

# The Sabbath Recorder

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## The Sabbath Recorder.

For the Sabbath School.

### BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

The next day, John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.—John 1: 29.

Long ages past, in ancient Bethabara, His honored soul by sacred feet were trod; Who John the Baptist, looking on the Saviour, Did thus exclaim, "Behold the Lamb of God!"

"Behold the Lamb of God!" the world's Redeemer, Who taketh all our sins and griefs away; Jesus has come—the long-looked-for Messiah! Let now his dawned that long-expected day;

The blessed day, that Israel's holy prophets, By inspiration's light, beheld afar; They saw the Lamb, led meekly to the slaughter; They saw the light which beamed from Bethlehem's star.

And thus inspired, the royal bard of Judah, Attuned his harp to sing the lofty strain Of Him who died, the all-atoning Saviour— Of Him who lives, our great high priest to reign.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" the heavenly stranger, On whom the angel hosts with rapture wait; Earth could afford Him nothing but a manger— No room for Him, in mansions of the great.

Behold Him, when a child, there in the temple, Conversing with the doctors, learned and wise;

The people were astonished at His answers, They listened to Him in profound surprise.

Behold Him, now upon that mountain's crest, And speaking so as mortal never spake— Those precious words, so pure, so full of blessing;

To those who gladly suffer for His sake.

Behold Him in that long and weary fasting, When sorely tempted by the powers of hell; Look unto Him, ye who are tried and tempted, Whose power alone the tempter's voice can quell.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" the meek, the holy, Who had not where to lay his weary head; Who came to seek and save the lost, the lowly— Give life to those in sin and trespass dead.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" by friends forsaken; But who is He, the friend of sinners, now? In lone Gethsemane, in anguish praying, While drops of blood, like sweat, fall from His brow.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" scourged and derided, Fainting beneath the heavy cross he bears; A crown of thorns His sacred brow is shading, A mocking robe of scorn He wears.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" ye souls unheeding, Nailed to that dreadful cross, to die for you! O! hear Him— for His cruel foes He pleads— "Father, forgive, they know not what they do."

"Behold the Lamb of God!" hang bleeding, dying, In agony His father's face implore; The heavenly sun puts on a veil of darkness, Earth, trembling, breaks her silence to adore.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" His sorrowing, bleeding, triumphant, o'er the grave, no more to die; Behold Him, with his angel bands attended, Ascend to sit at God's right hand on high.

"Behold the Lamb of God!" ye who are weary, And heavy laden, with your sin and care; When hope has fled, and all is dark and drear, Look unto Him who did your sorrows bear.

Behold the bleeding Lamb! and while he bleeds, Be His blood stamped upon thy soul; Be all His riches to thee unfolding, Be all His powers resigned to His control.

Soon may the sin-sick souls of every nation, And every clime, His gracious name adore, Who, as a lamb slain ere the world's foundation, Was sacrificed the guilty to restore.

A little while—and then the day is coming; When every eye the Son of God shall see; When they who pierced Him will again behold Him, And then to Jesus all must bow the knee.

Miriam, Wis. Boston

### PHYSICAL IMMORTALITY.

The Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

Presuming the reader would expect a rejoinder to the able and respectful response of Dr. Maxson to my inquiry on the subject of Physical Immortality, published in the Recorder of January 29th, I submit the following:

That the subject is one of great importance, I think every reflecting mind will admit. For, if all suffering is the result of violated law, the consequence of moral transgression, guilt the most tremendous must lie at the door of the transgressor, and all denial of the fact must seriously impugn the character of the Creator. But if, on the contrary, it can be shown that some of suffering inheres creation itself, it follows that some of blamelessness will attach to the Author of creation; for it does not of necessity follow, because creative power was infinite, that such creative power, guided by divine love and wisdom, would or could entirely exclude all of suffering from His creative works.

It will be admitted, I think, that in the work of creation, divine power would be guided by divine love and wisdom. And it cannot be shown, I presume, a priori, that such love and wisdom could or would exclude all of suffering, or any existing creature itself. From the fact, therefore, that something of suffering must exist in creation prior to the violation of law, (as will be shown in the sequel), it is not justifiable to presume, that suffering was a consequence of the Author's creative power; hence an existence which violated law, is a thing certain, in my opinion, that

### HE LEADETH ME BESIDE STILL WATERS.

He leadeth me! O! blessed thought, Of words with heavenly comfort fraught! What'er I do, what'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me! He leadeth me! He leadeth me! He leadeth me! He leadeth me! He leadeth me!

Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bosoms bloom; By waters still, or troubled sea, Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me! He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me.

Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur nor repine— Content, whatever lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me. He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me.

And when my task on earth is done, When by Thy grace the victory's won; And death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God through Jordan leadeth me. He leadeth me! He leadeth me! By his own hand he leadeth me.

—Watchman and Reflector.

### THE PACK OF CARDS.

A private soldier, by the name of Richard Lee, was taken before the magistrate of Glasgow, for playing cards during divine service. The account of it is thus given in an English journal:

Sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had a Bible took it out, but this soldier had neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book, but pulling out a pack of cards, he spread them out before him. He first looked at one card, and then at another. The Sergeant of the company saw him and said:

"Richard, put up those cards; this is no place for them."

"Never mind that," said Richard. "When the service was over, the constable took Richard a prisoner, and brought him before the Mayor."

"Well," says the Mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?"

"For playing cards in church."

"Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Much, sir, I hope."

"Very good; if not, I will punish you more than ever man was punished."

"I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march; I have neither Bible nor Common Prayer Book. I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I hope to satisfy your worship of the purity of my intentions."

Then, spreading the cards before the Mayor, he began with the ace.

"When I see the ace, it reminds me that there is but one God."

"When I see the deuce, it reminds me of Father and Son."

"When I see the tray, it reminds me of Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

"When I see the four, it reminds me of the four Evangelists that preached—Matthew, Mark, Luke and John."

"When I see the five, it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps. There were ten, but five were wise and five were foolish, and were shut out."

"When I see the six, it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth."

"When I see the seven, it reminds me that on the seventh day God rested from the great work he had made, and hallowed it."

"When I see the eight, it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, his three sons and their wives."

"When I see the nine, it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Saviour. There were nine out of ten who never returned thanks."

"When I see the ten, it reminds me of the Ten Commandments, which God handed down to Moses on the tables of stone."

"When I see the king, it reminds me of the great King of heaven, which is God Almighty."

"When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba, who visited Solomon for a man as wise as a woman as he was. She brought fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boy's apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water for them to wash; the girls washed to the elbows, and the boys to the wrists; so King Solomon told by that."

"Well," said the Mayor, "you have given a description of all the cards in the pack, except one."

"What is that?"

### THE LIGHT OF A CHEERFUL FADE.

There is no greater every-day virtue than cheerfulness. This quality in man among men is like sunshine to the day, or gentle renewing moisture to parched herbs. The light of a cheerful face diffuses itself and communicates the happy spirit that inspires it. The sourest temper must sweeten in the atmosphere of continuous good humor. As well might fog, and cold, and vapor, hope to cling to the sun-illumined landscape, as the blues and morose-ness to combat jovial speech and exhilarating laughter. Be cheerful ever. There is no path but will be easier traveled, no load but will be lighter, no shadow on heart or brain but will lift sooner in presence of a determined cheerfulness. It may at times seem difficult for the happiest tempered to keep the countenance of peace and content; but the difficulty will vanish when we truly consider that sullen gloom and passionate despair do nothing but multiply thorns and thicken sorrows. It comes to us as providentially as good, and is a good, if we rightly apply its lessons; why not then cheerfully accept the ill, and thus blunt its apparent sting? Cheerfulness ought to be the fruit of philosophy. What is gained by peevishness and fretfulness—by perverse sadness and sullenness? If we are ill, let us be cheered by the trust that we shall soon be in health; if misfortune befall us, let us be cheered by hopeful visions of better fortune. Cultivate cheerfulness, if only for personal profit. You will do and bear every duty and burden better by being cheerful. It will be your consolator in solitude, your passport and commendator in society. You will be more sought after, more trusted and esteemed for your steady cheerfulness. The bad, the vicious, may be boisterously gay and vulgarly humorous, but seldom or never truly cheerful. Genuine cheerfulness is an almost certain index of a happy mind and a pure, good heart.

### ANECDOTE OF ALEXANDER I.

When Russia was, in 1812, thrown into consternation by the invasion of the French, no one in the Imperial household or council maintained a calm and composed spirit, under the daily reports of fresh disasters, except Prince Galitzin. The Emperor remarked this with surprise, and one day, while they were alone, asked how it happened. The Prince drew forth a small Bible from his pocket, and held it toward the Emperor, who stretched out his hand to it, when by accident the volume fell to the ground. Being instantly picked up by the Prince, it was found to have opened at the ninety-first Psalm—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress; my God, in him will I trust."

"Oh, that your majesty would seek that refuge," replied the Prince, after his royal master and he had read the passage together; and then hastened from his presence. The Emperor retained the Bible, and doubtless read the psalm to the end.

Shortly after, a day of supplication and fasting was ordered by Alexander; and the pope, as the priests of the Greek Church are called, whose turn it was to preach before the court, chose for his text the ninety-first Psalm, without having been induced thereto by any hint from either the Emperor or his minister.

On the afternoon of the fast-day, Alexander sent to his private chaplain, desiring him to come and read a portion of the Bible to him in his tent. The official came, and he commenced his duty with the ninety-first Psalm.

"Hold!" cried the Emperor, rather offended by what he not unnaturally concluded must be the result of collusion, "who desired you to read that particular psalm to me?"

"God," replied the chaplain, with great solemnity.

"How mean you?" exclaimed the Emperor.

"Taken by surprise," resumed the chaplain, "by your majesty's command, and feeling the high responsibility which would rest on my choice, I knelt down and implored the Almighty to guide me in the selection of the Scripture I should read in the event of your majesty's leaving me without directions on the subject, and the ninety-first Psalm was

### SHE WAS ALL THE WORLD TO ME.

In the sad and mournful autumn, With the falling of the leaf, Death, the reaper, seized our loved one, The husbandman the sheaf; Cold and dark the day we laid her Neath the sighing cypress tree, For, though nothing to another, She was all the world to me.

In the month of song and blossom, In the month when tender flowers Spring from Earth's maternal bosom— Waked to life by gentle showers; As I wandered close beside her Neath the sighing cypress tree, Fair, I said, and radiant maiden, You are all the world to me.

Then the rare and bright-eyed maiden, In the month of song and blossom, Rejoicing and brightly laden— Curtained by the twilight hours— Gave her hand into my keeping Neath the sighing cypress tree; And my heart with hers is parted— You are all the world to me.

Bright the visions round us floated On the quiet evening air, For to them whose life is loving, There is beauty everywhere. Long we stood, yet scarcely spoke we, Neath the spreading greenwood tree, Some times hating, always looking, You are all the world to me.

But there hovered near a spirit Darker than the bird of night, And it touched her dreaming eyelids, Covered up her eyes of light; Then with careful hands we laid her Neath the sighing cypress tree; And my heart with hers is parted— She was all the world to me. A. W. S. London American.

### GOLDEN FRUIT FROM HUMBLE SEED.

Some months ago, a Christian brother in Chicago gathered up a lot of religious books and tracts, which he packed into an old soap-box and sent to the camp of one of the Illinois regiments. In due time the box arrived, and the books, including some Testaments and hymn-books, were distributed among the soldiers. Such was the seed; what was the fruit?

A few weeks passed when a dying soldier sent for his captain. "I want you," said the dying man, "to sing for me that old hymn—"

"Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Jesus loves to answer prayer."

It was sung. When the singing was ended, the soldier took the hymn-book and Testament, and pressing them to his death-stricken breast, said:

"Captain, I wish you to send these to my mother, after I am gone." The captain promised to do so. The soldier then made some other requests, and closed by saying:

"Now I am ready to die; and, captain, if you ever go to Chicago, go to the prayer-meeting and thank the unknown individual who sent that little soap-box full of books to our regiment. Tell him it has led one soul to Jesus, and that I will meet the giver in heaven."

The soldier's last battle was now fought, and shouting victory through the blood of the Lamb, he entered heaven.

Such was the precious fruit which grew from the modest soap-box of old books. It saved a soul from death! What more it accomplished will be known in God's grand harvest-day. But if that soul was its sole product, was it not enough to repay the cost and trouble of sending that old soap-box and its contents? Was it not enough to encourage other Christians to send religious reading to our brave brethren in arms?—Good News.

### A CHILD'S EXPERIENCE.

There is a charming simplicity in the way in which children accept the promises of the Gospel and perform its duties, from which older persons, whose perceptions have been blunted by a worldly life, may learn good lessons:

In passing through a street in Belfast, I was told that a little boy was very ill. I called. He was a stranger to me. I found him in bed.

"What ails you, my dear boy?" said I.

"O, my sins, sir! I cannot bear the weight of my sins."

"Do you feel that you are a sinner?"

"O, sir, I am the chief of sinners."

"And what are you doing?"

"I am praying to Jesus."

"And what are you asking Jesus to do for you?"

"To take away my sins."

He was coiled up in bed, his hands firmly clasped. Even while I spoke to him and pointed him to the Lamb of God, he continued in earnest prayer. When I called again, he was full of joy. He had again the Messiah.

I asked him, "Is there anything you would like to do for Jesus?"

His reply was, "I would like to bring all my brothers and sisters and the whole world to Him."

I called again soon after. He was there, but not alone. A number of his companions, little boys, had gathered in. What did this child do? He was not ashamed of Jesus; nor afraid to tell what He had done for his soul. He appealed to his companions about their souls. He then told them what he felt and how he felt; that Jesus had done for him. He proposed to pray for them, and they all knelt down. I heard that prayer. It was most simple, touching and earnest. Before I left, one of the boys was enabled to believe and give his heart to Jesus. The two little fellows embraced each other. How they spoke of the power of Christ! of their own joy! How, in the presence of all, they encouraged each other to stand firm and cleave to Jesus!

### Children's Department.

#### THE BRIGHT COAL.

AND HOW THE BABY TOUCHED IT.

There was once a darling little baby, who lived with his father and mother in a rough log-cabin in Tennessee. He was a beautiful boy, with dark-blue eyes and rosy cheeks. His skin was very fair, so that the neighbors, who were dark-complexioned Southerners, called him the "white child"; and all around his head, down on his fat shoulders, clustered rings of shining, pale gold hair. He was a very merry and affectionate baby, and had the most charming way in the world of screwing his sweet little rosy mouth all into a pucker whenever he wished to kiss his mamma, which was many times a day.

Oh, how dearly his mother loved him! How hard she had worked to keep the room clean and neat, that it might be fit for her baby to live in! How much comfort she took, in the midst of her toil and care, in watching her darling, in stopping for a moment to give him a "good hug" and a kiss, at least twenty times a day. Above all, what a delight it was to undress him at night, and rock him to sleep while she sang a tender lullaby!

I could write you a whole great book about how this mother loved her baby, and what comfort she took with him—and yet, when the book was written through, I would not have told you half!

Yet this darling caused his mother great anxiety: I will tell you in what way.

The fire was made of large logs in a great, open fire-place, and whenever it was necessary to put more wood on, the coals would fall down on the stone hearth, making the room very bright for a short time. "Baby seemed to think the red, glowing coals very pretty, and as soon as he could creep, he would start for the fire whenever it was stirred. His mother would take him back to the other side of the room many times a day; she would shake her head at him, and say, "No, no! baby must not touch—fire will burn—hurt—"

#### CHARLIE AND THE SNOW.

A few weeks since, while in New York, we found one bright, beautiful morning, that the snow had fallen during the night, and lay in one unbroken sheet on the park, in front of our window. The sun was shining brightly, adding unusual brilliancy to the scene before us.

Little Charlie, who had been standing by my side, broke the stillness with—

"Mamma, I think snow-time the most beautiful time there is; you know, mamma, that God made the snow; and the angels are white, and that is the reason why I think snow-time the most beautiful time there is."

"But, my dear boy, what makes you think the angels are white?"

"Why, mamma, don't you see that I read in the Bible that the angels came to him who lay in the sepulchre, that his countenance was like lightning, and his raiment white as snow?"

Physical labor relieves the mental pains; the countenance is the mirror of the heart; the happiness of the poor, the

The Sabbath Recorder.

WESTERN, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, FEB. 26, 1863. Geo. B. Utter, Editor.

COBULATE THE TRACTS.

The American Sabbath Tract Society issues nearly twenty publications designed to illustrate and enforce the duty of sanctifying the Sabbath of the Lord—the Seventh Day of the Week.

A few years ago, there was scarcely a house among us in which Sabbath publications were not found, ready for distribution to those who evinced any disposition to read upon the subject.

No one need hold back from the work of tract distribution on account of limited means. True, it costs money to print tracts, and the Society has a scale of prices for the publications which it issues.

Some doubt has been expressed as to the present being a favorable time for an extensive distribution of Sabbath publications. For our part, we think it is always safe and always useful to distribute such publications.

manuscript of the Greek Scriptures, of the Old and New Testaments, executed by order and at the expense of the Emperor of Russia, is now printed and ready for delivery.

INTEMPERANCE AND THE WAR.

Among the many grievous evils which this monster rebellion has so suddenly thrust upon a peaceful and peace-loving people, there is one to which our attention is daily directed.

Ere the war began, the cause of temperance was daily gaining ground. People had time to look this foe to human happiness fairly and calmly in the face, measure its proportions, and take into consideration the most effective method of conquering and circumventing it in its insidious approaches.

What is to be done, then, to stop the inroads of intemperance in the army? It assuredly must commence, as all other reforms, with individual effort, and to be effective must be thoroughly in earnest.

We all understand now, or else are we woefully blinded, that appeals in behalf of temperance principles do not emanate simply from a poetic or sentimental vein in the minds of men, but from a sense of their great need; from a strong sense of the terrible imbrida which the "worm of the still" is making daily on the life and happiness of ourselves and our fellow men.

weakly, helplessly, "Woe I woe!" and yet take no active measures to save others or ourselves? First of all we must be firmly temperate, each one for themselves; then can we more effectively work for the salvation of others.

Now if the nations of the earth, collectively taken, in this nineteenth century, are still in a state of barbarism, much more was it so when the Israelites were constituted a nation.

What, then, is the lesson taught us? Simply this: that so long as the nations of the earth, taken collectively, are in a state of barbarism, war is a dreadful necessity.

HOME NEWS. BAPTISM was administered, last Sabbath, at the 1st Seventh-day Baptist Church in Hopkinton, to four candidates.

REVIVAL INTEREST is reported in several of our Sabbath-keeping churches, some account of which we hope to be able soon to publish.

THOUGHTS ON WAR.

As it cannot be pretended that the nations of the earth, taken collectively, had emerged from a state of barbarism when the Hebrew constitution was given, I will admit that the constitution was, in a certain sense, accommodated to a rude and uncivilized age.

But, in this sense, the Hebrew constitution was accommodated to the age, it was indispensable to provide for war. For since the nations of the earth, taken collectively, were in a state of barbarism, what alternative was there but for each to fight its own battles, and right its own wrongs?

Home news is not with us of that nature which would be very profitable or instructive. Though we live away down in the lower part of Jersey, yet we claim to be a part of the Union.

to whose decisions all international disputes being submitted, a resort to war would not be necessary. But how desirable such a council, the world is not yet ripe for it, and perhaps will not be for many long years.

The column devoted to home news and items, introduced into the Recorder, I consider to be one of interest, well calculated to keep alive and in activity the sympathies and the social and religious relations existing throughout the denomination.

The existing war, and the heavy draft it has made upon some of our societies, neighborhoods, and families, furnishes many a subject for the exercise of the pen, and is a subject of interest to every thinking mind.

This neighborhood and society have furnished quite a number of young men for the war, and the experience of those with whom I have been most acquainted, has not been such as to increase my confidence.

Mrs. NAOMI D. KILBOW, a granddaughter of Eld. Enoch David, writes to us from the vicinity of the Lost Creek Church, in Virginia, that religion there is at a very low ebb, and she would be glad if the church could be visited by some able, faithful, and spiritual Sabbath-keeping minister from abroad.

"I feel very lonely; but my trust is in God. Do pray for my sons, that they may be protected from all harm, and return home again safe and sound."

Home news is not with us of that nature which would be very profitable or instructive. Though we live away down in the lower part of Jersey, yet we claim to be a part of the Union.

Our religious meetings are as well attended as usual. Though there is no special interest, yet some have recently professed conversion. The ill health of brother G. R. Wheeler made it necessary, as he thought, for him to resign his charge of the Marlborough Church the first of January. He has not been with

them since the first Sabbath in December. We are happy to learn that his health is improving. May he yet be spared to work in the gospel vineyard.

Our county seems to abound, in the present winter, with lecturers, showmen, and singers. The tribe of Asha (the Hutchinson family) have been giving their concerts in different places.

The winter has been unusually open, the snow not having been over four inches deep at any one time, and not lying on the ground more than two days.

DAKOTA, WIS., To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

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SABBATH SCHOOL AT ADAMS, N. Y.

Report for the quarter ending with December, 1862. During the quarter just passed, there have been some alterations in the school. One class has been dissolved, and the members have joined other classes.

school, (I have reference to the elder people, who stay to give their children an opportunity,) evince deeper interest in the exercises than for some time past.

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TO MAKE YEAST.

Having just read in the RECORDER a "recipe" for making yeast, and doubting not that it may be good, still, as I have another, which seems to be preferable, especially as to keeping qualities, I thought I would just send it; presuming that any one trying it will never do without it, summer or winter.

RECIPE.

Take one dozen good-sized potatoes; wash and pare them; boil in sufficient water to make one gallon of liquor; mash and strain through a colander; boil a good handful of hops; add it with one teaspoonful of brown sugar, and half a cup of salt; when cool enough, add one cup of good yeast, put in a jug, and cork loosely. It will be ready in 24 hours.

THE RHODE ISLAND INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION

held an interesting session last week at Ashaway, in which the leading teachers and friends of Education in the State took part. Among the resolutions passed was one of thanks to the citizens of Ashaway, Potter Hill, and vicinity, for their liberal provision of "creature comforts"; another, thanking the proprietors of the mills at Ashaway for closing the same to allow the operatives an opportunity of attending the meetings; and another tendering thanks to J. M. Stillman, Esq., Professor of Music, for pleasing and instructive illustrations of Carlo Basini's method of teaching music.

GEN. BUTLER OF THE WAR.

On the 19th of February, an enthusiastic welcome was given to Gen. B. F. Butler, in the Hall of the Maryland Institute, Baltimore.

"Alluding to the progress of the war, he said there was much, very much, to encourage, in the progress we had made in the past year. Let us post the books, and see how we stand. A year ago, when he passed through Baltimore on his way to the Southern coast, how did we then stand? The Rebels had all of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas; all of Virginia except that portion under the guns of Arlington Heights and Fortress Monroe. We have all of Missouri, all of Kentucky, two-thirds of Arkansas, at least half of Tennessee, and Rosecrans, thank God, was there, and good for the other half. We have two-thirds of Florida, a third of North Carolina, all of Louisiana, and what was left of the bogus Confederacy? Texas, intriquing with the French Emperor to get away from them, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia. Very soon the Mississippi River would be in our entire control and then the Confederacy would be severed. Might we not truly say, with some of the Rebel Congressmen, that another such year of progress would see the Confederacy annihilated? Truly, the folds of the great ananconda were tightening around the Rebellion, and crushing it in its irresistible grasp."

WAR NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Washington Republican publishes the following extract from the private letter of a distinguished general in the army, who was absent for some time, but who recently returned to his command. He is a man of few words, and never writes or talks what he does not feel:

"The spirit of the army is better than I had supposed. I think there is great confidence felt in Hooker. I wish our people felt as well as the army. Money and furloughs have done great good."

Bishop Clark of Rhode Island, in a lecture at New Bedford, one night last week, said that General Burnside remarked to him, the day before, that "he considered the Army of the Potomac in a better and more hopeful condition than when under his charge."

THE SOUTHERN COAST.

We have rebel authority for expecting an immediate assault upon Charleston and Savannah. Beauregard issued a proclamation Feb. 19th, warning away all non-combatants, and calling upon every able-bodied man to rush to the ranks.

VICKSBURG.

Rear-Admiral Porter writes to the Navy Department, that the rebel steamer Vicksburg was so badly injured by the Queen of the West, that she is kept afloat by coal barges fastened to her sides; that her machinery is mostly removed, and she will probably be destroyed. This is the largest of the rebel steamers destroyed by our fleet. He also announces the successful routing of the rebel batteries by a coal barge. Information is also received of the capture of the side-wheel steamer A. W. Barker, about fifteen miles below the mouth of Red River, with several rebel officers on board. The same day the steamer Moro, laden with one hundred and ten thousand pounds of port, nearly five hundred hogs, and a large quantity of salt, destined for the rebel army at Fort Hudson. Near the Red River, subsequently to these captures, the Queen seized the steamer Berkeley's Bay, laden with two hundred barrels of molasses, two thousand heads of sugar, and thirty thousand pounds of flour intended for the rebels at Fort Hudson. The Berkeley's Bay also had on board forty bales of cotton.

The mortar-boats near Vicksburg have been towed down to a point near the rendezvous of the fleet, and every moment it is expected that the commencement of the attack will be announced. The Vicksburg WAIT of the 9th says that the river is overflowing its banks on the Louisiana side. The town of De Soto, opposite, is nearly submerged. It is expected that the whole of the peninsula will soon be under water. The Vicksburg WAIT via post the rebel batteries at Vicksburg; Pub-

All of them did their best to... The rebels have Vicksburg dis...

The contraband traffic between the rebels in Maryland and Virginia... Mr. Wilson recently stated in the Senate...

given away, and may be taken where... THE NEGROES IN SOUTH CAROLINA. A resolution was adopted by the House...

“Greenbacks” as they are called, are hoarded as much as gold in Richmond... While a salute was being fired from Fort McHenry...

At the residence of the bride's father, in Plainfield, N. Y., Feb. 12th, 1863... In Amity, N. Y., February 12th, 1863...

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The Sabbath Recorder

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY GEORGE B. UTTER

The Sabbath Recorder, as the Denominational Paper of the Seventh-day Baptist...

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Two Dollars per year...

ADVERTISEMENTS: A character not inconsistent with the objects of the paper...

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER

- Adams - Dr. G. D. Porter, Alfred - Charles E. Lanworthy, Alfred Center - M. J. Green, N. Y. Hill, Brookfield - Richard Stillman...

THE AMERICAN SABBATH TRACT SOCIETY

- No. 1 - Reasons for Introducing the Sabbath of the Fourth Commandment to the consideration of the Church...

age, tall and well proportioned, with a ruddy face, and a bright, piercing eye...

PROSPECTUS

THE EVENING POST. (Established in 1801.) A THOROUGHGOING, UNBIBLING AND FEARLESS ADVOCATE OF FREEDOM.

WAR AGAINST TREASON. It aims chiefly, however, at being a Good Newspaper...

TERMS - PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. DAILY EVENING POST. One Copy, one year, sent by mail, \$11 00

SEMI-WEEKLY EVENING POST. Published every Tuesday and Friday. One Copy, one year, \$3 00

WEEKLY EVENING POST. Published every Wednesday. One Copy, one year, \$2 00

PREMIUMS. Any person sending us \$45 for twenty Semi-Weekly subscribers...

W. C. BRYANT & CO., Office of the Evening Post, 41 Nassau Street, Corner Liberty, January 1, 1868, New York.

DYSPEPSIA REMEDY

DR. DARIUS HAM'S AROMATIC INVIGORATING SPIRIT, Recommended to cure Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Heart Disease, &c.

That Doctor Ham's Celebrated Dyspepsia Remedy has been before the public for the past ten years...

TO LADIES. Dr. Ham's Dyspepsia Remedy is just the thing you require...

TO GENTLEMEN. Dr. Ham knows that you do not always pay much attention to the many different ailments...

WATER-PROOF WALLS. W. Smith, of London, has obtained a patent for a preparation...

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF GEN. HOOKER. Gen. Hooker is a native of Old Hadley, Massachusetts...

ODDS AND ENDS. They had a kind of semi-public baby show in "Podoc," (Cape Elizabeth, Me.)...

Fontenelle lived to nearly a hundred years old. A lady of nearly the same age said to him one day...

The stonies on the corners of the Exchange in Boston, are larger than any single stone in Cleopatra's needle...

Some with rags, says the nursery hymn. "Come with rags," is the printer's song...

A duel was fought in Mississippi lately, by S. K. Knott and A. W. Shott. The result was, Knott was shot, and Shott was not.

Despondency is the last of all evils; it is the abandonment of good, the giving up the battle of life with dead nothingness...

Canning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to canning, and it is knavery.

We want no men who will change like the vases of our steeples, with the course of the popular wind; but we want men who, like mountains, will change the course of the wind.

A lady, in speaking of a gathering of lawyers to dedicate a new court-house, said she supposed they had come to "view the ground where they must shortly lie."

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth, finds in his hand a blade without a hilt - one more likely to cut himself than anybody else.

One poor Holmes was made happy in Plattsburg, Ohio, the other day, by news that he had become heir to a snug little plum of \$24,000.

Water-Proof Walls. W. Smith, of London, has obtained a patent for a preparation...

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF GEN. HOOKER. Gen. Hooker is a native of Old Hadley, Massachusetts...

WALKING ON THE WATER. Much interest has been excited in Paris by the dispatch of two official representatives of the Marine to Marseilles...

Five parts of rosin; One part of beeswax; One part of tallow. Melt these in a skillet, tin cup, or any metal vessel...

NEW MATERIAL FOR PAPER. The wood of the hemlock tree - hemlock fir, or hemlock spruce, as it is sometimes called...

Save all the bones you can lay hold of. When you get a quantity together, put them in a kettle, cover with lye; if the weather is cold, warm occasionally for a few days...

CURIOUS FINANCIAL TRANSACTION. Some days since a United States Senator found a letter on his table, written in pencil...

SILVER IN CANADA. It would do a hard-money man good to go to Canada. The currency consists almost exclusively of American silver.

THE RESOURCES OF NEW ENGLAND. New England has an area of 62,338 square miles, not so large as either the State of Missouri or Virginia.

POVERTY. Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men, with ten thousand dollars a year, suffer more from want of means...

ENTITLED TO CREDIT. Two young men commenced the sail making business in Philadelphia. They bought a lot of duck from Stephen Girard on credit...

GRAFTING-WAX. As the time is now approaching when fruit-grafting will commence, we herewith publish what has been found by us to answer the purpose admirably.

AGRI-CULTURAL. From some notes of "An Agricultural Extension," by the editor of the Maine Farmer, we clip the following items.

GRAFTING-WAX. As the time is now approaching when fruit-grafting will commence, we herewith publish what has been found by us to answer the purpose admirably.

your mouth well out before you swallow a mouthful of water! "Sit on your pack, and not on the ground!" "You, Sir! two days, salls de pedice for lying down in the shade. Do you think we can drag fever and pneumonia about with us? Up with you! And you there, exposing your chest to the cold air; you'll be writhing like a corkscrew presently!"

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