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THREE HAPPY CHILDREN.

A GLIMPSE AT A CONTENTED FAMILY.

I saw a child's paradise last summer. It happened in this way. I was rambling in a retired neighborhood, not very remarkable for beauty of scenery or tasteful dwellings. The farm-houses were neatly painted, and the barns had an air of well-to-do plenty, but the scantiness of ornamental trees and shrubbery was somewhat singular. However, in a back street or lane, I came upon a house almost hidden behind hedges, evergreens, climbing honeysuckles, and fruit trees. It was unpretending, of a quiet color, but its expression (every house has an expression) was cheerful. Feeling tired, I said to myself, "What a good time they must have eating cherries here! I would like to stroll in and rest in this green spot."

Just then, a large black dog sprang out, and startled me very much. "He won't hurt you, he never bites"—and there, holding him by the tail, stood a spirited boy, perhaps five years old. His bright brown eyes were softened by lashes so long and black, that they shaded his cheeks, and made his face handsome without regular features.

"Nep barks at peddlers, but he never hurts ladies," said the boy, gallantly. Desirous of an interview, I asked, "Could you give me a glass of water? I am thirsty." "With the greatest pleasure—shall I bring it here, or will you come into the house with me? Mamma isn't at home, but Katie is."

I inquired, "And who is Katie?" He looked surprised, as if I ought to know. "Why! Katie is my sister; she's older than I am, and can ride on horseback—most nine years old."

"Are you and Katie the only children?" "No, indeed! We have a little brother, but he hasn't got to be a boy yet—he wears dresses."

The child's innocent politeness was so enticing that I accompanied him to the house. Here I was disappointed. I expected to see a dainty, white-muslin-curtained interior, with pretty hanging baskets and crocheted tidies, etc. Nothing of the kind—but as much contempt of the ornamental within as there was profusion of it without. A well-worn oilcloth upon the hall floor; no carpet on the stairs, and in the parlor—not an article claiming to elegance, except, perhaps, the piano, at which Katie sat practicing.

Katie did not in the least resemble her brother. She had that kind of hair that is "gold in the sun and brown in the shade," and those changeful gray eyes which, without claiming to be the most beautiful, are the most expressive. I must own her nose was *en peu retroussé*, but her mouth was bewitchingly dimpled, and kept pace in expression with those thoughtful eyes. She was shy to awkwardness, and evidently glad to run and bring the glass of water, leaving the boy to entertain me.

Having drunk, I reluctantly arose to go—sorry I had no excuse to remain longer. My little beau said: "Why! you haven't seen the baby—come up into the nursery, and I'll show him to you."

He took me by the hand with such an irresistible manner that I accompanied him Katie leading the way with a pleasant look, but saying nothing.

As the nursery door opened, I seemed to be peeping into a fairy paradise. Looking to the east, it had evidently been chosen as the most cheerful room in the house. Little shelves and brackets were in every side and corner, covered with the bright accumulations of many Christmases and birthdays.

Upon a fleecy mat sat a child hardly two years old, with eyes as blue as robins' eggs, and in great glee over a turtle in a basin of water. The turtle was not larger than a quarter of a dollar, but his lively motions filled the child with ecstasy as he shouted, "turtle! turtle!" The nurse, a comely young woman, sat sewing. Occasionally she caught a fly and threw it into the basin. The tiny turtle would seize it, biting off first the head, then the body, and lastly swallowing the wings. This was a cruelty which I could not resist, but the enthusiasm of the baby was extraordinary. He shook his yellow hair and clapped his fat hands, squealing with delight. From the baby and his extemporaneous aquarium my eyes wandered about this room.

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

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WHOLE NO. 873.

place; but what struck me with astonishment were the walls of the room. They were covered, not with whitewash, nor paint, nor fresco; but from floor to ceiling were pasted engravings! The effect of the black and white was so startling and peculiar, for a moment I thought of some crazy man's fancy; but soon I discovered "method in the madness." Around the base of the room, within range of yearling vision, was a menagerie of all kind of animals. Baby, following the direction of my eyes, ran pointing with his sharp forefinger, saying, "See! I'll show you the horses, cows, and goats. His brother called me to a toad-fish, a sea-snake, and all kinds of ships, boats, and steamers. Katie, forgetting her shyness, pointed out Sancho Panza fighting the wind-mills. She introduced me to John Knox, preaching before Mary, Queen of Scots, and, in a few enthusiastic words, touched of that grand old man's character, and her eyes grew black as she pointed out the shadowy temple of fame in Oole's "Yoyage of Life."

Every door was wreathed with bright flowers, every window was bordered with colored pictures of pleasant scenes in the life of our Saviour.

Among all those pictures (and I suppose there were six hundred, large and small) I saw no battle-piece, no scapling Indian, no witch of Endor, no nude stage dancer, no vulgar caricature—nothing that could suggest frightful dreams, or tell those young minds of aught but peace and purity, pleasure and beauty, in the world.

"What a capital idea for combining cultivation with amusement for these children!" I thought; and I asked, "Who made these walls so pretty?"

"Papa brought home the pictures, and mamma pasted them up. Last winter papa thought he must go to the city to live, and he was going to sell this place, but we cried so about leaving our nursery and all our pictures, papa gave it up."

Happy children! undazzled by the toys, dress, and artificial novelties of New York city, you have the pure taste to choose your gingham aprons and your country home—a home where your welfare is evidently the first consideration!

Happy children! with your birds and flowers, insects, books, and pictures, you are not studying nature at second-hand, but with your own clear eyes; and I believe Agassiz himself could learn some natural history from your acute observation.

Happy children! may you grow up as virtuous as you are innocent, as active as you are intelligent, as benevolent as you will be cultivated.

Sweet sister and brothers, sheltered there from vexation and temptation! I felt when I passed out of the gate as if I left you in the Happy Valley of Rasselas.—Independent.

A RAT-TRAP AGENT.

The following is a part of a Saturday evening's experience of a minister, as related by himself, in the Western Christian Advocate: In this way, as I proceeded down stairs, I made up my mind that I should not encounter a book agent. The moment my eyes rested on the "gentleman with a big carpet-bag," I knew that he was not an agent for one of our many benevolent institutions—they often call on Saturday night—for he had neither the smiling business air nor the immaculate linen of that class of public servants. Indeed, I was at a loss to know what his mission was. He did not, however, in compassion I am sure, suffer me to remain a long time in doubt. "He was a brother minister—not now in the itineracy; had located on account of affliction"—a hearty, keen-eyed man he was. "He was compelled to remain in town over Sunday, and did not like to remain at the hotels, for they were not conducted on temperance principles. Perhaps—he did not want to put me to any trouble—perhaps I could find him a place with one of the brethren, or perhaps—he did not want to put me to any trouble—perhaps—but no, he ought not to impose on one who did not get too large a salary." There it was. How I wished there was a hotel in town conducted on temperance principles! I am sure there ought to be one for the protection of preachers.

I groaned inwardly, as you may suppose—for, poor selfish mortal that I am, I thought of myself. I wished again that there was a hotel in town conducted on temperance principles. Then there came a dim consciousness that I was not exercising Christian charity—certainly not practicing patience. Indeed, I began to pity my poor brother, and wished that I had better accommodations and a fuller larder; and I really regretted that there was not a hotel in town conducted on temperance principles, where he could procure better accommodations. I was nearly ready to confess that I was a miserable sinner, when he pulled a book out of his side pocket, and said he would like to read me something he had written on the proper mode of baptism. He had been, he said, after the Campbellites for more than twenty years, and now he had an argument that would end the controversy. I was glad that the controversy was to have an end, but was sorry that I was to be in at the death.

He read the lengthy manuscript as if he knew I liked it. I will do him the justice to say, that he read it well, and that the argument was a good one; but I think it will not end the controversy. I was glad when he put up his book, and began to breathe naturally. Giving him the freedom of the parsonage, I was hunting up the proper form of words to excuse myself for the evening, when he hurriedly produced the book again, asking if I had ever read a poem of his "cutting up the Universalists."

He read the poem. Do not understand me to indorse the composition as a poem. I noticed that it made breeze rhyme with trees, and love with above, but I did not hear much of it.

I think he had something else that he wished to read to me, but I suddenly recollected that there was to be a meeting of the trustees of the church, and that I was constitutionally president of that honorable body. It was a happy thought. I would show the brethren that, however delinquent I had been in the past, I was not lacking in interest in all the affairs of the church, temporal and spiritual. So I gave my brother the evening newspaper, informed him of my engagement, and surprised the board of trustees. The question before them was, How shall we make the collections equal

the expenses? I think that I have heard the question discussed before, and it may be have taken part in such discussions, but I never before entered into it so heartily. I could have remained till midnight—all eyes were in bed—yes, even till all in my own house had gone to bed.

"You preach to-morrow, as a matter of course?" said Bro. B., as we dispersed late in the evening.

"Well, I do not know exactly," said I. "Bro. X. is stopping with me, and I presume that he will expect an invitation to occupy the pulpit a part of the day at least."

"Bro. X.!" he exclaimed. "Why, bless me! Bro. X.! You don't mean that man about town, peddling patent rat-traps?"

"Peddling rat-traps!" "Yes, peddling rat-traps." "Well, that does rather alter the case." "I should think it did."

"Oh! how I wished there was a hotel in town conducted on temperance principles. But there was none. So I concluded to practice patience."

"Perhaps," I ventured in a quiet tone, "you are mistaken, Bro. B." "Not a bit of it, sir. A tall, rather good-looking man, with a big carpet-bag. There was no mistaking it; the identity of the man was established; the identity of the man was established. I groaned—not inwardly this time. I wished there was a rat-trap—what was the use of wishing? I must practice patience. I did so; but I fear there was no virtue in it, as it was from compulsion, not choice.

I can hardly remember how I got through the Sabbath. He undertook to explain to me a new plan of unfolding the Book of Revelation, but a call to a very sick man happily relieved me from the fearful infliction. He thought my morning sermon could have been improved in the first division of the subject. I coincided with him in opinion, but did not ask him to mend it. He had, he said, an original sermon on the text I preached for at night. I took it for granted, and did not ask him for a skeleton of it. I don't think much of original sermons—they are apt to be sensational.

Do you believe it, he left on Monday morning with many thanks, but did not even offer me a rat-trap? I don't like to have tried one of his rat-traps.

SUPERIOR PEOPLE.

It is curious how many men soothe themselves and avoid coming down, or mitigate the pain of doing so, by secretly cherishing the belief, that in some one little respect they are different from, and higher than, all the rest of their race. And it is wonderful how such a reflection has power to break one's fall, so to speak. You don't much mind being only a common-place man in all other respects, if only there be one respect in which you can fondly believe you are superior to everybody else. A very little thing will suffice. A man is taller than anybody else in the town or parish; he has longer hair; he can walk faster; he is the first person who ever crossed the new bridge; when the Queen passed near she bowed to him individually; he was the earliest in the neighborhood who got the perforated postage-stamps; he has the swiftest horse in the district; he has the largest cabbages; he has the oldest watch; one Smith spells his name as no other Smith ever has known to do. It is quite wonderful how far it is possible for men to find reason for cherishing in their hearts a deep-seated belief that in something or other they stand on a higher platform than all the remainder of mankind.

Few men live who do not imagine that in some respect they stand alone in the world, or stand first. I have seen people quite proud of the unexamined disease under which they are suffering. It was none of the common maladies that the people round about suffered from. I have known a country woman boast, with undisguised elation, that the doctor had more difficulty in pulling out her tooth than he ever before had in the case of mortal man.—Recollections of a Country Pastor.

TAKES NO RELIGIOUS PAPER.

Who takes no religious paper? A member of the church, and quite a leading man in the congregation to which he belongs.

Is he a poor man? No; he carries on a large business, and makes money faster than most of his brethren. If he were poor, there would be some excuse for him.

Is he an intelligent man? Well—yes; he takes one or two, or perhaps more, political papers, and is well posted up in political matters. You might as well think to turn the sun out of its course as to convince him that anything is wrong which his party advocates. And he wants everything done in the church according to his way, and he is perfectly sure his way is the way things were done in the purest and best times of the Reformation.

But he knows nothing about the missions of the church. He does not know where she has missions established among the heathen. He could not tell you whether they have done any good. He could not tell you whether a descendant of Abraham has been converted these fifty years. He knows nothing about how other congregations in his own church are getting along. So when one member rejoices he cannot rejoice with it, and when another member suffers he cannot suffer with it.

ENIGMATIC.

I am composed of six words and twenty-nine letters. My first word contains half as many letters as my second, one-fourth as many as my third, one-half as many as my third, two-fifths as many as my fifth, and one-third as many as my sixth. My whole is a Proverb, and a solemn warning to those who are accustomed to utter my fourth.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA.

"Keep my commandments and live." Proverbs 7: 2.

PROCRUSTES was, in mythology, a robber of ancient Greece, who placed on an iron bed the travelers who fell into his hands, which their stature was made to fit by cutting off projecting limbs, or by stretching them to suit its dimensions; whence the metaphorical expression of the Bed of Procrustes.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

Never any more,
Till my broken dream of life
Is swallowed up in death,
I shall look upon my wife.
I prayed that she might live,
But my prayers could not save,
For here I am alone,
And she is in the grave.

It seems as age to me,
Since I saw the coffin there:
They were off, and I,
A face within the square!
A pale and passive face,
Sweet lips without a breath:
How beautiful of sleep,
How terrible if death!

Lifted up the child,
In her little morning gown;
But she turned away her head:
The lid was then screwed down.
The coffin was borne out,
In the blinding light of day,
The black hearse moved on,
And the coaches drove away.

We stood around the grave,
And the solemn prayers were read,
Then the heavy earth
Was shoveled on the dead!
As it struck the coffin lid,
With a dull and dreadful sound,
It seemed to strike my heart!
—They led me from the ground.

But all is over now;
And it almost soothes my pain
To think, whatever comes,
She cannot die again!
The blow has fallen; I know
The worst that death can give:
The worst of life's to come,
For I must learn to live!

What shall I do to live?
I will play a busy part,
Ply my subtle brain,
And forget my stricken heart!
Go again on change;
Buy, and sell, and scheme;
Fit my ships for sea;
Do anything but dream?

I know the day will pass,
In the bustle, and the light;
But how can I endure
The coming home at night?
No watching at the pane,
No meeting at the door,
No loving, wifely kiss,
No Alice any more!

Sad will be the nights
In my silent room alone,
Before the ruddy gray,
No chair beside my own!
No little hand in mine,
No tender words or sigh:
Only this broken life,
This barren prayer to die!

But I forget my child:
She shall sit upon my knee,
And I will talk with her,
For that will comfort me.
She has her mother's eyes,
For child's little knee,
When I kissed her so to-night,
I kissed her mother too!

A FESTIVAL SUNDAY AND CIVIL PROSPERITY.

BY THE REV. J. L. HATCH.

(Concluded from last week.)

The next nation Mr. Beekman mentions is that of Holland and the Netherlands, who have established their national independence, and whose fleets have "swept the ocean." "These Netherlands," he asserts, "loved the Sabbath, and only when French infidelity, under the mask of liberty, had overrun the country, and forced upon Holland the decades, did the glory of our Fatherland depart."

It is astonishing that the Hon. Secretary should be so poorly posted in the history of his "Fatherland." He ought to know that Sunday has never, since the Reformation, been regarded by the people of that land otherwise than as a festival of human appointment, on which all innocent games and sports might be enjoyed after service. He ought to know, if he does not, that the first and foremost reason given, in 1620, by the Puritans, for leaving Holland, where they had lived ten years, was in the language of their Secretary, Morton, that the Dutch were so "settled in their way" (of keeping Sunday as a festival) that "they could not bring them to reform the neglect of observance of the Lord's day as the Sabbath."

Calvinist as he is, Mr. Beekman should have known that the Synod of Dort, which established Calvinism in Holland, refused to establish a Sunday-Sabbath, though repeatedly urged to do so by the deputies from England and Scotland, who, as Brandt tells us in his "History of the Reformation," declared themselves greatly scandalized by the "gaming" (playing of games) which they witnessed there on Sunday. The most the Synod would say was, that "such diversions as are contrary to religion" ought to be abstained from on Sunday; but as to the Sabbath, as enjoined in the Fourth Commandment, they declared it to be "abolished."

This was in 1618, and the French Revolution, which introduced the decades, was not until the latter part of the next century.

Again, our Minister at the Hague, Hon. H. C. Murphy, in a recently published letter, states that "all classes" there spend the afternoon and evening of Sunday in a recreative and festive manner; and adds, "The observance of Sunday is probably much the same now that it was 250 years ago, except that the progress of science and art has brought new modes, perhaps, of recreation."

While Mr. Beekman then has, in this case, instanced a nation which is "strong" to a certain extent, he has not mentioned one yet, that has observed Sunday as the Sabbath, or in any such manner as the Committee designate by the term "holy."

Germany is the next nation alluded to by Mr. Beekman, as corroborating his theory. Luther, the father of the Reformation in Germany, he says, having "retained some of his conventional education, failed to enforce the obligation of the Sabbath, and therefore he left a crippled church," etc. His former illustrations have been cases of alleged strict Sabbath observance, rewarded by a condition of prosperity and strength. Now, on the other hand, he presents a case of an opposite character—Sunday observed "as a festival," and, as he says, a nation made weak and demoralized thereby. The modern Jews are a bright and shining example of the benefits of Sabbath observance; but the Father of Protestant Christianity, and the people who followed him as a Reformer, are a warning of the sad effects of deserting the Sabbath by observing it as a festival!

Without pausing to consider how pleasing this contrast must be to the two thousand German Lutherans who were recently gathered into Cooper Institute to sustain the "Sabbath Committee" and its zealous Secretaries in their crusade in favor of Sunday

Laws, let us inquire if Mr. Beekman's representations with respect to Luther and Germany, are any more in accordance with historical truth than those which have preceded it, respecting the Jews, the Waldenses, and the Dutch.

In the first place, with regard to Luther's "Conventional Education." Mr. Beekman holds that his education in the Romish convent at Erfurt was the source of his free ideas of Sunday observance. Nothing can be farther from the truth. As already stated, in connection with the Waldenses, the Roman Church, for several centuries prior to the Reformation, was very rigid in its required observance of Sunday. Thomas Aquinas and the Schoolmen of the thirteenth century had introduced the quibbling distinction which the Puritans three hundred years after adopted, that the Fourth Commandment was ceremonial as to the particular day enjoined—the seventh—and therefore that particular day was no longer obligatory; while the duty to keep one day in seven was moral, and remained in force under the Christian dispensation. And, moreover, they held that, in the New Testament, to use the very words of Aquinas—"Sabbatum mutatur in diem dominicum"; that is, the Sabbath is changed into the Lord's Day. With Aquinas agreed Bonaventure, "the seraphic doctor"—Tostatus, Bishop of Avilla—and all the Schoolmen of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. With them agreed the Canonists; and so extremely rigid were the Sunday Laws of that time, (preceding the Reformation,) as established by the Romish Ecclesiastical Councils, that not only were dancing and other sports strictly prohibited on Sunday, but to travel on business was made a mortal sin; and barbers were forbidden to shave their customers, and cooks to wash their dishes, on that day. In such strict Sunday-Sabbatarian doctrine was Luther educated. When he came to read the Bible for himself, however, he found no such transfer of Sabbath obligation from the seventh to the first day of the week; but, as he thought, the New Testament clearly taught that under the Christian dispensation the Sabbath was abrogated, and all distinction of days abolished. Thus he taught, in the face of the decisions of the Roman Councils; and this was one of his "heresies," as the Romanists reckoned, but an important part of the Reformation, as he and the other Protestant Reformers esteemed it. To this point we have the testimony of both Luther and Melancthon, in the "Augsburg Confession," of which they were the authors. In this they say that those who consider that "the observance of the Lord's day has been substituted for that of the Sabbath," do "greatly err"—"the observance of a Sabbath having been by the New Testament 'left to our own choice'"—and add, that "these errors crept into the church at a time when the righteousness of faith was not taught with sufficient clearness," and that those whose consciences are still ensnared by such "traditions," are "ignorant of the righteousness of faith and Christian liberty." The Romanists are here plainly referred to. Calvin is, if possible, more express; for in his Institutes, writing of the Fourth Commandment, he denounces the Romanist clergy as those "false prophets" who have "infested the people with a Jewish notion, affirming that nothing but the ceremonial part of this Commandment (which, according to them, is the appointment of the seventh day) has been abrogated, but that the moral part of it, that is, the observance of one day in seven, still remains." And with Luther and Calvin agreed Beza and Zuingli, Thomas Cranmer, Martin Bucer, and all the rest of the Protestant Reformers of the sixteenth century—Bucer going so far as to declare, in his "Commentary on the Apocalypse," that to hold "working on the Lord's day" to be "a sinful thing," is not only a superstition, but "an apostasy from Christ." These things being so, what shameful ignorance, or, if not, what knavish duplicity, does it prove on the part of Mr. Beekman, to represent that it was on account of his retaining "some of his conventional education" that Luther "failed to enforce the obligation of the Sabbath."

I have devoted so much time to this point, because it is one of the greatest importance. As Rev. Dr. McIlvaine, of Princeton College, a staunch Presbyterian, has been compelled to acknowledge, our Sunday Laws are "opposed to the fundamental principles of Protestantism, as well as those of our national and State Constitutions."

But, to proceed, is Lutheranism that weak and "crippled" thing which the Secretary would have us believe? Far from it. In Europe alone, Hayward estimates their number as "twenty-seven millions—embracing seventeen reigning sovereigns." This estimate includes the Moravians, who have united with the Lutherans as to their general system of doctrines, including their anti-Sunday-Sabbatarian views. Lutheranism is the established Church in Sweden and Norway, but its members most abundant in its early home in Germany, to which nation we are now indebted for the fruits of our ripest scholarship and for our freest ideas, both in politics and religion. The Lutheran "crippled church" of Germany is "strong" to a certain extent, he has not mentioned one yet, that has observed Sunday as the Sabbath, or in any such manner as the Committee designate by the term "holy."

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Laws, let us inquire if Mr. Beekman's representations with respect to Luther and Germany, are any more in accordance with historical truth than those which have preceded it, respecting the Jews, the Waldenses, and the Dutch.

In the first place, with regard to Luther's "Conventional Education." Mr. Beekman holds that his education in the Romish convent at Erfurt was the source of his free ideas of Sunday observance. Nothing can be farther from the truth. As already stated, in connection with the Waldenses, the Roman Church, for several centuries prior to the Reformation, was very rigid in its required observance of Sunday. Thomas Aquinas and the Schoolmen of the thirteenth century had introduced the quibbling distinction which the Puritans three hundred years after adopted, that the Fourth Commandment was ceremonial as to the particular day enjoined—the seventh—and therefore that particular day was no longer obligatory; while the duty to keep one day in seven was moral, and remained in force under the Christian dispensation. And, moreover, they held that, in the New Testament, to use the very words of Aquinas—"Sabbatum mutatur in diem dominicum"; that is, the Sabbath is changed into the Lord's Day. With Aquinas agreed Bonaventure, "the seraphic doctor"—Tostatus, Bishop of Avilla—and all the Schoolmen of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. With them agreed the Canonists; and so extremely rigid were the Sunday Laws of that time, (preceding the Reformation,) as established by the Romish Ecclesiastical Councils, that not only were dancing and other sports strictly prohibited on Sunday, but to travel on business was made a mortal sin; and barbers were forbidden to shave their customers, and cooks to wash their dishes, on that day. In such strict Sunday-Sabbatarian doctrine was Luther educated. When he came to read the Bible for himself, however, he found no such transfer of Sabbath obligation from the seventh to the first day of the week; but, as he thought, the New Testament clearly taught that under the Christian dispensation the Sabbath was abrogated, and all distinction of days abolished. Thus he taught, in the face of the decisions of the Roman Councils; and this was one of his "heresies," as the Romanists reckoned, but an important part of the Reformation, as he and the other Protestant Reformers esteemed it. To this point we have the testimony of both Luther and Melancthon, in the "Augsburg Confession," of which they were the authors. In this they say that those who consider that "the observance of the Lord's day has been substituted for that of the Sabbath," do "greatly err"—"the observance of a Sabbath having been by the New Testament 'left to our own choice'"—and add, that "these errors crept into the church at a time when the righteousness of faith was not taught with sufficient clearness," and that those whose consciences are still ensnared by such "traditions," are "ignorant of the righteousness of faith and Christian liberty." The Romanists are here plainly referred to. Calvin is, if possible, more express; for in his Institutes, writing of the Fourth Commandment, he denounces the Romanist clergy as those "false prophets" who have "infested the people with a Jewish notion, affirming that nothing but the ceremonial part of this Commandment (which, according to them, is the appointment of the seventh day) has been abrogated, but that the moral part of it, that is, the observance of one day in seven, still remains." And with Luther and Calvin agreed Beza and Zuingli, Thomas Cranmer, Martin Bucer, and all the rest of the Protestant Reformers of the sixteenth century—Bucer going so far as to declare, in his "Commentary on the Apocalypse," that to hold "working on the Lord's day" to be "a sinful thing," is not only a superstition, but "an apostasy from Christ." These things being so, what shameful ignorance, or, if not, what knavish duplicity, does it prove on the part of Mr. Beekman, to represent that it was on account of his retaining "some of his conventional education" that Luther "failed to enforce the obligation of the Sabbath."

spread there rapidly, in the first half of the 17th century; and in 1643 we find the Scots Commissioners in the Westminster Assembly most clamorous for a rigid Sunday Law, which, when secured, began to be enforced with strictness in Scotland by the Puritan Presbyterians, and has continued so in great measure to this day. Now then, at last, Mr. Beekman has instanced a nation which has kept with surpassing strictness the day which he holds to be the Sabbath, as Sabbath—not "as a festival," but as a fast.

Let us see if the result is what he claims. Scotland was once an independent nation. In her wars with England, she was conquered and annexed to the British Empire, so that her laws are made for her, not in Edinburgh, but in London. As a separate nation she has, politically, no position or influence. Again, Scotland is notorious as a land where drunkenness and licentiousness prevail.

How is this, if the strict observance of a Sunday-Sabbath has taught Scotchmen such "self-denial, self-control, and conscientiousness"? I need not mention the well-known statistics of Scotch drunkenness. But with regard to licentiousness, I will quote from the Edinburgh Witness of Jan. 26th, the testimony of Dr. Strachan, a distinguished physician of Dollar, who says, "After a careful consideration of the records of my own practice for many years, and the registers of this and the neighboring parishes, I am convinced that of the first children among the working classes, not less than 90 out of every 100 are either illegitimate or are saved from this reproach only by the marriage of the parents within a short period of the birth of the child." Such facts evince a wonderful amount of "self-denial and self-control," truly! Scotland has produced, it is true, some great men; and among these Mr. Beekman mentions, very properly, Sir Walter Scott and Baron Macaulay. But both of these distinguished men repudiated the strict Sunday-Sabbatarian principles in which they were educated, as Robert Chambers and many other eminent Scotchmen have also done. In the first volume of his History of England, Macaulay thus characterizes the sabbatizing of the English and Scotch Puritans: "In defiance of the express and reiterated declarations of Luther and Calvin, they turned the weekly festival by which the church had from the primitive times commemorated the resurrection of her Lord, into a Jewish Sabbath... Morals and manners were subjected to a code resembling that of the synagogue when the synagogue was in its worst state. The dress, the deportment, the language, the studies, the amusements of the rigid sect, were regulated on principles resembling those of the Pharisees, who, proud of their washed hands and broad phylacteries, taunted the Redeemer as a Sabbath-breaker and a wine-bibber." Mr. Beekman can make nothing in favor of his theory from the history of Scotland or the fame of Macaulay.

But the Hon. Secretary comes at last to England and the United States as striking examples of the truth of his proposition, and he quotes the testimony of the church historian, Merle d'Aubigne, who says that the reason why the people of the United States are "increasing more and more in power and importance," is found in the fact that "they are the sons of the Puritans" and that "the severity of England as to the Lord's day" is "an imperative condition of the greatness and power of her people."

These are indeed powerful nations. They are usually reckoned as two of the four leading political powers—the other two being France and Russia. Of these last two, Mr. Beekman has not one word to say. He ignores completely the undeniable fact, that they both observe Sunday "as a holiday," and yet retain their position as "the leaders, the strong, the prosperous," among nations—in defiance of his pet theory.

Then, with regard to England and the United States, there is every reason to question Mr. B.'s assumption, that the high degree of prosperity they have undeniably attained to has been owing to their strict observance of Sunday. For, during the last half century, as the Sabbath Committee themselves assert, the desecration of the Lord's-day by games, sports, pleasure excursions, etc., has increased so rapidly in both these countries, that there is great danger that the Puritan Sabbath will in no distant day be completely supplanted by "the Continental (or festival) Sunday." Yet these last fifty years have been a

ses; and yet, if we may credit official statistics, not only has that State been more prosperous than ever in material wealth, but drunkenness and crime have proportionably diminished. In 1859, the Police Records (as quoted by the San Francisco correspondent of the N. Y. Times) show that in that city the cases of "drunkenness" and "disorderly conduct," "assaults," "burglaries," etc., were not only less than before, but far less, in proportion to the population, than in New York City, where, during the same time, the "Sabbath Committee" and "Metropolitan Police"—Church and State—were diligently at work enforcing the new, and reviving the old, Sunday Laws.

In 1834, the Municipal Ordinances of the City of New York, which prohibited Sunday recreations, were repealed, and have never been reenacted. The great fire of 1835, the "Sabbath Committee," in their first "Document," gave us to understand, was a judgment of Heaven upon us for that thing. To which supposition Wm. C. Bryant, editor of the N. Y. Evening Post, thus appropriately replied: "If this is a specimen of the logic and theology which the Committee would bring to bear on the remedial question, we trust that they will stop where they are. . . . True, we had a great fire in 1835, but has this country been ever so prosperous, to all human appearances, as it has been ever since? Was it ever apparently so strong, so rich, so thrifty? Has it ever made such rapid progress in intelligence, and in all the arts of peace, as it has made since those Sunday Laws were repealed in 1834? There is not half as much reason for saying that the fire of 1835 was sent to punish us for violating the Sabbath, as that our subsequent prosperity was sent to reward its violation."

Let me add, that if the last three or four years constitute some exception to the great prosperity which our city and country have enjoyed, this just coincides with the time which has elapsed since the passage of some of the old ones by the Metropolitan Police, during which time the "Sabbath Committees" of this and other cities have been in full operation.

If, therefore, this "logic of paganism," as Mr. Bryant appropriately calls it, is to be adopted, we insist upon it, that the indications of Providence are decidedly adverse to the revival of the Sunday Laws, and to the operations of the "Sabbath Committees."

Against the testimony of the church historian, Merle d'Aubigne, I put that of another equally distinguished church historian of our times, Dr. Gesler, who, in treating of the religious condition of the United States, says, that instead of genuine religion, there is very prevalent here a showy but base imitation of it, which he calls "religiosity"—the peculiar feature of which is, that it is very strict with regard to "creeds," and "Sunday observance," but, at the same time, very lax, not only in the elements of true Christian virtue, but in the requirements of common morality. Milton tells us, in his History of Great Britain, that the same vice morality and real immorality prevailed among the Sunday-Sabbatarians of his day in England; and William Penn also animadverted upon the "ingrain hypocrisy" of that Puritan age. This testimony I believe to be true, and that, just as the rigid observance of the Sabbath by the Pharisees in the time of Christ was pointed out by him as a sign and evidence, not of true spiritual health, but of religious rottenness, so the strict observance of Sunday by the Puritans of our times may justly be regarded as the index and proof of religious demoralization.

It may be well to add, in this place, the testimony of another and the chief of our modern church historians, the learned Neander, in favor of Sunday as a festival. In his Ecclesiastical History, (Vol. I, Sec. 3,) he says: "The festival of Sunday, like all other festivals, was always only a human ordinance; and it was far from the intention of the apostles to establish a divine command in this respect—far from them, and from the apostolic church, to transfer the laws of the Sabbath to Sunday." This statement corresponds with those of the most eminent of the early church historians, Eusebius and Socrates, and with the sentiments of the Christian Fathers in the first and purest ages of the church.

Mr. Beckman's last argument is, that the personal history of statesmen, lawyers and others, who have worked on Sunday—like "Lord Londonderry and Romilly"—and have not been down or made insane in doing so, proves that a strict Sabbath rest is a necessity for individual, and consequently for national, welfare. Rest and relaxation are indeed necessary for the weary body and brain. If overtaxed for days in succession, they need extra time for recovery. But recreation is what they need—not simple rest—not yet the turning of labor from secular to religious affairs. The man who has exerted his brain to the utmost in his law-office or counting-room during the week, needs, when Sunday comes, to lay aside for the most part all brain labor, and instead of addressing himself to the most serious and thoughtful subjects, to unbend his mind by social recreations and healthful sports.

Our most eminent physicians are unanimous in demanding for this people more recreation. Dr. Dixon of this city, Editor of *The Scalpel*, ascribes no small proportion of the sickness, insanity, and early death, which are around us, to our Sunday gloom, and the extent to which ascetic religionists frown down innocent amusements. In a recent lecture on "Crime and Insanity in America," he says: "I boldly aver, that it is false and constrained morality—the Sunday gloom of the American, and the deprivation of public amusements of a natural and rational character—that embitters the young heart against society and its fanatical regulations, and turns the mind inward to prey upon its own morbid feelings. If our youth were encouraged to seek rational pleasures of a varied and exhilarating nature, the morbid and exhausting influence of tobacco-chewing, liquor-drinking, gambling, and other horrid and nameless vices, would not have left their seats upon the faded faces and tottering legs of so many of our American youth." This is unquestionably true. But this evil is by no means confined to youth. Persons of mature years need recreation, as positively, if not as frequently, as children and youth. Dr. Justin Edwards, Hon. Benj. F. Butler, and others of our most distinguished men, have, within a few years, gone down to an untimely grave, the acknowledged victims of constant exertion, unvaried by recreation and amusement. It was not the want of sleep, or of mere physical repose, that killed them. It was the lack of lively and exhilarating amusements—out-door and in-door recreations—which would divert and refresh both body and mind. Six days of the week they devoted themselves too closely to what they regarded

Sunday came, and their overworked faculties demanded a day's recreation, they were still held to labor and serious thought—the only difference being, that then the labor was exclusively in what were thought to be religious matters, and, as a matter of conscience, the little refreshment found on other days in an occasional laugh at some comical story, or a joke, perchance, cracked with a passing friend, was carefully abstained from.

Thus I have endeavored, and as I think successfully, to show that the Secretary of the "Sabbath Committee" is mistaken in every point of his attack upon a festival Sunday. He seems to have exactly reversed the pages of history in studying its lessons, and interpreted the authors he has consulted and interpreted the authors he has consulted and interpreted the authors he has consulted and interpreted the authors he has consulted.

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increase. In conforming itself to the exterior worship adopted by the Norwegian Church, Hauger and his party abstained from dividing it."

The Sabbath Recorder.

New York, April 11, 1861.
GEORGE B. UTTER, RESIDENT EDITOR.

THE KANSAS MISSION.

The importance of missionary labor in the western fields is too easily underrated. If a spring burst forth from the mountain side, its waters seek out their winding way down through the valleys and plains, until strength is added by other rivulets, and the channel of a river is fixed for ages. So in the formation of new societies, there is a tide of influence, beginning from causes apparently trifling in importance, but widening and deepening and reaching out to eternity. As the waters of the rivulet may be changed in their course by a furrow from the plowshare, and forever after flow in the changed channel, so may the current of influence in a community be given a guiding hand, which may leave its impress through successive generations. It may flow towards heaven, and lead all within its influence through the flowery plains of temperance, knowledge, and religion; or, it may flow towards death, and blight all the better impulses which might arise. Hence, how important that a field so promising in its outlook should be occupied by an able and experienced pilot.

To preach the gospel on the Sabbath is but a small portion of the duties of a missionary or evangelist in a field like Kansas. The first and chief element of his mission may be to preach righteousness, and show himself an unspotted herald of the cross of Christ.

The second part of his work, in importance, is to look after educational interests. It requires experience and skill to select the latitude and longitude, and choose out the time and manner of building up an educational institution. Sixteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims, they founded Harvard College, and inscribed on its walls the motto, "For Christ and the Church." The first echo of the hammer still rings over the nation. The first ripple of the stirred waters has not yet reached the shore, or been lost in the tumult of waves.

The third item in the work of such a missionary is to meet the "isms." In an older country, there may be less importance attending this branch of the labor. But in a new country, where the united strength is weakness, a jargon of faith and labor is vital in sequence, and often fatal to the triumph of religion. That these stumbling-blocks should be overcome in the spirit of Christ, is no argument that they must not be met on scientific, historic, and scripture grounds. That a man can be found competent for the work, admits of little doubt.

The self-denial and sacrifice which must be encountered are great. The amount of toil and foregoing of life's dearest privileges, that have been the portion of those who have labored in forming the societies that already exist in the West, can be fully known only when all things are known. Yet it has been said of old, "One soweth and another reapeth."

As a field, in importance of missionary work, Kansas is scarcely second to our China mission. Let him who is called to the work beware of the excuses he frames, and look well to the importance of the work. If it is a work of denial and toil, the day of harvest and glory will come. With what grandeur did the ancient Gaulish tribes lift up their sovereign, and bear him upon their shields. How much grander the spectacle, where a nation lifts its sovereign to his place of honor and power by their votes. Yet infinitely more sublime, where a Christian people sends forth a messenger of peace and joy to bear the gospel to a destitute land, borne up by their prayers and words of cheer. How glorious the work! How promising the reward! May God speed the day when the work shall begin!

A LOVER OF ZION.

HOME NEWS.

Milton, Wis., March 25th, 1861.

The Winter Term of Milton Academy has just closed, and in one respect, at least, it has been a term of much pleasure. Christians may well rejoice over it. About two hundred students have been in attendance, and many of that number, who were, at the beginning of the term, either indifferent on the subject of religion, or looked upon it with contempt, have been brought to a saving knowledge of the grace of God, and many more, we believe, have been aroused from their indifferent condition. About the middle of the term, there seemed to be an unusual working of the Holy Spirit among us here at Milton. Our weekly prayer-meeting at the Academy became impressively interesting, and it was immediately determined to have two meetings a week instead of one. They were both well sustained until the term closed, and many of us, as years roll away, will look back to those precious seasons they were.

But the interest has by no means been confined within the academic walls. At the two First-day meetings—held in the place, meetings have been held, night after night, for some time, and the large audiences, the earnest prayers, the heartfelt exhortations, the penitential tears of the backslider and sinner, the rejoicings of newly-converted souls, all bear me out in saying, that those meetings have not been in vain.

The closing exercises of the term were good. The examination of classes commenced on Monday, and lasted until Thurs-

younger gentlemen's society—Philomathean—held a public session. Tuesday evening was spent in a prayer and conference meeting. Wednesday evening, the Ladies' Literary Society entertained a large audience; and on Thursday evening, the Orophilian made a public display of its literary attainments. An hour or two on Friday morning was spent in a kind of school-conference meeting, and really it was a trying and an affecting scene. Four teachers had finished their labors with the institution—two of whom had stood in the school for years as prominent pillars, and were indeed much beloved. Now was the time for saying farewell. And, if tears and choked utterance indicate strong emotion, many strong hearts were deeply stirred. Thus passed the last week of the term, and it will be long remembered by many. The places made vacant by the departing ones have been promptly supplied, and on Tuesday, April 2d, the Spring Term is to commence, and things will probably again move along with their accustomed order and interest.

ALFRED.

The Spring Term of Alfred Academy opened on the 20th of March. The *New Era* speaks of the attendance as being less than in previous years, but larger than was expected in view of the financial embarrassments of the country. The Literary Societies appear to be engaged with laudable zeal in settling the important questions of the day. At their late meetings, one of them discussed the question whether the evacuation of Fort Sumter would disgrace the country, and another discussed a resolution affirming the "duty of the several States to ratify the proposed amendments to the Constitution of the United States." On the 1st of April, the country around Alfred is said to have worn the appearance of December; the ground was frozen, and strong winds were whirling the falling snow in every direction.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

On Sabbath-day, April 6th, a barn in the vicinity of Plainfield, N. J., belonging to Clarke Rogers, Esq., was burnt, together with a quantity of hay, grain, and farming utensils. Loss about \$600, on which there was no insurance. It is supposed that a stroller had stopped there to rest, and perhaps to smoke a pipe, from which the destructive spark fell.

On Sunday night, April 7th, the clothing store of Mr. J. Vermeule, in Plainfield, N. J., was robbed of a large part of the goods made up, and some goods in the piece.

LETTER FROM MRS. CARPENTER.

SHANGHAI, 3d Jan., 1861.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

Our last letters to you were mailed two months since, and I fear mine must have appeared before you in a sadly unfinished state, for a severe attack of neuralgia just then unfitted me for a revision of it; and if I recollect right, it had not even a signature. But this perhaps you would not miss, more than you would an announcement of my name, if I were suddenly to appear before you—no danger of mistaking personalities in either case. My intention then was, to give you, in my next, a sort of review of our Shanghai life, from the time of our return up to date—and so on. But, upon thinking back, I believe Mr. Carpenter has given you all items of general interest on that score, both public and private, so all this need not be told again; and I am glad of it, for as far as the people are concerned, there has been little that was pleasant to record. Wars and rumors of wars have been long the order of the day, and it is still the same, although here, just now, we have no immediate fears of trouble, and console ourselves with the thought that we are quite safe, while so many foreign troops are quartered in and around Shanghai. So, as is natural to us, we long to forget the past for a season, allowing ourselves to dwell only upon what is cheering in the present, or bright in the future prospect of affairs. Yet are we at liberty thus to solace ourselves?—we who live in China, in the midst of "a nation scattered and peeled, meted out and trodden down," for all this is as literally accomplished here, as if it had been spoken only of this Empire.

But I commenced this with the intention of passing by every thing from the time of our landing, July 2d, to the date of my last letter, Nov. 6th. Neither am I going to "fill my fellow-creature's ears with the sad tale of all my" sufferings, during the two terrible days that followed the writing of that unfinished letter. Those two days of prostration were succeeded by a third for the better, and found us decided to set off, as early as practicable, for a trip into the country. We were to be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, of the Baptist Mission. We were to go in two little native boats, one for each family, and to set out on the following Tuesday morning. The arrangement was made on Friday, so there would be just time to allow of all needful preparation for a trip of eight or ten days, involving the baking, boiling, stewing, and packing, incident to such an excursion. For you must know, as I think I once told you, that our boats are our castles for the journey. At this season of the year, the weather being cool, we find it quite convenient to provide in advance for our table comforts, leaving only the lighter duties of boiling rice, preparing tea, etc., to be done on the boat.

So Tuesday morning found us early afloat, intent on a pleasure excursion—to say in search of health, might be nearer the truth; and there was still another object, even more absorbing than these—we meant, and we said so among ourselves, to go to Suchan, to pay our respects to the rising dynasty; but we did not talk this out, for fear of a failure. And then, again, we were hardly doing the proper thing, according to

grance to a higher law, and to the great Lawgiver we looked for protection, and so set off.

Our course should have led us up the Wampu, but there was "a lion in the way." The imperial fleet were stationed somewhere on the river; so, after a little, our boats struck off into one of the numerous canals that intersect this great alluvial plain, constituting, as they do, the highways of China. The higher awnings to the boats were soon pulled down to allow of passing under the frequently recurring bridges; but the boatmen did not care for that, as the weather was delightful, neither too cold nor too hot. Our present route would take us past "The Hills," thirty miles distant. The banks in many places were high, and being invitingly near, we occasionally indulged in a stroll, keeping in advance of the boats. But we had, as it proved, one walk too many, for in stepping down a slope, to cross a little stone bridge, my foot slipped, and a severe sprain to my ankle was the consequence. Nor was I at all aware how severe it was, until, upon removing my gaiter, I found that without the support which its close-fitting elastic springs gave, I could not step upon my foot at all. This was a sad dilemma for an ambitious body, who was beginning to glory in the prospect of becoming a "representative woman;" for certain it was, that the two Mrs. C.'s would constitute the first foreign female embassy to the rebel quarters. Nor did it diminish their feeling of self-importance at all, that they were self-appointed. They had their honorable staff, their two husbands, and they felt that nothing was wanting to add to their dignity. What, but a fall, could follow the indulgence of such pride?

That night we anchored our two boats side by side, at the little village of Sz-Keung. It was near the same place where, with our associate missionaries, brother and sister Gardner, we had anchored in our trip to "the Hills," long years ago—our first and only visit to this notable place of resort in days gone by. But we did not choose to go very near them now, as the imperialists have a station there, and their gaudy-colored banners are seen flaunting on the brow of the nearest, some miles distant. We slept securely, beneath the sheltering wing of the little town, although, coming and going as we did, with the shadows of the evening and morning to conceal us, the protection afforded had been entirely undreamed of, doubtless, by all the dreamers in that sleeping town. As we passed around, one or two more hills rose in sight, that had showed themselves on our former visit. These hills are singular elevations, rising abruptly out of the broad flat plain, like bowls of various sizes, turned upside down upon the even surface of a low green table. Two of them have temples on the summit, and one a leaning tower half way up, with many tombs scattered here and there over the whole, probably, hills being the favorite burial places in China, while they are shunned as dwellings for the living.

The country everywhere showed a most abundant harvest not yet garnered. The inhabitants are sparsely scattered, and quietly pursuing their avocations, spite of the imperial oppressors on one side, and the rebel invaders on the other, for all this country round about is still, as it has lately been, disputed ground.

About noon we were at Songkeang, the late scene of repeated contest and conquest, although now in the possession of the Emperor's officials. The angel of destruction has swept violently over this town, as well as hundreds of others, and the suburbs, like ours at Shanghai, are in ruins. We passed one temple laid waste, whose gods still sat there, looking stupid as their stupid worshippers, and as houseless, but better than they in this, that they felt and cared nought for the desolation that had come upon either.

The two C.'s addressed the crowds of people on shore from their boats, which were drawn up to the jetty, when suddenly there was a strange dispersion among the throng, which vanished like clouds before the sun, and there was a whisper of trouble ahead. Our boatmen hastened away, but the alarm preceded us, for the cry had gone out, of rebels at Songkeang, and for miles it was flying like wildfire. The people in some places, were actually beginning to flee for safety. The boatmen, not understanding fully that we were ourselves the cause of all this excitement, and supposing the usual route, by a large canal, would be unsafe, now struck off into a smaller one, which, however, would lead us aright; only involving the necessity of having two small bridges removed that our boats might pass through. At the first, the people held themselves aloof, through suspicion of us, and our boatmen got up on to the bridge, removed the plank, by unfastening the bolts at each end, replacing them again after we were through, the people in the hamlets standing paralyzed spectators of the scene. At the next, they were about doing the same, when one citizen, more daring than the rest, came up and kindly offered to remove the planks for us. It was but the work of a moment, and when finished he received our hearty thanks, to which Mr. Carpenter added a bonus of a hundred cash, which he at first politely declined, and then as politely accepted. It really seemed a talisman of good; he went off in high spirits, and so did we, feeling that the evil spirit had been cheaply laid, for once. But the thorns thus strewn in our path, continued to spring up for a long way after, giving abundant proof how fast reports can circulate in China. The people seem to constitute one great electric chain, extending through the length and breadth of the empire. We now see how it is, in part, that affairs at Pekin, even, are frequently reported in Shanghai, in advance of steam, and by our circuitous route. The remainder of

often with much more accuracy than the narratives of that popular reporter of Christian lands, the renowned individual, "They say."

The second evening found us anchored, as the first had done, side by side, for better protection against robbers; for "Chang-tan," rather than "Chang-moon," is the watchword here. Our anchorage was at the entrance to the Maw-oo lake, and we passed the night quietly, not even passing to and from each other's boats as usual, and talking softly in our own cabins, lest the birds of the air should carry the news of our whereabouts to some lurking pirate craft, or robber horde, somewhere in the Empire, and the penalty be visited on our incautious heads.

At daylight we were away, crossing the beautiful lake, which was evidently much enlarged by the late rains, so that the adjoining rice-fields had been submerged, their boundaries being marked by the high paths, that showed themselves above the surface of the water. Farther in were bamboo fences, built zigzag through the shallow lake, standing as so many warnings to emigrant fishes, marking their boundaries, and saying to them, Thus far, and no farther. But as if fishes were slow to take hints, there were men in boats, striking their bamboo gongs, to wake them up to duty; result not known to spectators. And so, between the beautiful scenery without, and the homelike duties of the household within, we were quietly dividing our time, when lo! up comes the other boat, taking its station along side, as we slacken sail; we are harnessed together, as if for a strong pull, and to the question, "What does it mean?" comes the answer, "The imperial fleet are just ahead." We look out, and there, on opposite banks before us, behold their banners, waving out their cautions to passers by; but where are the guards?—where the sentinels, and the army—where? "Echo answers, where?" and we pass on; all is over. We follow the course of the beautiful river. The country is richly cultivated; the destroyer has not defaced its beauty; but we proceed cautiously, and at ten o'clock, on this our third morning out, as we enter the lake known as the Chung-oo, our boatmen seem to breathe freer—the danger is past—we are on rebel territory! And now we are looking into every boat we meet, and into every face, for the profits; but the unshaven heads, if such there are, do not appear, all being covered with the native winter hat; so we look in vain. One thing we did see, however, which was new to us, the fishing corromant in full flourish. Three boats near us were fishing with them, and there were others farther on. They seem to be arranged regularly on the sides of the boats, a dozen or more to each. Their success in the water we could not see, but when they came to the surface, they would flutter up, perching at their post, on the boat's side. They are as large as turkeys, much thicker about the head and shoulders, with long slender bills, and looking about as inhuman and unlovely as an imperial soldier after a defeat.

This Chung-oo lake is a lake, and deserves the name. It is long and wide—so long, indeed, in one direction, that we cannot see the land beyond. After crossing it, we were again in the midst of luxuriant vegetation, waving fields of rice, and trees still green with summer beauty. The people go on as formerly with their agriculture; they pay tribute to the new Emperor, but are unmolested by the rebels, and are gradually assimilating to rebel customs. The head goes unshaven, and the results are, the usually repulsive features of a transition state. The land here is high, and yonder in the distance, beyond Suchan, looms up the Se-Wong mountains, reminding me of our own Catskill, from the high land east of Troy. It is strange to see the country so green, so much behind our Shanghai time of year, where the harvests are gathered in, and the trees are already in the "sear and yellow leaf."

And now, again, I ventured a walk upon the beautiful banks of the stream, and found, to my joy, that my lame ankle was quite reliable. Perhaps we shall make a sensation among the rebels yet! That night we anchored in the Yang-Chung creek, and a most quiet and cozy night we had of it. We came together in the evening, our two families, for a united prayer-meeting, and as we had, in all, three native converts with us, and our boatmen requested permission to be present, the interest was much increased. We sang without fear of being molested, even if we were overheard, and our united petitions went up for a blessing on those to whom we were going, as well as those we left behind.

With the next morning's dawn, we again set forward; and now again we found the land low, and the fields submerged by the late heavy rains. The people were gathering their rice, by standing in the water, and throwing it dripping into the boats, with which they navigated the overflowed fields. The crops seemed abundant, and one ceases to wonder when are derived the supplies to feed the vast multitudes that swarm in this populous land, when these prolific plains have been once traversed. The wonder is rather where a market can be found for such immense quantities of grain. China is full of rice, and people too, spite of the millions that have been yearly slain during the sanguinary struggles of the past ten years.

About two o'clock we found ourselves before the walls of Suchan, entering the moat that surrounds the city. A rusty-looking youngster, wearing a red sash, and flourishing a flag, beckoned us to a mooring beside some trading boats from Shanghai, and we felt that the point of our destination was attained. Suchan is about eighty miles from Shanghai, but we had made it, much farther by our circuitous route. The remainder of

Miscellaneous.

AGRICULTURAL.

MAPLE SUGAR. "The chief requisite for success in the manufacture of maple sugar," says the Country Gentleman, "is that all the vessels be perfectly clean and sweet, and that strict cleanliness be observed throughout the whole process. Much mutilation of the tree should be carefully avoided. Scald all the vessels, and wash them thoroughly; never allow the sap to stand longer than twenty-four hours; if quite fresh, the sugar will be better. Shallow sheet-iron pans are better than deep cast-iron boilers; they can be kept cleaner; they evaporate more rapidly, and less fuel is consumed. The fire space beneath them should be quite flat, so that a thin sheet of flame may extend over the bottom of the pan; and the flue should be high enough to cause a good draught, and carry the smoke far away. Plank sides to the pan will do it. The sheet-iron is bent up around the outside, and nailed on so as to make it water-tight. The brick arch, or fire-place, should be a little smaller than the pan, to prevent burning the sides. We should prefer the pan made wholly of sheet-iron. In either case, the sugar will be burned or injured, if the fire reaches the side of the pan. The sap must be boiled to about one-twentieth or one-thirtieth, to make good syrup. The syrup is then strained through flannel, and placed aside to cool and settle, twelve or twenty-four hours. Then it is placed in the pan again, and a beaten egg and a gill of milk are added to each gallon, and stirred to clarify it, keeping it carefully from boiling till all the scum has risen and is skimmed off. Then boil carefully till it will harden, which may be known by dropping a little into cold water. The liquid sugar may now be poured into proper vessels, and afterwards the cakes placed in a box to drain; or it may be poured at once into hopper-shaped wooden boxes, with a cork in the bottom, which is pulled out when it hardens, and the molasses allowed to drain out. To make the sugar perfectly white, lay a few thicknesses of flannel on the sugar while draining, wet, and washed daily with cold water. It will absorb and wash out all the impure coloring matter."

EARLY PLANTS. A very convenient method of starting early corn, cabbage, tomatoes, cucumbers, and, in deed, almost any kind of plants, is the following: Take an under sod (not too grassy) of tenacious muck, and cut the cubes, say two inches each way. Insert one or more seeds in the center of each, and then pack the pieces closely together, and firmly down upon a box of earth, to be kept moderately moist. This box can be set in the cellar on frosty days and nights, and be carried out into the sun at other times. When the seeds are up, and transplanting out is admissible, take up the cubes and transplant them to the open ground. This can be done without disturbing the roots, or scarcely retarding the growth of the young plants.

SEEDS OF CUCUMBERS, melons, tomatoes, &c., are sometimes planted in soil placed in old or cheap baskets, with rather open work. These are hung up out of the way of frost, being exposed to the sun during the day. At the proper time, these baskets are simply imbedded in the hill over with the surface, and left there. The roots will find their way out into the soil through the open work of the sides. A few hills thus started, with little trouble, will often produce a crop some weeks in advance of those sowed at first in open ground.

MANAGEMENT OF CREAM IN COLD WEATHER.

FOR SOME REASON not yet known, cream skimmed from milk in cold weather does not come to butter when churned, so quickly as that from the same cow in warm weather. Perhaps the pellicles which form the little sacs of butter are thicker and tougher. There are two methods of obviating this trouble in a great degree. One is to set the pan of milk on the stove, or in some warm place, as soon as strained, and let it remain until quite warm—some say until a skin of cream begins to form on the surface. Another method recommended is to add a tablespoonful of salt to a quart of cream when it is skimmed. One in thus prepared will generally come to butter in a few minutes when churned. It is thought the salt acts upon the coating of the butter globules, and makes them tender, so that they break readily when beaten by churning.—Maine Farmer.

GREEN-HOUSES IN GARRETS.

A writer in the Evening Post recommends people living in cities to convert their garrets into green-houses for raising choice grapes, nectarines, flowers, etc. His plan is to make the roof of glass, and cover the floor with a suitable depth of soil for cultivation. Of course it would be necessary to cover the floor beneath the soil with concrete, zinc, or some other water-tight material, and to provide for leading off the surplus moisture into the gutters. The writer thinks that where furnaces are used in houses, the waste heat would be ample for such a greenhouse, so that there would be no expense except the labor, and thus every family might have a winter supply of black Hamburg grapes, japonicas, etc., for the mere trouble of raising them, which would be a pleasing and amusing employment for the ladies of the household.

INFLUENCE OF EXTREME COLD UPON SEEDS.

SOME EXPERIMENTS have been made this year by Professor Elie Wartmann, of Geneva, Switzerland, on the influence of extreme cold upon the seeds of plants. Nine varieties of seeds, some of them tropical, were selected. They were placed in hermetically-sealed tubes, and submitted to a cold as severe as science can produce. Some remained fifteen days in a mixture of snow and salt; some were plunged into a bath of liquid sulphuric acid, rendered extremely cold by artificial means. On the fifth of April, they were all sown in pots, and placed in the open air. They all germinated, and those which had undergone the rigor of frigidly produced plants as robust as those which had not been submitted to this test.

MEASURING HAY.

THE FOLLOWING METHOD of ascertaining the amount of hay in a mow, we find recommended by those who may live at a distance from hay-scales. Multiply the length, breadth, and height, into each other, and if the hay is somewhat settled, ten solid yards make a ton. Clover will take from ten to twelve solid yards per ton.

SAGACITY OF HUMBLE BEES.

A WRITER in a foreign journal communicates the fact, that during a season of scarcity of out-door flowers, the humble bees entered the green and hot-houses in search of food. Coming upon flowers, the long tubes of which prevented their extracting the honey in the usual manner, they cut through the corolla, just above the honey,

and thus secured the treasure. This looks like something more than instinct; it was an entirely new way of working, exactly fitted to the exotic plants upon which they had never before fed, and which presented new difficulties to tax their ingenuity.

WATER AND WARM FEED IN WINTER.

MECHI, the celebrated English farmer, contends that all the water needed by cattle should be given in the roots they eat, and that only as many roots should be fed as will furnish about the required amount of water. The unusual health of his stock he attributes to this course. He also argues in favor of giving warm feed in winter, as heat can be furnished cheaper by coal or wood than by costly food.

BATHS AND BATHING.

A cold bath is 75 degrees and under; temperate, 75 to 85 degrees; tepid, 85 to 95 degrees; warm, 95 to 100 degrees; hot, 100 degrees and over. The temperature of the body in health is ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit. For purposes of cleansing the skin, a hot bath is the most efficient, but it should be indulged in only occasionally, and for a very few minutes at a time, as it rapidly exhausts the physical powers. It opens the pores of the skin and increases the activity of the circulation for the moment; but if followed by an instantaneous cold shower-bath an invigorating effect is produced. A hot bath excites, a warm bath soothes and tranquilizes; it makes the pulse slower, and causes more equable breathing. A vapor bath is of steam instead of water, and is applied inside as well as out; its first effect is a feeling of oppression, but soon perspiration is induced, and delightful sensations ensue. To prevent taking cold, the person should pass from the steam-chamber into a tepid bath for a single moment, then wipe dry briskly, dress, and walk.

No kind of bath ought to be taken within an hour before a regular meal, nor sooner than four hours after; sudden death has often resulted from inattention to the latter. The best time for bathing is immediately after rising in the morning, as then there is greater power of reaction, without which there is no invigoration, no benefit. The sponge-bath is the application of water to the surface of the body by means of a sponge. When persons are feeble, one portion of the body should undergo the process at a time, then be quickly wiped and dried, and covered before another is exposed. There are few persons indeed, who would not be greatly benefited by the following procedure every morning, winter and summer: Wash the hands first in a small amount of water with soap, for if but little is used, a tepid, it is warmed by the hands, and thus becomes more cleansing, without the trouble of preparing warm water; then rinse them well; afterward wash the face in a large basin of cold water just drawn or brought into the room, for all cold water becomes filthy in an hour or two if kept standing in a sitting or sleeping apartment. After the face has been washed plentifully, throw the water up to the elbows, then a little higher at every dash with the hand, until the arms, neck, throat, behind the ears, armpits, and upper portion of the chest have been deluged with water; next (except women with long hair) wash the whole scalp abundantly, rubbing the water into and about the roots of the hair with the ends of the fingers; then wipe with a towel, absorbing as much of the dampness from the hair as possible with an extra dry cloth, and dress, leaving the arrangement of the hair to the last, so as to give it an opportunity of drying somewhat; for, if it is wringing wet, it will not dress well, and besides will keep the head cool by its evaporation. In dressing the hair after such a washing of the head, the comb should be passed through it in the gentlest manner, so as to make no strain upon the roots, nor break any hair in disentangling the tangles. The hair thus dressed in the morning will remain so the whole day, or, if not, can be easily redressed, with the advantage of perfect cleanliness, which cannot be said of the filthy practice of using hair-oils.—Hall's Journal of Health.

WHAT A VOLCANO CAN DO.

COTOPAXI, in 1738, threw its fiery rockets three thousand feet above its crater, while in 1744 the blazing mass, struggling for an outlet, roared so, that its awful voice was heard a distance of more than 600 miles. In 1797, the crater of Tunguragua, one of the great peaks of the Andes, flung out torrents of mud which dammed up rivers, opened new lakes, and in valleys of a thousand feet wide, made deposits of 600 feet deep. The stream from Vesuvius, which in 1737 passed through Torro del Greco, contained 35,000,000 cubic feet of solid matter; and in 1794, when Torro del Greco was destroyed a second time, the mass of lava amounted to 45,000,000 cubic feet. In 1879, Etna poured forth a flood which covered 84 square miles of surface, and measured 100,000,000 cubic feet. On this occasion the scorice formed the Monte Rossi, near Nicolosi, a cone two miles in circumference, and 4,000 feet high. The stream thrown out by Etna in 1810 was in motion at the rate of a yard per day for nine months after the eruption; and it is on record, that the lava of the same mountain, after a terrible eruption, was not thoroughly cooled and consolidated ten years after the event. In the eruption of Vesuvius, A. D. 79, the scorice and ashes vomited forth, far exceeded the entire bulk of the mountain; while in 1600, Etna disgorged more than twenty times its own mass. Vesuvius has thrown its ashes as far as Constantinople, Syria, and Egypt; it hurled stones, eight pounds in weight, to Pompeii, a distance of six miles, while similar masses were tossed 2,000 feet above its summit. Cotopaxi has projected a block of 109 cubic yards in volume, a distance of nine miles; and Sababwa, in 1815, during the most terrible eruption on record, sent its ashes as far as Jaya, a distance of 300 miles, and out of a population of 12,000 souls, only 20 escaped.

CARE OF THE HAIR.—As to men, we say, when the hair begins to fall out, the best plan is to have it cut short, give it a good brushing with a moderately stiff brush, while the brush is dry, then wash it well with warm soap suds, then rub into the scalp, about the roots of the hair, a little bay rum, brandy, or camphor water. Do these things twice a week. Damp the hair with water every time the toilet is made. Nothing ever made is better for the hair than soft water, if the scalp is kept clean in the way we have named. The use of oils, of pomatums, or grease of any kind, is ruinous to the hair of man or woman. We consider it a filthy habit, almost universal though it be, for it gathers dust and dirt, and soils wherever it touches; nothing but pure soft water should ever be allowed on the heads of children. It is a different practice that robs our women of their most

beautiful ornament long before their prime; the hair of our daughters should be kept within two inches until their twelfth year.—Hall's Journal.

MARRIYNG A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

THE vexed question of the validity of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is at present occupying the attention of the Appeal Committee of the House of Lords in a remarkable case. In May, 1840, Mr. William Leigh Brook, cotton spinner, of Melthamhall, near Huddersfield, married Miss Charlotte Armitage, and had by her two children, when she died. Her sister, to whom she was much attached, came to take care of the children, and in time the widower's heart softened toward her. The attachment was mutual, and they determined to marry; but aware of the law's tyranny, they fled to find judicial freedom in Denmark, and were duly married at Altona, in that kingdom, staying sufficiently long to spend the honeymoon happily. Two daughters followed this union, and they are now appealing to share the advantages held out to them under the will of their father, who died at Cologne, in September, 1855. Three years ago, Sir Crosswell Cresswell decided that the marriage was not valid, according to the laws of England, and that the appellants are therefore not legitimate. It is a curious point in the case, that the respondents are the two children—sons—of the first sister; but as they are still juniors, they are of course merely opposing their step-sisters under the direction of the appeal, and urges that the marriage being legal in Denmark must be legal in England, and that such marriages generally are not contrary to the law of God, while the law of England merely declares them to be within the degrees of affinity.

TABLE MANNERS.

To meet at the breakfast table, father, mother, children, all well, ought to be a happiness to any heart. It should be a source of humble gratitude, and should wake up the warmest feelings of our nature. Shame upon the contemptible and low-bred cur, whether parent or child, that can ever come to the breakfast table, where all the family have met in health, only to bring and white, and growl and fret; prima facie evidence of a mean and groveling and selfish and degraded nature, whencesoever the churl may have sprung. Nor is it less reprehensible to make such exhibitions at the tea table; for before the morning comes, some of the little circle may be stricken down with some deadly disease, to gather around that table not again forever! Children in good health, if left to themselves at the table, become, after a few mouthfuls, garrulous and noisy; but if within at all reasonable or bearable bounds, it is better to let them alone; they eat less, because they do not eat so rapidly as if compelled to keep silent, while the very exhilaration of spirits quickens the circulation of the vital fluids, and energizes digestion and assimilation. The extremes of society curiously meet in this regard. The tables of the rich and noble of England are models of mirth, wit and bonhomie; it takes hours to get through a repast, and they live long. If anybody will look in upon the negroes of a well-to-do family in Kentucky, while at their meals, they cannot but be impressed with the perfect abandon of jobber, cackination, and mirth; it seems as if they could talk all day, and they live long. It follows, then, that at the family table all should meet, and do it habitually, and make a common interchange of high bred courtesies, of warm affections, of cheering mirthfulness, and that generosity of nature which lifts us above the brutes which perish, promotive as these things are of good digestion, high health, and a long life.—Hall's Journal of Health.

A QUEER PEOPLE.

Chambers' Journal, discussing a recent book of missionary travels in Africa, thus alludes to one of the tribes which are found in that terra incognita: "But the strangest of all are the stories told of the Dokos, who live among the moist, warm, bamboo woods to the south of Kaffa and Sussa. Only four feet high, of a dark olive color, savage and naked, they have neither house nor temples, neither fire nor human food. They live only on ants, mice, and serpents, diversified by a few roots and fruits; they let their nails grow long, like talons, the better to dig for ants, and the more easily to tear to pieces their favorite snakes. They do not marry, but live the indiscriminate lives of animals, multiplying very rapidly, and with very little maternal instinct. The mother nurses her child for only a short time, accustoming it to eat ants and serpents as soon as possible; and when it can help itself, it wanders away where it will, and the mother thinks no more about it. The Dokos are invaluable as slaves, and are taken in large numbers. The slave-hunters hold up bright colored clothes as soon as they come to the moist, warm, bamboo woods where these human monkeys live, and the poor Dokos cannot resist the attractions offered by such superior people. They crowd round them, and are taken in thousands. In slavery, they are docile, attached, obedient with few wants and excellent health. They have only one fault; a love for ants, mice, and serpents, and a habit of speaking to Yer with their heads on the ground, and their heels in the air. Yer is their idea of a superior power, to whom they are dispirited or angry, or tired of ants and snakes, and longing for unknown food. The Dokos seem to come nearest of all peoples yet discovered to that terrible cousin of humanity—the ape."

NEWSPAPERS IN SWITZERLAND.

SWITZERLAND, Switzerland, which is about half the size of the State of New York, and has a population of a little above two millions of inhabitants, possesses 300 newspapers and periodicals. Of these 210 are German, 73 French, and 12 Italian. These newspapers circulate not only in large cities, as is the case in France, Germany, and Spain, but also among the farmers, who, like those of England and the United States, receive their weeklies and periodicals. Taking the whole population of Switzerland, there is, then, a newspaper for each 7,966 inhabitants, while in France, where the country people read much less, the proportion is one newspaper to 26,643 inhabitants.

FAMINE IN INDIA.

THE following is taken from the Overland Times and Standard: "The famine is great in the land. Horrible accounts reach us from the Northwest Provinces of human beings dying at the rate of 400 or 500 a day; while the desolation is not even limited to the vast expanse of country from Lucknow to Lahore; for tales are now told equally appalling of the extremities to which the population of the native State of Travancore, in the South of India, are reduced by the drouth, which has

caused all the fruits of the earth to wither. According to a Cochinch newspaper, mothers in Travancore are selling their children as slaves for 6d, that they may have wherewith to purchase bread, if only for a single day. While so many millions of the people of India are thus afflicted, it is at least a consolation to know, that both the government and the public have exerted themselves with liberality and promptitude to lessen the weight of this terrible calamity. In Bombay alone, from 70,000 to 80,000 reals have already been collected; and Calcutta and other great cities have also responded nobly to the appeal of the Famine Relief Committee. In the Northwest, the showers of rain that have lately refreshed the earth have, it is hoped, saved the spring crop; and, bad as our situation is, the worst, we believe, is already known."

FASHION IN 1730.—At the time I mention, hoops were constantly worn 4 1/2 yards wide, which required much silk to cover them; and gold and silver were much used for trimming, never less than three rows round the petticoat; so that though the silk was slight, the price was increased by the trimming. Then the heads were all dressed in laces from Flanders; no blondes or coarse edged used; the price of these was high, but two suits would serve for life; they were not renewed but at marriage, or some great event. Who could not afford those wore fringes of thread. In those days the ladies went to church, and appeared on other public occasions in full dress. A row of them so gipped out, taking a place in the procession at the opening of the General Assembly, used to be spoken of by old people as a fine show. When a lady appeared in undress in the streets of Edinburgh, she generally wore a mask, which, however, seems to have been regarded as simply an equivalent for the veil of modern times.—Domestic Annals of Scotland.

LOCOMOTIVES ON COMMON ROADS.—The success of the experiment in England of running locomotives on common roads is so complete, as to induce Parliament to provide for their regulation. A bill has been introduced into that body which enacts that the weight on each pair of wheels is not to exceed one ton and a half. The weight of locomotives over county, parish, or suspension bridges, is not to exceed fifteen tons, and no damage is to be made good. The locomotives are to consume their own smoke. Two persons are to drive and conduct every locomotive, and red lights are to be fixed conspicuously in front of locomotives and wagons one hour after sunset and one hour before sunrise. The speed of locomotives on high roads is not to exceed ten miles an hour, and through towns, cities, or villages, five. No locomotive is to be used within the city of London more than seven feet in width, and with wheels six inches wide. Parliament does not stand in the way of improvement, but recognizes it and endeavors to regulate it for the benefit of the public.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—Two or three days since, Aaron Rogers, an aged Friend in Lynn, Mass., received a letter, enclosing bills of the Rutland Bank, Vermont, to the amount of twenty-two dollars, of which the following is a literal copy: "Aaron Rogers, in a Settlement many years since by Mistake ten Dollars fell into my hands. I have kept it too long and now return it with twelve dollars for interest—and I now hope to forget it. A friend in Disguise."

Mr. Rogers has no recollection of any such circumstances as are mentioned in the letter, nor any clue whatever to the writer of it. It is one evidence, at least, that goodness has not all departed from the world.—Reporter.

WOMAN'S WIT.—At Paris, recently, Mdlle. Cico, the piquant actress of the Palais Royal, was to be a witness in favor of some cosmetics used by ladies, and as French Courts invariably ask the age of witnesses, all the younger actresses of Paris were there, and they reckoned upon a good deal of merriment and profit when Mdlle. Cico came to disclose her years. She was called to the stand, sworn, gave her name and profession. When the Judge said, "How old are you?" she quitted the stand, went up to the bench, stood on tip-toe, and whispered in the Judge's ear the malicious secret! The Bench smiled and kept her secret.

SUNDAY MAILS.

Is the endorsement upon a letter "To lie over upon the Sabbath," to be regarded? In answer to the inquiry of a gentleman conscientiously opposed to the Sunday travel, even of the mails, the Department has decided that the above endorsement, if observed at the mailing office, or at an office of distribution, is to be obeyed. No instructions are issued upon the subject, however, and it is said to be feared that in some cases—especially those of the foreign and California mails, where the voyage occupies over a week—some difficulty would be experienced if the wishes of the writer had to be carried into effect!

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Victoria Bridge, near Montreal, Canada, constructed by the Grand Trunk Railway Company, is declared to be the greatest work of engineering skill in the world. It consists of 23 spans 242 feet each, and one in its center of 330 feet, with a long abutment on each bank of the river. The tubes are of iron, 22 feet high, 16 feet wide, and weigh 6,000 tons, supported on 24 piers, containing 250,000 tons of stone, measuring 3,000,000 cubic feet! Extreme length, two miles. Cost, \$7,000,000.

There is a remnant of a race of Indians in New Mexico, who are entirely different from any other tribe on the continent, and are supposed to be descended from the ancient Toltecs, who preceded the Aztecs. They are small, have a peculiar formation of skull and face, are of peculiar habits, and live by agriculture. They wear cloth, and build with tools made of stone. They have now seven cities, but the ruins of their ancient cities show that they were once inhabited by millions.

In 1542, Pizarro, exploring the equinoxial regions of South America, discovered trees so large that sixteen men could barely encompass one of them with extended arms. Allowing six feet for the spread of a man's arms, this would make the tree 96 feet circumference, and 32 feet diameter, four feet from the ground—as large as the Calaveras Big Tree. Humboldt mentions a tree at Oaxaca which was 112 feet circumference—over 37 feet in diameter. In one of Byron's letters to Leigh Hunt, the opinion is expressed, that "an addition to poetry is very generally the result of an uneasy mind in an uneasy body. Disease or deformity," he adds, "have been the attendants of many of our best." Collins, mad—Chatterton, I think made—Coyper, mad—Pope, crooked—Milton, blind.

Dr. John Davy believes the eggs of birds to be so many electrical machines, or rather, galvanic batteries, ever in action. He considers that he has made out this point by conclusive experiments. Not only (proper contrivances being adopted) did he succeed in causing egg electricity to deflect a magnetic needle, just as ordinary electricity would have done, but he also succeeded in causing egg electricity to effect chemical decomposition. Prince Kung, brother of the Emperor of China, while taking lunch with Lord Elgin in Peking, said that until our visit this year, they did not know that India was merely a province of the British Empire; they formerly believed Great Britain to be a very small island, the population of which was so large, more than half were obliged to live in ships.

Agassiz and Gould estimate that there are at least 25,000 different species of living animals! When we think for a moment of the number of individuals belonging to each species, we can begin to have a faint idea of the innumerable throng of animated creatures that people this earth of ours, which is of itself only a minor satellite of one of a vast number of solar systems.

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the safe side. Thus, we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often regret having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

Dr. Tucker, in the Maryland Medical Journal, denies that coarse bread is useful in dyspepsia. On the contrary, he says, it relieves the constipation at the risk of aggravating the real difficulty. He believes cold and stale wheat bread to be the most digestible, and therefore the best for dyspeptics.

A petrified fish over sixteen feet long, and very perfectly preserved, its scales and fins being distinctly marked, has been taken from the coal mine at Blue Mound, Kansas. Its species has not been determined, but it is much larger than any fish now found in the Kansas River.

Some sensible chap says, truly, that a person who undertakes to raise himself by scandalizing others, might just as well sit down on a wheelbarrow and undertake to wheel himself. There are seventy towns in Ireland, with populations ranging from ten thousand to twenty-five thousand inhabitants, in which there is not a bookseller or even a circulating library.

When the Irishman first tried peaches, he said he liked their flavor, but the seeds lay hard on his stomach.

GOODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR 1861.

For thirty-one years Goodey's Lady's Book has been the Standard Magazine for Ladies in America. Its 1861 volume, for the year 1861, will contain 1200 pages of reading matter, 24 pages of Music, 12 colored steel Engravings with at least 50 figures, 12 steel Engravings, 1200 wood Engravings, and 750 articles by the best authors in America. And all this will be furnished at the following extremely low rates, each year for \$4.50.

One copy one year, \$3. Two copies one year, \$5. Three copies one year, \$6. Five copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making six copies, \$10. Eight copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making nine copies, \$15. Eleven copies one year, and an extra copy to the person sending the club, making twelve copies, \$20. Any person having sent a club will have the privilege of adding one or more copies at the same club rates.

The above terms cannot be deviated from, no matter how many are ordered. And the only magazine that can be introduced into any of the above clubs is Arthur's Home Magazine. One or more of that work can be included in a club in the place of the Lady's Book, if preferred.

SPECIAL CLUBBING WITH OTHER MAGAZINES. Goodey's Lady's Book and Arthur's Home Magazine one year for \$3 50. Goodey's Lady's Book and Harper's Magazine one year for \$4 50. Goodey's Lady's Book, Harper's Magazine, and Arthur's Home Magazine one year \$6 00. The above is the only way we can club with Harper's Magazine. The money must all be sent at one time for any of the Clubs.

Notes of all solvent banks sent at par. A specimen will be sent direct to any person making the request. We can always supply back numbers for the year, as the work is stereotyped. Agents and subscribers will be sent to any post-office where the subscription may reside.

Subscribers in the British Provinces, who send for clubs, must remit 36 cents extra on every subscriber, to pay the American postage to the lines. How to REWIND—Produce a draft, if possible; if not, send notes; but let it be a matter of course only to yourself; the fewer you let into the secret, the more certain there is of your money coming to hand. If you send gold, secure it carefully in the letter; otherwise, it is apt to work out of the envelope. Be careful and pay the postage on your letter.

DR. DARIUS HAMB'S AROMATIC INVIGORATING SPIRIT.

This Medicine has been used by the public for six years, with increasing favor. It is recommended to cure Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Heart-Burn, Colic Pains, Wind, Obstructions, Stomach, or Pain in the Bowels, Headache, Drowsiness, Kidney Complaints, Low Spirits, Delirium Tremens, Intemperance, &c.

It STIMULATES, EXHILARATES, INVIGORATES, BUT WILL NOT INTOXICATE OR STUPIFY. As a medicine, it is quick and effectual, curing the most aggravated cases of Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaints, and all other derangements of the Stomach and Bowels, in a speedy manner. It will instantly revive the most melancholy and drooping spirits, and restore the weak, nervous, and sickly to health, strength, and vigor. Persons who, from the injudicious use of liquors, have become debilitated, and their nervous systems exhausted, constitutions broken down, and subjected to that horrible curse to humanity, the Drunkenness, will, almost immediately, feel the happy and healthy invigorating spirit.

MRS. WINSLOW, AN EXPERIENCED NURSE and Female Physician, presents to the attention of mothers, her SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING, which greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation, and allaying ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is SURE TO REGULATE THE BOWELS.

Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and RELIEF AND HEALTH TO YOUR INFANTS.

We have put up and sold this article for over ten years, and can say, in confidence and truth of it, that we have never been able to say of any other medicine, never has it failed, in a single instance, to effect a cure, when timely used. Never did we know an instance of dissatisfaction by any one who used it. On the contrary, we are all delighted with its operations, and speak in terms of commendation of its magical effects and medical virtues. We speak in this matter "what we do know;" after ten years' experience, and pledge our reputation for the fulfillment of what we here declare, in almost every instance where the infant is suffering from pain and exhaustion, relief will be found in fifteen or twenty minutes after the syrup is administered.

This valuable preparation is the prescription of one of the most experienced and skillful nurses in New England, and has been used with never-failing success in THOUSANDS OF CASES.

It not only relieves the child from pain, but invigorates the stomach and bowels, corrects acidity, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. It will almost instantly relieve GRIPING IN THE BOWELS, AND WIND COLIC, and overcome convulsions, which, if not speedily remedied, in many cases, will be the end of the infant's life. We believe it the best and most speedy remedy in the world, in all cases of teething and diarrhoea in children, whether it arises from teething, or from any other cause. We would say to every mother who has a child suffering from any of the foregoing complaints—do not let your prejudices, nor the prejudices of others, stand between you and your suffering child, and the relief that will be yours, absolutely sure—to follow the use of this medicine. Give it in the following directions for using will accompany each bottle. Genuine unless the face-simile of CURTIS & PERKINS, New York, is on the outside wrapper. Sold by Druggists throughout the world. Principal Office, 15 Cedar Street, New York. Price only 25 cents per bottle.

CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY.

SEY—From foot of Cortlandt—Connecting at Hampton Junction with the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, and at Easton with the Lehigh Valley Railroad and its connections, forming a direct line to Easton, with a branch to cars. SPRING ARRANGEMENT.—Commencing March 1, 1861, Leave New York as follows: Harrisburg Express, at 6 A. M., for Easton, Reading, Potterville, Harrisburg, Mauch Chunk, Eckley and Wilkesbarre.

Main Train at 8 A. M., for Easton, Water Gap, Scranton, Great Bend, Pottsville, Williamsport, &c. 12 M. Through Train for Easton, Mauch Chunk, Reading, Pottsville, Harrisburg, Williamsport, &c. 4 P. M. Through Train for Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, and Mauch Chunk. 6 P. M. Way Train for Somerville and intermediate stations. Express Train for Harrisburg—The 6 A. M. Express Train from New York arrives at Harrisburg at 12 40 (noon) in time to connect with fast trains on Pennsylvania Central Railroad, Northern Central, north and south, and with Cumberland Valley Railroad.

ELIZABETHPORT and NEW YORK FERRY. Leave New York from Pier 2, North River at 7 20 and 11 20 A. M., and 5 20, 4 20 and 8 30 P. M. Leave Elizabeth at 6 15, 7 30 and 8 55 A. M.; 1 20 and 4 40 P. M.

The boats stop at Bergen Point and Marlboro's Harbor every trip each way. JOHN O. STERNES, Superintendent.

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THE CAROL: A Collection of original and selected Music and Hymns for the use of Sabbath-Schools, Social Religious Meetings, and Families. Compiled by Lucretia Crandall, 128 pp. oct. Price, 35 cents per copy.

THE CAROL is designed principally for Sabbath-schools, and contains Music and Hymns adapted to all ordinary occasions, and to such special occasions as the sickness of teachers, funerals, anniversaries, &c. A number of pieces suitable to social and public worship together with a few temperance songs, are included in the book. It contains 93 tunes and 150 hymns. Orders should be addressed to the General Agent, GEO. B. UTTER, No. 5 Chatham Square.

THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY.

publishes the following Tracts, which are for sale at its Depository, No. 5 Chatham Square, N. Y. viz.:

- No. 1.—Reasons for introducing the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment to the consideration of the Christian Public; 28 pp. No. 2.—Moral Nature and Scriptural Observance of the Sabbath; 32 pp. No. 3.—Authority for the Change of the Day of the Sabbath; 28 pp. No. 4.—The Sabbath and Lord's Day: a history of their observance in the Christian Church; 62 pp. No. 5.—A Christian's Catech; 4 pp. No. 6.—Twenty Reasons for keeping holy, in each week, the Seventh-Day, instead of the First-Day; 4 pp. No. 7.—Thirty-six Plain Questions presenting the main points in the Sabbath Controversy; a Dialogue between a Minister of the Gospel and a Sabbatharian; Counterfeit Gold; 8 pp. No. 8.—The Sabbath Controversy; the True Issue; 4 pp. No. 9.—The Fourth Commandment, False Exposition; 4 pp. No. 10.—The Sabbath Embraced and Observed; 16 pp. (In English, French and German.) No. 11.—Religious Liberty Endangered by Legislative enactments; 15 pp. No. 12.—Misuse of the term "Sabbath"; 8 pp. No. 13.—The Bible Sabbath; 24 pp. No. 14.—Delaying Obedience; 4 pp. No. 15.—An Appeal for the Restoration of the Bible Sabbath; in an Address to the Baptists, from the Seventh-Day Baptist General Conference; 40 pp.

The Society has also published the following works, to which attention is invited: A Defense of the Sabbath, in reply to Ward on the Fourth Commandment. By George Burdick. First published in London in 1724, and reprinted in 1802;