Our Religious Column.

A PLEA FOR CHURCH HARMONY.

Suggested By Seeing a Score of Clerical Debates Advertised.

THE FOLLY AND INIQUITY OF SO-CALLED "RELIGIOUS DISCUSSIONS."

Theological Wool-Pullings, Pulpit Pugilism, and Apostolic Fisticuffs. Piously Considered.

"Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful and unsuccessful war,
Might never reach us more! Our ear is pained,
Our heart is sick, with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which earth is filled."

Where shall the longing soul find peace? Where shall the doves of the human heart, fluttering above the wild, dark waters of discord and strife, of wrangling and hate, find one green olive bough, on which to rest their weary feet? In business, in society, in politics, all is restlessness, darkness, bitterness, corruption and distrust.

We wander into the busy marts of commerce. All is hurry, clashing and confusion. Thousands of eager feet, rushing ceaselessly on, after the bauble of wealth. Bankers and brokers, merchants and sharpers, all clutching, grabbing, snatching and grasping. Day and night, planning, scheming, bent on amassing. Remorselessly trampling each other down. Tearing, gouging, swindling, cheating—A Bedlam of lusting Shylocks.

We saunter amid the gay throngs, that fill our social halls. Gorgeous costumes—Fairy-like music—False colors, false hair, false professions and false faces—Feathers and gewgaws, glitter and tinsel—Life chit-chat—Mocking laughter, never so merry as when called forth by the mishaps of others—Venomous tattle and scandal—Butterflies with serpents' fangs—And idiotic human poodles, whose noblest achievement consists in tying a new-fangled cravat knot, or parting their back hair square in the middle—Make up the picture.

We turn our eyes to governmental affairs and behold! the highest place, the seat of Washington and Jefferson, occupied by a loathsome chunk of whisky-soaked tan-yard offal—The beastly representative of a California Digger squaw—The ex-regular army captain, who was cashiered and kicked out of the service, in 1858, for a trick too filthy to be named to ears polite—The drunken watermelon-peddler and wood-hauler of Carondelet—The boozy ex-grocery in Green Street brothel—The quondam scrub of old Hides, at Galena, Illinois—The cleaver-wielding butcher of Belmont, Shoddy-ridden and the Wilderness—The tipsy Sabbath day fiddle dancer, and nigger song howler, of Pennsylvania Avenue—The great national Dummy, Free-Lancher and Doubt-Boat! We look for honest men and be-men whose whole lives are but ponderous gizzard-bound volumes of fraud, robbery, perjury and outrage—whose whole natures are concentrated epitomes of beastality and devilry—are the clearest, most vociferous ranters of "high morality" and the "civilization and christianization of the age!" We turn to the judicial halls, and behold the shameless crimes of Marshall and Taney, dribbled in the filth of party politics, by a Supreme Court of greenback-grinder; an original Niagarette a Pancratian Chief Justice! The should-be hallowed office of our "nation," defiled by a band of Radical freeth, a loathsome clot of venomous slime, spewed out by the Abolition dragon, the "old serpent" of Purgatorium, to poison the very fountain, the well-spring of justice!

With a last countless effort, weary and worn, we cast our eyes to the church, the kingdom of God on earth; the ark of the new covenant; the terrestrial sanctuary; the New Jerusalem; Zion, the fair, the beautiful, the holy, glittering in the sunlight of every clime, her immaculate and snowy spires point, like steady fingers, to the skies; her sweet-toned bells ring forth a chime of rest, and peace, and good will to men! Her institution tells of motives higher and purer, and incentives grander, nobler and more enduring, than worldling-ever dreams of. Satan has mustered his legions for the fray. Millions of immortal human souls are the prize to be fought for. Simple, if we triumph—damned, if we fail!

Shall we then, with the enemy in front, and all around us, spend half our strength in warring with each other? Shall our Cavalry turn their sabres against the Infantry, or our Artillery hurl its mightiest thunders against our own Marines? Ho! Ho! For God's sake, no! Hush these silly, shameful, criminal babblings and squabblings, ever to cease! Rear aloft the snowy standard of Immanuel! Turn all our armory against the common foe! And shoulder to shoulder, heart to heart, press forward to a glorious victory, which our great Captain will surely give to, when Christians learn to act with common sense!

Our Ladies' Column.

THE WOMEN OF THE SOUTH.

Their Character and Influence.

A BRIEF LECTURE TO OUR GIRLS.

A Trifle Serious and Highfalutin.

"The women of the South!" What visions of all that is purest and noblest, holiest and best, in human nature, rise before us at the mere mention of those five magic words. The one redeeming feature of this sin-cursed earth. The one remaining trace of Heaven and of Eden, in a wilderness of thistles and thorns. The one soft ray of celestial light, that illumines ever the darkness of our ten years of terror, devastation and death; and that still casts a lingering halo of hope-inspiring radiance, upon the dark clouds that overhang our future. Talk to us of the heroines of Greece and Rome—And, with a heart glowing with honest pride, we point you to ten thousand Lucretias, Semproniias and Cornelias, in our own southern homes. Talk to us of Spartan mothers, and Roman matrons—And, with a swelling soul, we point you in Virginia and Carolina, in Tennessee, Florida, Mississippi, and our own old Missouri, to hosts of mothers, more devoted, self-sacrificing, brave and noble-minding, than all the boasted dames of ancient song and story—to maidens more high-souled and heroic, than the maids of Carthage, who stripped their tresses to string their lovers' bows. Take our women, where you will, at home and abroad, in peace and in war, and they stand peerless in the annals of the world. Gentle, tender, loving, confiding, generous, refined, and pure as the snowy lilies of the valley. No strong-minded womanism, no female-rights-bawling, no pantaloonatic shrieking and crowing-hen-ism, no Mormonism or Free-love-ism ever crossed our favored borders. All such vile heresies had to look for other climes for their believers and supporters. At the Ohio and Potomac, they met with a stern, irrevocable, "Thus far shall thou come, and no further." Other social degularities and crimes, which have swept over all other lands, are unknown, and almost unheard of, among us. In a hundred years, but one divorce was ever recorded in South Carolina. Our women, stainless and reproachless, ruling in love and gentleness, and treating high the standard of morality and decorum, have ever preserved our atmosphere comparatively free from the contagion of impurity, which has infected every other region of the globe. And behold them in those dark and terrible hours, when the hearts of brave men grew faint and faltered. Wives, mothers, and daughters of heroes, their bosoms, their souls, their exalted, danger-darting, privation-enduring, deed-doing spirits, have ever shown themselves worthy the noble sires, husbands and lovers, who, unconquerable in all the realms of history, poetry and romance. Girding the sword on their fathers, brothers and lovers, and while their own dear hearts were breaking with anguish, smothering their tears, stifling their sobs, and sending their loved ones forth, laden with hopes and blessings, to the field of glory and of death. Applauding the strong and bold, strengthening the weak, cheering the despondent, encouraging the timid, and shaming the laggard. Tearing up their carpets, for blankets for their soldiers. Parting with their jewels, to build gun-boats, and purchase cannon. Melting the very bells of their churches into artillery. Stripping the cushions from their pews, to make couches for the Wounded. Ofiating, like angels of mercy, through the long, sad wards of hospitals, leaving a tinge of heaven's own sunlight on every humble cot they passed by, smoothing the furrowed brows, bathing the shattered limbs, and pillowing on their bosoms, the heads of their ragged, bleeding, dying defenders. In fine, there never was a spectacle more sublime. Is it any wonder that every true Southern man, from the "Old Dominion," to the "Lone Star State," has an idolatrous adoration for a sweetheart or his glorious country-women? Nay, verily! He'd be less than human, if it were not so.

Young girls of the South, of Missouri, of Lafayette county, a few years hence, and all this homage, all this power, will be yours and yours, to wield as you will be in your hands. Mothers and grand-mammas, aunts and older sisters, will all have faded beneath the green-grass coverlet of some express-shaded Magnolia. Young and thoughtless as you may be now, you will then be the sole keepers of absolute social dominion, in fourteen of the noblest States upon the continent. You will dictate the morals and manners, and will lead the fashions, set the examples, and establish the customs, of half the western world. From where the "blue Patapsco" flows, through the Palmetto, mingling with the Potomac's majestic roll, to where the south Rio Grande glides, through golden sands, amid orange groves and flowers, and where the Mexican Gulf thunders its surges against the sunny shores of Louisiana, along the evergreen shores of the Mississippi, and the Mexican Gulf thunders its surges against the sunny shores of Louisiana, along the evergreen shores of the Mississippi, and the Mexican Gulf. Be it your pride, and glory, and joy, to be worthy, for good or evil, of such a people's character, a nation's weal or woe, will depend upon your influence. Girls, do you think of it. Are you fitting yourselves for the weight responsibility, the high and holy station, which, in the affairs of our land, you will ere long, be called upon to occupy? Are you preparing for the all-important task. Are you preparing yourselves to maintain the lofty standard, boldly and boldly by the sunny Southland, which your fathers, husbands, and lovers have rallied around? Let me tell you, girls, that we shall have to say it—we fear and know, that there will be a falling away, sooner or later, in some, and, we fear, in many, of those, who, in the guidance to intercepted you, girls—we mean, of course, young ladies—we mean young ladies, when we speak of girls. We want you to be young ladies. You talk too much, and laugh, flirt, romp and giggle, too much, and much too loud, for ladies, in the true sense of the term. Perhaps, without realizing, the fact, yourself, plumping at a sixteen, that is, more civilized or polished—more like, prettier, more like a little honey and frothy, foreign selections. Remember, however skilled you may be in the mysteries of the boudoir, and the ball room, and the parlor, and green-sward, on worthless, dishonor, and slipped down, and, in fine, in a word, be a lady, and fail, and will your equal or superior, and let a glittering rainbow-variety lead you astray, or, worse than would every wish to marry, and be married, and be married, and be married. Though you should acquire all the fashionable graces of feet and movement, and, in fine, be a lady, and be married, and be married. Exclamations of your city, walking and talking companions, any second-rate boiled dandy, and, if you should be married, and be married. However exceptional you may be, though in velvet, silks, laces, and jewels, you appear a glittering rainbow-variety led astray. The "Ideal" shrieking that has been and Fashion models, at the command, will eclipse you. Don't spend all your time, bedecking and adorning the outside of your heads, while the inside is utterly bare, or only garnished with the dust of ignorance and the cobwebs of study. Don't be intellectual with Yankee-Doodle-ism, and devote too much attention to household duties—sweeping, scouring, making pillow-beer, and pleasing the lords and masters. Don't be a Sam Patch, or a Jim Bludso, or a Jim Bludso, will always be a Jim Bludso, or a Jim Bludso, will always be a Jim Bludso, or a Jim Bludso, will always be