

The Sabbath Recorder.

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"THE SEVENTH DAY IS THE SABBATH OF THE LORD THY GOD."

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The Sabbath Recorder.

PROVIDENTIAL MONITIONS.

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Preparation for death is the chief business of life, when properly estimated; yet, how few take heed unto it, and give it timely consideration. Our state of probation, here below, is rarely comprehended as a fleeting one—evanescent as the morning dew—until the chill evening of decline, if so, peradventure, our short span be protracted, tells us that we have no longer any pleasure in it; still our three score years and ten are, at most, but a hand-breadth, and few, very few, ever attain half that period. It was a significant remark made on the death of Kelpius, the learned and good Kelpius, one of the leading spirits among the Pietists, (who had their origin in the attempted reformation in the Lutheran Church, under the distinguished Spener, Ecclesiastical Superintendent of the Court of Saxony, in the latter part of the seventeenth century,) that "he died at half his days"—*thirty-five years*—regarding three score years and ten as the limit, if not the extreme limit, of the age of man. Not the half of mankind arrive at half their days in *this sense*; still, they do not consider and prepare for their end, until the Enemy, who is always singing, with the Syren's lulling voice, "Tomorrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant," appears to announce that our little hour of probation has ended, and the soul not saved.

In our youth we are apt to look forward to many days, and regard the pleasures of the world as a natural inheritance of early life, to be squandered without account; yet, turn aside the daily admonitions of a kind Providence, and presume upon deferred retribution. Emphatically, with such deluded mortals, is the declaration, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee," verified to its most fearful extent. Truly has Dr. Young said:

"Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene."

But even that moment is not always vouchsafed to poor deluded mortals; in an instant, before the confused mind can comprehend the blow, all is gone, and gone forever. Sad, sad indeed, must be the prospect of that soul who thus relies upon such an uncertain moment, for repentance, for pardon, and for sanctification, to make him meet to dwell among the saints in light. Dr. Young judiciously adds:

"Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
Part with it with money, sparingly; pay
No moment but in the purchase of its worth;
And what is worth? Ask deathbeds; they can tell.
Part with it with life; reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time higher sin'd, still nearer the great Mark
Of men and angels; virtue more divine."

How presumptuous, how culpable, how criminally culpable, then, to neglect the improvement of that time, and to defer a reformation, which is to determine our eternal destiny. We do not assume to be the judge between God and man, nor do we attempt to restrain the tender mercies of the Lord. God's mercies may be entirely beyond our conception, but we can only judge of them by his Revealed Word. The heart right toward God, God may accept it at the eleventh hour, yea, at the last moment, although there is but one instance in the Record to encourage such an expectation, and none to presume upon it. Our duty is made clear, that none need err therein, namely, to turn in with the overtures of the precious Redeemer, now in the accepted time, now in the day of salvation; and not resist the strivings of the Holy Spirit; for we are told in the Word of Truth, that that Spirit will not strive away.

A useful lesson, under peculiarly interesting circumstances, of the acceptance and the rejection of the gentle monitions and tender leadings of a beneficent Providence, may be found in the following sketch.

A gay party, numbering twenty to twenty-five fashionable young persons, had assembled at one of the most enchanting Iron Establishments of the Coneywaga Mountains, to spend a fortnight among the wild hills of that romantic region, and enjoy themselves in a round of merry-makings and adventure. It would require entirely too much space for a newspaper article, to become the chronicler of such an interesting party through a succession of amusements and adventures for days together; for no subject can be more replete with entrancing incident, than *Life in the Furnace Hills*—the domestic history of its denizens—more strange and astounding, oftentimes, than any fiction can possibly prove; yet my narrative will not permit of such a digression, agreeable as it would be to the writer, to trace the sports of such gatherings, and to embody some thrilling reminiscences of by-past times, which would afford material for a volume, without exhausting the interest of a single Establishment. It must, therefore, suffice to make a general remark, that on occasions like the present, the most liberal hospitality is generally extended to the numerous guests, and there is an unrestrained privilege for each individual to enjoy his time and seek amusement from any source at his command, and an equal privilege of the whole party to roam over the country in pursuit of enjoyment, and make a descent on any of the neighboring Furnaces or Forges, without ceremony, and enjoy a delightful day, and even a brilliant assembly in the evening, at one, and all of them; and that without even embarrassing a family, or finding them unprepared to entertain in the most sumptuous manner.

Such perambulations among the wild hills, and their sudden descents upon the surrounding Establishments, (for there eighteen and twenty miles, or even more, is considered neighborhood,) varied by excursions to persons and places of note, ever affords abundant opportunity for piquant remark and profitable reflection, apart from personal emotions, which enter greatly into the entertainments of such an expedition. We shall, therefore, allude, briefly, to but one or two interesting incidents which occurred on this occasion,

having a particular bearing on the subject before us.

In going, one day, to visit one of the neighboring Furnace Establishments, the party diverged from the usual route, and rode some miles out of the way, to call, from curiosity, at the cell of a hermit, who had gone into recluse life, about that time, under very touching circumstances. He had selected the wildest and most secluded part of the hills for his retreat, not presuming that anything would lead a single being thence, to disturb his silence and his solitude; for it was silence and solitude—undisturbed silence and solitude—that he coveted. He was a man deeply stricken by a singular providence. His sister, Elizabeth Wilson, who became the victim of an English officer during the Revolutionary War, and was condemned to death for an act of which she was entirely innocent, and for whom her devoted brother, William Wilson, the recluse, had procured a pardon at the last moment, but did not reach the place of execution, from insurmountable obstacles, in season to save her—determined to pass his days apart from the world, which had inflicted such a poignant, such an enduring sting to his tender heart, at the ignominious death of a beloved, an only sister. As they arrived at the cell, they discovered a still more singular man—a tall, graceful man, with extremely flowing hair, and most luxuriant snowy beard, covering his whole chest, wrapped in a long cloak, secured by a girdle, and having a cowl attached to it, which he used instead of a hat, and carried a long rube staff in his hand. It was Jaabez, the Prior of the Ephrata Monastery, a man of great learning, piety, and distinction among the good and the great of the land; and who had been the fortunate deliverer of the traitor Widmer, who was condemned to death for treason to the government. He came on foot, his usual way of traveling, to condole with Wilson, whom he knew very well, on his misfortunes. Their interview was one of profound interest, discussing the mysteries of Providence, and His purposes, which are sometimes hard to be reconciled by the afflicted; yet the Prior dwelt particularly on the importance of that frame of mind which enables us to praise God for His judgments as well as for His mercies.

The gay party present were much edified with the profound reasoning of the Prior; which rendered them sober and thoughtful for a long time after they were wending their way along the dark ravines and craggy steep. One remark of the Prior sank deep into the heart of one of the party, Theodore Oakley, an estimable young man, who knew and respected the good, benevolent Prior, and who reciprocally esteemed his young friend. After extending a graceful parting to each of the company, with an appropriate admonition, he took Theodore by the hand, and remarked, in a most affectionate manner, in the words of Scripture, as was his general habit in discoursing with all persons: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Seek first the kingdom of heaven; for the day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night. Be not in darkness that that day overtake you as a thief." They all departed in profound silence; and although Theodore did not make a single remark on what had transpired, yet, whenever his mind dwelt upon it, and he could not throw it off, a sadness overcame his heart like a pall—an irresistible, depressing pall, which he could not comprehend nor remove. It was not only a sinking weight upon his spirits for the day, but haunted him in his gayest hours and in his greatest seclusion.

Theodore Oakley was the nephew of Mr. Eldridge, proprietor of the Establishment, by his sister. He was a bright young man, in gayest spirits, having just returned from Princeton College, flushed with the first honor of that Institution. His uncle was proud of the young man, as a worthy scion of the family, and was ever ready to bestow any favor, or meet any expense, to forward his interest or his pleasure. The party assembled were invited to rejoice with him in his recently won high distinction, and his additional success in winning the favor of one of the most estimable young ladies, Mary Worthington—a singularly fortunate young man, enjoying the double fortune of possessing the honors of old Nassau on his brow, and the signet of woman's favor in his heart—a double honor, and a double triumph; for the distinguished belle who had thus favored him, had two other equally promising offers at the same moment. His betrothed, Mary Worthington, was a young lady of many accomplishments; not the ephemeral accomplishments of mere dolls in fashionable life, but the sterling, substantial accomplishments which render a lady of an Establishment, not a gay, fippant butterfly, but the honored matron; which distinguishes the woman from the flirt.

Among the party were Robert Henderson and Harry Ridgley, gay young men of enviable position, accomplishments, and ample means to pursue life at their pleasure; and whose whole life, at present, was a round of fashionable follies—plunging into every gayety and dissipation, to "kill time," and seek enjoyment from *enau*. They were young men of good families, brought up under the faithful admonitions and prayers of pious parents. Such wholesome influence, however, did not lead them to the Rock which is higher than themselves; and they became singularly stricken. Both lost their parents within a few weeks. They were alike bowed down. They both became thoughtful, and vowed a dedication, within themselves, which they never openly professed. Harry Ridgley was left entirely alone. In the loss of his parents he lost all his kindred; and was invited to make his home with the Hendersons, Robert and his sister, who continued the Establishment. Robert was taken very ill, suddenly, and was brought nigh unto death. His sister, Julia, and Harry, who was engaged to that exemplary girl, were instant, day and night, at his side, not only in administering medicine, but in supplicating the great Physician of souls; and both the sick young man and his friend, vowed fealty to their God before Julia, with a solemn engagement to ratify that vow on Robert's recovery.

Robert was restored; but both Robert and

Harry turned from their solemn promise. God came near unto them again; Julia sickened and died; but in a short time their new grief and their renewed vows of dedication fled together. It was not long after this latter occurrence, that they joined the party to the hills, to dissipate their serious impressions, and be out of the way of remark or reproof from their more sober-minded friends; not thinking, for a moment, what an important part they should play in a sad drama, which soon followed.

On Sunday morning, the whole party determined to attend public worship at Litz, a Moravian village a few miles distant from the furnace, and they set out at an early hour to gain time to examine the prominent points of that singular, yet interesting village, before the hour for worship.

Litz, at the period of which I write, was occupied exclusively by Moravians, and has ever been characterized by the cleanliness of its streets, its neat residences, the quiet demeanor and exemplary walk of its inhabitants, adorning their profession as a peace-loving and peaceable community. In the centre of the town is an oblong square on one side of the street, having a street running through this apparently half square. The square is laid out as a pleasure ground, crowded with trees and pleasant walks, having the two celebrated schools at either end—the Boys' school at the northern end, and the Girls' school at the southern extremity; while the whole length, back, is occupied by the houses for the single brethren and the single sisters, two imposing buildings, and the church, and parsonage between them; and all together filling up the entire plot.

The Sisters' house and the Brothers' house are large two-story stone buildings, with high hip-roofs forming a third story, lighted by square dormer windows, and have capacity to accommodate comfortably a large number of persons; which in the olden time were pretty well filled with active, energetic persons, laboring solely to advance the welfare of their happy community. The Sisters' house was ever the particular attraction of casual visitors. A neater and more comfortable establishment cannot be imagined, in which simplicity, joined to frugality, gave it an air of home-feeling that very few places of much greater pretensions can afford. Beside this neatness and comfort, the visitor, who was always received most graciously, would find groups of bright, smiling, contented faces, in every part of the building, busily employed through the week at some handiwork, which was exposed for sale in a room set apart for that purpose, and on Sundays each occupied an old fashioned, slender, high-back rocking chair, intent on reading the Scriptures, or preparing for some church service.

There happening a funeral at the moment, the party entered their beautiful grave yard, and had an opportunity to stroll through one of the most enchanting yet unostentatious cemeteries to be found in the land—enchanting from its extreme simplicity and appropriateness. It was divided by three parallel alleys, through the length of the yard, with one crossing near either end, into which the three terminated, leaving the plots in long, narrow beds, of easy access. Along the side alleys are rows of trees, and the plots are covered with a rich, luxuriant sward, always kept neatly dressed, and the walks clean and inviting. The grave yard, as all the Moravian cemeteries, is arranged in a peculiar manner. One of the large plots is set apart for *adult males*, one for *adult females*, one for *young men*, another for *young ladies*, one for *male infants*, and another for *female infants*; and their order of burying is uniformly the same, namely, each person of each *class* is interred next to the former in exact distances from each other, having a low, modest mound, made by placing a mould of proper dimensions over the grave, which is filled up compactly, neatly sodded all over and round its sides, leaving a narrow passage of about a foot between each mound, and the top sward with the seed or plant of the mountain pink. A small marble slab of about fifteen inches square, or perhaps slightly oblong, numbered at the head, which is registered, with the name and age of the person inscribed upon it. This order and arrangement obtains uniformly, with the rich and the poor, and presents a beautiful sight, as well as a useful lesson, namely, that we are all leveled to equality by the grim Archer, the common enemy of our race, yet cheered by the simple faith, that as in one man all died, so by one man, the man Christ Jesus, we may all live again in the beatific regions of the blessed, through faith in Him who died for us.

Beautiful as is this necropolis, yet it presents one repelling feature to those not accustomed to it—the separation of families, no two lying side by side, unless a sad fatality befalls a family, and two of the same sex are called together from the one household. The Moravians have one other singular, yet judicious arrangement, in relation to their dead. Between the Sisters' house and the Parsonage, they have a small building, called the *Dead-House*—a building arranged to receive the corpse after it is laid out, to be kept until the hour of burial; which serves three very important purposes. 1st, Should animation return, which, unfortunately, is not an infrequent occurrence, alarm is given to a person in waiting, in an adjoining room, by a bell, the wire of which is secured to the hand of the corpse; 2d, It saves riotous or disturbing night watching, for nights in succession, as is customary, generally, in the country; and, 3d, It saves others from danger when the person dies of a contagious or highly malignant disease, instead of hurrying them, prematurely, into the grave. No people care more for their dead, or make more appropriate arrangements for all things connected with a funeral, than these same simple-hearted Moravians.

The funeral train had left the cemetery under the solemn tolling of the church-bell, while the party from the Funeral lingered within the holy precincts of that solemnizing spot, until they heard the double peal, summoning the community to the public worship, which followed so soon as the afflicted family

had become seated in the places usually allotted to them. The meeting-house is in perfect correspondence with the rest of their architecture. It is an exceedingly plain, neat building, having a gallery, one end of which is occupied by a fine organ, a full orchestra, and an excellent choir.

The services that day were peculiarly solemn, the occasion being the special improvement of the sudden death of the young man just buried. After a solemn dirge, and an affecting prayer, the good old Pastor took for his text the passage, "My son, give me thine heart." The Preacher, after showing how claimed the consecration of the heart to his service, God, our Maker and Preserver; glancing at what is man's condition under condemnation; the provision made for sinners by the Lord Jesus Christ; the glorious inheritance laid up for those who yield themselves to the rightful reign of the Sovereign of the Universe, made a powerful appeal to all to turn in with the overtures of mercy now presented to them—"to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart as in the provocation."

To the surprise of the whole congregation, (for in those days not anything was known of *protracted meetings*, or *special efforts* and *anxious seats*, and, therefore, the more astonishing, because so very singular,) Theodore, who had not only been profoundly attentive, but deeply affected, during the whole sermon, rose solemnly to his feet, while yet the preacher was exhorting the congregation earnestly, walked deliberately forward, but evidently with stifled tears and heaving breast, up to the altar, and kneeled before the whole assembly. All were taken aback, even the preacher himself, at this singular conjuncture; still he went on, somewhat embarrassed, to make his application. When he got through, he paused a moment, feeling much confusion in determining how to proceed in circumstances so novel. At length he came down from the desk, and kneeling by the young man, prayed most fervently, that he might give his heart wholly to the Saviour of souls, and become a child of the living God.

After the good old Pastor had risen from his knees, the young man still remaining bowed down, the deep notes of the organ pealed soft tones, while a single voice, a female voice, of much richness, fullness, and clearness, chanted the following appropriate hymn—

"Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of woe;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears flow;
Behold the precious Saviour found,
To all thy pain, and heal thy wound.
Come, freely come, by sin oppressed,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In Him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God;
Thy God's thy Saviour, glorious word,
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord."

And afterward, organ, orchestra, and the whole choir, joined in a loud hallelujah—

"Come let us adore Him; come bow at his feet;
O give Him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies."

It was a thrilling scene, almost a distracting scene, to the whole congregation. The gay young persons of the party knew not what to make of it, and felt rather provoked than interested in such a singular, and, to them, unseasonable movement, while all who had tasted of the goodness of the Lord, wept and rejoiced exceedingly, never having seen the hand of the Lord after this fashion. Theodore remained on his knees, unmoved by the loud chorus, or the profound silence which followed. His heart was withdrawn from the earth; his soul had penetrated the material heavens, and his spirit was bowed before the Throne in humble supplication.

Continuing on his knees long after the benediction had been pronounced, added greater confusion to the audience, who all waited, standing, the issue of the unaccountable circumstance. The good old Pastor waved his hand for them to retire. The great throng withdrew, and after the house was quiet, and he left alone with the Pastor, kneeling at his side, in silent prayer, Theodore opened his mouth in broken utterances of prayer and praise to Almighty God, for his goodness in bringing him to see the things which make for his eternal peace. His oppressed heart was relieved, and after a short conversation with the Pastor, he rose to depart, after making an engagement to see him, to converse with him on the subject of religion, with the view to connect himself, at once, with the children of the heavenly King.

The carriages of the whole party were in waiting at the church door; and when Theodore made his appearance, leaning on the arm of the good old Pastor, Mr. Eldridge handed him into his own carriage, containing Mrs. Eldridge, Mrs. Thorndike, and Mary Worthington, and mounted Theodore's horse himself, for Theodore was in the habit of seeing every one of his uncle's guests properly seated, and generally followed on horseback.

A profound silence ensued for a mile or two on their way homeward, not any of the party in the carriage having courage to break upon Theodore's meditations, by any remark on what had transpired, or to attempt to dissipate them by any trifling conversation. Mary Worthington, who had made a profession of religion about a year before, felt deeply for Theodore, apart from any particular interest in the young man, but the sympathy of heaven-born spirits. After many efforts, and under considerable agitation, she broke the painful silence, which she found was not going to be attempted by his aunt, or Mrs. Thorndike. "Theodore," said she, "you have taken an important step to-day—may God prosper you in it—" and she choked in utterance. Theodore was delighted with the opportunity to open his mouth, for his heart was oppressed with its own fullness, but he did not wish to obtrude his own emotions on the company.

"God be praised," he exclaimed, "that I have lived to see this day—that I have lived to feel that I am a sinner, and been brought to see the fullness that is in Christ Jesus, the sinner's friend; my own feelings overwhelmed

him, and he hid his face in his handkerchief, sobbing and weeping floods of tears. Mary, with a Christian's heart, seized his hand and exclaimed, "My brother!" but she could utter no more; and all Theodore could respond was, "My sister—my sister."

Their arrival at the Furnace, soon after, broke the tedium of the ride to Mrs. Eldridge and Mrs. Thorndike, and released them both from a most uncomfortable position, as both were fashionable women, and neither had ever given the subject of religion the slightest consideration, further than it is well enough for folks when they grow old, and without being able to see how upright young persons should give themselves any trouble about it.

"What an unaccountable boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Thorndike, on entering the parlor, where most of the party were seated in advance of the arrival of the family carriage, containing the persons already named; "what an unaccountable thing!" she reiterated; "I never witnessed such a proceeding. Can the young man be going mad, to take on so, in so simple a matter. Why, none but fanatics carry on that way. I like the good old way better—it saves a great deal of fuss and nonsense. I like the good old way, just to have our children christened when they are babies, and then be confirmed when they grow up; and I don't see any use of anything else; and particularly making such a fuss, to attract attention and frighten the life out of one."

"And I don't see," added Mrs. Eldridge, who really loved her nephew, and regarded him as a perfect model young man on other matters, "why he needs religion; he has always been nothing but religion; he has always been better than all the church-going folks in the neighborhood, a thousand times over. I cannot invent what he has to repent of, or to dread. If his state is not safe, I shall quake for all others."

"Ah! my dear," remarked Mr. Eldridge, "your partiality for that excellent young man blinds you in so momentous a matter as the soul's eternal interest. In the sight of a just Judge, all have gone astray—there is none that doeth good—no, not one. To make a profession of religion is a work of vast magnitude—a matter in which we have to deal with offended Deity. Who can, possibly, contend with the Almighty, and what can man do to appease the inflexible justice of Heaven? When surrounded by a wild, crashing thunder-gust, we feel like puny, worthless creatures; but what shall we feel when the Lord comes out in judgment—when we have to encounter the wrath of Him who rideth upon the whirlwinds, taking vengeance on his rebellious subjects. Theodore was right to turn in with the free overtures of mercy, while the Holy Spirit was striving with his soul, to win it to his Maker, God. Immeasurable is the grace of conviction and conversion, and he who resists the gracious workings of the Spirit, resists to his own destruction, and incurs a far more exceeding weight of condemnation. Theodore was right; and doubtless has entered upon this course with a true purpose to carry out his profession. The Lord bless him and sustain him."

No one attempted any further remark. Theodore, immediately on entering the house, went directly to his room, and remained alone the whole afternoon undisturbed; neither did Mary Worthington appear at dinner that day; her heart was too full of holy joy to have it dissipated by the frivolous discourse of the gay portion of the party. She remained in her room to pray that God would carry out the work he had so propitiously begun in the heart of the amiable young man, and make him a shining light in his kingdom.

The gay portion of the young folks, feeling considerably annoyed by this serious turn in Theodore, and fearing that it would throw a damper on their enjoyments for the remainder of the prolonged sojourn at this delightful Establishment, which was to continue a fortnight, and which had not half expired, determined to set about something to dissipate the sober turn things were assuming; and scarcely had they been seated at the tea table, and Theodore and Mary had taken their places, than Bob Henderson asked, in a most animated tone: "Well, ladies, what amusements have in store for to-morrow?"

Kate Kinlake, a gay, lively young lady, of rather poor, of good family and standing in society, but one of the wildest, most unstable creatures imaginable, ever ready for fun or frolic, and rattle at all times and under all circumstances, yet with a kind-hearted girl, overflowing with good feeling and devoted purpose, into whatever channel she would throw the promptings of her happy spirit, seconded the proposition with much energy, and was the first to respond: "Any thing, from trout fishing to corn husking next day; for it is corn husking season, and I'll warrant the farmers are at it briskly, and will give a merry party a right hearty welcome." They all responded to the trout fishing; and the duty of having every thing arranged for an early start, devolved upon Theodore, not without design.

At the starting hour, they found that Theodore, who never shrunk from a duty assigned him, had the amplest provision of tackle, bait, and attendants to see to the hooks; while Mrs. Eldridge freighted a ponderous ox-cart with all manner of refreshments customary on such excursions. Soon after the party set out, Bob Henderson and Harry Ridgley lagged behind in earnest conversation.

"What a cursed shame this is of Theodore, getting into this serious mood just in the midst of our pleasures," exclaimed Bob Henderson.

"Yes," replied Harry Ridgley, "it is a sad bore."

"I am afraid," resumed Bob, "it is going to interfere, altogether, with our amusements. It will depend entirely upon his humor whether we have any further sport while we remain."

"It was a sudden thing—was it not?" asked Harry.

That affair, yesterday, at Litz, came like a thunderbolt. It was a devilish piece of nonsense; absolutely rude to the company; to yield to it now, even if he felt serious. He might have had better manners, and waited until the party had dispersed."

"Cannot we make him ashamed of it in some way?" inquired Harry.

"Or knock it out of him," added Bob. "I detest these whining, canting proselytes, who are forever hanging their heads and apprehending death. Enjoy life, I say, while we have it. Life is short; meet death when he comes. Give me any thing but your effeminate, dough-mouth religious young men. I say, such men have lived long enough; and the sooner they are taken to heaven, the better."

"Do you really think he is in earnest, or only a momentary disturbance, which many a one has had for a short time as much as he has?" asked Harry.

"How?" inquired Harry—"ridicule it?"

"No," answered Bob, "we cannot attempt it. Respect for Mr. Eldridge precludes that. But I'll tell you how we may knock it out of him."

"How?" asked Harry.

"Theodore understands his position too well," added Bob, "being in his uncle's shoes to-day, not to make an effort to seem, at least, to be interested in entertaining his friends, whatever may be going on within his noddy. So let us put him on his *courtesy*, and each of us insist upon a glass of wine, three and again. Pass it around among the chums, and make a vigorous effort to do it up brown. We can floor him in an hour or two; and then farewell to his seriousness."

"That's an admirable idea," responded Harry. "Wine is the word. Mum."

They had scarcely reached the point at which they were to commence their angling, and which was to be their rendezvous, than Bob intimated the propriety, after a long walk in the damp morning air, to partake of some refreshment before they commenced their operations along the chilling mountain stream, to keep out the cold; in which he was seconded by many voices.

Theodore ordered the servants to make some lemonade.

"Lemonade!" exclaimed Bob, Harry, and a half dozen others. "Lemonade! on a fishing excursion! No, give us something more warming in such a chilly ravine as this."

"Then," retorted Theodore, "let the young gentlemen help themselves to what they may find, but make lemonade for the ladies."

"Lemonade for the ladies! laugh!" exclaimed Kate Kinlake; "I don't care a straw for lemonade without a stick in it. Give us punch—no chilling lemonade."

Before the lemonade was made, the young blades had the wine, cherry bounce and brandy out, incessantly claiming the courtesy of a glass with Theodore; which he, as often, politely declined; repeatedly asserting that his attentions were due to the ladies, and that he could not partake of any thing but what they, generally, partake of. They persisted in it as due to them, his uncle's guests; and Theodore as obstinately maintained that it was due to the position he filled on that occasion, not to enter upon any indulgence that might interfere with his duties, whatever might be his inclinations, of which he had not the slightest.

Foiled in their attempt, they went to the object of the day's excursion, considerably chagrined at their defeat, but determined upon it more than ever. So when they were gathered at the rendezvous for lunch, and were all seated round the rustic board, the admirable attempt was renewed to force Theodore into the exchange of civilities in a glass of wine. Failing in that game a second time, they dragged his lemonade. Detecting that shameful trick, he threw it aside without making any exposure before the ladies. They then commenced a sham forcing of each other to a tumbler of brandy under the "forking operation," as a pretext of doing the same with Theodore; but they signally failed again; for while he kept his temper throughout all their proceedings, he determined to show that he would not submit to such an outrage, and in the very onset let them understand so. It was a moment of intense, painful interest, while they, in affected sportiveness, determined, equally, to carry it out, and as two or three seized Theodore and pushed him up against a tree, and two or three more brought up the fork, against all the remonstrances of the ladies—against all their entreaties and remonstrances—at the beck of Kate Kinlake, who had been exerting all the energy of a military chieftain to make them desist in their rude effort—the servants sprang forward and delivered him from so ungentlemanly, so irreputable an outrage.

Failing in all but disgracing themselves, they attempted to pass it off as a joke; which they saw sat very ungraciously, and wishing to be released from their awkward position, the two originators, Bob and Harry, jumped into the ox-cart, and drove off at a furious rate, following and goading the poor oxen until they drove them, without being aware of any danger, over a stump on a heavy sidling, which overset the cart, and being thrown underneath, in the fall, Bob and Harry were both crushed to death, instantaneously.

I need but add, in addition to this tribulation, so suddenly executed on those rash young men, for their efforts to thwart the leadings of Providence, and the evident mockery of the Holy Spirit, that the party dispersed to their homes the next day. In proper time Theodore and Mary were united in wedlock; Theodore having consummated his vows to his Maker, by an open profession. They lived to a good old age, enjoying the smiles of a covenant-keeping God, in full tide of earthly prosperity and usefulness in society, and then were taken to the rest laid up for the faithful in the Lord. Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.

The Sabbath Recorder.

New York, December 21, 1854.

Editors—GEO. D. UTTER & THOMAS B. BROWN (T. B. B.)

"WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?"

The sacred writer, who propounds this question, gives a striking solution: "It is even a vapor, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

"What is your life?" A brief, evanescent thing; but fraught with eternal interests. The character is to be formed in it, which must determine our destiny—the principles to be acquired and cultivated, which will last forever.

Again, the solemn question, "What is your life?" presses itself upon our attention. What is it but a season for repentance—a portion of time allowed us to learn the great elementary principles which are to be developed in eternity.

Well, if our days must fly, We'll keep them all in wisdom's way, And let them speed their flight.

SUNDAY-KEEPING AT THE WEST.

The following extract from the correspondence of the Central Christian Herald shows that the Roman Catholics of this country, as well as those of Europe, regard the Sunday as a mere festival, not at all entitled to be kept with the strictness of the Bible Sabbath.

"It is an occurrence by no means uncommon, as I am informed, in this city, [St. Louis] especially upon the grounds adjoining their churches, to see upon the Sabbath both the clergy and laity engaged at the sports of the season—bat and ball, marbles and the like.

"The effect of this anti-Sabbath policy upon the masses is exhibited, as indeed it is in all our cities, in the extensive patronage bestowed upon the numerous pleasure gardens with which the city is environed, and

which, immediately after vespers, are thronged by them, and where drunkenness and revelry, to a greater or less extent, one very Sabbath, abound.

"O, can the eyes of the American patriot not see in all this an arguery of danger to our national character and permanency? And shall we sleep over this subject? What is true of St. Louis is equally so of Cincinnati and most of our cities; and our youth, ay, our people, are being contaminated by it.

"This same war brings out other forms of that universal observance of Sunday, to which we are called to surrender the unmistakable evidence of God's word. At home, Cabinet Councils have been repeatedly held for the consideration of preparations for the war.

In Scotland, year by year, it is quite evident that Sunday, theoretically and practically, is less and less regarded. On the Clyde, the Emperor steamer continued pleasure trips on Sunday all the past season, as it had done the season before—being generally well filled, and sometimes having immense crowds of passengers, notwithstanding the efforts made by the different court courts for its suppression.

The Alliance passed a resolution "expressing approval of the efforts which have been made by English Christians to benefit the Jews in Palestine."

pression of approval, there seems little reason for their limitation of it to the efforts of English Christians, when others are co-operating in the same good cause. A paragraph has appeared in our papers, however, of 300 German families in Wurtemberg—Gentile Christians, as we understand it—having besought their Government to use their influence with the Turkish Sultan to grant them land to settle in Palestine.

BRITISH CORRESPONDENCE.

GLASGOW, November 24th, 1854.

We are called to "love the truth and peace," and although the love of truth has been the precedence, we could sacrifice much of our ease and convenience and pleasure for the sake of peace.

There is, therefore, to be a first resurrection of all the saints which sleep in Christ when he comes. "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

The saints will rise and reign with Christ on the earth one thousand years before the rest of the dead will rise. See Rev. 5: 10. "And hast made us unto our God kings and priests; and we shall reign on the earth."

This thousand years' reign of Christ, "with all his saints"—the dead saints raised, and the living saints changed at his coming, (1 Thes. 4: 14, 17)—must be after his second personal coming; because, the present reign of wickedness will continue "until" his coming.

The glorious body of the saints at the first resurrection—"it is raised in glory." "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."

and his raiment was white as the light." Mat. 17: 2. "And behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem."

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST—NO. 3.

BY B. CLARK.

"Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin unto salvation." "Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years."

In an article in the Recorder of Oct. 19th, under the head of "Prophecy, No. 1," we find for some of the "landmarks of divine truth," that "the second advent, the general resurrection of both righteous and wicked, the burning of this present earth, and the final judgment, will all take place at one and the same time."

Let us, dear reader, watch and pray, and try to please God, that whether we wake or sleep when Christ comes, we may live together with him; to whom be praise, might, and dominion, now and forever.

LETTERS FROM PALESTINE—NO. 7.

JAFFA, Nov. 8, 1854.

By a private letter from Beirut, I hear that the Ottoman and his allies are victorious at Sevastopol, so far at least as to have surrounded and taken all the strong outposts of the city, and given the latter twenty-four hours to capitulate.

Doct. Smith, of Port-au-Prince, who was mentioned in my last as on a short tour in Palestine, returned from Jerusalem on Sabbath, the 14th ult., and took lodgings with us.

I notice by a paragraph in your paper of the 7th inst., that your correspondent "Vox" regards the dissolution of the Odd Fellows Lodges in this place of sufficient importance to herald the fact, exultingly, of "their happy exit;" they having, as he wisely informs the public, "died for the want of life."

The Annual Reports of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary and Tract Societies are published. Parcels have been put up for each church in the denomination, which will be forwarded by the first opportunity.

Our first rain commenced falling on the 29th ult., and continued at intervals for two days. On Sabbath, the 4th inst., we had a second rain. The gardeners ceased irrigating a week ago, the water of heaven having been given in great abundance.

"DIED FOR THE WANT OF LIFE."

I observed an article in the Recorder of the 7th inst., bearing this very graphic title, which conveys false intelligence, and is apparently characterized by a spirit of unkindness which demands a little gentle reproof.

Truth, in its simplicity, is a distinguishing characteristic of all good men, and is ever cherished in the hearts of all who love it; while hatred or malignity has no abiding place in the bosom of the just.

It is a beautiful trait in the character of any one, to do good to his fellow men, and the field is broad before him, inviting all his energies to that great and noble work.

These ideas are suggested by reading the article referred to. Had it contained nothing but truth in its simplicity, it would be hard even then to discover the necessity for its publication, creating as it would unnecessary ill feelings, without the hope of effecting any good.

DE RUYTER, Dec. 18, 1854.

I notice by a paragraph in your paper of the 7th inst., that your correspondent "Vox" regards the dissolution of the Odd Fellows Lodges in this place of sufficient importance to herald the fact, exultingly, of "their happy exit;" they having, as he wisely informs the public, "died for the want of life."

The Annual Reports of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary and Tract Societies are published. Parcels have been put up for each church in the denomination, which will be forwarded by the first opportunity.

DEATH OF DR. FAHNESTOCK.—The sad duty devolves upon us of announcing the death of Dr. Wm. M. Fahnestock of Bordentown, N. J., which occurred on the morning of Sixth-day last, at the Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia, whither he had been taken on the previous Second-day, in consequence of injuries received in falling down a flight of stairs in Second-st. The particulars, farther, we have not been able to learn.

Little thought we, in our pleasant interview with him some three weeks ago, that it was the last of the kind we should ever enjoy. True, in the course of that interview, alluding to articles for the press which he had in contemplation, he remarked that he felt urged to diligence by an impression that his time was short.

METHODIST MISSIONS.—The Western Christian Advocate furnishes the following encouraging statistics of Methodist Missions:—From the most authentic statistics, dating about two years back, we learn that the total strength of the evangelical missionary enterprises, throughout the world, in foreign lands, comprises 2,945 missionaries; 11,807 assistants; 333,604 church members; 31 native institutions; and 40 printing establishments.

The various departments of Methodism support 900 ordained ministers in the foreign field. These are assisted by 8,226 local preachers, catechists, interpreters, school teachers, &c. Under the pastoral care of the Methodist churches, are 165,972 church members, and 101,742 scholars in schools.

About one-third of all the missionaries of evangelical Christianity belong to the various Methodist churches. They have about one-half of the church members and scholars, and one-fourth of the printing establishments and native institutions.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE IN GERMANY.—In Germany, for a few years past, persons have frequently been subjected to fines and imprisonment for worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences.

It is a beautiful trait in the character of any one, to do good to his fellow men, and the field is broad before him, inviting all his energies to that great and noble work.

These ideas are suggested by reading the article referred to. Had it contained nothing but truth in its simplicity, it would be hard even then to discover the necessity for its publication, creating as it would unnecessary ill feelings, without the hope of effecting any good.

THE SPORTING CLERGY.

In "the supplement to the Bury and Norwich Post," bearing date Sept. 27, 1854, are published "The Game Lists for the County of Suffolk," England. In this first batch of Suffolk sportsmen there appear no less than forty-seven clergymen!

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.—The Washington Globe states that two spirited letters have been addressed to Louis Napoleon by English Christians, requesting that religious liberty might be granted to his Protestant subjects.

An interesting Slavery item is contained in the Detroit Advertiser, detailing the escape of fourteen chattels by the Underground Railroad; and stating that since the 6th of May last, 1,482 fugitives have crossed the river at that point for the soil of Canada.

General Intelligence.

Abstract of Proceedings in Congress.

SECOND-DAY, DEC. 11.

In the SENATE, Mr. Adams introduced a bill to establish a uniform rule of naturalization throughout the United States. The bill extends the term of naturalization to 21 years, and acts, prospectively, upon those foreigners only who may enter the United States after the passage of the act. The bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee. The correspondence concerning the arrest of the French Consul at San Francisco was called for. Notice was given of bills to improve Illinois River and Chicago and Wauegan Harbors; also to abolish the franking privilege. The Ocean Mail-Steamer appropriation bill of last session was taken up; but, after some discussion, it was laid on the table. This bill was passed by the House with a clause requiring the Postmaster-General to give notice of discontinuing the contract. This clause the Senate struck out, an effort to agree failed, and so the bill went over, coming up now as unfinished business.

In the House, Mr. Clingman asked leave to offer a resolution requesting the President to tender the mediation of the United States to settle the Russian war, but the House would not suspend the rules. A resolution to send a steamer and transport vessel to the relief of Dr. Kane met with the same refusal. Three days next week were set apart for business relating to the District of Columbia. Appropriations for the Army and the Military were reported from the Ways and Means Committee. The Pacific Railroad bill was put over to the second Tuesday in January, waiting for reports from the surveyors. A bill to improve the discipline of the Navy was referred. The President's Message was then taken up, and Mr. Giddings made a pungent speech on the remarkable fact that this is the first Annual Message in twenty-five years that says nothing of Slavery, finding reasons therefor in the overwhelming condemnation administered by the people in the late elections. Mr. Wheeler moved a Committee to look into the President's Graytown war, which the speaker thought was a violation of the Constitution on the part of the President. The motion was voted down. The Message was then distributed to the appropriate Committees, and the House adjourned.

THIRD-DAY, DEC. 12.

The SENATE made the reorganization of the Judiciary the special order for the 23d day of January. The joint resolution for the election of Chaplains was taken up, when, after a short debate, the Rev. Mr. Slicer, the present Chaplain, was re-elected.

FOURTH-DAY, DEC. 13.

In the SENATE, a proposition to entertain at the public expense the Convention of Soldiers of 1812, to meet during the winter at Washington, was referred. Mr. Badger's bill increasing the salaries of Judges of the Supreme Court, and raising the pay of Members of Congress from \$8 to \$12 per day, was introduced, and for the present laid on the table. A bill was introduced and referred to the Finance Committee, granting railroad pay duties three years time in which to pay duties on iron imported for railroad purposes.

In the House, the Judiciary Committee were instructed to inquire into the expediency of repealing the Usury Laws. The Public Lands Committee reported in favor of extending the California Land Commission. The House voted to print 15,000 copies of the Abstract of the Census for the use of the members. The House then went into Committee on the Indian Appropriation bill, when Mr. Mace rose to offer a bill restoring the Missouri Compromise line, and of course prohibiting slavery in Nebraska and Kansas. Mr. Mace supported his plan in a brief speech, saying that he meant the measure to bring the country back to the quiet produced by the act of 1820. His bill is an exact copy of the eighth section of that act. Remarks on the subject were made by several members of the House.

FIFTH-DAY, DEC. 14.

In the SENATE, bills were reported to increase the compensation of Land Registers and Receivers under the Graduation Act, and to establish a Military Hospital at Galena. The House resolution modifying the plan of the New Orleans Custom-House was adopted. Adjourned over to Monday.

In the House, memorials asking that an expedition be sent to the relief of Dr. Kane, were presented. A joint resolution was offered, authorizing the President to take measures to secure the building of a lighthouse on Cape Race. The Indian Appropriation bill was then taken up in Committee, and Mr. Stephens, of Ga., and several others, made political speeches.

SIXTH-DAY, DEC. 15.

The SENATE was not in session. In the HOUSE, the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation bill was reported, and referred to the Committee of the Whole. A bill for the improvement of Michigan City Harbor was referred to the Commerce Committee. The House then took up private bills, one of which was for the relief of the children and heirs of Baron DeKalb, for whom \$66,000 were voted. Memorials for the passage of the Homestead bill were presented, and then the House adjourned to Second-day.

A letter in the New York Commercial states that "the great drift of Arctic ice of the floe of 1853-4 has ceased, but Dr. Kane has not arrived, and fears are entertained for his ultimate safety." The writer, (Mr. E. Meriam), calls upon the public for an application to Congress that a steamer may be sent in aid of the gallant men who constitute the expedition. In accordance with the above, the N. Y. Chamber of Commerce unanimously decided on the 7th inst. to make the necessary application to Congress on this subject.

European News.

The steamer Pacific with European news to Nov. 29, arrived at New York, on the 13th inst.

Since the terrible battle fought at Inkermann on Sunday, the 5th of November, in which the allies lost nearly 4,000 men, and the Russians nearly 10,000, neither party has been in a condition to renew active hostilities. On that occasion both sides claimed the victory. The Russians were the attacking force; the battle raged from dawn till afternoon, when they retired to Sympheropol, from which they came—the allies being unable to pursue. The urgent necessity of reinforcements to the allies, to preserve the very existence of their army, has called forth an unwonted degree of activity in England and France, and ere this, reinforcements to the extent of 30,000 additional men, must be in position before Sevastopol. This will enable the besiegers to resume their attack. Reinforcements are in like manner, augmenting the Russian strength, and it is evident another great battle, or series of battles, must be fought, before the fate of Sevastopol be decided.

The Diplomats of Russia, Austria, Prussia, and the lesser Germanic States, are particularly active. England and France have, however, taken a higher tone than they have hitherto assumed, and have notified the German Governments that the western powers no longer recognize the four points as a basis of negotiations; also, that they intend to hold the Crimea, and will, in their own time, dictate terms of peace.

From the details of the battle of Nov. 5th, it appears to have been the most bloody yet fought in this war. One letter from the scene says:—"Toward evening I walked over the battle field; but I can never describe to your readers what it was like. Its horrors beggar all description—12,000 dead and wounded English, French, and Russians, lay upon the heights, and the groans and screams of agony were rising up from all parts. Alma was a mere skirmish to it. What made the scene worse, was, that the Russians from the ships in the harbor and the fortifications to the north were throwing a perfect storm of shell all over the field, killing their own and our wounded.

Another letter says:— "Now that we are able to think over the battle of Inkermann, we find our losses to be really alarming. Generals Torrens, Cathcart, Goldie, and Strangways were killed. Yesterday afternoon, near the camp, Lord Raglan and most of the chief English and French officers attended the funerals. Strangways was killed by a piece of a shell, which struck and burst in Col. Poulet Somerset's horse, close by Lord Raglan. The Guards have lost upward of 500 men killed and wounded, and 28 officers. The Coldstream Guards had eight officers killed. The 30th, 41st, 47th, 49th, and 55th are terribly cut up. The returns to-day give 38 officers killed and 95 wounded. Our total loss is 2,360. Upward of 8,000 Russians, dead and wounded, remain on the field of battle. Of these more than 5,000 are dead. Our Minie bullets have mangled the Russians in the same awful manner as at Alma. Nearly all our dead were killed by shot and shell. Some of them were so mangled as barely to be recognizable for human remains. It is awful to stand on one of the heights and look over the field. The ground is hidden by the corpses. Round the little battery which was taken and retaken so often, are 2,500 dead Russians. For about 50 yards around the outside of the battery the corpses literally lie two and three deep. Many of the wounded were afterward killed by the shells which the Russians threw from the forts to the north of the harbor.

A terrible storm occurred, on the night of the 14th, on the Egean and Black Seas. At Constantinople, the minarets of the mosque of the Sultan Achmet were blown down. At the mouth of the river Katcha, twelve transport-ships, belonging to the Allies, were wrecked, and the crews fell into the hands of the Russians. Two steamers and a screw-frigate were driven ashore, but got off. The weather continued very stormy until the 19th, and, if we are to believe Russian accounts, the Allies had lost no fewer than twenty-five transports and ships-of-war. Advice now to hand confirm the fact that, in the previous storm of Oct. 29, the Egyptian three-decker Muphtai Djeah went down, with the Admiral Hassan Pasha and 700 men.

A dispatch dated Constantinople, Nov. 20th, says:—Thirty-two English transports were lost in the hurricane on the 14th inst. The Prince and Sea Nymph foundered with all on board. Three mail steamers have been stranded. The Sanspareil was driven ashore, on fire from her machinery.

It is stated by the Frankfurt Post Zeitung that the Earl of Westmoreland and Baron de Bourqueney, in the name of England and France, have informed the Austrian Government that, whatever negotiations may be proceeded with, the operations against Sevastopol will not be suspended. Further, that the allies have resolved permanently to occupy the Crimea. From that Peninsula their forces would operate against Georgia, while the Turks, supported by the allied ships, would attack Anapa and carry on the war elsewhere in Asia.

The Slaveholders Caught. It seems, according to the Columbia correspondence of the Charleston Standard, that "an amiable gentleman, of the name of Reuben Smalle, who had the good or ill fortune to be born in Massachusetts, had been in the habit, for several years prior to 1851, of coming in the winter season, to the seaboard of the State to cut live-oak, and by the winter of 1851, he had so conducted himself as to have inspired certain citizens of Beaufort District with some distrust of his influence over the slave population in the neighborhood of his operations." What act or acts, if any, excited these suspicions, are not related. Mr. Smalle, accordingly, moved his operations to the neighborhood of Ashpole Ferry, in Colleton District. The citizens there determined to prevent him, and when he presented himself at Tar Bluff, to cut timber off the lands of Mrs. Elizabeth Pinckney—with whom he had made a contract to that effect—they ordered him away; but he returned, and began to cut. They then arrested him under a charge of larceny—"a rope having been found in his possession which belonged to a gentleman in the neighborhood"—and sent him to Waterboro' Jail. Under a writ of habeas corpus he was liberated, and, being discharged, commenced suits against the parties. These proceeded again on the

charge of larceny, under which he was convicted, and sentenced to receive five lashes. A pardon was offered him if he would pay the costs, (it would seem that his persecutors believed the accusation of larceny false,) and the prosecutors tendered him the money, which he would not receive, but took the whipping. This completed, he commenced suit in the Federal Court against "C. B. Farmer, J. A. Warren, Paul Frapp, M. Godfrey, and R. Reynolds, men of character and standing"—the prosecutors, as related. Mr. Pettigrew pleaded the cause of the poor wood-chopper, with such effect, that the Jury brought in a verdict of \$2,500.

Narrow Escape of the Steamer Washington.

The following account of the collision between the steamer Washington and an unknown brig in the English Channel, is from a private letter furnished to the N. Y. Tribune.

BREMEN, Friday, Nov. 24, 1854.

"When you, on Sunday, 19th Nov., about 2 o'clock, were sitting quietly together, you did not suspect that at the same moment the steamer Washington was involved in the same dangerous position by which, a few weeks ago, the Arctic and its passengers were destroyed. We were costily sipping our tea when the vessel received a powerful shock. Notwithstanding that three lanterns were lighted on the Washington, a brig under full sail had run against us, boring with his bowsprit a hole as large as a man in our left side, leaving therein the broken splinters of her bow. Striking us again, her broken timber bored, in another portion of the forepart of the steamer, a second hole, with such a force that the whole bowsprit of the brig remained in our vessel. Happily, this damage in the steamer was six feet above the water. You can easily imagine what an excitement seized upon everybody. But the officers did not lose their presence of mind; and the first thing ordered was to post a watch near the boats, armed with loaded pistols, to shoot any who should try to seize upon them without an order from the Captain. In the interior of the vessel the Chief Engineer directed the necessary repairs, and by his orders the holes were stopped with mattresses, outside. The captain himself, suspended on ropes above the water, worked for four hours, until the work was done. It was the first passage of the Washington under the command of Capt. Cavendy, and the passengers have every reason to be satisfied with his behavior. We could not ascertain what became of the brig, as she instantly disappeared in the darkness. This accident took place in the Channel, between Dover and Calais, as we could discern the light on both shores."

California News. Eight days later news from California has been received. The mining news continued favorable, though the miners were in some localities greatly in want of water, and were anxiously expecting rain, of which less than the average quantity has fallen thus far in the season.

Business at San Francisco, and at most places in the interior, was extremely depressed.

Advices from Oregon state that the numerous and powerful tribe of Indians called "Snakes," had commenced war upon the whites, and slaughtered a whole train of immigrants.

The advices from San Juan, represent the revolution in Nicaragua as still in progress; but we do not learn that either party has yet achieved any decided advantage.

The San Francisco papers record the loss of the whale-ship City of New Bedford.

A CURIOUS SURPRISE.—A letter from San Francisco relates a curious incident that occurred there a short time since. Her Britannic Majesty's exploring ship Plover arrived at San Francisco a short time since from the Polar Sea, where she had been ice-bound since 1847. When she left San Francisco, some years ago, it was a mere trading station, resorted to by a few vessels in pursuit of hides, and the town or place contained only a few adobe houses. The captain and crew of the Plover expected to find the same San Francisco in 1854 that they left in 1847. The captain, therefore, sailed into the bay without a pilot, and approached the city in the evening. He was much amazed at the numerous lights he saw. When he awoke from his dream of seven years, the next morning, he found a noble city occupying the site of the ancient San Francisco. He had known nothing of the Mexican war, and cession of California to the United States, and the many other great events that had taken place during the time he had been locked up in the frozen regions of the North.

At the funeral of the late Dr. Spencer, Dr. Spring said that a few days before his death, he said to him, "Brother Spencer, I fear you are going soon to leave us." "I think so," said he, grasping Dr. Spring's hand, and saying, "You see I am strong yet, and it is possible that I may rally; but these excruciating pains are fast wearing away my strength, and probably will overcome it before to-morrow morning." "Brother," said Dr. S., "it is peace?" "Yes," he replied, "all is peace."

It is stated that the incense alone, which is burnt in the Chinese empire, in the worship of their idols, annually costs \$90,000,000 sterling, or about five shillings (a little more than a dollar) for each man, woman, and child. At first sight, the estimate appeared to us extravagant, but, on a moment's reflection, we conclude that it may be near the truth. All this is expended on a ceremony which neither informs the mind nor educates the heart.

The Journal of Missions states that a revival has been in progress in China; twenty-seven persons have been baptized at Amoy, by the missionaries of the American Board and of the London Missionary Society, and much interest was manifested at the public meeting of the missions. Fifteen miles from Amoy, things are said to be still more hopeful—a remarkable reformation, under the labors of Mr. Burns, an English Presbyterian, having broken out.

The American Missionary says that some of the missions of the Society of which it is the organ are in great need of reinforcements. The Jamaica Mission ought to have three or four additional missionaries and assistants soon; and the African Missions are greatly crippled in their efforts for want of additional ministers and teachers.

SUMMARY.

Messrs. Tiffany & Co., of Broadway, have nearly completed a large and excellent clock, in front of their new marble store near Prince-street, which is to be illuminated at night for the benefit of the public. The clock is supported by a Hercules figure nine feet in height; the dial or face of the clock is five feet in diameter, with very distinct hands and figures. At night it will be lighted by a large number of jets of gas, properly blended by five reflectors, so that thousands of persons in Broadway will be able to tell the time at a glance. The movements, which are of the best kind, and such as to insure the most accurate time, are in the third story of the building. The whole affair costs about \$3,000.

Among the recent applications for Patents at the U. S. Patent Office, there is one for the employment of a new material for the manufacture of printing and writing paper, articles in so great demand at the present time, both in this country and in England. The supply of the usual raw material has been found inadequate to fill the orders for paper. The raw material is the pith and fibre of the sugarcane. This is said to combine the desired qualities of strength, toughness, and of being very white, while the supply is inexhaustible, and the article very cheap.

One day last week Archibald Henderson, a long-bearded man, was found in West Broadway, New York, flourishing a formidable sword, much to the danger of any who approached him. He was taken into custody by Officer Fowler, of the Fifth Ward, and, on being arraigned before Justice Bogart, informed that functionary that he had been commissioned by the Almighty to slay 20,000 men on that day, and he meant to do it. The magistrate committed him as a lunatic to the charge of Dr. Covil, of the City Prison.

A dispatch dated Boston, Friday, Dec. 15, 1854, says: Wendall Phillips, Esq., appeared in the U. S. Circuit Court this morning, and gave bail in the sum of \$1,500, to appear in March next to answer the charge of resistance to the U. S. Marshal at the time of the Burns rendition. At his request the following persons were allowed to become his bondsmen: Messrs. Geo. W. Phillips, H. I. Bowditch, R. E. Aphor, Samuel May, C. M. Ellis, and Francis Jackson.

A statement of the results of Miss Lind's Concerts in the United States shows that the total receipts from 95 concerts, (including three given in Havana, were \$712,161; from 35 concerts given in New York, (exclusive of the two devoted to charity,) \$286,217, or an average of \$8,177 50 each. According to the contract with Mr. Barnum, his gross receipts were \$355,486; Miss Lind's net avails, \$176,675.

The Chicago Tribune of Dec. 12th says:—On Sunday evening, about 9 o'clock, the seventeen fugitives from Missouri, whose attempted arrest created such an uproar in our city last week, marched to the depot of the Michigan Central Railroad in a body, took a car especially provided for the purpose, and arrived safely at Detroit on Monday morning. By this time, we suppose, they are under the protection of Queen Victoria and the British Constitution.

Wm. J. Brown, secret Post Office Agent, has succeeded in detecting J. M. Watson, the Postmaster at Rawborough, in robbing the mails which passed through his hands. Various losses of letters on the line west of Chillicothe, have recently occurred; and to ascertain the office at which the stealing was committed, a plan of operation was adopted which led to the arrest of Watson.

It is stated that the profits of the People's Line of steamboats on the North River, for the year 1854, will foot up to over a quarter of a million of dollars. From the opening of navigation to the close, the boats of this Line have had more patronage than room. The Merchant's Line, composed of the Hero and Manhattan, have also done a good business. Their profits are put down at \$60,000.

The whole amount expended on the Pennsylvania Railroad for outfit and invested in real estate is \$16,700,000. It is believed the receipts of the road for the year will not be less than \$3,500,000. Deduct for expenses 50 per cent., \$1,750,000. Net receipts, \$1,750,000, or about 10-1-2 per cent. profit upon the whole outfit, \$6,200,000 of which are permanent loans at 6 per cent. per annum.

A pair of three-year old steers sold the other day, at Bull's Head, New York, for \$450. They were full-blood Durhams. One was white and the other a red roan, the red predominating. Both were very fine in the bone. We think, as did all that saw them, that they were the finest pair of beavers ever offered in this market. The weight of beef in each was estimated at about 15 cwt.

Cornelius Vanderbilt is now building two steamers, upon the plan of the North Star, to ply from New York to Havre or Liverpool, which will be ready for sea in the course of the coming spring. It is said that he intends, within the course of 16 or 18 months, to have six or eight additional steamers put upon the Atlantic to ply between New York and Havre or Liverpool.

Mr. Pease, at the Five Points, in New York, has adopted a good plan for the benevolent to feed those who beg for food, instead of giving them money. He has issued tickets, which are sold ten for a dollar, each one of which will entitle the bearer to a good meal, whenever it is called for, at the Five Points House of Industry.

The failure of Messrs. Hill, Carpenter & Co., of Providence, R. I., is reported. They were very extensively in the wool-trade, supplying manufacturers, and the depressed state of that interest has injured their credit for some time past. The amount of their liabilities is variously stated, and is probably about a million and a half of dollars.

It is predicted by the weatherwise, that the ensuing winter will be unusually stormy, marked by heavy falls of rain or snow, or both. The prediction is based upon the fact that about the same amount of water falls to the earth each year, and as much less than the usual proportion has fallen during the last six months, the balance is to be made up this winter.

Eleven thousand three hundred and twenty-one swine were received in the city last week, over the New York and Erie Railroad. They were mostly from Ohio. At a fair estimate the hogs averaged 160 pounds each, or 1,698,160 pounds—which, at 6d. per pound, is \$101,389 for swine over a single route in the space of seven days.

A dispatch dated Philadelphia, Saturday, Dec. 16, 1854, says: Yesterday afternoon the engine "Wisconsin," while drawing a coal train on the Reading Railroad, exploded near Manayunk tunnel, instantly killing George Long, engineer, of Baltimore; John Lynch, fireman, and Chas. Miller, of Dauphin Co., and seriously injuring a lad, and a passenger who resided near Reading.

A freight train came down on the 14th inst., on the Central Railroad, from Buffalo, consisting of forty-eight freight cars, loaded to their utmost capacity. It was said by those on the road, to have been the heaviest train which ever passed over it. It was drawn by two of the most powerful engines employed on the road.

R. J. Lamborn, of Chester Co., Pa., lost fifteen head of bullocks, worth a thousand dollars, as it was thought, from eating acorns; the tonic acid of which produced constipation and a disease resembling dry murrain. Wild cherry-leaves, which contain Prussic acid, will produce the same effect.

A new diving-bell, the invention of one of the engineers of the Neapolitan navy, was tried lately at Naples. It remained 3 hours under water at a depth of 50 feet, with 3 men inside, who regaled themselves with a breakfast during that time.

The sudden closing of Lake navigation, by the late storm, has locked up in the Welland Canal some 185,000 bushels of Wheat and Corn, with thirty-six vessels bound eastward. Besides these, there are some twenty vessels at Port Dalhousie and Gravelly Bay.

The State Treasurer of Michigan has given notice that he shall sell at private sale or at auction, within twenty days from the 7th inst., so much of the stocks deposited by the Government Stock Bank of Ann Arbor as will be sufficient to redeem the outstanding circulating notes of said Bank.

A dangerous shipplaster has been put in circulation in the shape of drafts, in the similitude of bank-notes on the Merchants' and Mechanics' Bank of Owego, an institution which failed some time since. They were signed by a Mr. Somers as drawer.

The ship Niagara, Capt. Drummond, of New York, which sailed from New Orleans on the 24th Sept. for Venice, was abandoned at sea on the 24th of Oct., in lat. 29, lon. 68. Capt. Drummond and one sailor arrived at New Haven in the brig Etowardo, from Barbados.

Yet another boat has gone to the shades in the Mississippi, near Cairo. The steamer Hudson, in command of Capt. R. B. Hughes, bound for New Orleans; struck a snag in the Mississippi about two miles above Cairo. No lives were lost.

The Brenham (Texas) Enquirer of the 28th ult. has the annexed announcement: "We learn that a number of persons were baptized by immersion on Sunday last, at Independence, among whom was Gen. Sam Houston."

James W. Nye, of New York, has been appointed Receiver of the Lewis County Bank, before whom the creditors of the bank must prove their claims by the 20th of the present month.

New York Markets—December 18, 1854. Ashes—Pots \$6 50; Pearls 7 25. Flour and Meal—Flour 8 25 a 62 for common to good state, 8 31 a 9 25 for Old Michigan, and Indiana, 10 75 a 11 75 for extra Genesee. Eye Flour 7 37. Corn Meal 4 31. Buckwheat Flour 4 75 a 5 00 for 100 lbs.

Grain—Wheat 1 85 a 1 95 for Western mixed, 2 28 for white Michigan, 2 50 for prime white Genesee. Rye 1 40 a 1 42. Barley 1 30 a 1 38. Oats 54 a 56c for Western. Corn 35c for Western mixed, 36c a 1 00 for old round yellow.

Provisions—Lard 15 50 for prime, 13 50 for mess. Beef 5 25 a 7 00 for country prime, 8 25 a 11 00 for country mess. Dressed Hogs 6 1 a 6c. Lard 103 a 11c. Butter 14 a 20c for Ohio, 20 a 25c for State, 25 a 28c for Orange Co. Cheese 10 11c.

Hats—90c. a 2 60 a 2 75 per bbl. for Western reds; 3 12 a 3 37 for Merces and Carsters. Seeds—Clover 10 1 a 11c. Timothy 2 75 per bushel for good reaped. Rough Flaxseed 1 80 for 56 lbs. Yarrow—12c. for city rendered.

Wool—28 a 30c. for native, 42 a 45c. for American Saxony Fleeces.

MARRIED. Near Jaffa, Palestine, Oct. 28, by Elder Wm. M. Jones, Mr. FRANKLIN WELLS, a Graduate of the University of Rhode Providence, to Miss MARY ELIZABETH, daughter of Mr. Walter and Mrs. Sarah Dickson, late of Groton, Mass.

In Clarkville, Madison Co., N. Y., Nov. 11th, by Eld. Joshua Clarke, Mr. JAMES B. HARRIS, of Bridgeport, to Miss SARAH WADSWELL, of Plainfield, Otsego Co.

In Crosswicks, Pa., Nov. 18th, by Eld. A. F. Randolph, Mr. T. W. BRANDY, of Alfred, N. Y., to Miss E. B. STEELE, daughter of Deacon Stelle, of the first-named place.

In Brookfield, N. Y., Dec. 5, by Eld. S. D. Gardner, Mr. LAUREN A. GHAZE, of Penn Yan, to Miss F. J. LAVERNA OLARK, of the former place.

In Adams, Dec. 11th, 1854, by Eld. Jas. Sumnerbell, Mr. JOSEPH S. COO, of Pottersburg, Seneca Co., to Miss SARAH DONALD, daughter of Mr. George Armsbury, of Adams.

In Alfred, Dec. 10th, by Eld. D. E. Maxson, Prof. A. R. CORNWELL, of DeRuyter Institute, to Miss B. A. WILLIAMS, of Alfred, N. Y.

DEED. In Williamsburg, L. I., on the morning of the 7th inst., ESTHER ANN ROGERS, daughter of David Rogers 2d, of Waterford, Ct., aged 24 years. She had been confined to her room several weeks with a fever, but was not considered in immediate danger until a short time before her decease. Though death came suddenly, it had no terrors for her. She took leave of her parents, brothers, sisters, and friends, with the composure of one going on a pleasant journey, comforting them with the assurance that she esteemed it better to depart and be with Christ.

In Brookfield, Madison Co., N. Y., on the evening of the 7th inst., suddenly, of disease of the heart, Mrs. DEBORAH MASON, wife of Mr. Henry Mason, aged 49 years. Sister Mason experienced religion when young, and united with the 1st Seventh-day Baptist Church in Brookfield; where she retained her membership until one year since, when she, being located in the vicinity of, united with the 2d Seventh-day Baptist Church of Brookfield, where she remained a devoted member until by death she was removed from the militant to the triumphant church. J. C.

LETTERS. Joshua Clarke, J. E. Orandall, L. O. Moss, E. B. Adams, A. F. Randolph, N. V. Hull, B. F. Langworthy, Hamilton Clarke, L. E. Babcock, D. E. Maxson, J. C. Green, W. T. Morgan, W. B. Maxson.

RECEIPTS. FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER: James Money, DeRuyter \$2 00 to vol. 11 No. 52 O V Hibbard, Brookfield 2 00 11 52 David Babcock, Leonardsville 2 00 11 52 James Allen, Alfred Center 2 00 11 52 Lake G. Witter, Wellsville 2 00 12 30 J. C. Green, Evansville, Ind 1 00 11 52

FOR SEVENTH-DAY BAPTIST MEMORIAL: Josiah Witter, Wellsville, vol 3 \$1 00 Josiah Witter, Brookfield, vol 3 4 2 20 N. V. Hull, site of bond vol 1 2 23 Orra Stillman, site of vol 1 50

WILLIAM M. ROGERS, Treasurer.

Board Meetings.

THE next Quarterly Meeting of the Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary, Tract, and Publishing Societies, will be held at No. 80 Seventh-st., New York, on the first Thursday in January, 1855, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

Yearly Meeting.

THE next Yearly Meeting of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches in New Jersey will be held with the Church at Marlboro, N. J., commencing on Saturday before the fourth Sabbath in December, 1854.

W. C. WHITEFORD, Secretary.

Western Association—Executive Board.

THE Executive Board of the Western Association will meet at Independence on the first Wednesday in January next. Persons having communications for time previous to the meeting, as it frequently occurs that the reports are not received till after the meeting is had.

E. R. CLARK, Sec. of Board.

Savory's Temperance Hotel.

TELEGRAPH DINING SALOON, No. 14 Beekman Street, N. Y.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS OF THE DAY. LODGING ROOMS, From \$2 to \$3 per week, or 50 Cts. per Night.

BEILA SAWYER, Supr. JOHN S. SAVORY, Proprietor.

Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet.

A New Ballad for Yankee Doodle—by Brother Jonathan. To every body, far and near. What has this Yankee nation, Who has been ruling it in the land, This piece of information:

Chorus.—The Cabinet is just the thing For every body, far and near; There's nothing like it in the land, That's making such a noise, sir.

Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet (the name scarce fits its jingling measure) Is the young people's magazine, That yields unceasing pleasure.

Among its rivals, 'tis the best; It beats the whole to pieces; 'Tis made by "Uncle Frank," for all His nephews and his nieces.

It treats of strange and curious things, In nature and in art; There's nothing wondrous in the world That here plays not its part, sir.

It tells its readers, now and then, Of virtuous men and women; Of beasts and birds of flight, too, And of the sea they swim in;

Of travels, voyages, and deeds Of peril, and of poetry, In fable and in story.

It hunts for curiosities In near and distant places, And pictures, rare, rich and rare, Its treasury embraces.

Its riddles, puzzles and charades, Too numerous are to mention; The time would fail me to rehearse The things that claim attention.

Whoever reads its pages o'er, (There's no mistake about it,) Is sure to find, ere he is aware, He cannot do without it.

'T is issued every month, you know; And please the Editor, too. The volume now has just commenced, 'T is finished next December.

And by the way, 'twere well to note Another circumstance, sir: For one whole year, you've but to pay One dollar in advance, sir.

So please the money now enclose To Woodworth, New York City, One hundred eighteen Nassau street— And I will end my ditty.

THE publishers of such newspapers as receive this notice, are requested to give the foregoing ballad (not including the notice) two or three insertions in their first insertion in their literary department. To those who comply with this request, the undersigned will send one copy of Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet for two years, or two copies for one year, at the option of the publisher, respectively. D. A. WOODWORTH.

Now is the Time to Subscribe.

FOR the best Young People's Magazine in the Union, J. Woodworth's Youth's Cabinet, under the editorial care of Francis W. Morris, Esq., of "Uncle Frank," enters upon the tenth year of publication with the issue of the January number. The Editor and publisher have determined to celebrate this decade in the history of their magazine, by a larger expenditure upon it of money and

