." We presume you have read at something of history, that belonged to England, before she manumitted her slaves, and can contrast their condition then, and now. You are not an indifferent observer, I take it, of the present condition of Jamaica, in which the last remnant of the white race is about being exterminated, by a worse than savage race of negroes. Permit me to call your attention to a late article from "Druid," the intelligent correspondent of the New York News, in which he warns the authorities at Washington, of the imminent danger of an insurrection in that city, and throughout the South, and stand against, at your insane folly, in prating about placing the black man on an equality before the law with the white man.

Why, Sir, do you not know, that you, with your co-laborers in the North, have been engaged in digging a deep, deep gulf, between the two sections, that yet yawns with horrid darkness, notwithstanding good men on both sides are trying to bridge it, in various ways, and I would fain see it filled up—yet I am nagged but a specimen of weak human nature, and can not forget the past. Neither do I believe it is possible that this chasm can be filled up, or bridged over, whilst so many of those who aided in digging it, remain on this side, and taunt themselves of what they have done. I try, to forget the past, but 'tis impossible, and when I am told of the necessity of practicing that charity, that sufferech long and is kind, I naturally turn to the bishops and clergy, as exemplars in this good work, but alas! when I find "em singing hosannas over the death of our purest and best friend, and hounding on a licentious and Vandal soldiery, whose equals have not been found, on the pages of history, since the days of Alaric, I confess my pity is unequal to the task, and I fall back to be, what Byron termed, a good hater. You charge me some where, with a disposition to pull down and destroy the U. B. Church. Heaven save the mark, most neck and pious successor of the good Otterbein, I am not guilty of the charge, and have a very scant knowledge of any thing pertaining to your church. You are the only minister of it, that it has ever been my fortune to hear, that I now remember, and that was many years ago when, it may be, you were a better man than you are now, for, at that time, I would not have suspected you of being willing to sing the doxology over such a scene as your own church organ describes your last Gen'l. Conference to have been. Oh, no, Bishop, I could not, if disposed, and I certainly have never felt the disposition to do half as much to pull down the U. B. Church, as a certain successor of the good Otterbein, has himself done, whose mantle your shoulders wear, but I regret to say, do not grace you, and your co-laborers in Va., have undermined your church in this Valley at least, and you have none to blame but yourselves. Many of your own denomination, in charity for your weakness, do say, that your over-weening ambition to preserve your bishop's gown, has induced you to conform to that wild fanaticism, that swept over the North, and North West, and that, to retain your position and your influence, you had to lend yourself to those rabid fanatical partisans, who carried you, as I sincerely believe, against your better judgment, into those excesses, at your Conference. I have heretofore given you credit for sincere piety, and believed you to be a good man, tho' far inferior, as will readily appear, to what Asbury describes Otterbein to have been. If I may be permitted to say it, from what I hear of your clergy, they do not aim to be men of intelligence or learning, and sometimes, in the pulpit, disparage learning, and carp at other denominations, who so ministry is more intelligent than theirs. They hold up the Apostles as their models, poor ignorant souls, forgetting the latter were inspired men. No Sir, you and your clergy are fast pulling down the structure, that such men as Otterbein and his compeers erected. The public is now in possession of all the circumstances connected with this controversy, and will acquit me of your charge of intermeddling with other men's matters. I desire the publication of the extract in question, as I would that of a Presbyterian or any other denomination under the same circumstances. I part with you in sorrow, and not in anger. I have no personal feelings of unkindness, and never had towards you. I can not imagine anything that you can say in reply, which will provoke me to say another word on the subject.

Very Respectfully yours, J. M. McCUE.