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BIBLE SOCIETY, MISSIONARY, AND SABBATH SCHOOL ADVOCATE.

That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ.—Peter.

TERMS,—ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

McLEOD, Editor.

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Family Reading.

Beware of Bad Books.

We copy the following note of warning from "The Students Guide," by the Rev. J. Todd; an invaluable little book for sale at the *Religious Intelligencer Book Store*. We commend the article to the attention of our readers.—[Ed.]

Some men have been permitted to live and employ their powers in writing what will continue to pollute and destroy for generations after they are gone. The world is flooded with such books. They are permitted to lie in our pathway as a part of our moral discipline. Under the moral government of God, while in this state of probation, we are to be surrounded with temptations of every kind. Never does the spirit of darkness rejoice more, than when a gifted mind can prostitute itself, not merely to revel in sin itself, but to dig and conceal a path which is full of holes, through which you may drop into the chambers of death. Books could be named, were it not that there is a possibility that even the information conveyed in naming them might be perverted and used to obtain them, which, seemingly, could not be excelled by all the imps in hell, if the object were to pollute and to ruin. These are to be found everywhere. I do entreat my young readers never to look at one—never to open one. They will leave a stain upon the soul which can never be removed. I have known these books secreted in the rooms of students, and passed from one to another. They are to be found too frequently. And if you have an enemy, whose soul you would visit with a fearful vengeance, and into whose heart you would place vipers which will live, and crawl, and torment him through life, and whose damnation you would seal up for the eternal world, you have only to place one of these destroyers in his hand. You have certainly paved the way to the abodes of death; and if he does not travel it with hasty strides, you have, at least, laid up food for many days of sorrow.

What will be said of those who print and sell such works to the young?—They are the most awful scourges with which a righteous God ever visited our world. The angel of death can sheath his sword, and stay his hand in the work of death. But these wretches! they dig graves so deep that they reach into hell. They blight the hopes of parents, and pour more than seven vials of woe upon the family whose affections are bound up in the one who is thus destroyed.

In connection with these books, allow me to lift up a loud voice against those rovings of the imagination, by which the mind is at once subjected, and the heart and feelings debased and polluted. It is almost inseparable from the habit of rovery; but, in this life, a heavier curse can hardly hang upon a young man than that of possessing a polluted imagination. The leprosy fills the whole soul. Time only increases it, and even the power of the gospel can seldom do more than restrain, without subduing, when the disease is once fixed.

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What shall be said of such works as those of Byron? May not a young man read those? Can he not learn things from him which cannot be learned elsewhere? I reply, Yes; just as you would learn, while treading in burning lava, what could not be learned elsewhere. But would the knowledge thus obtained be worth the agony of the fire, and the scars which would remain through life? In breathing the air which comes up from a heated furnace; and though you may see a brightness and a glow in that furnace as you gaze into it, which is nowhere else to be found, yet you will feel the effects of what you breathe a long time. There are many bright spots in such writings; but while one ray of pure light is thrown upon the soul, it must find its way through volumes of Egyptian darkness. There are beautiful pearls in the slimy bottom of the ocean, but they are found only here and there; and would you feel it worth your while to dive after them, if there were many probabilities that you would sink and die in the mud in which they were imbedded, or, if not, that you certainly shorten and embitter life, in the process of diving and obtaining them?

Would you thank a man for fitting up your study, and adorning it with much that is beautiful, if, at the same time, he filled it with images and ghosts of the most disgusting and awful description, which were to abide there, and be continually dancing around you all your life? Is he a benefactor to his species, who, here and there, throws out a beautiful thought, or a poetic image, but as you stoop to pick it up, chains upon you a putrid carcase which you can never throw off? I believe a single page may be selected from Byron, which has done more hurt to the mind and the heart of the young than all his writings have ever done good. But he will quickly pass from notice, and is doomed to be exiled from the libraries of all virtuous men. It is a blessing to the world, that what is putrid must soon pass away. The carcase hung in chains will be gazed at a short time in horror; but men will soon turn their eyes away, and remove even the gallows on which they swung. "But," say you, "has my author no equal to Byron and Moore, Hume and Paine, Bulwer, and Cooper?" Yes, he has equal them all, and with too much care. He knows every rock and every quicksand; and he solemnly declares to you, that the only good which he is conscious of ever having received from them is, a deep impression that men who possess talents of such compass and power, and so perverted in their application, must meet the day of judgement under a responsibility which would be cheaply removed by the price of a world. Those who wrote to undermine or to crush the belief of the Christian—those who wrote to shew how they could revel in passion, and pour out their living scorn upon their species—and those who wasted life and gigantic powers merely to amuse men—have come far short of answering the great end of existence on earth. Talents and influence were given for purposes widely different. * * *

The question in regard to works of fiction usually has a definite relation to the writings of Walter Scott. There is such a magic thrown around him, that it cannot be but we are safe there. Is it so? Because the magician can raise mightier spirits than other magicians, and throw more of supernatural light about him than others, is he therefore the less to be feared? No; the very strength of the spell should warn you, and there is danger in putting yourself in his power. While I have confessed that I have read him—read him entire—in order to shew that I speak from experience, I cannot but say, that it would give me the keenest pain to believe that my example would be quoted, small as is its influence, after I am in the grave, without this solemn protest accompanying it.

'Thou shall have no other God before Me.'

'Oh God! I cannot spare her yet. She must not die!' exclaimed the agonized father, as he stood by the bed of his dying Henrietta. 'Just! No, it is not just nor merciful that I should be robbed of my only daughter! If she must die, then I will die for her, for how can I live without her?' For a moment the sweet smile fled from the peaceful features of the expiring girl, and there was an expression of mingled sadness and pity. She beckoned him to her side, and as he bent over to catch the whisper, for she was almost gone, she murmered low: 'Father, meet me in heaven. When you think of me remember; God has taken me that he may save you. O, my father, hear his voice!'

The rebellious man was silenced. His head was bowed like the reed. He had been a scepic. His daughter had been his God. But he was a scepic no longer. The fountain of his soul was stirred by the grim features of death staring him in the face.

Profound silence filled the room. Nothing, save the flickering breath of the dying could be heard. Sorrowing friends were standing round to see her die, and she gave each a last farewell look. Her eyes were lighted up with holy love as she whispered, 'angels—Jesus—heaven.' A peaceful, happy smile, such as only the dying Christian wears, parted her colourless lips. Again her eyes wandered to her father, when slowly raising her head, she pointed her pale finger toward heaven, and with her gaze fixed upon him, the light of life glimmered feebly and more feebly, until it went out.

When they said, 'She is gone!' O, how those last words,—'God has taken me that he may save you,—rung in the father's ear.

He sought his room, and closed the door. He tried to pray; but in vain. It seemed to him that the billows of his soul were running mountain high, but could not escape their prison bounds. He took from the table the 'Work of God,' and sitting down, tried to read therefrom, but he could not. He rose, and paced the room, murmuring in his heart against God. But he could not hush that voice. Louder and louder it rung, and at every step the echo came back, 'God has taken me that he may save you.' Suddenly he stops! He sees his guilt. With uplifted hands, he exclaims, 'O my God! I have sinned. I have worshipped my child, and have forgotten Thee. Now do I know that Thou art a jealous God, and will have no other God before Thee.'

He returned to the death chamber. There she lay, his lovely idol, all powerless in her snowy robe. He gazed upon her long and earnestly, as she lay smiling in death's sleep. Then, humbly, he said, 'My daughter, if you, so young and so loved, were willing to die for your father's sake, I will hear the voice.'

For many days that father groaned beneath the burden of his sins. There seemed to be, not one ray of light, so great was the darkness. But, at last, when hope had well nigh fled, just at the dawn of day, there was a glorious dawning of his weary soul. The light of God's countenance shone in upon him, and he was filled with that peace and joy of which the world knoweth not.—*Congregationalist.*

A Thorn in the Breast.

Thorns are uncomfortable things, especially in the bosom. However rich the dress, or magnificent the apartment, a thorn piercing the breast puts an end to enjoyment. And yet, strange as it may seem, some persons wilfully plant thorns in their own bosoms, and when they pierce to the quick they conceal them instead of plucking them out.

Yonder goes one with assumed look of composure, who has in his breast a thorn which gives him constant pain. That thorn is envy. He sees his neighbor more prosperous than he; his possessions are greater, his plans are more successful, his honors are more abundant. As he considers these things, the thorns rankles with him. He looks on his neighbor's broad lands, and the thorns pierce deeper. He hears his neighbor praised, and it causes a new pang. Oh, what a sharp thorn is envy! And yet it finds a place in many a breast; and is the cause of a large portion of suffering.

Does any one ask, how can I extract the thorn? By consideration, prayer, and painstaking. Consider that you are a sinner, and consequently can of right have no claim to anything. If another has more than you, that is no cause of complaint, since you deserve nothing but hell. You have nothing to do but to follow your Savior. In regard to the superior possessions, pleasures, and honors of others, he says, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

Whenever you feel the piercing of this thorn, lift up your heart to God. Go to your closet, and pray till the pain ceases; till you can look calmly on the superior possessions and advantages of others,—nay, till you can pray that they may be blest in the enjoyment of them. The thorn of envy cannot be extracted without much care and painstaking, for earnest effort must always accompany and follow prayer.

Yonder goes another with the thorn of suspicion in his bosom. He cannot give to his brethren and neighbors a generous confidence. He suspects that he is not duly esteemed, that his counsel has not due weight. He suspects the presence of some sinister motive in every apparent good action. The thorn of suspicion is ever rankling, and destroys his happiness, and greatly limits his influence.

Yonder is another who has the thorn of selfishness in his bosom. There are numerous passages of Scripture which have to him no meaning, such as "no man liveth unto himself," &c. He has referred to himself in all that he does. In view of every proposed plan, he instinctively inquires, "how will it affect my interest," and his course is determined by the answer he gives to that question. This thorn may not be quite as sharp as that of envy, but it gives a constant dull pain, which neutralizes all positive enjoyment.

There are many other thorns which men carry in their bosoms. If we examine carefully, we shall find that they cause a very large portion of human suffering. Men should not complain of God's Providence respecting pains caused by thorns which their own hands have planted, and which they obstinately refuse to extract.—*New York Observer.*

Female Dress.

The luxury of women's dress has ever proved a step towards national ruin. The inspired prophet denounced the divine judgments on the pride and dress of the Jewish women. Rome suffered from the same cause. France, under the last two reigns of Bourbon princes, at the close of the last century, was brought to revolution partly by female folly and extravagance. Let not England lose her power, but above all, let her not lose her Christianity, by such *Idolatary of Fashion.* We cannot serve to masters; we cannot serve God and mammon. Surely the enemy of our salvation is tempting us to ruin, by throwing before us the habit of fashionable indulgence, to divert us from walking in the ways of godliness. Oh! for a voice of more than mortal power to call on my countrywomen, to pause ere they take another step in the path of the gay multitude they are following; and where will that path lead them? Extravagance in dress will generally lead to debt, and the consequent ruin of the tradespeople and dressmakers they have employed. How many young ladies spend so much upon their wedding outfit that they begin married life with that load of care and sure temptation to falsehood which unpaid and unacknowledged debts must bring. England boasts of having an open Bible for her people, and perhaps in no nation is it more studied, particularly by our women. How is it then that they can shut their eyes to the plain meaning of such texts as these, where the Apostle Paul (1 Tim. ii. 9) requires "that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness, and sobriety, not with bruidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array;" St. Peter, in his first epistle, iii. 3, says of women "whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold or of putting on of apprel." Whatever may be the practice of those women who disregard the precepts of the inspired apostles, let not women professing godliness give way to such extravagant fashions as now prevail. Every woman who wears what may be called an "extremely fashionable dress," adds, by her example and influence, to the power of fashion. —*Idolatry of Fashion. By a Lady.*

The Theatre.—Dr. Rush told a friend that he was once in company with a lady, a professor of religion, who was speaking of the pleasure she anticipated at the theatre in the evening.

"What, madam!" said he "do you go to the theatre?"

"Yes," was the reply; "and don't you go, Doctor?"

"No, madam," said he, "I never go to such places."

"Why, sir, do you not go? Do you think it sinful?" said she.

He replied, "I will never publish to the world that I think Jesus Christ a bad master, and religion an unsatisfying portion, which I should do if I went on the devil's ground in quest of happiness."

Correspondence

London Correspondence.

New Year—Price of Food—Exports—Revenue—Income Tax—Elections—Smith O'Brien—Public Executions and Criminals—British Bank—Death of Dr. Harris—Hugh Miller—Ecclesiastical—Temperance.

London, Jan. 2nd, 1857.

It is not too far, and I hope not too late either, for me to wish the readers of the "Religious Intelligencer" a "happy New Year," words often spoken in insincerity, and oftener still with random inconsideration. But why may they not be uttered with an honest heart, and with a wide comprehensive in meaning? I know of no reason to the contrary; and in such a manner do I desire though formally unknown, to convey warm and cordial salutations to the many who, on the other side of the Great Salt Lake, retain the customs and religious principles of their British sires. The New Year has been ushered in, I am sorry to say, with much intemperance, though there has been some amendment, particularly in Scotland, over former years. The conductors of the press have found a new topic in reviewing the chequered career of 1856. All classes of editors seem to be agreed that the future is hopeful in reference to national progress. We cannot be wrong, at least, in praying and labouring that it may; yet, conscious that in these, as in all matters human foresight and penetration are never to be trusted.

The price of corn is on the decline, but food of every description is dear. It might be cheaper if less were wasted in brewing and distilling.

Mercantile transactions are swelling into something stupendous. For the eleven months ending Nov. 30th in the last three years, the declared value of goods exported, in 1854, £86,847,000; 1855 £89,738,000; 1856, £105,845,000. The commercial activity and home industry represented by these figures is bewildering, and gives an overwhelming sense of the increasing extent to which the interchange of national products is being carried. The revenue returns have also been published up to Dec. 30th, shewing that, in 1856, the receipts of the Exchequer were seventy-two millions sterling, of which sixteen millions consisted of income and property tax. On the fourth quarter of 1856, compared with the same of 1855, there was a nett increase of above £800,000. An association has been formed to secure the partial repeal of the income tax, which, undoubtedly presses most heavily and unjustly upon men with small salaries and large families; yet, contemporaneous with this movement, the Liverpool Financial Reformers have come forward with a proposition to make a graduated tax on incomes and property a substitute for all other taxes whatever, customs, excise, &c., (that is except parochial rates)—thus making one direct, precise impost do the work of all the direct and indirect government levies on the pockets of the people. No adjusted plan has yet been made public, and a good deal of curiosity is felt to know the *modus operandi* of these radical financial reformers.

The time for Parliament to meet is now fast approaching, just a month to-morrow—and in the meanwhile the newspapers are watching and reporting the contests going on for the representation of Southampton and Greenwich. At Southampton the candidates are, Mr. Andrews, (who has vacated the Mayoralty to which he has been thrice elected) and Mr. Wagaellin, the governor of the Bank of England. Except for Government influence, the chances of the former would greatly preponderate; as it is, the scales about balance. At Greenwich, the battle is between Col. Sleigh and Sir Wm. Codrington, the General in command of the English army when the Crimea was vacated. Col. Sleigh has the most advanced political views, but no local influence, *Punch*, too, fires his jibes against him, one of them being, that he and Sir C. Napier make a proper pair, as the one is a Colonel whose name is not in the Army List, and the other an Admiral whose name does not appear in the Navy List. Quite unexpectedly Mr. S. O'Brien has issued a political epistle, which has gained notoriety, more on account of its authorship than its merits. Mr. Frost, of Chartist celebrity has given out his intention to compete for legislative honours. It is doubtful whether he or Mr. O'Brien could legally sit in the House of Commons, as both have been found guilty of high treason, and are only in the United Kingdom as pardoned conspirators. They had better be quiet.

Public executions have been very plentiful of late; three Italians at Winterton, for piracy and murder on the high seas; one at York; one at the Old Bailey, in this city; and, yesterday, one at Maidstone. The publicity of capital punishments is certainly more demoralizing than otherwise, in the manner they are now conducted; whether as some propose, the publicity should be greater, but surrounded with more solemnity is very debateable; and I think the trial of some other penalty than death, is what the legislative might afford to make. The perpetrators of the horrid murders of Mr. Little in Ireland, and of the aged couple at Bolton-le-Dean are yet undiscovered. Redpath and his clerk are committed for the forgery of the Great Northern Railway Debentures; the last agent in the London and Paris gold robbery has been found; and some daring abstractions of public money by City of London tax Collectors have been discovered, and the offenders seized. Here are some evidences that justice is not so dim-eyed or slack-handed as the facts would seem to suggest. Great uneasiness continues as to the prevalence of crime, and a conflict of opinions as to the causes and their cure. M. M. D. Hill, Recorder of Birmingham in his last address to the Grand Jury denies that ticket-of-leave men have had so much to do with recent outrages as is supposed, and he advocates convict establishments at home, for the profitable employment and reformation of those found guilty of crime. One who writes in the "Times" as a ticket-of-leave man improperly convicted, states that the want of a suitable classification of offenders is the main source of hypocrisy and hardness among them.

The British Bank has at length paid a dividend of 5s. 6d. in the pound, and another dividend is announced three weeks hence. This is cheering to the poor depositors, and gives hope that they will regain three-fourths, perhaps, of the sums they, in an evil hour, placed at the mercy of the crafty or silly Directors.

Two sad events have happened, in the departure of two men of great ability and influence from our midst. The one, Rev. Dr. Harris, died on the 21st ult., at the New College, (Independent,) St. John's Wood, of which he had been the Principal since its erection in 1850. It now contains about sixty students, divinity and lay. Dr. Harris was for twenty years a minister at Epsom, where he wrote the "Great Teacher," which lay as a drag on the bookseller's shelves, till his prize essay, "Mammon," brought him into fame. This gave rise to the rather queer conundrum—"Why was Dr. Harris's Mammon like Judas Iscariot?" "Because it sold the Great Preacher!" After this Dr. H. successfully competed for other prizes, one on the Union, another entitled Brittania, another on the missionary subject "the Great Commission," the second prize being awarded to the late Dr. Winter Hamilton, of Leeds. Dr. Harris had devised a plan of successive essays illustrative of the divine government, three volumes of which have appeared—"The Preadamite Earth," "Men Primeval," and "Patriarchy." He died at the age of fifty-four, and was buried last Monday at Abney Chapel, Stoke Newington, where Dr. Page Smith's remains are interred. The last time I heard Dr. Harris was at the opening of the Regent's Park Baptist College, where he playfully accepted Dr. Angus's invitation to exchange visits, by remarking, in allusion to the Canal which divides the Colleges, that there was a stream of water between them, but he was happy to say, a bridge existed which allowed of reciprocal visitation.

Far more melancholy than even Dr. H.'s decease, have been the circumstances attending the death of Hugh Miller, once a stonemason at Cromarty, in the north of Scotland, but raised by his diligence and genius, he became Editor of the Edinburgh "Witness," the organ of the Free Church of Scotland, and one of the greatest of geologists; first indeed among those who have rendered that science a popular study, clothing, so to say, its rocks with a verdure and beauty, which attracted thousands to enquiry, who would else have been repelled. He had been intensely employed on a great work "The Testimony of the Rocks," but before its publication he became effected by strong nervous hallucinations, caused by disease of the brain, and accompanied by severe pains, under the complicated influence of which he shot himself on the 24th ult. His fall has been that of a giant, shaking the surrounding earth. Sad to record, too, another tragedy followed fast on this; for the revolver, used by Mr. Miller, being incautiously examined by a gunsmith, one of the barrels was discharged, killing on the spot the imprudent inspector. I may add here that the funeral of Hugh Miller took place amidst general signs of mourning and respect in Edinburgh, as, less than a fortnight before, that of Father Matthew had done in Cork.

Ecclesiastical topics are not very suggestive of remark. The Puseyites have suffered another adverse judgment. At Pimleco a church called St. Barnabas has a Puseyite incumbent, Hon. M. Liddell, and a strong anti-Puseyite churchwarden, Mr. Woslerton. A keen contest has raged about the use of certain crosses, &c., in which the Puseyites delight, but which the Judge Sir J. Dobson, has decided they must not set up "in Church." They have appealed to the Privy Council, but with little hope of success.

The Temperance world is astir. Last Monday, 29th Dec., the National Temperance League held a large tea and public meeting in the National Hall, Holborn.

The United Kingdom Alliance is extremely energetic; and in Scotland it is calculated that five hundred ministers of religion are abstainers. Divinity students, to the number of two hundred or more, are also with the movement; and in Glasgow University, about one fifth of the whole number of students are pledged to the principles of abstinence.

In this, and in all other works of social benevolence, there is much need for co-operation among all true christians. The emissaries of evil are numerous and weary. How long must it be said with shame, that "in this generation they are wiser than the children of light?" Not till the reverse of this can be asserted will the salvation of the world draw near.

B.

New York Correspondence.

New York, Jany., 12th 1856.

Bible Society—Five Points Mission—A Devoted young Lady—Dicken's "Dance house."

Mr. Editor,—This morning I went to visit Mr. Allen, a colperteur appointed by the American and Foreign Bible Society to labor at the Five Points. Mr. Allen is a member of the First Freewill Baptist church in this city. It is a peculiar feature in colporteur department of this Bible Society to appoint no colporteur who is not a member of some Baptist church. He must be recommended by his church, his pastor, and usually another clergyman. Then he must labor under the direction of the church of which he is a member, and make monthly reports to the church, as well as to the Bible Society. Thus every colporteur is under the direct supervision of some church which is held responsible to see that an appropriate work is done. Mr. Allen holds such an appointment and is laboring on in the field specified. He has labored in that field for many years in connection with another mission till the past summer, he entered upon his present service. His duty now is to visit from house to house, read the Bible, and distribute copies of the New Testament where he has reason to believe they will be properly employed. On Sabbath a sabbath school assembles in a room taken for the purposes of the mission. Of the Sabbath school another member of the church is superintendent. A number of other Baptist churches are represented by Sabbath school teachers. Two sessions of Sabbath school are holden each Sabbath, after each of which there is a preaching service, and also in the evening another. Many of the children (of whom over fifty attend) remain at the service after school closes. From ten to fifty adults attend each service. These are of the most needy class in a religious sense, emphatically "publicans and sinners." From time to time conversions have occurred under this kind of labor of the youth and adult attendants, who usually become members of some church as their preferences lead them.

The children that attend this Sabbath school are for the most part the children of foreign Papists, Irish, Italians and Germans. Some are the children of Jews. From time to time the children receive presents in the form of clothing, of which they stand in very great need. By kindness, by frequent visits, by persistent efforts every way month after month, a portion of the children become quite punctual in their habits and otherwise improve; others grow worse and worse, owing to the enemies of the mission, as often as any way the parents taking the lead in the mischief. Only a few days ago for instance four or five large ungovernable boys proceeded to such a length as to steal a portion of the clothing gathered for distribution and at the instigation of the missionary they were arrested in and put into "the Tombs," the city prison. At his interposition under the earnest solicitation of the parents they were released on the promise of good behaviour. They have since been in attendance and seem to have undergone a great reformation in conduct. Of course only in the case of crime, is there any severity.

To improve these children still more, a young lady, one of the teachers commenced a week or two ago a day school in the Mission room, for these children belong to that class which I spoke of in my last as neglecting to attend the schools though free. The parents are too vicious or idle to take the pains to prepare and send their children to schools free, and when the books are also free. It is only in visiting them they can be induced even to come to the Mission room. The school already numbers about thirty and increases every day. My visit to-day was to the school. The missionary and the teacher must require great patience. The one said he presumed he would find a Bunyan under the rubbish, as many call these children. The young lady who has a comfortable home and might pass her time in idleness, daily leaves it to do this thankless task without one cent of pecuniary reward—yea, even for the privilege of giving even more than her labor, tears and prayers. She has already taught these wide-neglected children to sing very well. If all professed christians were animated by the spirit of Miss Davis (for that is her name) how fast would the rose and the myrtle spring up instead of the thorn and bramble. Pray christian friends for the success of these labors.

Remember this school is in Baxter street, and only a few steps from the very subterranean "Dance House" visited by Dickens and made notorious by that visit. Those who have read of "Pete William's Dance House" in Dickens may be interested to hear from it again. That famous room is still used for purposes very similar to what it was when Dickens saw it in its glory. The room, as I visited it to-day, is let for $30 per month. It is locked through the day, and I only got a "a peep" as they say, by going around the back way and looking through a crevice which my guide made by pulling off a part of a clap-board. It is used for dancing and drinking. It is furnished now with a bar, and Piano Forte. It is rented by a colored man, who, I understand carries on two or three such enterprises. In the evening it is opened, and the guests, of course of the worst class, mostly colored now flock to it and are admitted for a quarter of a dollar each, with the understanding that the bar must be patronized after each particular turn at the dance.