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WHOLE NO. 1179.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP.

Meas. Ticknor & Fields have just given to the public, in blue and gold, Poems by Elizabeth Akers. Among these is that popular poem—"Rock Me to Sleep, Mother."

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight, Make me a child again, just for to-night!

Backward, low backward, O Time of the years! I am so weary of toil and of tears.

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against the best of governments, and led twelve millions of people into the vortex of rebellion, to destroy its life.

Now, governments are instituted for the benefit of the people, the whole people. Our own unique commonwealth comprises a government of the people, for the people, and with this form of political organization, we are bound, to prevent confusion, to abide by the sacred right of the majority ruling.

In 1860, a majority of the people declared in unmistakable language, that Abraham Lincoln should rule this nation for four years. Jeff. Davis and his confederates objected; not passively, but actively; not with thoughts that breathe and words that burn, but with blood and carnage, famine and death.

Lincoln's election was said to be the cause of this base opposition; but the asserted cause was a mere pretext. A motive power, widely different from this, lay underneath, influencing the act of the confederate chief.

A separate, independent nation, with slavery as its cherished idol for years, and the events of 1860 presented the opportunity for the gratification of its hopes, and the consummation of its secret preparations, which were to destroy the national life.

But what was the pretext, or what the cause, the act, divested of its glittering colors, and fair disguises, was simply rebellion; and Davis stands before the world, the greatest rebel of modern times.

In proof of this, notice the government he aimed to destroy. It was not despotic; no tyrant ruled with an iron hand. It was not monarchical; no kingly power exerted unlimited authority.

The sovereignty lay in the people. The voice of the people was the voice of authority. The people spoke, and it was done; they commanded, and the decree stood fast.

Did the majority do anything to provoke so diabolical an act? I trow not. But if so, a majority could rectify the difficulty, if there was a needs-be to do so.

The party with which Davis was identified had held the sway for near three-fourths of the nation's life-time. All that had been done for the weal or woe of the people for fifty years, had been accomplished through democratic influence.

All the honors that a great people could bestow, were lavished upon the traitor himself. Then why rebel? Echo answers, Why?

Then notice his crime in the light of what he designed doing. There might have been some palliation to his crime, had his object been, like that of Washington, to elevate the nation, and restore to the slave his heaven-born, God-given liberty.

But so divine a thought was as far from his heart, as the east is from the west. His aim was to throw off whatever restraint the North exerted against the foul, system of slavery, and to give the fumes of all villainies "all latitude to exhibit its hydra-head."

And in perpetrating slavery he purposed continuing and increasing bigamy, polygamy, adultery, incest, murder, theft, yes, every crime that exalteth itself against the pure law of God.

This multiplicity of crimes, under the form of American slavery, was said to be the chief corner-stone of the designed confederacy. Can you, then, conceive the magnitude of a crime that sought to entail upon four millions of people the dire curse of slavery?

The intensity of the crime increases with the means employed. He invoked the agency of the demon war. War should never be inaugurated only on the strongest grounds. Defensive war is always justifiable, but offensive war should never be indulged without the most palpable evidence of its righteousness.

Internal war was waged by Davis in these United States. What heart is there that stands not appalled, and whose soul sickens not at the awful scenes and heart-rending effects of that terrible strife? What picture! In it we see depicted scenes of carnage and of blood. We behold thousands of men lying with bleeding and mangled bodies on blood-covered plains.

We witness hospitals crowded with the forms of diseased and dying men. We gaze on prisons whose dark and noisome interior present the sickening spectacle of moving skeletons which fiendish spirits have made by the torture of starvation. Our hearts are saddened by the sight of broken-hearted widows, whose deeply-drawn sighs and speaks the anguish of their souls, and whose fatherless children prompt a nation's pity.

And as a finishing stroke to the hideous picture, our weeping eyes rest upon the prostrate form and bullet-pierced head of the good, the sainted Lincoln. Surely, my friends, these facts are sufficient to blacken the crime of Davis with the deepest dye of infamy.

demand it. The loyal voices of America's loyal children join in the chorus, and urge in thunder tones, that the nation's honor be maintained, its integrity preserved, and its future stability secured, by hanging the traitor to the bloody knife at our national heart.

What! shall the lesser criminals suffer, while the greater ones go free? Shall the deserter of the Union army, who longed to see wife and children and home, be shot like a dog, while the mercenary who loves war, starves prisoners, fires hotels, and slaughters half a million of human beings, be invited to walk out of prison to receive the ovations of his friends?

Shall a man who merely commits an assault and battery, suffer for his crimes, while the greatest law-breaker of modern times, he who has filled the land with mourning, and darkened the nation's history with his shadow, goes unpunished? If he does, our national character is disgraced. Treason takes the premium over loyalty.

Our future will be jeopardized every hour. The pale faces of our fallen heroes will blush at our shame, and living rebels will scorn at our disgrace. Is mercy to be the cry? All mercy is injustice. A God all mercy is a God unjust.

Remove all mercy is a nation unjust. Remove justice, and you undermine the throne of the Eternal. Remove justice, and you sap the foundation of our glorious political fabric. This nation will stand or fall, according as it renders to every man his due.

Therefore I say, let him suffer. But if Davis goes free, let Surratt have his liberty; and if their fetters are loosened, open the jails and penitentiaries throughout all the land, and liberate every criminal, of every stamp, and let every man do as he pleases, without regard to law or order.

But, it may be said, Jeff. is out on bail, and will be brought to trial. In serving the ends of justice, delays are dangerous. We have too many instances illustrative of this position. Two years ago, and Andrew Johnson would scarcely dare bail his prisoner. But now there is no hesitancy, and even men of undoubted loyalty, boldly and willingly sign a bond for a hundred thousand dollars, to liberate the worst of men.

A hundred thousand dollars! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the heathen hear that this nation values its life, and the blood and treasure it cost to save it, at so low an estimate. There will be a trial in mere form, but in effect it will be a sham, and in two years' time, the traitor of traitors will breathe the free air of heaven, legitimized by freed from his crimes, with an host of admirers to applaud his past misdoings.

But there is such a thing as history, and men are generally weighed in the scales of history, according to their worth. Davis will occupy his place among the noted men of the world's record. His name will be heard in time to come. And though a recreant government and a too generous people may refuse to comply with the demands of justice, yet truthful history will place him in his proper position—it will classify him with those characters to whom he belongs, and when the day shall reveal it, he will be found, not by the side of Washington and Lafayette, Lincoln and Wadsworth, but in company with Judas Iscariot, Benedict Arnold, Aaron Burr, and Andrew Johnson.

But he is not alone in his disgrace; and if it is true that misery loves company, he is certainly gratified, for he has with him other spirits almost as fallen as himself; men who would not hesitate to deluge the world in blood, and turn the earth into a charnel house, to accomplish their unholy purposes.

And while I hold up the leader as a mark for infamy and condign punishment, I present to gaze Lee and Forest, Mason and Sidel, Floyd and Toombs, with a hundred other leading traitorous spirits, who ought to die the death; but having escaped their just deserts, let them bear the mark of Cain, and be excommunicated and cast out as evil, by the good and virtuous of every nation through all time.

OURIOUS RELIGIOUS ORDER. A California correspondent gives a brief account of a curious religious order in Mexico, called the "Prentontists." This order, with its curious customs, has been handed down to the old Franciscan Friars of Spain.

Every Friday during Lent, and the whole of the last week, they go through this penance. An indefinite number, generally from twenty-five to fifty, divest themselves of all superfluous clothing, excepting a pair of drawers rolled up to the knee, and a red handkerchief around the head. Officers are elected, (who do not disrobe themselves,) all furnished with a peculiar kind of whip, made very pliable, except those who hold the post of honor, to the number of five or six, who carry a large, heavy cross, hewn out of rough timber, which is so heavy and unwieldy, that when the cross is upon the shoulder, the long upright piece drags upon the ground.

All leave their place of resort, sing a melancholy sort of chant, and going to a certain place where a large cross is firmly planted in the ground, they drop upon their knees in a circle around the cross; then begin to beat themselves, alternately over each shoulder, according as they think their sins deserve. This whipping is in the small of the back, keeping time to the chant, while shuffling around the circle. The cross-bearers, who have their hands full, are kindly provided for by the officers, who take it upon themselves to whip those who have not the ability to whip themselves.

Their backs, as we saw them, resembled a mass of raw flesh, with the blood not trickling from one place, but hundreds. The blows could be heard for full half a mile, filling the bystander with an indescribable horror, while the cold chill runs over his frame in thinking how it is possible for human beings to be so ignorant and degraded as to do this. The penance is over with the last of Lent.

HARVESTS ON HISTORIC FIELDS. BY G. S. SHEPHERD. Three years ago the battle's breath swept fiercer across the plain. And steadily the reaper Death, With cruel carnage in his train, Marched through the serried ranks, that stood White field and farm and hill and wood Green, dark beneath the battle's frown.

The cannon thundered in their wrath, And the hand that plows the sod, The loud shell cut its trackless path; And thickly by the trodden way, In dyes and field, by level rows Of trampled corn, Death's harvest lay— E'er since that day with deadly sound.

Up from her covert starts the quail, As chancing on her hidden nest, The farmer-lad, with noisy hail, Boies quickly as thought the speckled breast. And low and sweet the choical, While from the blue sky overhead, In melody and flood, the wind, Where rises may with deadly sound.

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business was introduced by Mr. Schofield, who was an ingenious manufacturer. The property at last came into the hands of the present active proprietors—the Stillmans and Maxsons—who have increased the buildings and machinery, and added the force of steam power. A steam mill, a foundry, and a machine shop, are now successfully operated in the lower or southern part of the village.

The merchants here have been Thomas Noyes, George Sheffield, Samuel Thompson, George and Henry Noyes, Jesse L. Moss, Ezra Vincent, H. & F. Sheffield. The shops are now many.

The inn-keepers have been Samuel Thompson, Mrs. Abby Thompson, Robert H. Peckham, Luke B. Noyes, Avery Hoxie.

A word of shipbuilders. That would be an interesting chapter of the facts be recovered, that should give the names of her shipwrights, and the names and deeds of her many and bold sailors. Her fishing boats, and keels of various size, from coasting shallop to majestic ship, have graduated seamen and captains for the remotest oceans and seas.

Shipbuilding was early carried on along the banks of the Pawcatuck, from the river's mouth to the head of navigation on both banks. These crafts have been of all tonnage and rig, from sloops to ships. Some of these did service in the early wars.

The prominent builders of later times, beginning near 1800, were Nathan Potter, Joseph Barber, Silas Greenman, Sam. Eliza Laphan, George Sheffield, Hazard Crandall, Silas Greenman, Jr., John Brown, H. & F. Sheffield.

The first steamboat built on the river was constructed near 1840, by Sprague Barber, and named the Novelty. The steamer lately built and now plying on the river is called the Florence.

The early merchants of Westerly were usually shipowners as well to some degree. Prior to the general introduction of mechanical enterprises, the wealth of the town went out extensively upon the seas.

From 1800 to 1835, numerous fishing keels were fitted for the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts. The cargoes, sold at home and in foreign ports, realized important returns. The West Indian trade was popular and lucrative; produce, staves, mules and horses, were exchanged for rum, molasses, and dry goods.

STILLMANVILLE. The first manufacturing business started in this vicinity was a small tannery, conducted by Mr. Rhodes, just above the present canal bridge. No trace of this now remains. The first mill reported, where the village now flourishes, on the Rhode Island side of the river, was a grist mill owned by John Burdick, who afterwards sold it to Mr. Arnold Clark. Mr. Clark finally sold a part of the privilege to Mr. Stephen Smith, and another part to Mr. John Schofield. Mr. Schofield sold his part to Mr. William Stillman, who here invented and operated the first cloth shearing machine ever known.

Mr. Smith ran a fulling mill and a cloth dresser to accommodate country families; he assisted Mr. Stillman in procuring his important patent. But all this property finally passed into the hands of the White Rock Company, who have erected the present large and well-furnished mills, and greatly enlarged the village. The mills are run mainly by steam power. The power of the river is used only when the water runs over the dam, the canal carrying half of the regular stream to the village below.

On the Stonington side of the river, there was first, a saw mill, and secondly, a flaxseed oil mill, owned by Mr. John Congdon, who, in 1806, sold the property to Mr. John Schofield. Mr. Schofield established carding, spinning, weaving, and fulling woolen goods. In 1831, the property was bought by the present proprietor, Orasmus M. Stillman, who, by persevering industry and various important inventions, has added to his estate, constructed the present large and commodious mills, and greatly enlarged the village on that side of the river. From this enterprising manufacturer, Stillmanville has received its name. The first bridge across the river here was constructed by Mr. Stillman; it is now public property. In these mills, also, steam is at present a part of the motive power.

The chapter recently published on "Potter Hill" was found, after its publication, to be incomplete, and in some respects incorrect, on which account it is rewritten by Mr. Denison, and is printed below in a revised form.

CHAPTER XVIII. POTTER HILL. For this chapter we are indebted not a little to the intelligence and research of Miss Maria L. Potter, who also furnished some of the incidents of the chapter preceding. We shall often follow her accomplished pen. Papers of much importance have also been furnished by W. H. Potter, Esq., of Groton, Conn.

Going back as far as possible to the origin of business in this locality, we find "the dam at Potter Hill" owned by Samuel Maxson and John Davidson. Mr. Maxson was the great-grandson of John Maxson, one of the first planters. "Prior to 1762, there was a dam and grist mill at the meeting house bridge, about one mile up the stream, owned by Peter Grandall; as this dam flooded valuable meadow lands above, the land owners purchased and leveled it. The grist mill was purchased by John

Davis, and removed to Potter Hill, on the Westerly side of the river. Afterwards a saw mill, that had been erected on the east side, was transferred to the west side. In 1768, these mills were purchased by George Potter, and operated by him till his death, in 1794." He was known as "the honest miller," even "to a kernel of corn." He also opened a store, which was continued by his son, and afterwards by his grandsons. He was great-grandson of Martin Potter, of historic fame, who was the first of this branch of Potters in Rhode Island. George owned two houses, a grist mill, a saw mill, and a falling mill. The family papers also testify that he built here several vessels. He left three sons, George, J. Joseph, and Nathan, who were on the business left by the father till the death of George, Jr., in 1801. This George, 2d, was engaged many years in ship-building, and in cod-fishing at the Straits of Belleisle, "being the first man from the United States, after the close of the Revolution, to go to Green Island, (in the Bay of St. Lawrence)." "At Newfoundland, on board an English vessel, he saw the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV."

Some time after the death of George, his brother Nathan became embarrassed in business, and his rights were sold to the remaining brother, Joseph, who also bought the rights of the heirs of George, and so became sole proprietor. In 1810, Joseph built the first cotton mill, at a cost of nine thousand dollars, and commenced the manufacture of cotton yarn. He had previously been engaged in foreign trade, and sent vessels to the West Indies; and to Barcelona, in Spain. This business was damaged by the "embargo of 1806." In this business, Gen. Wm. Williams, of Stonington, said of him, "Esquire Potter is the most independent man I ever knew."

"About the year 1796, the Potter brothers were sued by Zachary Reynolds for not opening the fish gap in their dam at the usual time, the twentieth of March. The neglect was occasioned by a freshet; and the man who sawed the plate at last died at the peril of his life. The case was in the law seven years, and was finally gained by the defendants. Many people were interested here in catching alewives and shad. A scoup net would sometimes compass three shad at a time. Once, at the mouth of the Nesunganset, or Mile Brook, a few rods below, ten thousand alewives were caught at a time in a seine."

"The brothers, Joseph and Nathan Potter, for a time built boats for the Green-Island fishery, building from ten to fifteen per year, some of them holding four tons. These were also built down to tide water. They were also built sloops, schooners, and at one time even a ship; framing them at Potter Hill, and then taking them apart and rebuilding them at Westerly. During the war of 1812, some gunboats were built by them in the same manner, under the superintendence of Capt. Phipps, an agent of the government."

Mr. Potter's cotton mill was at first a success. During the last war he was offered three cents a hank for spinning No. 12 yarn, having the cotton furnished. This was the beginning of the manufacture of fabrics in this region. Mr. Potter also opened the second store, in a wing of his new house; of this we may speak hereafter. The cotton spinning and cloth dressing business was carried on under the name of Joseph Potter & Sons, till 1814, when the father sold his right in the real estate and mills to his sons, who continued the business under the firm of Thomas W. & Joseph Potter & Co. Towards the close of the war Mr. Potter's business so languished that it was thought "he sunk \$13,000 by the factory."

As previously stated, "Joseph Potter was also engaged in mercantile business; and it was about the year 1791 that the serious burglary occurred, occasioning a great stir in the community. The burglars were Stanton, and one Williams. They came in the night, took a crowbar from the saw mill, and open the grist mill, emptied the bags of grain, and then broke open the store attached to Mr. Potter's house, and filled the bags with silks, cotton fabrics, and other valuables, worth about \$800. Most of the goods were afterwards found secreted in stacks and barns in Stonington; and some in Candlewood Hill in Groton. Williams turned State's evidence, and thus escaped punishment. Stanton received a severe public whipping. Mount was tried and hung at Kings-town, having confessed that he should have killed Mr. Potter, had he made his appearance, and also that this was the thirtieth burglary that he had committed. He seems to have been a hardened criminal." This is the last instance of capital punishment that occurred in Washington county. The law then inflicted the same penalty upon burglars who entered private dwellings.

About this time, 1792, "Nathan Potter had a blacksmith shop at the west end of the bridge, which he removed to the east side of the river; and added to it a triphammer. This property, after his failure in 1814, was owned by Daniel and Oliver Babcock; excellent men; and good workmen, who continued the smith business till 1864, when the shop was removed, the privilege having been sold with the property, on the other side of the stream."

Thomas W. & Joseph Potter & Co., mentioned in a previous paragraph, enlarged the manufacturing business, and worthily conducted it till 1843, when they sold mills and

privilege to Messrs. Edwin and Horace Babcock, the present enterprising proprietors. In 1800 the place could boast but three residences near the bridge. Joseph Potter, father of Thomas W. Joseph, and Henry, died Dec. 14th, 1822, at the age of sixty-three, a man of industry, ability, integrity, decision, generosity, and piety. "He was long a pillar and clerk of the old Sabbatarian Church, when it numbered near nine hundred members." The progenitor of this worthy Potter family was Martin Potter, as previously stated, who is reported to have been a son of one of the Regicides—one of the Judges that condemned Charles I. On the restoration of the monarchy, he fled to this country, and took shelter with his cousin in South Kingstown, R. I., where he lived till his death. He was reticent in respect to his history. It appears, however, that he owned a large estate in South Shields, on the banks of the Tyne, in England—in the midst of the coal region—property valued, in 1835, at nine million dollars. Before his flight he leased this estate for ninety-nine years. At the expiration of the lease, an attempt was made to confiscate the property, and it passed into the charge of the Bishop of Durham. Measures were instituted, prior to the Revolution, to recover it; these were broken up by the war. During the present century, the suit has been reopened, and is still pending. The estate embraces "something like 400 acres, one mile of docks, and near 300 houses."

As one of the witnesses and noble representatives of Potter Hill and Hopkinton, mention should be made of Deacon Daniel Babcock, or, as he was often called, Judge Babcock. He was born at Potter Hill, in Westerly, August 21st, 1742. He was a blacksmith, and commenced business at Potter Hill, where he married. For forty-six years he was Justice of the Peace; for nine years, from 1807 to 1816, he was a member of the upper house of the State, elected by general proxy, and carried with him the suffrage of all parties, retaining the office by a unanimous vote. For ten years he was a Judge of the County Court for Washington County. He was the intimate friend and counsellor of Governors Fenner, and Knight, and others. As a Christian man, he honorably maintained his profession for sixty-three years, and for fifty-eight years was a deacon in the staunch old Sabbatarian Church in Hopkinton, in which church for nearly half a century he also served as chorister. He belonged to the soundly evangelical portion of his denomination; was the infirmate friend and relative of Rev. Rufus Babcock; was loved and honored by Rev. Stephen Gano, and others, of Providence; and was sent for, far and near, as an arbitrator and counsellor in difficult cases in church and in private life. He served for a short time in the Revolutionary army. He died in Hopkinton, September 18th, 1846.

His brother, Doctor Christopher Babcock, was a distinguished surgeon in the Revolutionary army, and died in the service. At Potter Hill, in Westerly, crowning a rocky bluff, is found a mute and weighty witness of the dark and distant geological eras, when our continent was overspread by glaciers. It is a globe-like boulder, weighing probably fifty tons, so poised on the face of a ledge, that, until recently, a single person could rock it. Hence it is known as the Rocking Stone, and multitudes visit it as a curiosity. And how naturally all ask, How came it here? When and by what means was it transported? How was it left and poised on this ledgy crest? Only the old moving fields of glaciers, in their southward march, can return the answer.

THADDEUS STEVENS'S GRAVE.—Several years ago, when the Lancaster Cemetery was incorporated, Mr. Stevens purchased two lots, for which a deed was duly executed. Some years later, in looking over his papers, he noticed, for the first time, the clause prohibiting the interment of colored people in the cemetery. He at once reconveyed the lots to the company, with his reasons, and asked that they be put upon the records. A short time ago, he purchased a couple of lots in Woodward Hill Cemetery, and when the deeds were handed to him he noticed a similar clause excluding the burial of people of color. The brave old man declared that he could not consent to have his bones laid in a cemetery where any of God's children were excluded for no fault of their own, and he promptly returned the deeds. He then, only a few days ago, selected a lot in "Shreiner's Cemetery," where no such distinction is made among the dead, and there will be the dust of the Old Comerer reposed, not, we trust, however, until he has seen the great work of reconstructing the nation on the enduring basis of liberty and equal rights, which he has so long and so consistently labored for, triumphantly consummated. History records no instance of sublimed devotion to principle than is exhibited in this incident in the private life of Mr. Stevens.—Lancaster Express.

THE FLEETS OF ALL NATIONS.—By a comparison of the merchant fleets of the different nations, it seems that Northern Germany stands the third on the list. Great Britain, with her colonies, has about 7,000,000 tons; the United States has 5,000,000 tons; and Northern Germany 1,940,000 tons. France has 996,000 tons; Italy, 666,000; Netherlands, 516,000; Spain, 276,000; Austria, 233,000; Sweden and Norway, 176,000; and Denmark, 140,000.

A VISIT TO OBERLIN, OHIO.

Scarcely had the conductor bowed out "Oberlin," and the groans and noise of the car wheels ceased, than the voice of a singer rose high and clear on the air. It was the voice of a woman who was seated at an open window in a cottage near the depot, and who was singing for dear life. Talk about earnestness; the reverence of Phillips, the persistence of Garrison, the pertinacity of Grant, or the efforts of Parson; they were as nothing, vapor, when compared with the lofty purpose of that singer. Buried in the business of that age, she sang it through to the last note, as we have never heard a song sung so well, or with so much feeling. We hope the fair singer will pardon us for the notoriety we are giving her, but truth compels us to say, she has an awful voice—such a one, perhaps, as John heard, of as

The Sabbath Recorder.

Western, E. L., Fifth-day, Aug. 8, 1867. GEORGE R. UTTER, EDITOR.

TRUTH. All science, all philosophy, all religion, have truth for their ground. Every theory, every hypothesis, and every experiment in the field of science, every effort of the reason in philosophy and religion, is a reaching after truth. It is preeminently the chief pursuit of man. Take away truth, and all research is aimless, all knowledge groundless, and life itself meaningless.

Let us consider, then, the character of truth, its relations to man, and its conflict with error. Truth is not an abstraction, but a living reality. Neither has it simply a relative existence. It does not spring from the nature and relations of objects and of persons. It transcends the bounds of matter and of finite mind, of time and space. It has its source in the eternal and infinite One. It is an attribute of God; therefore absolute, unchangeable, eternal.

Truth is God's thought. In its unfolding, it becomes the law by which all things are formed and governed. It is that thought which, in the physical universe, finds expression in natural laws; and in the world of intelligence, constitutes mental and moral laws; which, in short, forms the basis of the universal government of God. That thought, stamped in the soul of man, constitutes the endowment of his mind, by which he is capable of knowing God, of being an intelligent subject of His moral government, and of discovering and interpreting His laws in nature.

Absolute Truth is a unit. It is a wave of pure light from the throne of God, flooding the universe, and bathing all things in its effulgence. But as a beam of white sunlight, reflected from an object, is red or blue or green, according to certain properties in that object, and passing through a prism dissolves into rainbow colors, so Truth, reflected and refracted, appears in many forms, according to the character of the medium through which it shines. Hence we speak of truths—first truths, scientific truths, moral truths, religious truths. Each of these general divisions divides and subdivides into innumerable particular truths. Earth and sea and sky, and the boundless space beyond, teem with them. The smallest objects, and things apparently the most insignificant, furnish their full quotas. Every rock and rill, every shrub, leaf, and flower, every insect and worm, is radiant with truths. All these nicely and harmoniously link together in one infinite and glorious system, of which God is the centre and sun.

Into this boundless system is man introduced, and bidden to search, gather, and treasure up. Every truth is a gem. They may indeed lie concealed, and require earnest seeking to find them; but when found, their possession is a richer reward for patient toil than wealth, honors, or power; for the more we find of truth, the more we know of God.

Though all Truth is better than gold, and the pursuit of it of far higher moment than the pursuit of fame or power, yet religious truth has preeminence over all other. This is of infinite value to man. No conceivable earthly good can compensate the want of it. If it does not shine in us, we abide in the domain of ignorance and error, which is the region of darkness, discord, spiritual bondage, and death. Truth enlightens, purifies, exalts, sets the soul free. It is, according to the Saviour's prayer, the means of sanctification. "Sanctify them through thy truth."

By a full belief of the truth, the soul is brought into a joyful union and communion with God, through Christ. This union with God, from whom it derived a divine life, was the normal condition of the soul, and truth was its native element. In its fallen state, it still retains something of its original affinity for truth; but its discernment of perception is lost. To the drunken man's blurred and confused vision, surrounding objects run together, and mingle in fantastic relations. So to the blinded eye of the soul intoxicated by sin, truth and error so blend together that the one is often taken for the other.

In consequence of this disability of the soul, error enters into all the systems of philosophy and religion which man has constructed. Yet they contain enough of truth to create a constant commotion through the irreconcilable nature of these opposing elements. Hence the many hard-fought battles which the history of doctrinal records; hence, also, the continued warfare of opinions at the present time, perpetuating the conflict between truth and error. In this conflict, truth has to contend against many prejudices, fostered by selfishness, pride, and ambition, that induce many to enter into a candid investigation of cherished opinions.

An edition of the late Commencement of the Sabbath Recorder, July 24, 1867, by C. A. BRADY.

and make them too proud to acknowledge an error when convinced of one. It has to contend against that disposition which leads men to decide first, and investigate afterward; against that skepticism and pride of reason, that ignore faith, and spurn a revelation; and against many powerful influences exerted by individuals, parties, sects, and governments, that have selfish ends in view, to reach which they openly and violently override truth, or secretly corrupt public opinion, by making the wrong appear the right.

Again, devotion to creeds, in politics and religion, which honest persons many times mistake for a love of truth, operates against the truth; for, with such it is an affair of the head rather than of the heart. Even religious truth can exert no vitalizing power over him who receives it simply by tradition, or as a creed prescribed by the church. It must be apprehended as truth, loved as truth, appropriated as truth, by the heart as well as by the intellect. It must enter the soul, penetrating its religious life through and through, rather than be tied on, wrapped in a bundle of dead orthodoxy.

Again, when a man is attached to truth only as a creed, he becomes anxious for its safety whenever it falls under discussion. Agitation fills him with alarm. He cannot rest till it ceases. Hence religious bodies and dominant parties in government, sometimes apply the gag to prevent agitation, apparently fearful that the whole structure of truth will fall in ruins if they do not thus protect it! Yet, it is not error, but truth, that agitates. All that error asks is quietude. As poisonous malaria collects and hovers over stagnant pools, so error thrives and propagates in the murky atmosphere of mental and moral sluggishness. The lightning and the tempest must break the stifling calm, and scatter and destroy the poisonous vapors. Then welcome agitation! It is an essential process in the purification of the moral atmosphere. Upon it, also, depends the progress of newly discovered truths. Let earthquakes and tempests continue to shake systems and creeds. Let truth, like volcanic fires, upheave and displace, till all error be cast out, and scourged back to its own native place.

True, error seems to have the advantage in its conflict with truth, in consequence of the passions of men. Indeed, as we look over the whole field, it often appears triumphant, especially in the social and political world; for we see the wicked in power, whose motto is, "Might makes right." Often injustice, violence, and oppression, dwell in palaces and halls, while justice and truth are trampled in the street. The innocent suffer, and the guilty go free; and the cries of the wronged and crushed seem to arise in vain for a deliverer. Yet, notwithstanding all these things, be rebuked, ye faithless! Take courage, ye faint-hearted and desponding! Look up, ye bowed and bruised! For truth is divine; and so sure as Jehovah's throne shall endure, it will, and will, in the end, prevail. Though at times seemingly vanquished, it is so only in seeming.

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again; For the eternal years of God are hers. Rocks and mountains shall crumble; The fashion of this world passeth away; The stars may forget to shine, and the sun go out in darkness; but truth shall shine forever on, with a constant, serene light, without the diminution of a single ray.

Therefore, he who plants himself on the Rock of Truth shall never be moved, for he is anchored to the eternal throne. The angry waves of error shall dash and break harmlessly at his feet, while he, though alone among men, ridiculed and persecuted, shall stand unshaken in the calm repose of conscious strength; knowing, that while he is on the side of truth, God is on his side. And though, as in former times, the minions of error should, as their last argument, resort to the stake and the faggot, still, his soul, a victor in the flames, shall rise from earth with a shout and a song of triumph, a conqueror through the truth.

THE LECTURES AT BERLIN. The Courant, published at Berlin, Wis., July 25th, has the following in regard to the lectures of Eld. Lewis, noticed in our paper of last week:

THE SABBATH QUESTION. Rev. A. H. Lewis concluded his course of Lectures on the Sabbath question, on Monday evening. The series has generally been well attended, and a good degree of interest was manifested in the discussions, more particularly those delivered on Sunday afternoons.

For various reasons, a large portion of our people have manifested but slight interest in the question, preferring to listen to his eloquence on other topics. These are found among two classes: those who are well grounded in the Puritan idea of the sanctity of the Sunday as the Christian Sabbath, and those who are equally positive that the Jewish Sabbath was never designed for the race, and was never binding on any other people. We have largely sympathized with this latter class, and in so doing, we confess to the conviction that we have done our neighbors a wrong. Not these lectures alone, but events which are

multiplying on every hand, indicate that the Sabbath question is rapidly being pushed into the domain of politics; and however much or little we may desire it, we shall be compelled, in the near future, to meet the question and settle it at the ballot-box. To this end, every intelligent discussion must aid in its correct settlement; and though, for ourselves, we dissent from Mr. Lewis's premises, and therefore from his conclusions, we conclude that his lectures have furnished much data that is valuable for consideration, and regret that more of our thinking men had not availed themselves of the results of the lecturer's years of research and careful study.

In the first lecture, Mr. Lewis assumed, but we think failed to maintain, the proposition, that the Sabbath was the link that binds man to God; and that the institution was for all time and for all people, commemorative of the great work of creation, from which God rested. He argued for its religious observance, but deprecated legislation to enforce that observance. During the course, he proved to the satisfaction of many non-Sabbath men, as well as some who will continue to observe the first day of the week as the Sabbath, that there is no Bible authority for that day, and that if his premise is conceded, there is no escape from his conclusion.

The lectures were important, in our judgment, more in view of the coming agitation of the question as a political one, than of its own intrinsic greatness. We cannot help thinking that a rest on Sunday recruits the physical man as much as on Saturday, and that acts of devotion or worship will be as acceptable to God on the day so generally set apart, as on the Jewish Sabbath. We perceive no advantage in either over the other, the great advantage being in uniformity; but when the legislature assumes (as God's vicegerent), to fix the day and the method of its observance, it becomes us to look carefully to our own individual rights and the right of the case, and take no man's loosely-formed opinion as our guide.

LETTERS FROM ABOARD—No. 2. Edinburgh, Scotland, July 8, 1867. To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder: I left Glasgow July 1st, and passed on to Edinburgh, about forty miles, in search for medical lore, and can therefore only give you an imperfect sketch of what incidental observations I have been able to make, according to agreement.

The scenery along the route of the North British Railway is somewhat varied, the surface of the country being rolling, though not mountainous; and the villages, though quite frequent, are small, with one or two exceptions. The farm-houses are substantial, though generally plain, and the fences either wall or hedge. The crops, on leaving Glasgow, appeared poor; though further on they were better; and still further, near Edinburgh, they were fine, the land being in a high state of cultivation. In the hoeing and hay-fields, men, women, girls, and boys, were at work together, appearing very strange to me. The sheep along the way were fine; and the cattle were generally Ayrshire, and of good size, though not as fine as I saw along the Clyde.

Edinburgh is a beautiful, well-built city, situated near the Firth of Forth, an arm of the sea, in the east of Scotland, having a population of about twenty thousand, consisting, as I should judge, mainly of Scotch. The objects that first strike the stranger are, Castle Hill, near the center of the city, three hundred and eighty-three feet high, on which are barracks with soldiers; Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, two high hills east of the city, with a ravine between them; Lord Nelson's Monument, on Calton Hill, near by; Scott's Monument, on Princess Street, a splendid architectural structure; and other monuments and spires too numerous to mention.

The old Castle, on Castle Hill, was the nucleus around which the central part of the town was built, it having been a fortress in the days of Bruce and the Douglases, from which they hurled destruction upon their invading foes. It still contains the insignia of ancient Scottish royalty, the crown, and also the room in which Queen Mary gave birth to James VI., in whom the crowns of England and Scotland were united. To the north and south of the Castle and Old Town lie the new portions, built of stone, and presenting, with the old central part, a very fine appearance from the various eminences, giving it, as those qualified to judge have said, an appearance very much like Athens of earlier date and milder climate.

John Knox's House is a structure of great historic as well as architectural interest, being very ancient, and having a projection into the street, with a window from which the reformer used to preach to the passers-by. His bed-room, dining-room, and study, are as he left them; though the furniture has been taken away, except his chair in the study. As I was sitting in this chair, there came down the street a regiment of soldiers, with music; defenders of that evanescent faith which the distinguished reformer labored so hard to establish. The thought produced an emotion in my mind I shall not soon forget. The rooms are filled with various articles of historic interest; as a Bible taken from Jacob's well; a leatheren bottle, similar to that which Abraham put upon the shoulders of

Hagar; the witch's girdle, taken from Dumbarton Castle, &c. Holyrood Palace and Abbey, an ancient residence of Scottish royalty, is situated between Salisbury Crags and Lord Nelson's Monument. The palace is of a quadrangular form, and has a military appearance. The Queen, I believe, spends a portion of her time there. The abbey adjoining it was founded in 1122. It is entered through Queen Mary's apartments, which still remain nearly as when last occupied by the Princess. In a corner of the abbey is the royal vault, containing the remains of James II, James VI., and other illustrious dead.

There are various other objects of interest, historic and otherwise; as the Botanic Garden, embracing seventeen acres of ground, having a palm-house one hundred feet high, with an almost endless variety of shrubs and plants; and having a lecture-room, where I listened to Professor J. H. Balfour, with great interest, for an hour. He treated me with great politeness, showing me the microscopic apparatus, &c. The Cemetery, nearly opposite, contains the remains of the renowned dead, of this comparatively ancient city, being beautifully laid out, its monuments being on a grand scale, and of ancient and modern style. The Antiquarian Gallery, the National Gallery, and the Museum of Science and Art, are also places of great interest; the last named, especially, containing, as it appeared to me, nearly everything of which I ever had a conception, from the air, water, and earth.

The University of Edinburgh has thirty-seven professorships, embracing those of Theology, Law, Medicine, and Art. Its library, politely shown to me by Prof. Bennett, of the Medical Faculty, contains one hundred and thirty-three thousand printed books, besides manuscripts. It is nicely arranged; and the librarian congratulated me on the rapidity with which libraries are gathered in America. The professors of the medical department, besides Professor Bennett, so well known in America as a medical author, were very kind, and did what they could to enable me to make the most of my time for medical improvement while in Edinburgh, both in the Royal Infirmary and Chalmers's Hospital, the former of which contains about five hundred patients, with almost every possible variety of disease, medical and surgical. It has been, then, on my way, and at hours when I could not be in the infirmaries to advantage, that I have made these incidental observations, so hastily sketched.

To show the extent of Scotch hospitality, which, in my opinion, has no equal, I will here state, that besides an invitation to tea with Professor Bennett twice, I dined by invitation with Professor Lyne, both gentlemen and professors of the highest standing in Edinburgh, if not in Europe, being of course constantly called upon by medical men from all parts of the world. And further, I was invited to dine with Sir James Simpson, and also to breakfast, &c., both of which I accepted. And during the afternoon, his house, though large, was crowded with patients, on two or three floors; the learned and most gentlemanly physician and professor, passing from one room to another, up and down stairs, &c., prescribing constantly during the entire afternoon, occasionally turning for a moment to speak a word to me, or to call my attention to some case of interest, in several instances assigning me cases to examine and prescribe for. They were mostly ladies, as they come more especially in his line of practice. At the same time, he had an assistant examining and prescribing for the less important cases. His patients were of the very first class in the city; and when he had finished, about seven o'clock P. M., and we had taken tea, he took me out to see an important case in the city, an American lady. And as I left him, at about nine o'clock P. M., with the injunction that I must come in the morning and have a Scotch breakfast with him, he said, though tired out, he was just commencing to visit his patients; and as I started for my hotel, he got into his carriage and rode off to visit his patients that were unable to come to his house. Surely, Sir James Simpson is a wonderful man, justly deserving the high opinion entertained of him here, as well as in America, and in fact every part of the world, where medical science is cultivated.

After breakfast, the next morning, he would not let me go, but took me in his carriage through the city to see his patients; after which, he sent his assistant with me to see some he did not need to visit himself; and also to a chemical establishment, to show me their process of preparing rare medicines, &c., telling me the doctor would bring me back. After seeing all we desired, I rather declined to return, as Sir James was so occupied, whereupon Dr. Black, his assistant, told me Sir James would be greatly disappointed, should I omit to return to lunch at two o'clock. I accordingly went, and staid till five o'clock P. M., leaving only in time to dine with Professor

Lyne, the great surgeon of Edinburgh, well known in America. He lives two miles out of the city, and had given special directions how I should come by cab, &c. I was there at precisely the hour, 6.30 P. M., and found, as is the custom here and in Glasgow, a few of their intimate friends, and another physician, an Englishman from Bombay. I need not say, that dinner, and then tea, after about two hours, were served up in genteel Scotch style, and enjoyed with a relish and sociability peculiar to the Scotch nobility. Between dinner and tea, Professor Lyne took us to see his yard, flowers, garden, and greenhouse, with the choicest varieties of flowers, on a scale I have never seen at a private residence. He had peaches, grapes, figs, pine-apples, &c., in abundance, all growing under glass, and appearing very fresh, as if in their native milder climate.

After having seen, as I supposed, all, I turned towards the house, when the venerable professor called to me, and made a motion for me to follow him. I did so; and found it was to show me his barn, which they call "coach-house." As I reached it, with its roof of slate, its walls of the finest Scotch granite; its floor, square blocks of the same material; its ceiling matched, and stained or varnished in one part, and in another plastered; I told him, though I had been trying to make the best I could of America, I would give it up on the barn, as it was the finest structure of the kind I had ever seen. He laughed heartily over it; and on going into the house he told them he had conquered America, at the same time relating the circumstance to his wife and daughter, in a vain of good humor well calculated to improve digestion. Then, as it was half past nine o'clock P. M., and about time for me to leave, he turned to his daughter, and asked her to play for me, on the piano, some good Scotch air, which she did, when, after an interesting conversation with Mrs. Lyne, I bid them good-bye, with a hope that I might see them in America, and left, feeling, as I have on all such occasions here, that I had been made better by such an exhibition of politeness, kindness, and hospitality.

me, in the course of the discussion, that was not Christian in spirit, or wise in form, I ask forgiveness. I now, with feelings of the utmost good will, bid you and the readers of the Advent Review and Sabbath Herald adieu. N. V. HULL.

EYES WEST—NO. 17. A NEW COLONY.

Almost every effort made by our people to form new colonies, in good localities, has been attended with embarrassments. Most of those efforts have been only partial successes, and some have been entire failures. Usually, the best localities have been occupied entirely, or in part, by others. The project of colonizing has often been considered, but never tried by sufficient combinations and capital to insure success. Many choice localities in the West have been lost to us on account of this failure. Some poor localities have been selected because others have passed them by. Had a wise policy governed our people in emigrating, and our Missionary Board in furnishing aid, the West might have had twice its present strength. I find multitudes of the scattered and lost, who might have been saved. I find some in poor localities, who might have been in good ones. Unless some new effort is made, we are likely to continue our mistakes, and suffer our losses.

A tide of emigration is flowing West, and must continue so. Our own people are, and will be, in this tide. The great need is to gain possession of good localities, taking all interests into the account, and secure them for ourselves. We have no organization that can do this. Our capitalists choose to invest their money in some other way. Those who wish to emigrate, and those willing to aid them, have not been able to form combinations of sufficient strength for success; and scattering is still the rule, to a great extent. Within two years, much has been done to concentrate the scattered, and prevent others from scattering: New localities have been opened, and occupied with respectable numbers. Choice localities are still inviting the Sabbath-keeping emigrant. Another step needs to be taken, if we would not be left to select inferior localities, or hold good ones with a preponderance of men and influences opposed to God's holy day. This step we now propose to take, under circumstances that seem entirely favorable to success.

There are 1,500,000 acres of the best lands in Kansas soon to be brought into market. These are the Indian lands, the possession of which the government has secured by treaty with the Indians. These lands have been held by the Kaw, Patawatomie, Delaware, Sac and Fox, Kickapoo, Otoe, Pawnee, and other tribes. When they are brought into market, they will soon be taken up by speculators and emigrants. An arrangement is now being perfected to secure a choice selection as large as our people choose to take. That arrangement contemplates an exploration of these lands by parties interested, under the direction of one thoroughly competent, both by experience in the selection of lands, knowledge of the country, and official connection with railroad interests. Between the fifteenth and last day of September next, it is proposed to start on this exploration. A wagon, with camp equipage, will be provided. Saddle ponies will be used for riding. A rubber blanket and a woolen blanket will be needed. These, with all other fixings, may be obtained at Emporia, the starting point. Sufficient time will be taken to make a thorough exploration, and spy out the land. We do not want any timorous element in the expedition. It is proposed to select a permanent home for tried and true Seventh-day Baptists, who are willing to dare and do and succeed, on good soil, with other desirable advantages, so that a large society may be established, which shall combine all the advantages others enjoy. We invite those who are desirous of entering into such an enterprise personally, or by the investment of capital, to look this question over maturely, and if the project suits them, give it their support. Let none act rashly. Let no one commit himself to the enterprise without counting the cost. Let none about to emigrate lose this opportunity to secure as good a locality as may be found, unless they prefer to move to some society already established. We submit this enterprise to the consideration of all interested, offering them all its advantages. Further information will hereafter be given, in time for those who may favor the enterprise. Those wishing to obtain more definite information, or to make suggestions, can communicate with P. B. Maxson, Emporia, Kansas. J. BAILEY.

NATURE AND DESTINY OF MAN. ELDER R. F. COTTELL.

Dear Brother,—I perceive, on reading your reply to my last letter, that our discussion must come to a close. When you make the direful woe pronounced upon the people and land of Edom, (Isaiah 34), to be the punishment to be inflicted upon the wicked, (Matt. 25: 46), I have no inclination to further pursue the investigation. To quote the highly figurative language of the Old Testament in reference to judgments denounced against the Jews, and now in the process of fulfillment, (as in the case of Malachi, 4th chapter), as the condemnation of the wicked after the resurrection, and declared at the final judgment, is so subversive of all sober interpretation, as to turn into ridicule and belittle the whole question of the religion of the Bible. When you repeat, as you do in your last letter, that the saints receive eternal life at the resurrection, as well as immortality, you evince, as I fear, a purpose to sustain your theory at any hazard. I confess that I do not like to make such a statement. But how can I help it? Is it possible for me to believe that you do not know, that the Bible contains no such statement? That at the resurrection the saints will have given them spiritual, glorious, immortal bodies, is in the clearest manner stated. But that they shall then receive eternal life, is not stated, but is added by you wittingly. Eternal life is nowhere predicated of the body received at the resurrection, but is many times stated to be the fruit of, and received at the time of, the regeneration of the spirit. In your recent discussion with my brother upon this point, you were so overwhelmingly biased, that to continue to repeat your peculiarities is to degrade and make odious public discussions, as simply a strife for the mastery, at whatever hazard to truth. Your attention has, during our discussion, been repeatedly drawn to the fact, that neither mortality nor immortality is anywhere affirmed of the spirit of man in the Bible, and yet you have continued to write as if no such thing had happened. Still, I have all of the time hoped that you would finally overcome your pride, and allow yourself the high honor of finally letting the truth come from your pen, without any of these performances. You have had free access to the columns of our paper, and ample time to so revise your forms of statement as to show that you only desired the simpler truth. I sincerely regret you have not done so. I hoped, in the beginning of our discussion, that you and I might be instrumental in drawing the Christian communities that we are in some sense represent, into closer union; but fear that my hopes have not been realized. If anything has been said by

Miss CATHERINE MARIA SEDGWICK, the popular and useful writer, died at Roxbury, Mass., on Wednesday of last week, and was buried in her native town of Stockbridge on Friday. She was born in 1789, and was therefore, at the time of her death, in her 78th year. Her first book, entitled "A New England Tale," which appeared in 1822, gained her reputation and success. In 1824 she published a second tale, "Redwood," which was republished in England, and within a brief period translated into French, Italian and Swedish. In 1827 was published "Hope Leslie; or, Early Times in America." In 1830 she issued "Clarence;" in 1832, "Le Bossu;" and in 1835, "The Linwoods;" and a collection of shorter tales. In the next three years she issued a series of books whose popularity was, and continues, so great that they may justly be called "people's books"—the "Poor Rich Man and Rich Poor Man," "Live and Let Live," "Means and Ends, Home," and "Love Token for Children." In 1841 she published, on her return from Europe, a charming volume of Travel, "Letters from Abroad to Kindred at Home." In 1845 appeared "Milton Harvey and Other Tales." In 1857 appeared from her pen a novel of American society, as graceful, lively, charming, and good as anything of her younger days, "Married or Single?" In 1858, she issued a life of Joseph Curtis, one of New York's most honored and benevolent citizens, which had also a wide circulation.

GENERAL SHERIDAN has removed Governor Throckmorton, of Texas, as "an impediment to the reconstruction of that State under the law," and appointed as his successor Governor E. B. Pease, who is a Northern man by birth, and was a Union man throughout the war. He has also removed most of the members of the Board of Aldermen of New Orleans, because of "efforts they have made and are making to impede the lawful execution of the laws of Congress." The order on the subject leaves one member in each board of the original councils. One member in the Upper, and four in the Lower Board, were elected on the Republican ticket. Of the new appointments, two in the Upper and three in the Lower Board are of mixed blood; and one in the Lower Board is pure negro, and he is doubtless one of the colored appointees belonging to the newly-franchised citizens, but are free citizens of the State of Louisiana.

The latest talk on the subject of removal is to the effect that President Johnson is about to remove General Sheridan, and put in his place General Hancock or General Meade. This is probably only talk. An Election was held last week in Tennessee, to which great importance attached, because it was the first in which the blacks were allowed to vote. Notwithstanding the highly excited state of political feeling, there was a most commendable quiet on election day—a result attributable in part, no doubt, to the military precautions taken by Generals Grant and Thomas, and the local authorities. The result was an overwhelming victory for the ticket on which Brownlow was run for Governor. The blacks nearly all voted for that ticket—not simply because Brownlow's name was on it, but because, in their opinion, it represented Congress, and because Congress, as they understand it, has taken the place of "the good man, Mr. Lincoln," as the champion of the black man's rights.

"THE RESOLUTION EPIDEMIC," is the expressive name given by one of our exchanges for a disease which seems to prevail in these days. All over the country, the ecclesiastical bodies of the Congregationalists have passed resolutions signifying their poor opinion of the way The Independent has of late been edited. In the reports of proceedings in other ecclesiastical bodies, we have seen similar resolutions in relation to other papers. The latest of these epidemic resolutions, which has come under our eye, was passed by the New York Baptist Pastors' Conference, as follows:

"Resolved, That it be expressed as the sentiment of this Pastors' Conference, that the teachings of Henry Ward Beecher, as published in the Examiner and Chronicle, are by us regarded as unsound and dangerous, and that such publication meets our strongest disapprobation."

RAILROAD THROUGH BERLIN.—A letter from Bro. J. B. Whitford, of Berlin, N. Y., dated Aug. 1st, says: "We are expecting within a year to be favored with railroad facilities, as a connection is to be formed of the Harlem and Western Vermont Railroads. This line will be called the Lebanon Springs Railroad, and will pass through Stephentown, Berlin, and Petersburg. The contract is let, and work commenced at two or three points on the road. It is expected that about 200 men will commence work next week at South Petersburg. A cut of about thirty feet is to be made near the village of Petersburg. Many of the laborers are there now, and more will be soon. Through this town the farmers may do most of the grading, as the work will be light. It is the wish of the Engineer, that our farmers should take the working of the road through their lands, and thus prevent the influx of so many foreigners. The estimated cost of the road is \$1,400,000. The stock is taken, and the work is to be pressed as vigorously as possible."

Mrs. W. C. Kenyon arrived at New York, by steamer from London, some four weeks ago. She has since spent a Sabbath at Plainfield, New Jersey, another at Westerly, Rhode Island, and is now at Alfred, New York. She speaks in grateful terms of the kindness of Mr. Black's family during her stay in London.

of New York.—The Controller of the City of New York recently made a report to the Constitutional Convention, from which it appears that the amount paid each year to charitable institutions, including Juvenile Asylums and Houses of Refuge, has gradually increased from \$8,000 in 1848 to \$438,376 in 1867. The State Controller reports the following amounts appropriated by the Legislature, and paid by him, to educational and charitable institutions, &c., from 1847 to 1867 inclusive:

Table with columns for Institution Name and Amount. Includes N. Y. Inst. for Deaf and Dumb, N. Y. Inst. for the Blind, N. Y. Inst. for the Blind, under N. Y. Laws of 1865, Asylum for Juvenile Delinquents, State Agricultural College, State Normal School, Western House of Refuge, Western Lunatic Asylum, Asylum for Idiots, Willard Insane Asylum, Orphan Asylums, Hospitals, Dispensaries, Colleges, Universities, &c., and Miscellaneous.

IMPROVED DWELLINGS FOR LABORING PEOPLE furnish a good field for the benevolence of millionaires. Our readers already know something of the efforts of Mr. Peabody in this direction, and have heard that Mr. A. T. Stewart proposes to do great things in the same line. The Emperor of France is also engaged in a similar work. He has had erected in Paris forty-eight houses as specimens of dwellings for small families, the plan of which may be seen in the exhibition. Each house contains three stories and cellars, and each floor is composed of two rooms and a small kitchen. The buildings themselves cost altogether \$20,000, but on adding the purchase of the ground and the expense of leveling, the whole sum spent has been 510,000. His Majesty has just made a gift of the whole to a co-operative society of workmen, which is in the course of formation, for the construction of cheap dwellings.

DAVIS IN VERMONT, and LEE IN VIRGINIA.—Jeff Davis recently rode through Stanstead, Vt. He was hooted and hissed by nearly every one who saw him, and one old lady, who had lost a relative at Andersonville, flung a stone at him. General Robert E. Lee, some time ago, passed through Liberty, Va., and the citizens assembled on his route, greeted him with a demonstration by silently and respectfully uncovering their heads.

A PROSPEROUS AND USEFUL INSTITUTION is the Massachusetts State Prison. An addition to the west wing is being made, which will contain, when completed, one hundred additional cells, which will be ready for occupation about the last of September. Two hundred volumes have also been added to the library this year. It is estimated that \$20,000 will this year be realized from the prison, making it one of its most prosperous years.

BIG CROPS AND SMALL PRICES.—From all parts of the country, the crop reports surpass the expectations of the farmer, and it is a conceded fact, that the agricultural wealth from the harvest of 1867 will equal any ever known. An abundant harvest means cheaper bread, cheaper labor, cheaper real estate, and a lower scale of prices for everything contributing to the wants or luxuries of the people.

MEXICO continues to be the scene of political intrigue and bloody retribution. The latest reports say that while at Queretaro, Juarez issued an order for the convocation of Congress and election of President of the Mexican Republic. His himself is a candidate for re-election. The election will take place immediately. Otero, Castillo, and ten more Generals, according to private accounts, were recently shot at Orizaba.

THE INDIAN COMMISSIONERS appointed under the late act of Congress to treat with hostile Indians, will assemble at St. Louis, on the 6th of August, for the organization and arrangement of a programme. No difficulty is apprehended in respect to the territory proposed to be appropriated as a permanent home for the Indians.

CHOLERA is occasionally seen in New York. Up to August 3d, however, only ten cases of cholera had occurred in that city since the first of May. Every case is followed up by immediate disinfection of the premises in which it occurs, and thus the disease is prevented from spreading.

FROM all quarters, come the cheerful reports of abundant crops. The accounts in all the newspapers are officially confirmed by the department of agriculture. An increase of twenty per cent upon the average yield of wheat is of itself an enormous contribution to the national wealth. In answer to inquiries about the Minutes of the North-Western Association, we have to say, that the first form was printed some four weeks ago, and the balance will be printed in twenty-four hours when we receive copy of the statistics, which we hope will be soon. The Atlantic Cable of '66 is again broken. The '65 Cable is all right.



Miscellaneous

FRUIT IN NEW YORK. With every return of the fruit season, the evidences multiply, that the dietetic tastes of the people are being changed. The demand for fruit is yearly increasing. For the last ten years, supply and demand have been running a race in the fruit market; but so far, demand is ahead.

THE PATENT MEDICINE BUSINESS. HOW FORTUNES HAVE BEEN MADE. The profit of "patent medicines" is illustrated by some statements in a recent report upon the manufacturing resources of Buffalo. It first mentions the success of Mr. Lovinger, the inventor of the "Wahoo Bitters."

PETROLEUM AS FUEL. The experiments which for several months have been in progress at Boston, looking to the successful application of petroleum as fuel for steamships, have been watched with much interest, and their results have been very important.

VOICE AND SOUND. It is a curious fact, that musical sounds fly farther and are heard at a greater distance than those which are more loud and noisy. If we go on the outside of a town during a fair, and the music of a band is heard, the multitude, which is so overpouring in the place, can scarcely be heard, the noise dying on the spot.

A GREAT SUFFERER.—Mr. Charles Sheppard, who died in Hartford, recently, had suffered long from a heart disorder. For one year and four months he had not lain down either on a bed or a sofa. During all that time he had sat in his chair, bent forward and resting on another chair, for greater ease in breathing.

about him to absorb the trickling streams that issued from his over-distended skin. A RUSSIAN INCIDENT. A young Russian recently had the misfortune, while promenading the streets of St. Petersburg, to step upon a lady's dress, which was trailing before him upon the walk.

WELL PUT IN.—At Adams Express Office, Philadelphia, directed to the United States Hotel, Atlantic City, was a box made of lardwood, light almost as pasteboard, thus tenderly inscribed: TO THE EXPRESS AGENT. This packet contains a duck of a bonnet; Expressman, I pray you, place nothing upon it; To make it a straw and a feather. The whole with a postage stamp fastened together.

A PRINTER'S TOAST. The following ingenious sentiment was given by Mr. Henry L. Williams, at the third annual dinner of The Typothetae, February 20, 1886, at the Masonic Doree. THE PRINTER.—An Epitome of many Trades and Professions.—Like the Lawyer, he practices at the bar, and handles capital as well as *lower cases*; like the Moralist, few have *plainer rules to guide him*; like the Bravo, he sticks *daggers into many forms*; like the Astrologer, he reads the stars; like the Jailer, he is great on *locking up*; like the Witch, he has *dealings with the devil*; like the Cheat, he is *versed in all the arts of imposition*; like the Hunter, he knows all about the *chase*; like the Perjuror, he has a *strong lie* always ready; though his profession is not as old as *Adam's*, yet, like the gardener, he must be able to manage a *hoe*, and, unlike the original gardener, will never want *clothes*, with a *tailor* in his office; like the Soldier, he can handle a *shooting-stick*; arrange *columns*, and set up *canon*; like the Dandy, he has *plenty of pages*; like the Base Ball Player, he catches on the *fly*; like the Miller, he keeps a *stock of small caps, borders, and flowers*; like the Jeweler, he can set *pearls, rubies, agate, and diamond*; like the Housekeeper, he has a supply of *furniture, beds, blankets, and sheets*; he never wants for music, with so many excellent *Harpers* in the profession; finally, like the Clergyman, he sees his most perfect forms, after he has corrected all errors, carried off, and their beautiful faces covered with clay.

OUTTING HAY. A correspondent of the Country Gentleman makes the following remarks on early and late cutting of hay: It is now better understood than formerly, that some kinds of hay should be cut early, especially for cows. But in the declaration of new doctrines, we are disposed to go to extremes: Because some grass, cut in June or early in July, makes better hay, it is not to be assumed that all grass will clover, orchard grass, and timothy, attain their growth and maturity rapidly and early, and very soon, if not cut, lose their good quality; and this is also true of some other kinds of grasses, growing on rich and warm uplands, and on any highly cultivated land.

THE GREAT SUFFERER.—Mr. Charles Sheppard, who died in Hartford, recently, had suffered long from a heart disorder. For one year and four months he had not lain down either on a bed or a sofa. During all that time he had sat in his chair, bent forward and resting on another chair, for greater ease in breathing.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER. NEW YORK. Agents—Dr. C. D. Potter, Rev. Charles Leach, Rev. Alfred Capen, Mr. J. G. Green, N. V. Hall, Brookline—Richard Hillman, New York—Wm. R. Maxwell, Delany—Barton G. Stillman, Geneva—D. B. Crandall, Hotchkiss—Benjamin A. C. Arnold, Independence—John P. Livermore, Leonardville—Asa M. West, Petersburg—Hamilton Clarke, Portville—A. B. Crandall, E. I. Maxson, Poland—Abel Stillman, South—Byron L. Barber, South Brookline—Herman A. Hall, Verona—Thomas Perry, Watson—D. P. Williams, West Edmeston—Ephraim Maxson, CONNORCTICUT. Mystic Bridge—George Greenman, Waterford—Oliver Maxson, WASHINGTON. 1st Hopkinton—Alfred B. Burdick, 2d Hopkinton—S. S. Griswold, Rockville—Chapman Matteson, NEW JERSEY. Marlboro—J. W. Leach, New Market—Jacob R. Titwiler, Plainfield—Isaac S. Dunn, Sifton—Walker B. Gillette, NEW HAMPSHIRE. Danduff—D. B. Kenney, Hebron—Geo. W. Stillman, Venango—James K. Irish, VIRGINIA. Lost Creek—Wm. Kennedy, New Milton—J. F. Randolph, OHIO. Jackson Center—Jacob H. Babcock, WISCONSIN. Albion—Joelha Clarke, Berlin—D. B. Lewis, Dakota—Oscar Bellock, Edgerton—Henry W. Stillman, Tilden—J. C. Goodrich, W. G. Hamilton, West Milton—James Pierce, Walworth—Howell W. Randolph, ILLINOIS. Farina—L. M. Davis, West Hallock—Truman Saunders, WELDON—Lewis A. Davis, FREEDOM—David P. Curtis, New Auburn—Z. W. Burdick, WESLEY—Henry B. Lewis, KANSAS. Fairlee—A. A. F. Randolph, NEBRASKA. Long Branch—Joshua G. Babcock, ON THE EUROPEAN PLAN. THE STEVENS HOUSE is well and wisely known to the traveling public. The location is especially suitable to merchants and business men; it is in close proximity to the business part of the city, on the highway of Southern and Western travel, and adjacent to all the principal Railroads and Steamboat depots.

ARNOLD & COON, REAL ESTATE AGENTS. FABINA, FAIRVIEW CO., ILLINOIS. Will attend to buying and selling Real Estate in Chicago, Madison, and Evansville, Ind. and also improved farms, and also unimproved lands, in various parts of the West, without charge. A. S. COON, February 1st, 1887. HYGIENIC CURE. COMPRESSED AIR BATHS. TURKISH BATHS. RUSSIAN BATH. ELECTRIC BATH. And all the appliances of a first-class Cure. Buildings are new, modern style and convenient for a Circular. Address H. P. BURDICK, M. D., of No. 140, N. Y. CENTRAL RAILROAD OF NEW JERSEY. Passenger and Freight Lines in New York, Philadelphia, and Camden, and also improved farms, and also unimproved lands, in various parts of the West, without charge. A. S. COON, February 1st, 1887. ALLENTOWN LINE TO THE WEST. Three Express trains daily for the West, except Sundays, which are running daily. Sixty-three Pullman cars, with the best of Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and other cities, are used. Leave New York for Camden, Pa., 2:30 P. M.; for Philadelphia, 3:30 P. M.; for Harrisburg, 4:30 P. M.; for Altoona, 5:30 P. M.; for Erie, 6:30 P. M.; for Buffalo, 7:30 P. M.; for Cleveland, 8:30 P. M.; for Detroit, 9:30 P. M.; for Chicago, 10:30 P. M.; for St. Louis, 11:30 P. M.; for Cincinnati, 12:30 P. M.; for Philadelphia, 1:30 P. M.; for Harrisburg, 2:30 P. M.; for Altoona, 3:30 P. M.; for Erie, 4:30 P. M.; for Buffalo, 5:30 P. M.; for Cleveland, 6:30 P. M.; for Detroit, 7:30 P. M.; for Chicago, 8:30 P. M.; for St. Louis, 9:30 P. M.; for Cincinnati, 10:30 P. M.; for Philadelphia, 11:30 P. M.; for Harrisburg, 12:30 P. M.; for Altoona, 1:30 P. M.; for Erie, 2:30 P. M.; for Buffalo, 3:30 P. M.; for Cleveland, 4:30 P. M.; for Detroit, 5:30 P. M.; for Chicago, 6:30 P. M.; for St. Louis, 7:30 P. M.; for Cincinnati, 8:30 P. M.; for Philadelphia, 9:30 P. M.; for Harrisburg, 10:30 P. M.; for Altoona, 11:30 P. M.; for Erie, 12:30 P. M.; for Buffalo, 1:30 P. M.; for Cleveland, 2:30 P. 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