

The Sabbath Recorder.

ship of all the tribes except one. The chief of this tribe had refused all his advances, and would not come in or have any talk, and he was a good deal feared. Finally, after considerable effort, he was induced to come and make the Judge a visit; and he and the Judge ate and drank and talked a good deal together, and the mutual pledge of faith and friendship on both sides were strong and oft repeated, each one endeavoring not to be out-done by the other in professions of trust and confidence, and nothing more seemed to remain to be said or done.

BEYOND THE RIVER.
My path not seen, ear hath not heard.
My path not seen, ear hath not heard.

Published by GEORGE B. UTTER.

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

TERMS—\$2 50 a Year, in advance.

VOLUME XXIII.—NO. 35.

WESTERLY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, AUGUST 29, 1867.

WHOLE NO. 1182.

HISTORY OF THE MILTON COLLEGE.

Lecture delivered before the Literary Society of the Milton College, Milton, Wis., July 24, 1867, by Rev. W. C. Whitford, the President of the College.

ago last winter. You approach the building we have described, and you see there in front and around it no yard, shrubbery, or turf, but a small space of ground, trampled bare by the students going and coming, and flanked on two sides by a dilapidated rail fence. You enter the school room, and attend the morning exercises. Seventy-three scholars are present, forty-nine gentlemen and twenty-four ladies. After prayer, a lecture of fifteen minutes is given on the duties of students, or the advantages of a thorough education, or politeness, or preservation of health, or some moral topic. Should the teacher that morning be somewhat weary, you can be permitted to inspect the contents of the school-room, who are mainly young men and ladies. You are impressed at their intelligence, strength, and hardness. They demand, you say, the instruction to be practical and full of energy. Wait an hour after the lecture, and hear the classes recite. One teacher stands on the rostrum, and the other sitting in a corner near the entrance, have groups of students gathered round them. In the room is one blackboard, and on the walls are neither maps nor charts. Most of the scholars are studying here, while some have gone to their rooms in private houses in the village. The hall of voices from the members of two classes reciting at the same time, begins; the teachers warm up, and the scholars become interested in their lessons, and the loud tones and the frantic movements of both excite a smile on your face. The recitations are conducted usually by the topical method, and show careful preparation and independence of thought. Only five in the school study Latin, and two Natural Philosophy; but there are large classes in Reading, Arithmetic, Algebra, and English Grammar.

Under such circumstances as these, the students whose recitations you have witnessed, received their mental training, to fit themselves for business, to become excellent teachers, physicians, lawyers, ministers, and in the army, lieutenants, captains, a colonel, and a general.

THE CRISIS.
The year 1853 witnessed the crisis in the history of the Institution. Without suitable accommodations, the school was suspended two thirds of the year; with a distinct organization, the trustees neglected their duties; family feuds, business rivalries, and religious prejudices, operated either to crush the enterprise, or gain control of it; another Academy was started within ten miles, at Alhion Center, which drew away a portion of the students who had formerly attended here, and separated from us several communities which had patronized the Institution for eight years; and the management of the school had, in some respects, been injudicious and prejudicial. It became evident, that if the Academy could be furnished with better facilities for study and recitation, and a larger and permanent faculty could be secured, the school would control the social, and perhaps, the religious influences of the place. An earnest and somewhat bitter strife ensued to gain the possession. Never had the feelings of the people been stirred so deeply. Money was contributed readily; and skillful, and perhaps in some instances unjustifiable maneuvers were resorted to in accomplishing the desired end. The result of the contest left the control of the school in the hands of those who originated, and for fourteen years had mainly supported it.

THE MILTON ACADEMY.
Out of this excitement a new charter was obtained from the Legislature, March 31st, 1854, naming the Institution, "The Milton Academy." The school was organized under a new board of trustees, with Prof. A. C. Spicer as Principal, and Mrs. Spicer as Preceptress. A beautiful and commodious edifice, built of Milwaukee pressed brick, three stories high, and forty by forty-four feet on the ground, was erected on the bluff in the south-western part of the village, and at the cost of something over \$4,000. It now constitutes the main portion of our College building. The school as thus incorporated was opened in the spring of 1854, and was held in private residences until the fall of 1855, when it took possession of the new building, which was designed for a chapel, recitation rooms, and boarding hall.

he taking charge of the department of Ancient Languages. He was connected with the school, with some intermissions, for ten years, and taught most of the time the classes in Latin. He is a graduate of Union College, has lately been principal of De Ruyter Institute, and is elected to fill the professorship of the Greek Language and Mixed Mathematics in the College. During the year 1856, Prof. M. Montague instructed the classes in Ancient Languages. He had been engaged for a short time in the Beloit College, and was called to the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Milton. At the end of the year he withdrew, and started a select school for academic classes in the place. The attendance of the students reached this year two hundred and twelve, but it gradually diminished for two years, so that at the end of this time, there were not over one hundred and fifty a year.

At the close of the Spring Term, 1858, Prof. Spicer resigned his position, and immediate efforts were made to secure a principal and a preceptress. The trustees, failing in their efforts to obtain suitable teachers from abroad, prevailed upon Rev. W. C. Whitford, then pastor of the Milton Seventh-day Baptist Church, to assume the charge of the school during the following Fall Term, so that a longer time might be given to obtain a supply. Afterward he consented to remain in the position during the whole year; and finally resigning with great reluctance the pastoral charge of the church, he became permanently connected with the school as principal.

During his first year, which ended July 8th, 1859, the Principal had associated with him Prof. Albert Whitford, A. M., and his wife, Chloe C. Whitford, the Preceptress. Mr. S. S. Rockwood, an advanced student, Miss Flora A. Hawley, a graduate of Fort Edward Seminary, N. Y., and Mr. W. H. Clarke. In the following year, there were added to the faculty, Prof. M. Guernsey, A. M., in the department of modern languages, a graduate of Amherst College, and several years past the Principal of the Platteville Academy in this State, Mr. S. Wallihan, an old student, and Miss Ida F. Sallan, teacher of German and both instrumental and vocal music, recently the wife of Prof. W. C. Kenyon, of Alfred University, lately deceased. In the year 1861, Mrs. Ruth H. Whitford, a graduate of the Alfred Academy, and connected for several years with schools in Shiloh and New Market, N. J., entered upon the duties of preceptress, and filled the position for three years. She has since had charge of the department of painting and penciling. During the years 1860 and 1861, Rev. A. H. Ingham, now pastor of the church in the city of New York, and Prof. O. U. Whitford, now Principal of the Academy at Shiloh, N. J., taught classes in the institution. Prof. O. M. Conover, formerly connected with our State University, and now State Librarian, instructed the classes in Latin and Higher Mathematics, during the Spring Term, 1861. Other changes in the faculty have occurred from time to time, but you will not be interested in their enumeration. Prof. N. C. Twining, a graduate of the Institution, was called to the department of mathematics, which he still holds, at the beginning of the Fall Term, 1861. Rev. L. A. Platts, pastor of a church in Nile, N. Y., taught some classes for three years. Prof. E. Searing, a graduate of the Michigan University, began his work as instructor of the Latin and French Languages, at the opening of the academic year, in 1863. Miss Eliza Saunders, who graduated at the Cazenovia Seminary, N. Y., and this Institution, was preceptress for the year ending July 4th, 1865. She was succeeded by Miss A. Miranda Fenner, a graduate of the Alfred University, and the present incumbent. Miss Alicia F. Wells was chosen teacher of Instrumental Music three years ago; Miss Mary F. Bailey, teacher of the German Language, a year and a half since; and Mr. F. M. Babcock, teacher of Penmanship, a year ago.

In the winter and spring of 1863, a wooden building, three stories high, with twenty-two rooms, was erected near the academic grounds, by two of the teachers, and at the cost of \$2,000. It is used for dormitory purposes, and is occupied by gentlemen students.

With the present term closes the career of the school as an Academy; hereafter, it will use all the rights and the privileges of a College. It is proper to look at some of the results which the Institution has attained since its incorporation as the Milton Academy, thirteen years ago last March. Beginning with the attendance of a few over one hundred students per year, it had registered last year four hundred and twenty-one. The first year the present principal had charge, going on nine years ago, there were two hundred and forty-six scholars. In the year ending July 4th, 1867, there were three hundred and eighty-four; in 1862, there were three hundred and fifty-nine; in 1864, there were three hundred and fifty-five; the last year of the war, the number was somewhat less. The graduates in all the academic courses, the teachers, the commercial, the classical, and the scientific, number seventy-three. All but three of these have finished their studies within eight years. The opposition academy perished years ago, after a brief struggle. All classes of people seem to be united in maintaining the school at a high standard; and students from all families, local parties, and religious denominations in this section, attend yearly. Over \$5,000 have been paid on the indebtedness, which at one time amounted to \$7,000. The balance of the debt is hoped, will be speedily canceled. For all these thirteen years, the Academy has not contracted the debt of a single dollar for teachers' salaries. The Institution has never mortgaged a cent of its property, nor had any outstanding obligation, except a note of \$250, which was taken up at the end of a year. Its debts have been those of honor, and for money advanced by a portion of the Board of Trustees to meet certain liabilities in the construction of the building. Substantial additions have been made to the apparatus; and a fine beginning for geological and botanical cabinets. The basement of the principal hall has been fitted up within a few years, for boarding accommodations, and the grounds are adorned with shade trees. An enlargement of this hall is nearly completed, at a cost of over \$4,000; the entire building will soon be refitted, and the facilities for recitation rooms will be doubled.

THE SCHOOL HAS DIRECTED largely its efforts towards qualifying public school teachers. In this work it has accomplished more than some of the normal schools in this country, under the patronage of State governments. For several years this department was under the supervision of the Normal Regents of this State, and received an income from the Normal School Fund. During the past eight years, scarcely less than a hundred teachers have annually prepared themselves in the classes for their work. Last year the report of the State Superintendent mentions one hundred and fifty-nine students in the Normal classes, and of this number eighty-one taught during that year. Three years ago the Journal of Education in the State said, that "no academy furnishes so many teachers for the surrounding schools as this."

SALARIES.—The President of the United States receives \$25,000 a year, in paper—the sum he received in gold before the war. His house rent is free, and the services of sundry White House subordinates are paid by the government. Some of our railroad presidents get as much. Lord Monck, the newly appointed Viceroy of the Dominion of Canada, will receive a salary of \$50,000 per annum in gold, with a palace at the seat of government, and a summer retreat in the country, both rent free, and kept in perfect repair, besides being handsomely reimbursed every five years, or oftener if need be. With these allowances, the emoluments of the Viceroy of Canada may be fairly estimated at \$60,000 per annum. The Viceroy of Ireland receives \$100,000 a year, with a residence in Phoenix Park, Dublin. The Governor-General of Victoria (New South Wales), has \$50,000 a year and a house. The Governor-General of India has \$150,000 per annum, besides extra allowance to the tune of \$60,000, a palace

at Calcutta, and a splendid suburban retreat. The former salary of the Governor-General of Canada was \$35,000. England, it must be confessed, pays her public functionaries well; so well that they have no pretext for plunder.

"KICK HIM WHEN HE'S DOWN."
When the sick man propped his shins,
And a man's growing richer each day—
When in ease and comfort reclining,
And golden success crowns his way—
How friends will then flock about him!
But if fortune should happen to frown,
How quickly he'll get the old shoulder,
And be "kicked because he is down."
How kindly the world will smile on him
When life with successes abounds!
How cordially, blandly, 'twill greet him
As a pleasure he's riding around!
But then let reverse o'ertake him,
And his friends both in country and town,
How they'll forsake him as he's down,
But will "kick him as soon as he's down."
Let a man get position or wealth,
Matters not—if by intrigue or fraud—
The world will be sure to befriend him,
And his acts it will loudly applaud.
What though he may be a great villain!
But if he should befriend his fellow-men,
While he's up he's a "tip-top fellow,"
But when he'll "kick him if ever he's down."
When a man has plenty of "greenbacks,"
And is full of "goodness and gay,"
He's counted as a "bully good fellow,"
And the crowd approves all he may say.
But if he should befriend his fellow-men,
Perchance, too, his health may be gone,
He'll get to be nobody quickly,
And sure to be "kicked when he's down."
What's the use of being moral and honest,
For unless a man has "lots of money,"
The world's bound to put him right through,
And to befriend his enemies and foes.
From the jockey to the priest in his gown,
And will stand ready to "snuff" him,
If he should befriend his fellow-men,
Oh! when will mankind be less selfish?
I wonder if 'twill ever be thus:
That we'll love to do to each other
As we would have them to do to us?
And if in adversity's ocean,
We're sinking and ready to drown,
Will help a man up when he's down.

THE POETRY OF THE BIBLE.
I have heard it said, time after time,
to my regret, that "devotional poetry cannot please"—that no one who confines himself to this kind of writing ever soars to the highest realms of poetry. This may be so as a general rule, though I am inclined to doubt it; but surely it must be received, if as a law at all, with limitations and exceptions. I cannot but think, that they who lay down this law, critics though they be, wise and learned, have either forgotten, or else have not duly appreciated, the poetry of the Bible. Compared with the Psalms of David, and the Prophets of Isaiah, the noblest lyrics of Milton, and Shakespeare, beautiful and sublime as they are, sink into insignificance.

Read the Song of Moses, ere he bade his last sorrowful adieu to his people; observe the earnestness, the deep feeling, with which he speaks: "Give ear, O ye Heavens, and I will speak, and hear, O Earth, the words of my mouth. My doctrines shall drop as the rain; my speech shall be as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the dew that we may bring forth therefrom—'For the Lord is our God, and he is the Lord of our inheritance. He found him in a desert land; and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about; he instructed him; he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them and beareth them upon her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him.'"

Where is any song of triumph that surpasses in harmony and exultant joy the song of the prophetess, when she praised the Lord for the avenging of the mighty, most of Gomerites on the plain of Magid, when "the dead bodies were swept away by that 'ancient river, the river Kishon.'"

Can any elegy compare with that deeply-touching lament of David over his beloved Jonathan—"Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there rain upon you, nor fields of offering; for there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away—the shield of Saul, as though it had not been anointed with oil. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished." Or, his heart-broken moan over the erring but beloved Absalom—"Oh! my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

gracious words which can never grow old, words which have issued from many a lip as a song of praise and thanksgiving to God, for his mercy and goodness—words which many a tried and wayworn pilgrim has repeated, finding them a powerful cordial to sustain and strengthen, a balm to heal the heart's bleeding wounds.

Time and space will not suffice even to glance at the high finish, the beauty of the metaphors that pervade almost every line of the prophecies of Isaiah, or to delineate the pathetic, the tender melancholy, that flows through the sorrowful lamentations of Jeremiah, who, bowed down with sorrows, wept "day and night for the slain of the daughters of his people." Who that delights in the wonderful can forget the visions that Ezekiel saw, when he sat among the captives by the river of Chebar, or those of Daniel, the "man greatly beloved," who in the visions of the night caught glimpses of the eternal world—things not lawful for him to reveal. If history, rather than merely sacred song, the highest flights of pious pleasure, where we can find an epic poem more fraught with instruction, more full of deep, unwearied interest, than the brief narratives of the lives of the patriarchs—their errors and their chastisements, their triumphs and their sorrows. Follow the wanderings of the chosen people of old, as they journey from the land of bondage, through the way of the wilderness to the Red Sea, till their final establishment in the Land of Canaan; observe them under their judges and kings; go with them when, carried away captive, they sit weeping under the shadow of the willows, by the rivers of Babylon, and learn from their misfortunes that righteousness exalteth a nation, but iniquity is surely punished.

Would we receive instructions disguised under the veil of fancy? Read the parable of the rich man who took from his poor neighbor his "one ewe lamb," or the imitable one of the man who, journeying from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves. Could whole pages of forcible reason and learned observation show us so completely where we shall find our neighbor, and how we shall act towards him, as is here set forth so convincingly in a few simple words?

It has been recommended by the wise and learned, that he who would acquire an elegant style of writing should give his days and nights to Addison—that he should make himself familiar, not only with our English classics, but also with the Greek and Latin authors of antiquity. I would not undervalue the least, believing, as I do, that an intimate acquaintance with the beauties and excellences of these old writers is necessary, if we would have the store-house of the mind thoroughly filled with rich treasures, so that we may bring forth therefrom "things both new and old." But I would say, give a portion of your time to the study of the Holy Scriptures, for they contain not only the words of eternal life, but they stand, in my judgment, the most eminent examples to be found of the truly sublime and beautiful. Assuredly, the most highly gifted sons of song—the bards who have most influenced for good their fellows—whose words have seemed full of prophetic inspiration, have lighted their lamps at the holy fires kindled so long ago on the altars of the prophets; have drank from the same fountain as they—"Fountain of Gomer."

THE TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.
Johnson defined genius as a general power, accidentally determined to some particular direction. This definition may be said to be true of the ten, but not of the ninety. Had Mr. Locke indulged in poetry, he would have failed as lamentably as Pope did when he dabbled in metaphysics; even Johnson himself, exhibited so much imbecility when he wrote upon political topics, as to prove that genius is not a general power, his own definition to the contrary notwithstanding. Genius is more often a natural talent or aptitude of mind for a particular employment. In scores of instances, too, genius has not been developed by accidental surroundings, but in spite of them, and against the most unfavorable obstacles it had to overcome.

It is a remarkable fact, that one of our great and useful men rose to eminence out of the deepest obscurity. They undoubtedly possessed uncommon powers of intellect; and the obstacles with which they had to contend, and which were calculated to dishearten them, were changed by the will into fountains of invigoration. They were, among the instances that might be referred to, under the immediate care of divine providence, is the case of Moses; the greatest of law-givers. The "bleating sheep," and was the smallest of the sons of Jesse; the Disciples were fishermen, and their honored Master was born in a stable.

"Ancient history furnishes similar examples. Esop, Publius, Syrus, Terrence, Epictetus, were originally slaves. Erasmus had to stint himself in clothing in order to be able to purchase books. Later times developed the same struggles from obscurity to prominence. The German naturalist Schaeffer, lived on half-pence a day in order to keep himself at the University, and Dr. John Pridaun sustained himself at Exeter College by becoming an assistant in the kitchen. The celebrated Librarian, Magliabechi, sold pot-herbs in the markets. The learned Professor Heyne was a poor weaver's son; Bullinger and Luther sang in the

streets for bread. Thomas Scott, the famous Divine, did "the dirty work of a grazier." Alexander Murray learned his alphabet from letters made by his father with a charred stick. Linnaeus, the founder of botanical science, was a shoemaker's apprentice. William Cobbet learned grammar while he was a private soldier at sixpence a day. Webster, Cass, Lincoln, and scores of noted Americans, rose to prominence out of obscurity. Franklin walked through the streets of Philadelphia eating a two-penny roll. George Wilson, who became the professor of mathematics in the Royal College of Russia, was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker in Hartford.

Nauvorette, the most celebrated of Spanish statesmen, was deaf and dumb. Nicholas Saunderson, who was blind, became a professor of natural science in the Cambridge University in the twenty-fourth year of his age, and wrote a work on optics! Euler, author of "Elements of Algebra," and the "Moon's Motions"—Dr. Henry Moyers, the eminent linguist and mathematician—M. Huber, author of one of the most correct and original works on the habits and natural history of insects—and John Metcalf, the eminent English surveyor—all of these were blind! Milton wrote his immortal "Paradise Lost" after he had become blind. Homer, who wrote his wonderful poems at least a thousand years before Christ, was known as the blind bard of Seio. We cite these in this connection to show that genius has surmounted more formidable obstacles than poverty. What a lesson for those who never meet with a single obstacle but their own indolence, and who are content to remain ignorant because knowledge did not come to them by inheritance. The most formidable obstructions will yield to manly perseverance and industry. The mighty oak once forced its way through the clouds. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." He that humbly himself shall be exalted; and he that exalteth himself shall be abased." Let the young ponder over these examples, and refuse to accept poverty as an excuse for supineness. Let them win their way by rigid self-application. Uncultivated souls produce nothing—undeveloped mines are useless.

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT FOR SISTER CAROLINE.

Has she gone—she has left us in passion and pride—
Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our side!
She has torn her own hair from the forehead of fate!
And turned on her brother the face of a foe!
O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
We can never forget that our hearts have been one.
Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's name,
From the fountain of blood, with the finger of flame!
You were always too ready to fire at a touch;
But you said, "Is he hasty—no fire at all!
We have sinned, when you uttered some unpolitic threat;
But friendship still whispered, 'Forgive and forget!'"
Has our love all died out? Have its altars grown cold?
Has the remembrance at last which the fathers forgot?
Then nature must teach us the strength of the cherub,
That her petulant children would never in vain.
They may fight till the buzzards are gorged with the spoil,
Till the harvest grows black as it rots in the soil,
Till the wolves and the catamounts troop from their caves,
And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of the waves.
In vain is the strife! When its fury is past,
Their fortunes must flow in one channel at last,
As the torrents that rush from the mountains of snow
Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.
Our Nation is river, lake, ocean and sky;
Man breaks not the medal when God cuts the die!
Though streaked with sulphur, though cloven with steel,
The blue arch 'will brighten, the waters will swell."
O Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,
There are battles with Fate that can never be won!
The star-bearing banner must never be furled,
For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world!

A TRUE STORY OF THE INDIANS.

It was on the 4th day of July last. On that day a venerable man had lived fifty-eight years; the last fifty-six of which he had passed as the head of a large family, on the very place in the country where he had been born. It was near the close of the day, and several of his children and grand-children had gathered together under the paternal roof, according to custom, to celebrate the occasion; they were seated around the old man as he sat in the arm-chair in his wide hall, and for hours had been eagerly listening to his stories of old times, and of the brave old days now long gone by. One of these he related in nearly these words:

"I was but seven years old," said he, "when my parents moved from Connecticut, and settled at Whitesboro, Oneida county, N. Y. The country was all new there then. Old Judge White had settled there a short time before, and had given the name to the town. I knew him well, and saw him almost every day for several years. He had built the first log house west of Herkimer. In the early days there were many tribes of Indians located in that region of the country, and they were a great terror to all the new settlers. Judge White had taken great pains to secure the friendship of these Indians; and for that purpose had sought frequent interviews with their chiefs, entertaining them often at his house, where they would appear painted and feathered, and staged off in a frightful manner. The Judge thought he had secured the permanent friend-

ship of all the tribes except one. The chief of this tribe had refused all his advances, and would not come in or have any talk, and he was a good deal feared. Finally, after considerable effort, he was induced to come and make the Judge a visit; and he and the Judge ate and drank and talked a good deal together, and the mutual pledge of faith and friendship on both sides were strong and oft repeated, each one endeavoring not to be out-done by the other in professions of trust and confidence, and nothing more seemed to remain to be said or done.

"Now it happened that Judge White had a married daughter living with him, and she had a child, a chubby little boy some four or five years old, and all of the family had been witnesses of this interview. At length the old chief rose up to take his departure, and as he did this, he suddenly seized hold of the child and lifted him high in his brawny arms, at the same time saying, 'Indian will take this child away, but Indian will bring him back again in two days.' Here was a dilemma. The chief wished to test the confidence of the Judge in his assurance of bringing back the boy, while the Judge could not well show any signs of want of faith in the promise of the chief. The Judge was of course fearful, yet he had to be silent, while the mother was frantic and the child was screaming; but away hurried the chief, bearing off the boy with him to his lodge in the woods. Two long anxious days and nights passed in the family of the Judge, their only hope resting on the promise of the chief. At the end of two days, as usual to his word, the old chief appeared, bringing back the boy. The joys of the family were made full by again possessing their little darling unharmed; but so changed by pain and fevers, with which he had been decked out, that they hardly recognized him at first. 'See now,' exclaimed the chief 'white man trust Indian, Indian trust white man; and the chief and the Judge were ever afterwards the best of friends. The infant captive grew up, and lived a long time in Oneida county, and the story is known and told by the present generation of the family.

"I have thought of the singular occurrence, (continued the old man, as he told the story,) a great many times within the last seventy-five years, and I have sometimes wished that I could write it out in some way for the benefit of Sunday-school children. There is an idea concerning faith, that has always been associated with this story in my mind. There is nothing like faith, my children. We should all have trust and confidence in one another; and above all, we should all have faith and trust in our heavenly Father, that he will perform all His promises to us as contained in the good Book; and blessed promises they are, too, of eternal happiness to all who devoutly trust in them." And as the good old man said this, he raised his bald head and was silent; tears came, and he fixed his still bright blue eyes on the bright blue sky above.—N. Y. Observer.

INFLUENCE OF HUSBAND AND WIFE.—A London reviewer observes: "Everybody who surveys social life, with any power of vision, perceives that marriage is too frequently the means of checking or extinguishing the manifold capacities of a tender and elevated nature by mating it with mean or base conditions. Practically, we assume of most men and women, that they are in our own hands, that each has been born of their own molding and conformation, that what they actually accomplish is the satisfactory measure of all that lay in them to accomplish, and that, on the whole, if misery and incompleteness of existence overtake them, the fault is mainly their own. Practically, indeed, this may be a fair working conviction; but men who dream of an ideal justice which shall be something more than practical, know that our lives are often given into our hands soiled and broken by the recklessness of those whom we have loved most, and of whom we have had the most to expect. Age offers the most effective opportunities for spoiling the life of another. Nobody can debate, bargain, and ruin a woman so fatally as her own husband; and nobody can do a tithe so much to chill a man's aspirations, to paralyze his energies, to draw sap from his character, as his wife."

How to Know Gold.—When a miner finds a piece of bright yellow metallic substance, resembling gold, in his opinion, let him lay it upon a piece of iron or steel, the handle of a crowbar, or the face of a hammer, for instance, and strike it with a hammer. If it breaks in pieces, it is not gold; if it breaks without breaking, it has stood the first test—it is malleable. Let him then apply the edge of his knife to the side of the metal, and if he can cut it as he can cut a piece of the rim of a silver coin, but rather more easily, and the piece cut off does not crumble, it has stood the second test—it is sectile. Let him then drop a small quantity of nitric acid upon the metal; if it is iron, the surface will be in a few seconds turned green, and small bubbles of gas will begin to rise through the liquid; but if it is real gold, the acid will have no more effect than so much water, and it has stood the third test, and its character may be considered as established.

The Sabbath Recorder.

Westerly, B. I., Fifth-day, Aug. 29, 1867. GEORGE B. UTTER, EDITOR.

OUR ANNIVERSARIES.

The anniversaries of our General Conference and Benevolent Societies begin at Leonardsville, Madison Co., N. Y., on Fourth-day, Sept. 11th. Utica, some 22 miles away, is at present the nearest point on the railroad; but there is a railroad building from Utica to Cassville, and it is barely possible that it may be open to Clayville, 12 miles from Leonardsville, by the 10th of September. Meanwhile, our friends at Leonardsville wish to make arrangements for the comfortable transportation from the railroad of those coming to the anniversaries; and for this purpose they ask that every such person give immediate notice of intention to Amos B. Spaulding, at Leonardsville, who will see that the necessary transportation is provided.

THE HONORED DEAD.

The righteous dead need no human eulogy, for they are beyond the reach of praise or blame. They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. But their names are public property, and we hold up their examples as incentives to great and noble deeds. Their talents, their acquisitions, their varied accomplishments, and labors of love, are so much wealth within our reach, to be possessed by all who will emulate their virtues, and practice their self-denial, and all rejoice in their eminent usefulness. As we trace our joys to their source, so we love to run back in their history, and note the circumstances which gave direction to their early efforts, and modified their character and labor in after life. Often a little incident gives us a key which opens and illustrates the character in its length and breadth. God gives us a few who have power to concentrate their energies as a sun does the rays of the sun, so that their influence is felt, especially by the young, as the morning light. So short and brilliant is their career, that we take it in at one view, and seem to comprehend their great plans, and rejoice in the light of their noble example.

Among the few who have written their names, as with a pen of iron, upon the tablets of our hearts, none stand higher than Prof. Wm. C. Kenyon. We deplore his loss, and turn instinctively to pay a tribute to his memory, and acknowledge with gratitude his influence in stirring so many hearts with a noble enthusiasm to be useful in the world. It was my fortune to be a school-boy with him one winter term, at the old house in Hopkinton, familiarly known as the Kenyon School-house. This is my earliest recollection of school days. He was older, yet I remember him well. He had traits of character which made an impression upon his associates. I have a more distinct recollection of him than of any other boy with whom I had so little acquaintance. His dignified manner, and the peculiar style of the boy, was not forgotten. He was round and slim, with a straight arm. He had a wiry, withy, whip-lash activity, light complexion, high forehead, with curly hair, blue eyes, and a frank, open face. His peculiarities were acknowledged by his associates. He was full of pluck. He was not afraid of boys twice his size. In those rude times, it was not uncommon for the older boys to "set on" the younger for the purpose of seeing a trial of strength, and often, in the conflict and contest, the blood would run. But it was well understood that he would never give up. Though at times greatly excited, and, as we judged, greatly wronged, yet he never was disposed to retaliate, and seemed above the spirit of revenge. It was a trial of strength, gaining victories and adding to courage by conflict. These traits of character, which marked him as a bold, persevering, and yet forbearing lad, led him, as he was developed, to the highest positions of usefulness. He had his trials. During his preparation for College, he could not carry his Latin Grammar and from the machine-shop without invidious remarks. His desire for education was regarded as ambition to live without work. Yet, as he pursued his course of study through years of toil, he rose in intellectual power, in disinterested labor, and the esteem and love of his companions, until time and real worth have placed him at the head of the noble few who have sacrificed largely for the good of others. His sympathies embraced every benevolent object. The poor slave found in him a bold advocate; the inebriate, a disinterested friend; the Christian pilgrim, an ardent brother. But the great central idea which controlled all the forces of his life, was the education and moral elevation of the young. In this work he was most eminently successful, as the Institution which rose under his fostering care clearly indicates. How many of this class, who have greeted him

as their teacher, who have been encouraged by his words of cheer, and inspired by his noble example, do bless the day they ever came under his influence! And as time shall reveal his worth, they will rise up and call him blessed. While we deplore his death, we would consecrate his memory, and cherish his faithfulness with devout thanksgiving. His body rests with the dead; but he lives in our hearts; and his influence will continue to exert its elevating power until angels shall crown his work with divine approval. L. M. C. WALTHAM, Wis., August, 1867.

OPENING LIBRARIES ON SUNDAY.

In May last, the Trustees of the Boston Public Library passed a vote in favor of opening the Public Library on Sunday, being urged to it by a minority of those who are interested in that institution. The majority, who were opposed to such a step, subsequently appeared before the Common Council of Boston, to argue and testify against this action; and the minority also had a hearing there. Finally, the subject was referred to the City Solicitor, who reported that the opening of the Library would conflict with a State law, which says that nobody shall "keep open any shop, warehouse, or workhouse, or do any manner of labor, business, or work, except works of necessity or charity, nor traveling, except from necessity or charity, on the Lord's Day." In view of this law, it was decided not to open the Library on Sunday.

The agitation of the question brought out, to some extent, the views and feelings of the public, and gave occasion for some of the newspapers to express themselves. From what has been said, it is clear that the observance of Sunday in Boston does not rest to any great extent upon Scripture authority or a sense of moral obligation. It is mainly a matter of expediency, without that divine sanction which is necessary to bind the consciences and control the actions of men. In proof of this, read the following report of what was said by several of the speakers at the last hearing.

"Prof. Toobey, representing a large portion of the working people, said he had hoped the question before the committee would have been discussed outside of theology. In the name of the workmen who labor sixty hours a week, and in the name of religion, he would ask that not only the reading room be opened on the Sabbath, but that the whole Library be thrown open to the public. If the Sabbath day is to be a day of rest, he would ask, how can a man find rest if he is obliged to go to church three times a day, and hear three sermons, probably dull and prosy, closing with a third or more of the congregation asleep. The day is overdone, and our ministers are so overworked on that day that they are obliged to seek refreshing rest on Monday. The Professor hoped that we would not turn back to Puritanism, but look forward to Jesus. The Sabbath is a day of rest for man, and the Professor challenged any minister or lawyer to bring forward evidence that will show that the Puritanic observance of the Sabbath has ever made us religious, healthy, wealthy, or wise.

"Mr. Chase, a workman, and one of the petitioners for the opening of the Library on Sunday, said this movement is not a sectarian one, and that the Parkersites had nothing to do with it. The workmen want to enjoy the privilege of using the means of obtaining intelligence that they can only get on Sunday.

"Mr. Falls, a workman, said it had been erroneously stated, that this movement is an entering wedge that will be the means of placing a band of music on the Common of a Sunday evening, and considered such a statement as insulting to the intelligence, and likewise the good judgment, of that class who ask the privilege of using the Public Library on the Sabbath. He held that no one day is better than another; that they are all for us, and Sunday is for rest. As a member of society, he does not wish to do anything that will break down what we think is the best day for all. He would like to know how the increase of intelligence and the educating of the people were going to result in immorality."Ex-Alderman Nash said he merely wanted to give his testimony in favor of opening the Public Library to every man, woman, and child, all day Sunday."C. M. Ellis, Esq., followed for the petitioners. He gave numerous statistics, tending to show that the public libraries in Germany, France, England, and other countries, had aided in the education of the masses, especially those that were open on Sundays. The latter were the most extensively patronized, and instead of creating disorder, &c., tended to elevate the masses. He contended, with an eminent writer, that libraries were useful according to their number, their circulation, and their accessibility; that to close them was to deprive men and women from the advantages for their mental culture; that the Sunday question was not necessarily involved in this matter; that the reading room was public property, paid for and supported by all; that propagandists of any creed violated the law of liberty when they sought to enforce their faith by keeping the Library closed, and the information it contained remote from the people; that we had an absolute right to it as citizens and tax-payers; that it cost nothing, and interfered with no one; that it was the necessity of a large number, and the right of any man who demonstrated it; and contended, further, and finally, that certain people did not choose that certain others should do what was for the common good, be-

cause the act was not in accordance with their faith?"

A few extracts from Boston papers will help to give our readers an idea of the feelings excited by the controversy. One of them, in reviewing the decision of the City-Attorney, based upon the existing Sunday Law, says: "This is an old Puritan law, which is occasionally dug up from the grave of oblivion, and enforced, when the interests of bigotry are to be subserved. It is entirely behind the intelligence and liberality of the day, and is, in fact, almost a dead letter, being far more honored in the breach than in the observance." Every man, woman, and child in Boston, who goes through the city with eyes open, knows that this antediluvian law, as it were, is not enforced. There is 'labor, business, work' done on the 'Lord's Day,' and Mr. J. P. Healey, the City Solicitor, 'must be well aware of this self-evident fact. Newspapers are printed, the post-office is opened, also bake houses, livery stables, barbers' shops, cigar shops, &c.; steam and horse cars run, and vessels go out and come in—all on the 'Lord's Day.' Here, then, is 'labor, business, work,' yet the Sunday law overlooks these palpable infractions, or winks at them, but cannot permit the Public Library to be opened, not even for a few hours. Such are the inconsistencies of this absurd law, which, in its practical operation, is a cloak or screen for the rich, and a rod for the poor."

In another connection, we find the following:

"And who are the opposers? Are they the active business men of the city, or the men of science, or legislation, or wealth? No; the opposition comes from the clergy—the very men who, if they are, as they claim to be, the conservators of public morals, ought to unite heart and hand in favor of this movement, for the cultivation of a taste for books and acquiring knowledge promotes morality, and adds not only to private happiness and improvement, but to the general prosperity and virtue. These miserably short-sighted, if not intolerant clergymen, have probably defeated the workmen in their laudable attempt to have the Library opened on Sunday."

And again it is said: "The principal, and about the only objection that the clergymen brought against opening the Library on Sunday, was, that the custom would tend to secularize that day. Now it so happens (and the fact shows either ignorance or design on their part) that there is no authority whatever in the Bible for saying that Sunday is the Sabbath commanded by God in the Old Testament. The true and only Sabbath, according to that authority, is the seventh day of the week, or Saturday—and not Sunday, which Christians say is the Sabbath. Neither Christ nor his Apostles taught so."

The two paragraphs below will also serve to show the effect of the Sunday-Library-opening agitation in Boston:

"To the People of Boston, for whose Use, Benefit, and Convenience the Public Library was Founded.—A small tract under this title has recently been issued by the Parker Fraternity. It takes the ground and proves it in a conclusive manner, that the Bible nowhere appoints or commands the Christian Sabbath, and consequently this institution, as founded on a Scriptural basis, is a fraud and imposture. This tract will have a good effect, and its appearance now is quite timely. It should be circulated by the million. To be had of Adams & Co., 25 Bromfield Street."

"QUERY.—Why does not the Sunday law apply as well to the opening of Sabbath School Libraries as to the Public Library?"

DENISON ON THE SABBATH.

Passing through Philadelphia recently, I spent an hour or two very pleasantly at the rooms of the Baptist Publication Society; and among the books which I purchased was one entitled, "The Sabbath Institution, traced and defended, in its history and changes, by Rev. Frederic Denison, A. M." This is the first and only Baptist book that I remember of seeing, devoted wholly to the Sabbath question. Of course I had a right to expect that there would be in it only truthful statements, and correctness of detail; for, of all people, Baptists claim to be the most fair and truthful. I have been not a little surprised at the statements of the author, and know not how to excuse him, except it be on the ground that he has taken the statements of others, and never looked or thought for himself. For example, take a statement made on page 77: "And certain it is, that the first day of the week was marked by the glorious outpouring of the divine Spirit, and the first great revival of Pentecost." Is the above statement true? Did Pentecost fall that year on the first day of the week? If so, one thing is certain, Mr. D. has given it no support except his own assertion. What are the facts in the case? Pentecost was the feast of harvest, and came fifty days after the Passover. Pentecost signifies fifty. Of course Mr. D. knew all this when he wrote the above statement. Christ ate the Passover the night before he suffered. See Matthew, 26th chapter. If he was crucified on Friday, then he ate the Passover on Thursday night. If so, then, by the law of the Pentecost, found in Lev. 25: 15, the next day, or Friday, would be the time from which to reckon for the Pentecost. As it is a plain case, that seven times seven are forty-nine, so it is equally

plain, that one more added, so that number makes fifty. According to this reckoning, the Pentecost must have fallen that year on the sixth day of the week. If we adopt the view that Christ was crucified earlier in the week, then we must also adopt an earlier date from which to reckon for the Pentecost.

I suspect the truth of the matter is, that the Pentecost has no bearing whatever on the subject of the Sabbath. It is mentioned in the second chapter of Acts only as Pentecost, and was designed to confer no especial honor upon any day. But God, by the Holy Spirit, took that occasion, when so many thousands were assembled at Jerusalem, to bring the gospel of Christ to their knowledge, and confirm its truth by the miraculous outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and the conversion and addition to the church of three thousand souls. In view of the above facts, what becomes of our author's statement, that the Pentecost fell on the first day of the week?

There are other points that deserve notice, and they shall have it, if you see fit to publish. J. M. T.

MORAL OBLIGATION.

The foundation of all moral obligation is referable ultimately to the will of God. Hence, whenever that will is ascertained and acknowledged, moral obligation ensues. Obedience then becomes virtue, and disobedience vice.

There are many ways by which the divine will is and may be ascertained; the principal of which are, Conscience, Reason, Providence, and Revelation. Much of the divine will is learned through the Conscience. This instinctive, as well as cultivating faculty, or operation of the mind, in its approval or otherwise, reveals to our consciousness very much of the divine will; and when honest in its decisions, should ever require obedience. The deductions of Reason, when properly made, are also to be understood as indicating the will of God. The divine Providence often unfolds the divine will. Revelation, when understood, is always binding.

Upon some points, the divine will is so definitely expressed as to leave no doubt; while upon some other points there must be inquiry, research, disquisition, and different persons may doubtless arrive at different conclusions as to what the divine will is concerning them. But whenever one admits a thing as a fact and true, to him that is the divine will, so far as he is concerned, and he is bound to act accordingly. Should one, by hearing a discourse, or a discussion, or in any such way, be convinced of a truth, honesty would require him to immediately obey it.

At the last session of the Eastern Association, an essay was read and adopted, (with but one dissenting vote,) as the sentiment of that body, which maintained that all partnerships by which the Sabbath-keeping partner's capital was employed on the Sabbath, were in violation of the Sabbath; and the Sabbath-keeping partner, although himself not employed, but only silent on the Sabbath, was a sinner. (Such I understand to be the view taken in the essay; I may not have given the exact words.) The essay, I understand, would make all owning bank stock, government bonds, railroad, steamboat, and other vessel stock, where the capital was employed on the Sabbath, Sabbath-breaking, and the owner of such stock a sinner. And the Association, by vote, adopted said essay as its own sentiments. Now, did not all those who voted affirmatively say that the sentiments of the essay were the will of God to them on that subject? And are they not morally bound to immediately withdraw all such capital from banks, government, railroads, steamboats, and other vessels. It seems to me that consistency and common honesty require it.

While I do not agree with the position taken by the essayist, and hence expressed that by a negative vote, yet I cannot see how those who voted affirmatively can relieve themselves from the responsibility they assumed, except by practically conforming to their vote. It is very common to vote in convention so as to condemn one's practice, and yet continue to practice what the vote condemns. Such a course demoralizes, and very much weakens, if it does not destroy, our consciences. It requires some nerve, perhaps, to vote against the popular feeling in a public meeting; but far better stand alone, than be inconsistent, though with the multitude. A. S. G.

GARRISON TAKEN FOR A BLACK MAN.

In the course of an eloquent speech which Wm Lloyd Garrison recently made in Glasgow, on the occasion of a complimentary breakfast given him by his friends, he related the following amusing anecdote: "Indeed, I so far personated in every manner the cause of the negro, that I was mistaken for one by Thomas Fowell Buxton. On my first arrival in this country in 1833, receiving a note inviting me to take breakfast with him, I went at the appointed time, and saw a large company of ladies and gentlemen assembled to meet me. When my name was mentioned, Buxton looked at me in

utter amazement, and before giving me his hand, he inquired in a very dubious tone if he had the pleasure of addressing Mr. Garrison of Boston, in the United States of America? 'Yes, sir,' I said, 'I received your note to breakfast with you, and I came for that purpose.' Throwing his hands up in the air, he exclaimed, with great emphasis, 'Why, my dear sir, I thought you were a black man, and I invited this company of ladies and gentlemen to meet the black anti-slavery advocate of the United States.'"

"SIT-STILLS."

On the evening of August 14th, a scanty audience gathered at the Seventh-day Baptist church in Westerly, R. I., to listen to a temperance lecture by General Riley. Unlike most lecturers, the General took a text for the foundation of his lecture, which may be found in Isaiah 30: 7; and reads thus: "Their strength is to sit still." The lecturer said that society was about equally divided into four great classes; one quarter, composed of children or infants, could not have any influence for or against temperance; another quarter was temperance people; another quarter was made up of rum-sellers and rum-drinkers; the other quarter were abstainers from liquor, but were not temperance men. These latter were "sit-stills." They were moral men, wealthy men, men of note, men of position, men of power; but they were not temperance men. They did not take a temperance paper, they did not go to temperance lectures, they said nothing, read nothing about temperance.

To show the part which these "sit-stills" play in community, the lecturer adverted to the battle of New Orleans, in which General Jackson employed cotton-bales for barricades, behind which his undisciplined militia, only six thousand strong—being but half the number of the well-trained enemy—did such terrible execution, that the bold British army, after making all the resistance that human beings could make in like circumstances, fled in utter rout, losing their commanders, and leaving upon the field hundreds of killed and wounded, while Jackson's small force lost but a baker's dozen in killed and wounded. This great victory was won by cotton-bales. "Now these 'sit-stills,'" said the lecturer, "are the cotton-bales, behind which the rum party entrench themselves, to hurl death and destruction upon the community. If these 'sit-stills' would only come over to the side of temperance, there would be an overwhelming majority against rum; but, so long as they remain where they are, the rum party will use them for barricades, behind which they will effectually carry on their work of destruction. Call these sit-stills Christians? They are not Christians; they are barbarians." WRIGHT.

CHOLERA IN LONDON.

MILTON, Wis., August 14th, 1867. To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder: I send you herewith some extracts from a deeply interesting letter, which, although received last year, may be equally profitable for this. It is a personal narrative of experiences during the visitation of cholera in a sadly infected part of London. [Yet it contains suggestions, both theoretical and practical, with reference to that dreaded scourge which seems once more hovering about our own shores, and may yet demand efforts and sacrifices, in some quarters, like those put forth by the energetic young lady from whose letter I copy. It is only a private letter; and much as I have wished to send you these extracts, I would not do so without permission. This I have asked and obtained of the writer, with the proviso, that "you consider it would be useful, if it was published." I am sure you will join me in thinking it most useful, to have before us the example of self-sacrifice and personal devotion to the work of alleviating human suffering in such a fearful time. The letter is dated 15 Mill Yard, Dec. 6th, 1866: "I arrived home [from Brussels] on the 23d of July, to settle down again to a quiet life. You may be sure I found much to do in the colony. [White Chapel.] The next week came a wedding of one of my cousins, which went off very prettily. The following week I was applied to, by one of the doctors appointed by the parish to attend the cholera cases, of which there were many hundreds in a week, to know if I could help him by preparing beef tea, and other things for the sick. The doctor's efforts were all baffled by the ignorance of the people; some chopped up the meat, put it in a tea-pot, and put boiling water on it; others threw away the water, and gave the meat. I began at once, with father's permission, made large supplies of the strongest beef tea, hired a nurse to go out to the people three times a day, with wine, brandy, arrow-root, mustard for poultices, and disinfectants. At last, I was obliged to hire a cook to make the beef tea. The street door stood open from morning till night, and the house was besieged. I had from fifty to sixty cases to attend to daily, and generally managed to visit every case myself, that I might be able better to judge what was to be done. The doctor was so worn out, that in many cases I was doctor and nurse. There were constant applications for my medicine. I told the doctor what I gave, and he approved. I am thank-

ful to say, that it passed off, after a few weeks. Every one was very kind. The clergyman of St. Mark's was here nearly every day, and gave me permission to ask him for anything I could possibly want. There was a relief house opened in Prescott street, in which we all joined, Catholics and Protestants. The priests worked indefatigably, and I am thankful to say, that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives were saved. It was indeed a solemn time. I stayed, when I lay down at night, I wonder who will be gone in the morning! The suddenness is something so solemn. Mrs. H. was taken ill and died within twelve hours. Perhaps you remember her at the Mother's Meeting. I have missed her very much ever since. She had been in bad health for some time. We invariably found, that those only were seized who had been in bad health, or were drinkers. I do not think there was an exception. Our poor doctor, a young man living close to us, went away, about two months ago, to Ireland for his holiday. He looked dreadfully worn out, but his wonderful spirits kept him up. Within a fortnight, typhus fever made its appearance, and he died. It has been a sad shock to us all, he was so good, so kind, so devoted to his work, and the people devoted to him. He did the work of a long life in a short time, and was well prepared for death." M. W. N.

These few extracts must suffice for this time. L. M. CARPENTER.

HOME NEWS.

HEALTH OF ELDER STILLMAN COON.

WEST MILTON, Aug. 20, 1867. To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder: In your last number, I observe an extract of a letter from this place, giving an account of my having a paralytic attack. Now, lest my numerous friends in different parts of the country should feel unnecessary anxiety on that account, I beg to give them, through the Recorder, such particulars as will allay any unnecessary apprehensions. On the day alluded to in the aforesaid extract, my wife and daughter had pressed out their currant juice for making jelly, and brought it to me in a pail, with steel-yards, to weigh, which I proceeded to do while sitting in my chair, and announced the result, which was not satisfactory. I then arose to weigh it again, in doing which, the pail somehow slipped off the bar, and down went the pail, and split all the anticipated jelly in one deluging flood upon the carpet. I then turned to go to the kitchen, and wife wished me to cover the stove, as they had removed from it the large boiler, and left it open. In passing through the door, for some cause, I made a mistake; but saved myself from falling by taking hold of the door casing. The women perceived that something was the matter, and begged I would go near the stove, which was directly before me, and at my left hand the door into the wood-house standing open. Another stumble here resulted in precipitating me one step down full length into the wood-house. Up to this time, I had no consciousness of anything wrong; and when my wife and daughter came to help me up, and asked what was the matter, I tried to tell them nothing, but found that my mouth refused to go off correctly. It had never been guilty of such a freak before, and I knew not what to make of it. But they told me afterwards, that it was drawn considerably one side. This circumstance, with a slight sensation of numbness in my fingers, was all the symptoms I perceived of having a fit. I however soon recovered my perpendicular, and those symptoms soon disappeared, and nothing but a feeling of weakness remained to remind me that anything more than common had occurred; and I feel none of the effects of it at present. The general health of myself and wife is better than when we left the East. S. COON.

WELLSVILLE—SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS.

WELLSVILLE, N. Y., August 20, 1867. Wellsville is situated on the line of the New York and Erie Railway, 25 miles west or south-west of Hornellsville; and as a business locality, it is not surpassed by any on that Railway in Western New York. The surrounding country is so situated, that the people of a large portion of Potter, and some of McKean County, Penn., and even some of Steuben County, N. Y., find it to their advantage to come to Wellsville for their merchandise, and to dispose of their butter, cheese, wool, and other produce, that they have to turn off. The country is well adapted to grazing and wool-growing, which will be, and is now, no small commodity of the country, and will increase with the increasing demand.

A locality for doing business may be secured comparatively cheap within one mile and a quarter of the depot. Lots for building, on which operatives can locate in close proximity, may be obtained on reasonable terms, so that a sufficient number of Sabbath-keepers may locate close together to carry on business without disturbing our First-day friends, or without being disturbed very much on the Sabbath.

As to the inducements to Seventh-day Baptists, Wellsville is about 13 miles from Alfred University, by the public highway, and 16 miles from Alfred depot by rail. Wellsville is also quite a central point in the Western Association, and will therefore furn-

ish good facilities for religious privileges, which is a great inducement to the really pious.

That there is a proper time to commence in all undertakings, few if any will deny. We prepare our ground, and at the proper season we put in the seed, and again at the proper time we gather in our harvest. Thus, by a careful observance of time and opportunity, we may expect to succeed in our proper calling. So, in any and every undertaking, we should have regard to circumstances and opportunities that may offer for improvement. Now the way is open for the commencement, and it may well be considered the proper time.—1st. Because there is no establishment in Wellsville for the manufacturing of cloths, either woolen or cotton; therefore, it is a good time to commence, before some other firm begins. The enterprise has been talked of as being a good locality. Why not a firm of Seventh-day Baptists commence first, and so give our day laborers an opportunity to locate in Wellsville, and find employment without sacrificing principle? 2d. It is a good time, because a good locality can be obtained on favorable conditions, together with building lots for laborers in close proximity, in a compact position. 3d. It is a good time, because the subject of the Sabbath is being agitated, and many people are more likely to carefully investigate the subject if they can see a prospect of society being built up, where they can enjoy religious privileges. Therefore, whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. OBSERVER.

MINNESOTA.

TRINIDAD, Minn., Aug. 16th, 1867. To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

Perhaps a word of local news would interest you. The farmers are making preparations to gather in the ripened grain. The harvest in this vicinity is about two weeks later than usual, in consequence of its being so extremely wet during seed time that grain could not be sown until after the usual time. The crops, wheat in particular, will hardly be an average yield in this immediate vicinity, but in some portions of the State it will exceed the average. We have reason to be grateful to the Government for all things, that our prospect is as good as it appears now, for it seemed for a time that the heavy rains would destroy our crops entirely. J. E. S.

NEW BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

GOOD STORIES is the title under which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have commenced a series of publications intended to present in a cheap and attractive form some of the best stories, sketches, and tales. The first number contains The Avenger, by Thomas DeQuincy; Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure, by Nathaniel Hawthorne; Love and Skates, by Theodore Winthrop; The Defaulter, by Thomas Hood; Coldstream, by Herbert Vaughan; Madonna, by Henry Spicer.

The sixteenth thousand of Rev. Henry Morgan's book, "Ned Nevins, the Newsboy, or Street-Life in Boston," is already issued, and the twentieth thousand is in the press. Its popularity is unprecedented. Though but a few months before the public, it has become a rally cry for the oppressed, and a synonym for reform. A story founded on fact, it is as exciting as any novel. Agents wishing territory can apply to the author at Boston.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September has a continuation of Dr. O. W. Holmes' interesting story of the Guardian Angel; Prophetic Voices about America, by Hon. Chas. Sumner; Sunshine and Petrich, by Rev. T. W. Higginson; Canadian Woods and Waters, by Charles Dawson Shaly; The Nightingale in the Study, by James Russell Lowell; Hospital Memories, II, by Eudora Clark; Minor Italian Memories, by W. D. Howells; The Mystery of Nature, by Theodore Tilton; A Wife by Wager, by E. H. House; The Jesuits in North America, by George E. Ellis; The Blue and the Gray, by F. M. Finch; Fugitives from Labor.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for September has more illustrations than usual, and the following readable articles: Cast Away in the Cold, II, by Isaac I. Hayes; Blunder, by Louise E. Chellett; The Little Theatre, by J. T. Trowbridge; What Dr. Hardrack said to Miss Emily, by Harriet Beecher Stowe; A Deer-Hunt in the Adirondacks, by Susan N. Carter; Good Old Times, IX., by Elijah Kellogg; The Little Beggar-Girl, by Mrs. A. M. Diaz; Swimming, by Charles J. Foster; Boat Song, by Emily Huntington Miller; Maud, by J. R. Thomas; Round the Evening Lamp, and Our Letter Box.

HEAVY RAINS are reported as having fallen in the vicinity of Washington, on the 22d of August. An accident from the effects of the rain is also reported. The Rockville stage, in crossing a ford, about four miles from Washington, on its way thither, was washed down the stream by the force of the current. The driver and another man cleared themselves from the stage and swam ashore, but the three other passengers (ladies) were drowned.

EX-PRESIDENT BUCHANAN was taken seriously ill, a few days ago, at Cape May; was removed thence to Philadelphia, where his recovery was considered doubtful; but at last accounts was improving.

TELEGRAPHY is unreasonably expensive in this country, where it costs a couple of dollars to send ten words from any part of the New England States to Chicago. There will come a time when these exorbitant rates, and the monster fortunes built upon them, will be abated. Meanwhile it is a comfort to know, that some parts of the world have the benefits of telegraphing at moderate expense. A telegram of fifty words, including the address and signature, can be sent from any part of Switzerland to the country for one franc (20 cents). The telegraph in a government institution, as it should be all over the world, and the tariff is fixed by the Federal authorities. Next year the ruling price is to be 50 centimes, or 10 cents.

NARRAGANSETT BAY.—One of the editors of the Chicago Tribune, who has been stopping at Rocky Point for a few weeks, writes an interesting letter to his paper in reference to the attractions there, and closes it as follows:

"Rhode Island (land and water combined) is not so large as Cook County, and contains little more than half the population, yet, without counting with any person, I can name fifteen summer resorts within its boundaries, and nearly all of them on the shores of Narragansett Bay. At this moment these fifteen places are lodging and feeding very nearly five thousand summer guests. This is simply owing to the fact that this bay, which swallows nearly half the State, is, probably, take it all in all, the most magnificent sheet of water in the western world."

HOMESTEAD INTERESTS.—In reply to a question as to whether a party who had made a homestead entry and transmitted the same to a warrant location, could take another homestead, the Commissioner of the General Land Office has decided that, in the sixth section of the law providing that "no individual shall be permitted to acquire title to more than one quarter section under the provisions of this act," when a settler makes payment and acquires title under the eighth section of the law, he thereby exhausts his rights under the same, and cannot make another entry.

THE SUPREME COURT, sitting in Washington, on Wednesday last week, convicted Charles Elie of murdering William Gardner in Charlestown, last February, and sentenced him to imprisonment for life in the State Prison. His two confederates are still at large. All parties belonged to the Narragansett tribe of Indians.

FARINA.—A letter from Farina, Ill., dated August 10th, says: "We are greatly encouraged. Good crops in this country is a fact. Good crops are now facts with us. An abundance of fruit, especially peaches, is a fact. And if we are enjoying them, it is a fact. If any have doubts about these things, let them come and see."

SEVERE, BUT JUST.—A steambos captain at Charleston has been fined \$250 for having refused to grant a first-class ticket and passage to a colored woman, because of her color. Gen. Sickles argues the offender's guilt, both as a lawyer and a commander, and approves the finding of the Post Court.

THE weather and crops in Wisconsin are spoken of as follows, in a letter dated West Milton, Aug. 15th, 1867:

"The weather is fine, and farmers have nearly got through cutting grain, and are about to commence stacking. Grain is good all over the country."

DR. E. R. MAXSON, of Adams, N. Y., has returned from his trip across the Atlantic, having arrived at New York on Sabbath, August 24th. Another of his letters reached us by the same mail which brought the intelligence of his arrival—too late for our paper of this week.

THE YEARLY MEETING of the Seventh-day Baptist Churches of Rhode Island, and Greenanville and Waterford, Conn., will commence a session with the First Church of Hopkinton, Sixth-day afternoon, Aug. 30th, and continue through the Sabbath and First-day.

REPORTS lately published leave little room to question, that the present Indian war is the result of mismanagement on the part of subordinate army officers, and that many atrocities began with and were mainly instigated by the Chivington massacre.

ALONZO H. BURDICK, Esq., who was at one time connected with the Protestant Sentinel, has lately become associated with Mrs. Emma Brown in the publication of the Worcester Chief, at Fort Atkinson.

A FIRE at Plattsburg, N. Y., Aug. 20th, destroyed property valued at \$500,000, which there was insurance to the amount of \$200,000.

A SUBMARINE CABLE, between West and Havana, has been laid, and is working well. It was completed on Sunday, August 18th.

AMONG the patents recently issued was one to C. Potter, Jr., of Worcester, for improvement in Presses.

Miscellaneous.

PROF. ANTHON AND HIS PUPILS.

The New York correspondent of the Syracuse Journal, in alluding to the recent death of Prof. Anthon, says: "In the learned world he will be missed and lamented; but perhaps no man who has for so many years occupied so high a place among scholars and whose name is so familiar through the country, could die and be less regretted, socially, than Dr. Anthon. He was quite as remarkable for his aversion to society as for his scholarship. He never married. Two sisters, also unmarried, kept house for him; but such was the incompatibility of temper between them, that the Professor had a separate table set for himself. He hated men, and he hated women; but he loved boys—after a pedagogic fashion. He had a singular way of unbending in the classroom. There he was always genial, kindly, and at times even jovial; but out of the classroom he was always a bear. He flogged his boys unmercifully, and often unjustly. He was accustomed to stand at the foot of the stairway as the boys filed down to recitation, regarding them with the grim precision of a drill-sergeant. Catching the eye of this and the other lad, he would motion him to leave the procession and retire to a secluded room. The victims obeyed, with true forebodings of what was coming. In a few minutes the Professor would appear, rattan in hand, and beginning with the nearest boy, go through the lot, asking no questions till the flogging was over, when he would give the victim a chance to justify himself. Of course he often punished boys without the shadow of a pretext, and then he would say, encouragingly, 'Well, never mind, you didn't deserve it this time, it is true; set it down for some time when you do deserve it, and escape detection.' In this way he did substantial service to each boy. At one time he had over seven hundred pupils in his school, and it is said that he gave them all several tablets of the rod in the course of the year.

"Notwithstanding his severity, his pupils loved him. He was considered the most thorough trainer of boys that ever taught in this country, and if his pupils got floggings, they also got real culture. They appreciate this now that he is gone, and are ready to forget his severity and occasional injustice, and to remember only the sincerity, skill and fidelity with which he fulfilled the duties of his profession."

It will take a fearful earthquake to shake them down.

No good idea can be given to the reader of the locks and their operation, but a general remark may be of interest. The first door has one of Dodd's Eureka locks; there is no combination with this, and the outside letters of the alphabet, the nine units, and fractions of figures. The combinations which may be made by this arrangement are endless, and no one can open the lock, showing back the bolts, unless he knows the words, figures and fractions which have been used in locking the door. Even if a person was so fortunate as to get from Mr. Birdsal the combination, he must have an extensive acquaintance with the lock to know how to manipulate it correctly. The second door contains an Isham lock, which is altogether different from Dodd's lock. The third door has L. Gale's Monitor lock, and the fourth door contains Gale's double Treasury locks. From one of these doors, after it has been fastened, a portion of the lock is taken off, and put under lock and key in some secret place. Without this it would be useless to attempt to get into the safe.

The second vault is much larger than the first one described; but as difficult to get into. There are one hundred and twenty cases in this room where gold can be put and sealed up. At the time we looked into the vault, there were ninety tons, or forty-five millions of dollars in gold stored in the room, and twenty millions in paper. The greenbacks, as they are paid into the treasury, are put up in packages of one thousand bills each, all of the same denomination. A package of one dollar bills contains one thousand dollars; of five dollar bills, five thousand dollars; of five hundred dollar bills, five hundred thousand dollars. In one small box we were shown six small packages, each of which contained one million of dollars. Money is handled in the Treasury building in a wholesale manner, packing trunks standing about full of it, large wheel baskets on wheels being used to carry it in, &c. The sight of it becomes so common, that the clerks employed regard it with the utmost indifference, handling it as they would so much brown paper.

The vestibule of the second vault is called the book vault, and contains the canceled obligations of the United States—a ton or two of paymasters' checks. All these books and checks are carefully preserved.—N. Y. Gazette.

JOAN OF ARC.

Joan of Arc, called the Maid of Orleans, was the daughter of a peasant at Demerai, in the Province of Lorraine, France, where she was born in 1402. When quite young, she was employed as a servant at a little inn, as well as groom in the stable, and she liked looking after the horses better than waiting on the guests. The misfortunes of the Dauphin of France were all the talk of her masters' customers, and being a religious enthusiast, she fancied that Heaven had inspired her in his cause.

In 1429 she had an interview with the Governor of Vaucouleurs, who sent her to the French Court; and she there told them that God had ordered her to raise the siege of Orleans, to conduct the Dauphin to Rheims, and there anoint him king. Her services were accepted. Armed cap-a-pie, the beauty of her person, the grace with which she rode her milk-white steed and the holy banner carried before her, convinced the people that she was fighting by the command of God.

Prodigies of valor were performed by Joan, and when wounded in the neck by an arrow, she drew it out, saying, "It is glory, not blood, which flows the wound;" the English fled before her, and she was hailed as the saviour of France.

Having raised the siege of Orleans, she insisted upon crowning Charles at Rheims, and the Maid clothed in armor, and displaying her victorious banner, took her place by the king's side, amid the shouts of the people. A medal was struck in her honor, bearing on one side her portrait, on the other a hand grasping a sword, with the motto, "Sustained by the aid of God!" and Charles ennobled her family by the name of DuLys, from the lilies on her banner, and gave them an estate.

Our heroine next went to the relief of Compeigne, besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, and the English, but on making a sally she was captured by the Burgundians, who basely sold her to the English for an thousand livres. The Duke of Bedford commanded a prosecution against her, and accused her of sorcery and impiety, the clergy and the University of Paris, to their eternal disgrace, joining in the accusation.

She was brought in irons before a priestly tribunal at Ronen, and being asked why she assisted at the coronation of Charles, replied, "Because the person who shared in the danger had a right to share in the glory." Charged with heresy, she appealed to the Pope, but her appeal was disallowed, and she was condemned to death as a sorceress.

The fortitude of the Maid of Orleans now forsook her, and to avoid punishment, she confessed that she had been misled by illusion; her sentence was then altered to imprisonment for life, but her enemies placed in her dungeon a suit of men's clothes, and became, tempted by the view of a dress in which she had gained so much glory, she was condemned to be burned alive at the stake.

In 1811 she was buried by her brutal prosecutors in the market place of Ronen. She met her fate with resolution, ascending the funeral pile amid the insults of the mob. "Blessed be God!" were the last words she uttered. Her ashes were scattered to the winds, and thus treacherously died, in the thirtieth year of her age, the woman whose memory altars ought to have been erected as a martyr to her religion, her country, and her king.

Since her death she has been celebrated by historians, poets, painters, and sculptors of various countries; and most of our readers have no doubt seen copies of the beautiful

statuette by one of the daughters of Louis Philippe, the late king of France, in which she appears clad in armor, her sword by her side, her head bare, and her arms crossed over her bosom—a graceful tribute to the memory of Joan of Arc, the heroic and ill-fated Maid of Orleans.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S ANCESTORS.

The biography of the prince consort, prepared and published under the direction of Queen Victoria, carries the mind back, not merely to the period of her marriage, but merely to the period of her birth, but to the death of another princess of England, around whose beloved person the hopes and affections of the British nation were woven with the fondest solicitude. Tired high unto death of the "Four Royal Writs" of the House of Hanover, born out with the dull tyranny of George III., and sickened by the clammy libertinism of George IV., the people turned to the only daughter of the latter sovereign, the Princess Charlotte, a girl of noble mind and pure heart, as their future deliverer from the woes of a century. This excellent young woman made a genuine love match with Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, a young man every way worthy of her. After a year of unalloyed happiness, the amiable princess died in child-birth. The event plunged the nation in the deepest anguish, and from grief they turned to rage, when they visited with such unreasoning intensity upon the attending physician, that he sought refuge in suicide. "It is a remarkable example of the vanity of human fears," says Miss Martineau, "that the people, who wept as a people without hope for the bereavement of Charlotte Augusta, should have realized, through her premature death, precisely such a female reign, of just and mild government, of domestic virtues, of generous sympathy with popular rights, of bold and liberal encouragement of sound improvement, as they had associated with her career—perhaps more than they had thought, in that season of disquiet, could ever be realized in a few coming years."

On the death of the Princess Charlotte, the four surviving brothers of George IV. forsook their mistresses and got married, in warm rivalry to give an heir to the English throne. The Duke of Clarence, William IV., married the daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, by whom he had two children, both of whom died in infancy. He had previously had five sons and five daughters by Mrs. Jordan, the celebrated actress, some of whom are still living. The Duke of Kent married the Princess Victoria, of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, then a widow, who gave birth to a daughter, May 24, 1819, two years after the death of Charlotte. Eight months later the Duke of Kent died, and his infant daughter grew to be Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, and of Hindostan.

The motive which impels the Queen to publish a biography of her husband is altogether womanly. She loved him so much that she wants all the world to admire him. She "bitterly repents" that she did not marry him when she first ascended the throne. Three years of his society was lost to her—three years that might have been! She thought that Albert was making a sacrifice in marrying her, and that she was not worthy of him. There is no affectionate and common talk at home and abroad, she has folded herself under the shelter of her conjugal estate.

"As the female dove, When her golden complets are disclosed."

The example of Victoria might lead the advocates of royalty to wish that all kings might be queens. Yet this would be wrong, for Elizabeth was a tyrant, Catherine a tigress and strumpet, and the children of Israel are not the children of her husband. The abundant merit of Victoria is virtue, joined with good common sense. She has fulfilled the vow of her coronation day, that she would govern according to the constitution, and devotes herself to the happiness of her subjects. She has done more, for she has favored liberal principles without pushing her views beyond the limits of the English constitution. She has left her subjects to work out their own destiny, giving timely help to that which was good and true, and leaving that which was false and pernicious to be cured by the intelligence of the people. We now see that, as she has been an example to sovereigns, she has been also an example to wives. Her quiet dignity and her unquenchable love give the lie to all the slanders of the snobs and snobesses of Belgravia, and must cover them with confusion during the remainder of their natural lives.—Chicago Tribune.

A CHILD WITH TWO MOTHERS.—In the Circuit Court of Baltimore, on the other day, a case of habeas corpus was heard, which presented some extraordinary features. Two women claimed to be the mother of the same child. The scene that followed is thus described:

Judge Alexander directed two chairs to be placed at one end of the court room. He then requested Mrs. Perry, one of the petitioners, to take one of the seats, and Mrs. Ferrell, one of the respondents, the other. The child, during the hearing, had been standing upon the platform, at the side of the Judge. Judge Alexander then turned to the child, and told it to go to its mother. The child started down, and then turned around and asked the Judge, "Can I go to the mother I want?" The Judge said, "Yes, child," when she sprang forward and threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Ferrell, exclaiming, "This is the mother I want." She was received with passionate kisses. During these proceedings, the eyes of the large number of women, as well as men pres-

ent, were directed to the movements of the child, and when her choice was made, the women rose to their feet, and gave vent to their feelings in exclamations of delight. "The darling child," says one. "She knows her mother," says another. Sobs and tears accompanied the demonstration. The countenances of men were not without emotion, and it was some time before the quiet of the court-room was restored.

THE LIFE-RAFT NONPAREIL.

The Southampton correspondent of the London Star gives the following particulars of the successful voyage of the little raft Nonpareil: "The American life-raft Nonpareil, 43 days from New York, arrived here between five and six o'clock this evening, and is moored off the dock shore. This daring adventure has been conducted by John Milks, Captain, and a crew of two, named Geo. Miller and Jerry Mallone. She is only twenty-four feet long, and twelve and a half feet wide.

The raft, which has two masts, consists of three cylinders, pointed at each end, united together by canvas connections, having no real decks, and is strengthened by boards slipped under strong iron neopikes, the whole kept together by lashing. A water-proof cloth, hung over a boom, closed at each end, somewhat resembling a gypsies' tent, affords a sleeping accommodation, two at a time, and the third keeping watch. This is fastened on a strong locker, in which the provisions are kept.

The raft left seven times from stress of weather, and the last vessel spoken was the John Chapman, a week since, from which they were given a fowl, which is still alive and well. They have arrived with thirty gallons of water to spare. The Captain was poorly two days during the passage; otherwise, all have been in perfect health, and the men are in good spirits, their countenances looking healthy and bronzed by the weather. They had no chronometer on board, and sailed by dead reckoning, and corrected their position by vessels they spoke. There is a smaller raft on deck for use as a boat.

The raft has kept perfectly water-tight all the way, not a leak of any sort having occurred. She is fitted with an apparatus for filling the tubes with air.

WOMEN IN THE HEBRIDES.

A correspondent of the Glasgow Herald, who recently visited this island of Lewis, in the Hebrides, says: "The women do all the heavy work. They dig, delve, and hoe; they carry heavy loads of manure to the fields; and in the past season you may see them all day carrying creelfuls of peat from the bog. You will often see a man trudging along the road beside a woman, but the creel is always on the woman's back. If they cross a river or ford, the woman crosses first, and then returns to carry the man across. I only saw this once, but the farmers tell me it is a thing of every day occurrence. When the creel is empty, the man sometimes slings it over his own shoulders, and then mounts upon the back of the woman, who carries them both across together. This, I am told, is the only occasion on which, by any chance, you see a creel upon the back of a man. The woman of the rural districts here is, in fact, the best of her kind; and men, in looking out for wives, look largely to muscular development. A story is current among the English-speaking farmers, that illustrates this conception of woman's mission. In the middle of one past season, when labor was much in demand, a man, who was supposed to be a confirmed bachelor, suddenly married. A friend met him one day, and said, 'What did you take a woman like that?' said the friend. 'Did you'll hear,' replied the man, 'that my horse was dead!'"

INSTRUMENTS REQUIRING STAMPS.—The following are the instruments to be stamped, and the stamps to be used in ordinary business transactions. Cut this out and preserve it for reference: All notes and evidences of debt, five cents on each \$100; if over \$100, five cents; if over \$100, five cents on each additional \$100, or part thereof. All receipts, for any amount, under limit, over \$20, two cents; if \$20 or under, nothing. All deeds and deeds of trust, fifty cents on each \$500 in value of the property conveyed, or the amount secured; when a deed of trust is duly stamped, the note secured must not be; but they should be endorsed to show the reason why. All appraisements of estates or of pieces of paper. Affidavits of every description are exempt from stamp duty. Acknowledgments to deeds, &c., are also exempt.

Contracts and agreements, five cents, except for rent; when for rent, fifty cents for \$300 of rent, or less; if over \$300, fifty cents for each \$200 or less over \$300. Any person interested can affix or cancel stamps.

PROTECTION AGAINST DROUGHT.

The best protection against drought that can be practiced to a great extent with advantage, is stirring the loam frequently to keep it light, loose and mellow. We have made experiments, and our observations on this subject, and have observed the good effects of stirring the soil in a dry time in a most striking manner. When land that had not been ploughed nor stirred in any way was down ten inches, and there scarcely any moisture could be perceived, land by the side of it, ploughed and frequently hoed, but not manured to give it any advantage, was moist within a few inches of the top in a very severe drought.

In a time of drought last summer, we observed that a number of farmers, believing in these principles, were acting on them as they thought, but were making a wrong application of their labors. They ploughed between the rows of their corn and potatoes, and then drew the earth around the plants, making high hills. The consequence was, that the roots of the plants would become exposed between the rows, and the hot sun dried down still further, the loose earth being removed, and covering the dry, baked earth around them, the hills would not invite up the moisture in those places. In such cases, we took the hoe and dug up and pulverized the soil over the whole surface, leaving it level, giving a specimen of the course that we had pursued with marked success, and though the system was acknowledged to be reasonable, yet some of them could not be induced to leave the old method which they had long pursued, and so they went on losing their labor, or rather employing their labor to the injury of their crops, so far as drought was concerned.

The EMPRESS EUGENIE recently presented herself at the Isthmus of Suez gate of the Exposition, before the hour for opening. The porter refused to admit her majesty, although she named M. de Lesseps as her friend. "Ah, they all say that!" retorted the gate-keeper. The Emperor insisted that the great maker would instantly admit her were he there, but could not prevail. She then played her last card—"But

if I were to tell you that I am the Empress?" "I should not believe you," was the rejoinder. A lady of honor, however, at length convinced the porter that the applicant was the Empress; and the gate opened.

UPS AND DOWNS OF LIFE.

The death of James A. Cutting, at the Insane Asylum in Worcester, has been announced. Twenty-five years ago he was residing in Haverhill, N. H. in destitute circumstances, but by obtaining a patent for a new beehive, came into possession of enough money to have made him comfortable, had he remained there. He went to Boston, got other patents, and lost all his property. Finally, his attention was turned to the art of making daguerotype pictures, then in its infancy, and he discovered the process of making ambrotypes. A patent was secured, and he sold rights in this country and in Europe for many thousands of dollars. He was in the enjoyment of what was then considered a handsome income, some of which was spent in yachting. He was the owner of a handsome yacht, which he called the "Ambrotypic." In these excursions he became acquainted with the habits of some of the residents of "the briny deep," which led to his establishing an aquarium in "an upper chamber" on Bromfield-st., Boston. The public, attracted by the novelty, thronged his rooms daily, and it proved one of the most profitable as well as most entertaining of the places of amusement in the city. His success seemed to have turned his head, and he engaged in a much larger enterprise, the establishment of the Aquarial Gardens in Central Court, on the site now occupied by the Theatre Comique. How much money he spent and lost there is not stated, nor why the enterprise failed, but the establishment soon passed into the hands of P. T. Barnum. This was the last speculation of Mr. Cutting.

AMERICAN SCHOOLS TO ENGLISH EYES.

An English lady, Miss Jex Blake, who visited this country last year, has published an account of American schools and colleges—under the condition of which her inquiries were particularly directed through her own eyes, as she expresses it. She enables the English reader to see the youth of America, learning, teaching, reciting, playing, preaching, spitting, eating, drinking, talking and lounging, in a manner in which Americans do lounge. Of the thoroughness of the teaching in our public schools, Miss Jex Blake speaks with unqualified praise. In the higher institutions she speaks of the extraordinary prevalence of religious exercises, and of the great lack of athletic exercises and sports. The students do not look robust, and have a "general tender-baked look," and she says that the "lack of all physical training, with bad health, and no relief for what we call manly sports, are very probable causes of the intense earnestness displayed at the prayer meetings." She is convinced that the culture of women is far higher in America than in England. In all branches of learning, and especially in mathematics, they show great aptitude, and if they do not excel, they often nearly equal their male competitors. As to the advantages of the two sexes pursuing their studies together, Miss Jex Blake is more doubtful.

FANNY FERN ON HEALTH.—Fanny Fern thinks it ought to be considered a disgrace to be sick, confidentially adding: "I am fifty-five, and I feel half the time as if I was just made. To be sure, I was born in Maine, where the timber and the human race last; but I don't eat pastry, nor capers, nor cream. I own stout boots—pretty ones too. I have a water-proof cloak, and no diamonds; I like a nice bit of beef-steak and a glass of ale, and anybody else who wants it may eat it. I go to bed at ten, and get up at six. I dash out in the rain because it feels good on my face. I don't care for my clothes, but I will be well; and after I am buried, I warn you, don't let any fresh air or sunlight down on my coffin; if you don't want me to get up."

An island, one-quarter or an acre in area, and covered with a heavy growth of bushes and trees twenty feet high, that had long been stationary in a pond at Tiringham, floated the other day a full half mile from its original location. Restaurant proprietors will make a note of this new kind of floating island.

Capt. Mikes, of the little raft Nonpareil, which, and the voyage across the Atlantic, has been the lion of the day at Cowes, among the "swells" of the Royal Yacht Club. The Queen had intimated that she would pay a visit to the Nonpareil.

LOCAL AGENTS FOR THE SABBATH RECORDER.

- NEW YORK: Adams—Dr. C. D. Potter. Alfred—Charles D. Langworthy. Allentown—John E. Green. V. Hill. Brookfield—Richard Stillman. Berlin—J. W. Whitford. Bolton—J. W. Whitford. Burlington—Barton G. Stillman. Danvers—E. R. Crandall. Gloucester—Benjamin Masson. Haverhill—John P. Livermore. Lowell—Abel Stillman. Lynn—Ezekiel K. Clark. Portland—R. C. Crandall. Salem—John P. Livermore. South—Byron L. Barber. Southbury—John E. Green. Vermont—Thomas Perry. West—D. B. Knapton. Westford—George W. Maxwell. West Edmeston—Ephraim Maxwell.

CONSTRUCTIVE.

- Myrtle Bridge—George Greenman. Waterford—Oliver Masson. RHODE ISLAND: 24 Hopkinton—Edw. B. Burdick. 24 Hopkinton—S. S. Griswold. Rockville—Chapman Matteson. NEW JERSEY: Marlboro—J. C. Bowen. New Market—John B. Plisforth. Plainfield—Isaac S. Dunn. Shiloh—Walter B. Gillette. PENNSYLVANIA: Danville—D. B. Knapton. Hebron—Geo. W. Stillman. Venango—James R. Irish. VIRGINIA: Lost Creek—Wm. Kennedy. New Mills—J. B. Randolph. OHIO: Jackson Center—Jacob H. Babcock. WISCONSIN: Alton—Joshua Clarke. Berlin—Datus E. Lewis. Dakota—Geo. Babcock. Edgerton—Henry W. Stillman. Hillton—Geo. Goodrich, W. G. Hamilton. Eldon—M. J. Pierce. West Milton—James Pierce. Walworth—Howell W. Randolph. ILLINOIS: Fairview—L. M. Cottrell. West Hallock—Truman Sandeys. IOWA: Wellton—Lewis A. Davis. MINNESOTA: Fremont—Frederic C. Curtis. NEW HAMPSHIRE: New Auburn—W. B. Burdick. Trenton—Geo. C. West. Vermont—Henry B. Lewis. PAROLE: A. A. F. Randolph. NEBRASKA: Long Branch—Joshua G. Babcock.

GREATLY IMPROVED AND PERFECTED.

THE FINKLE & LYON SEWING MACHINE is the best, for the following reasons: 1st. It makes the best stitch (the lock stitch) for family sewing, and uses a straight needle. 2d. All the movements are positive, and all parts of the machine are constructed on the most simple mechanical principle, and with the needle, are easily and quickly adjusted, enabling the most inexperienced to operate it. 3. It runs lighter, and with less noise, than any other sewing machine, allowing it to be used wherever quiet is desirable. 4th. It uses the same kind of thread for both hands, and will sew over the heaviest seam, from one to six thicknesses of the finest cloth to thick leather, without change of needle, tension, or skipping stitches. 5th. It is the only sewing machine in Western, by the subscriber, agent for this vicinity, at reduced prices, and warranted. Agents, Boston, &c., kept on hand. C. A. STILLMAN.

against the measure. It is said that there are only three routes by which access to the interior of the country can be gained; on one of these an army would have to cross the desert; on another, that terrible fly would be met, which stings cattle and horses to madness; on the third, the nature of the country would almost infallibly produce a pestilence. It is therefore considered the part of discretion to abandon the proposed armed interference, and trust to diplomacy and the chance of the king's death by his debauchery, or his murder by his subjects, for the release of the English prisoners.

WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS.

The waters of this celebrated place of resort are thus described by "Panley," of the Boston Journal, who has been testing their virtues: "The spring is enclosed with marble walls, and covered by a dome, on white columns. It yields about thirty gallons per minute, never more or less in wet or dry seasons, and the temperature is uniformly 62 degrees of Fahrenheit. Mr. Hayes, of Roxbury, made an analysis of the water in 1842, at his laboratory, and stated that it contained the sulphates of lime and of magnesia, chloride of magnesium, carbonate of lime, and carbonic acid. But it is only necessary to taste the clear fluid to know that it is composed of ancient eggs, decomposed cabbages, essence of raw onions, phosphate of decayed fish, and other similar substances. It is doubtless a healthy, but it is not good—indeed, it is most styled, very nasty. If a man or woman is induced to drink it doesn't get well, at the earliest possible day, I am astonished. A diet of castor oil and turkey thubarb would be preferable to my taste. Yet it is quaffed by the queer, and with pure mountain air, wholesome food, exercise, and freedom from care—it accomplishes wonders, especially in restoring the Southerners affected by liver complaints.

NEW BOOK OF CHORUSES.

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