The Sabbath Recorder.

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The Sabbath Recorder.

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

BY ALICE CARY.

When skies are growing warm and bright,
And in the woodland bowers.
The Spring-time in her pale, faint robes,
Is calling up the flowers;
When all with naked little feet,
The children in the morn,
Go forth, and in the furrows drop
The seeds of yellow corn,
What a beautiful embodiment
Of ease devoid of pride,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With doors set open wide!

But when the happiest time is come
That to the year belongs;
When all the vales are filled with gold,
And all the air with songs;
When fields of yet unripened grain
And yet ungarnered stores,
Remind the thrifty husbandman
Of ampler threshing floors;
How pleasant from the din and dust
Of the thoroughfare aloof,
Stands the old-fashioned homestead,
With steep and mossy roof.

When home the woodsman plods, with axe
Upon his shoulder swung,
And in the knotted apple tree
Are scythe and sickle hung;
When low about her clay-built nests
The mother swallow trills,
And decorously slow the cows
Are wending down the hills,
What a blessed picture of comfort,
In the evening shadows red,
Is the good old-fashioned homestead,
With its bounteous table spread!

And when the winds moan wildly,
When the woods are bare and brown,
And when the swallows' clay-built nest
From the rafters tumble down;
When all the untrod garden paths
Are heaped with frozen leaves,
And icicles, like silver spikes,
Are set along the eaves;
Then when the book from the shelf is brought,
And the fire-lights shine and play,
In the good old-fashioned homestead,
Is the farmer's holiday.

But, whether the brooks be tinged with flowers,
Or whether the dead leaves fall,
And whether the air be full of songs,
Or never a song at all,
And whether the vines of the strawberries,
Or frosts through the grasses run,
And whether it rain or whether it shine,
Is all to me as one;
For, bright as brightest sunshine,
The light of memory streams
Round the old-fashioned homestead,
Where I dreamed my dream of dreams.

THE BIBLE SABBATH.

BY DANIEL BABCOCK.

[Concluded.]

The first account we have of Paul, after his conversion, (Acts 9: 20,) is that he at Damascus preached Christ in the synagogue. That it was on the Sabbath, there can be no question; because it is said, (Acts 17: 2,) he came to Thessalonica, where was a synagogue of the Jews, and as his manner was, went in unto them on three Sabbath days, and reasoned with them out of the Scriptures. It is said, 'Yes, he met with the Jews on their Sabbath, but we presume he met with the Gentiles on some other day.' Why, then, is there no mention made of those meetings? Would they not have been equally interesting and profitable as those recorded? The reason why is, obvious, because there were no other Sabbath meetings in the apostles' days than on the seventh day.

We find at Corinth, (Acts 17th,) Paul abode with Aquilla and Priscilla, because they were tent-makers, and it is said he reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath day, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks. Here we take notice, that the Greeks were in attendance every Sabbath, and that it was not confined to a few who might have happened there by chance, but of the Greeks a great multitude believed. Again, at Berea (Acts 17: 12,) Paul and Silas coming thither went into the synagogue of the Jews, where it is said many believed, of honorable women which were Greeks, and of men not a few. And at Antioch, (Acts 13: 42,) and when the Jews were gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath. How did they know there would be meeting again the next Sabbath, only from the universal practice of the apostles to meet on that day; and the very fact of the Gentiles calling it Sabbath, is evidence that they observed it as such, and that they said next Sabbath shows plainly that there was no intervening Sabbath between that and the next seventh day. Take notice: And the next Sabbath came almost the whole city together to hear the word of God.

Thus we find, at different times, in different places, not only the practice of the apostles and Jews to meet on the seventh-day Sabbath, but of the Gentiles also to meet with them and no account of either ever meeting as Sabbath on any other. We find on record the example of the apostles twenty-seven times, positive and indisputable many times, because their practice or custom of meeting was established. It is said of Paul and Barnabas, that a whole year they assembled with the church and taught much people. Again, it is said of Paul, that at Corinth he continued a year and six months, teaching the word of God among them. How long he abode with Aquilla and Prescilla, and reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath day, is not known, neither is it material.

Enough has already been shown to establish the example of the apostles and primitive Christians, both Jews and Gentiles, to meet for worship on the Sabbath, or seventh day, and not the least intimation that either ever met on any other day as Sabbath.

But we have other evidence, which in itself is very conclusive, and that is, that there was never an accusation brought by the Jews against the apostles, or any of the Christians, for violation of their law of the Sabbath. We know they had a law that imposed the penalty of death upon the Sabbath-breaker, as well as the blasphemer and adulterer, the last two of which they rigorously executed. It was for pretended blasphemy that the Messiah was put to death; and also Stephen stoned. But with all their enmity, and attempts to criminate the apostles and primitive Christians, the charge of violating the Sabbath is not once mentioned; which shows conclusively, that they kept it according to their laws. See, in the case of Peter and John, Acts 4: 22. "So when they had farther threatened them, they let them go, finding nothing how they might punish them," which they might easily have done had they been violators of the law of the Sabbath. And so far as the force of example of the apostles and primitive Christians goes to prove anything respecting the Sabbath, it is all in favor of the seventh day, and no other. There is not a single instance of the apostles, or other Christians, keeping any other day, during the writing of the New Testament, which continued over sixty years after the resurrection.

Some have quoted (Acts 20: 7,) to prove that first day was observed as Sabbath. It reads thus: "And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, (Paul being ready to depart on the morrow,") which is the only instance on record of any religious meeting being held on the first day of the week; and the fact that the day was calledthe first day, in contradistinction to the Sabbath, is evidence that they did not observe it as such. And why was it said, "Paul being ready to depart on the morrow," only to show that that was the reason of their coming together at that time?

Again, if this meeting was in the evening, which must be admitted, then it was the commencement of first day, as all the New Testament writers always reckoned time from the setting to the setting of the sun; consequently, Paul went on his journey on the same first-day morning. The object of the writer seems to be, to make known the miraculous power of God, manifest through Paul in restoring the dead to life, and nothing more.

The first-day Sabbath seems to be predicated on the supposition that Christ rose on that day. Now we ask, in all candor, what has the particular day on which Christ arose, to do with the Sabbath day, any more than the day of his birth, crucifixion, or ascension? We think being laid at rest in the tomb, or when he rested from his arduous work, in the kingdom of heaven, either, would be much more emblematical of Sabbath rest, than rising from the dead, and traveling to Emmaus, on the same day, with two of his disciples. It is evident that the time of his rising was of no account, or it would have been more particularly specified. It is so obscure, that there has been much controversy concerning the particular time of his rising. The Apostle says, "By the shedding of blood is the remission of sin;" and Christ said, "It is finished," when he gave up the ghost; and the prophecies pointed to his suffering and death, as the great work in the plan of salvation; and the apostles often refer to the same; and as neither the prophets, nor Christ, nor the apostles, said anything as to the importance of the time of his rising, it would be inconsistent to attach any particular importance to that event. His death, resurrection, and ascension, are important in themselves, and we have an institution or memorial of his suffering and death in the Lord's Supper, and of the resurrection in Baptism, and we do not need two memorials of one event. But what have we of his ascension and rest, at the right hand of God in heaven, unless we in some way connect it with the Sabbath? And if it be necessary that we have a new Sabbath, why not in commemoration of that event?

But we think the Sabbath we have is sufficiently typical of the heavenly rest, and that another would be superfluous. If we could identify from the scriptures the particular time of the resurrection, it would amount to nothing more, as regards the Sabbath, than it would to prove from the same source, that David was king.

Again, some pretend that the law requires the keeping of one seventh part of time only. It certainly requires us to work six days first; and we ask for the starting point, that we may know from what to reckon. Is it from birth, or from sufficient age to begin labor? If from either, we must necessarily have as many Sabbaths as there are days in the week; but if neither of these is allowed, we ask again, when, where, and from what, are we to reckon, that we may find the one seventh part of time, that the law may not be broken. But if the one seventh part of time could be determined other than by God's appointed way, (to which we cannot concede,) are we to suppose he will be less jealous of his law now than anciently?

Would the man in the days of Moses, who was convicted of Sabbath-breaking, (the penalty of which was death,) have been excused, had he said he kept the day before, or intended to keep the day following? We think not. What reason have we to think one seventh part of time would not have been as acceptable then as now? Again, the interference in all the business transactions of mankind, we think sufficient reason why it should be rejected. Experience has proven that two days kept as Sabbath are quite too much for the convenience of one community. What, then, might we not expect if every day in the week were observed as Sabbath, and which this theory certainly allows, and by which the Sabbath would become a curse instead of a blessing to mankind.

Some say that the Sabbath was given to the Jews alone. (See Isa. 56: 6–8.) "Also, the sons of the stranger, that shall join themselves to the Lord, to serve him, and to love the name of the Lord, to be his servants, every one that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and taketh hold of my covenant, even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer; their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be acceptable upon mine altar, for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people. The Lord God which gathereth the outcast of Israel, saith, Yet will I gather others to him beside those that are gathered unto him," which promise seems to imply the bringing in of the Gentiles. And the same promise should be fulfilled in them who should then keep the same Sabbath here enjoined, which was the seventh day, and no other. That this has reference to the gospel dispensation, and the gathering in of the Gentiles, we think unquestionable; for Christ refers to this same expression of Isaiah, when he says, (Mark 11: 17,) "Is it not written, My house shall be called of all nations the house of prayer?"

Again, (John 10: 16,) "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also must I bring, and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." And as it is nowhere said to be the Sabbath of the Jews alone, but is said to be the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; then, if we worship the same God, it is the Sabbath of the Lord our God. Then it is said to us, "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work."

Some say we do not know which is the original seventh day—time has been so changed. In answer to which, we say, that there is not the least evidence that time has ever been changed affecting the day of the week; while, on the other hand, evidences conspire to prove that there never has been such a change. In the first place, it never could have been done without previous consultation and agreement, without which distraction and division on the subject must have been the inevitable consequence, and without which they could never have been united, as they now are, in calling the days of the week; and this has never been. Again, the question is settled beyond dispute by the Jews having always kept the original seventh day, and though scattered among all nations, agreeing with all the world in reckoning the days of the week.

Some there are who say that all days are alike; they can see no difference in days. Neither could Naaman the leper see why the waters of Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, were not as good as the waters of Israel, when told to go and wash in the river Jordan and be clean. Neither, as it appears, could our first parents see any difference in the fruit of the trees of the garden, why they might not eat as freely of the one as of the other. But God said, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat, except the one, of which if thou eatest, thou shalt surely die." He says, "Six days may work be done, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work."

AN ORIGINAL CHARACTER.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing from Providence, under date of Nov. 20th, says:

On my way from Boston to New York, I called, for an hour or so, at Pawtucket, to see a gentleman who has gained no little reputation of late by a novel species of charity—that of giving strawberry festivals in the summer, and roast turkey dinners in their season to thousands of prisoners in different parts of the country. This singular generosity he has practiced a number of years past, until it has become, one might say, his ruling passion. He began, a half dozen years ago, or more, by giving $500 to the State Prison of his own State (a small institution,) the interest of which is to be forever used in the purchase of a roast dinner to be eaten on his birthday—the 31st of January. Two years ago he made a smiliar gift to the Connecticut State Prison, the sum given in this case being $1,666, on which the State has agreed to pay $100 interest *in perpetuam*, and to expend this interest for turkeys for the convicts, to be served on the annual recurrence of the donor's birthday. The following is a transcript of a check sent by him to the Warden of the Prison, on making this gift:

PAWTUCKET, R. I., Jan. 1, 1863.
The First National Bank, Pawtucket: Pay interest on the bill of groceries (meal, oil, &c.,) furnished to the widow of Sarepta, to the order of William Willard, Esq., one thousand six hundred three score and six dollars.
No. 606   H. C. DORSEY.

This, it is to be presumed, was but the first installment of the interest, as the supplies were continued three years, and their original value could scarcely have been less than $300. As the interest has been running on for about thirty centuries or more, it is quite likely that a full payment thereof would exhaust all the gold and silver now existing in the shape of coin, and all that is still embowled in the earth.

In the heading of this letter, I have characterized Mr. Dorsey as an "original." He is a painter by trade, and conducts an extensive and lucrative business. He keeps no books, but does everything strictly upon the cash principle. He makes no return of income to the Internal Revenue Department. The following scene is said to have occurred: Enter United States Assessor—"Mr Dorsey, what was your income last year?" "Can't say—keep no accounts—you see by that card my terms are cash, and I live up to them—never put down one cent with a pen." "Can you not give me some idea of your receipts?" "Not the slightest—have made a bargain with the Almighty that I will never be richer, and I carry out the contract to the letter—am giving away all along through the year, and at the end of the year have from $2,000 to $3,000 left to spend in giving prisoners roast turkeys—put on what you please by way of tax, and if you should afterward become dissatisfied, come again and take another crack." I ventured to ask on what income he was assessed. "Oh," he replied, "on some $4,000 or $5,000."

He informed me that he comprised a society by himself, of which he was president, treasurer, secretary, and board of directors, and that while the poor of his own town were his chief care, he had beneficiaries in many different States. He said that he was formerly much annoyed by applications for loans by persons in want, many of whom he accommodated, but rarely got any returns. He has therefore posted this notice over the door of his shop, which is more forcible than elegant, and is certainly free from all tincture of Puritanism:

"SIGN PAINTING.
STOP!
No admittance here except on business!
No more 'money lent!'
I don't mind giving to the needy—D—n the lending!"

Mr. Dorsey apologized for the roughness of this notice, by saying that it was not meant for profanity, but only for emphasis, and recalled our Saviour's words addressed to the Scribes and Pharisees: Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers! how can you escape the *damnation of hell?* Even now, he said, despite the vigor of his announcement, he finds himself occasionally compelled to loan $20 or so to a poor fellow who can't bear to accept charity; but he always does it on Franklin's plan of requiring payment to be made, when the borrower has the ability, to some other person in need.

Last year, Mr. Dorsey offered to the head of a certain prison $200, on condition that he would give his prisoners a roast turkey dinner; the sum was accepted, he says, on that condition. He afterwards learned that the birds were *boiled* instead of *roasted*, and he has sued for a recovery of the $200, on the ground of a breach of contract. In relating the circumstance, he remarked: "If the old gentleman, on the return of his prodigal son, had said, "Boys, now kill the fatted calf and *roast* it for the feast of welcome," how would he have felt if, on afterwards going into the kitchen, he had found them *boiling* the calf? He would, I think, have been likely to make some fuss about it." I inquired what first caused him to conceive the idea of feasting convicts once a year on roast turkey? In reply, he stated, that he had himself once been in circumstances to know what exquisite pleasure a roast dinner afforded to one who had long been living on sodden food, and he then and there resolved that, if he ever had the means, he would provide a roast once a year, at least for a class of men who seldom get anything but boiled food.

Mr. Dorsey informed me that he had lately written to the Warden of the Penitentiary in Kentucky—not knowing who he was—stating that, if it would be agreeable, he would like to give a "big barbecue" to the convicts of his native State. He had just received a reply, from which he learned that an old friend of his, Harry Todd, was the keeper, and that his proffered gift would be most welcome. So he will have the biggest ox in Kentucky roasted and served up to the prisoners, with "all the fixins." I said to him, "They have an excellent keeper in the State Penitentiary at Richmond, Va., Barnham Wardwell, whose great aim and efforts are to lead the criminals under his care to 'cease to do evil, and learn to do well.' I don't think the inmates of that prison have ever had such a feast as, through your generosity, so many other convicts have enjoyed." He instantly replied, "My mother was born in Virginia. I will write to Wardwell at once. The prisoners there shall have a feast this year." When I spoke to him of his "work"—relieving the needy, and feeding the prisoner—he interrupted me somewhat brusquely, with "Work, indeed! Call it *fun*, for such it is, and nothing else. Oh, if rich men only knew the luxury of giving, it would be impossible for them to hoard. The only thing money is good for is to be given away. When a man feels that all he receives is but a deposit in trust to be used for the relief of God's poor, nothing is easier than to dispense with a liberal hand; but when his feeling, in reference to what the Lord gives him, is 'This is mine,' he can never get enough; the whole world would not satisfy him."

A BAD FIRE.

"Jones, have you heard of the fire that burned up the man's house and lot?"

"No, Smith, where was it?"

"Here in the city."

"What a misfortune to him! Was it a good house?"

"Yes, a nice house and lot—a good home for any family."

"What a pity. How did the fire take?"

"The man played with fire, and thoughtlessly set it himself."

"How silly! Did you say the *lot* was burned, too?"

"Yes, lot and all; all gone, slick and clean."

"That is singular. It must have been a terribly hot fire—and then I don't well see how it could burn the lot."

"No, it was not a large fire, nor a very hot fire. Indeed, it was so small that it attracted but little attention, and did not alarm anybody. The man for whom it did so much mischief saw it all the while, and thought it a little matter. A few drops of water would have put it out at any time. In fact it often went out of itself, and the man lighted it again."

"What for, I should like to know?"

"Oh, he didn't seem to think what harm it was doing. He liked the smell of the fire, and amused himself with the pretty smoke."

"But how could such a little fire burn up a house and lot? You haven't told me."

"It burned a long time—more than twenty years. And, though it seemed to consume very slowly, yet it wore away about one hundred and fifty dollars' worth every year, till it was all gone."

"I can't quite understand you yet. Tell me where the fire was kindled, and all about it."

"Well, then, it was kindled *in the end of a cigar*. The cigars cost him, he himself told me, twelve and a half dollars a month, or one hundred and fifty dollars a year, and that, in twenty-one years, would amount to $3,150, besides all the interest. Now, the money was worth at least ten per cent., and at that rate, it would double about once in seven years. So that the whole sum would be more than ten thousand dollars. That would buy a fine house and lot, even in Chicago. It would pay for a large farm in the country. Don't you pity the family of the foolish man who has slowly burned up their home?"

"Wheugh! I guess now you mean me, for I have smoked more than twenty years. But I didn't know it cost so much as that. And I haven't any house of my own. Have always rented—thought I was too poor to own a house. And all because I have been burning it up! What a fool I have been!"

"There is still another idea."

"What is that?"

"You may live twenty years longer, and burn up another home."

"I see. I ought to leave off smoking."

"Yes, many smokers feel that they ought to leave off."

"But I mean to give up my cigars and quit."

"Yes, I have known many to quit—the same man at least half a dozen times."

"Friend Smith, I tell you I am determined to quit, once and forever, and to break myself completely of the bad habit. I am resolved to put out this fire, never to light it again. I won't burn up another home that my family so much need, and that I shall need in my old age, and my children after I am dead and gone."

"Well said, Jones! how I trust you will. If you are fully resolved, you can, though I promise you a severe struggle. If you are not fully set in your purpose, the old habit will be too strong for you, and your second house and lot will vanish in smoke."

The boys had better never set a fire which costs so much, and which, though it might be so easily put out, is yet so likely, if once kindled, to keep burning all the rest of their lives.—*Sunday School Scholar.*

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air,
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eye and amber hair,
With voiceless lips, yet with breath of prayer,
That I feel, but I cannot hear.

The dimpled hands and ringlets of gold,
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my arms for the clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where not a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! and the summer is coming again,
Singing her same old song;
But, oh! it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain,
O'er hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore,
For I know I shall find my treasure there;
The laughing eyes and the amber hair,
Of the loved one gone before.

MY MOTHER-IN-LAW AND I.

"So you're going to marry John Wheeler, are you, Chat, and move right into the house with the old folks?" said my uncle Peter, as he came in suddenly one morning, long ago, and found me buried in the pretty mysteries of lawns, and laces, and knots, and bows of ribbons, and the glow on my cheek as red as the heart of the sweetest rose in the wreath on my white silk bonnet.

"Yes, I suppose so," said I, bending over a head of dainty ruffling to hide my embarrassment.

"Well, child, I give you joy of your new mother-in-law," said he, peeping round so as to see what my busy hands were doing, "and Chatty, if you haven't a hard life before you, no one ever did have. I pity you—that's so; my heart aches for you, little niece; and I believe if that old termagant does not treat you like a human being, I'll slip round into the grove back of the cottage with my shot gun, hunting quails, and I'll make a mistake and shoot her! ha! ha!" and that jolly old uncle Peter Whitaker leaned back in his chair and laughed right merrily.

"You know, uncle Peter, it is an old saying, that a 'mother-in-law and a daughter-in-law are natural enemies.' Now do you really believe, that there is a mother-in-law in this world whose heart has not a tender place in it somewhere, which may be found—that she may be touched tenderly, lovingly, if one can only find the right key?"

"Well, I don't know, sis, I am afraid Granny Wheeler is an exception. When I lived on the Downing farm, joining Wheeler's, I did think I never saw her equal; she thought no one knew anything but herself. My wife could not get along with her, and you know Sofie's way is kind, and gentle, and forbearing. I felt sometimes as though it would be a real satisfaction to me to make mouths at her, and go yeh! yeh! She used to make me feel very ugly, and spiteful, and devilish, as though I would enjoy calling her names. Oh, she had an eye like an old Norway rat—so sharp, and bright, and cunning?"

"Why, that's energy, Uncle Peter," said I, beginning to feel that I must stand up for John's mother.

"Fiddlesticks!" said he, shutting his tobacco box with a click, and slipping it into his pocket, and rising to leave.

"Well, Uncle," said I, "as Mrs. John Wheeler, Jr., we'll be good friends, won't we? And you'll come and see Chatty, and she'll visit you; and if she should make any discoveries, she'll tell you."

"Yes," he replied, sighing; "and if you find out really that Granny Wheeler has a drop of human blood in her veins, let me be advised of it."

Forewarned is forearmed. Do you think, reader, there was a cloud no bigger than a dove's wing even in my beautiful summer's sky? I thought one little minute seriously, my hands outspread midway in the air between my heap of foamy laces and my forehead; and something—perhaps the good angel who has never yet deserted me for an hour—made me say, with a brave smile, whose twinkle I found in my eyes, "It will be just as I make it—just as I will it!"

Then those grand old words came surging up to me, full of hope and strength, and an anthem of exultation:

"Unto thyself be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

The wedding was a quiet affair; we were married by the gray-haired old pastor, who had dandled me on his knee in babyhood, and whose raven locks I had pulled to my heart's content—into whose pockets I had searched to find something good for little girls. Of all the ministers I had known, he alone was the one to officiate on this important occasion.

We moved into the same house with John's parents, and I tried to take the place of a daughter. Of course I did not find everything as I would like to have it; but I made allowance for the manner in which we had been brought up. Mother treated me kindly enough, but as though I had no judgment, and could hardly be trusted alone with anything that required care or thought. It seemed that she regarded me as a child, to be looked after and made comfortable. Sometimes, if I felt ready to cry out, I would say, "For his dear sake," and dry up my tears, and make myself happy. Little trials, like the little thorns of the thistle, met me every day, but I had shod my feet in anticipation.

I tried not to draw any comparisons between my two homes, but they would come up to me.

One of the adornments with which Mother Wheeler beautified the walls of her rooms was a cat and two kittens cut out of black cloth and pinned on white background. I grew very tired of the round-headed cats, and cautiously suggested their removal, but her "Oh, no, I like to see them!" silenced me. I did want the snow-white window curtains to be made so long that they would just touch the floor, but she wanted them made long enough to reach only to the window sills, and starched so stiffly that they rattled like paper.

Over the mirror in the sitting-room were long sprays of asparagus drooped, that in the twilight looked like faint mist, while the finest gilt and bronzed tail feathers of slaughtered chickens intermingled with the delicate green. Her side-saddle, with the crimson plush seat, and bright, brassy fixings, always hung in the best bedroom, and in the night its dim outline would look like the horned head of a buffalo. It was not for me, John's young wife, Chatty, to say that its time-honored place should be vacated, and that it could hang in a closet or in the attic, out of sight.

Great bunches of dried herbs hung from the ceiling in the kitchen, while the very choicest and most aromatic depended from the walls of the sitting-room. Piles of bed-clothes reared themselves up like things of life, from different and conspicuous corners of the rooms.

All this, that shocked my ideas of good taste, pleased and gratified poor mother, who had been accustomed to these regulations all her life. John wanted to break in upon her rules, but I could not endure the thought of the innovation—of setting aside her good old way, and taking, as it were, her work from her hands, just as if she had outlived her usefulness. It would have been cruel and thoughtless, and would have given her a fatal wound. She had seen a great deal of trouble, had brought up a large family, who were married, and living in homes of their own.

Death had taken from her two lovely babes, who were just beginning to prattle; and one son, a young man, had met an awful death by being dragged more than a mile over a new road with his foot in the stirrup. Her husband had been security for a neighbor in the first years of her wedded life, and had the debt to pay. Half of the sum she paid little by little, with butter and cheese and dried fruit, and berries that she gathered with her nursing baby lying in the shade near her.

Often, while toiling thus, the dishonest rascal whose debts she was sacrificing herself to pay, would dash past her, clean and soft-handed, and stately and proud, in his glittering carriage.

Oh, could I, an interloper, come into her home and mark out new lines and new duties, and crowd against the wall this crowned old heroine? God helping me, I said in my heart, I will be a daughter unto you.

I could see that my music was something new that she did not like—that her lip would curl a little when she would touch my magazines and books of poetry; so most heartily did I sing sweet old church music, and when I placed the books on the table, I would lay Pilgrim's Progress, or a volume of sermons, good, old, well-read books, on mine, as though intimating a preference. It was a little thing, but mother understood it, and her eyes would follow me in a questioning look, as much as to say, "I wonder if you love me, Charity?" She always called me Charity, sounding the r very distinctly.

She wore old-fashioned lace caps, with a full border or frill all around the face. All the pride she had seemed to center in her faultlessly neat but old-time caps. Her hair was abundant, and quite brown and pretty, but it was always covered and out of sight.

My friends, when they would visit me, would say, "If I were you, I'd soon have those great scary-looking, boozy caps in the stove, they are so abominably old-fashioned."

My thoughts would fly with electrical speed away back to the time when that poor old mother was young and vigorous, and bravely bearing the trials and sorrows that had fallen to her lot, when her heart was wrung with anguish over the death beds of her beloved children, and the dark graves closed over the dead faces, taken suddenly away from her bosom, and oh! she would be so dear to me, and I would be so ready and willing to defend her, that her very faults almost seemed virtues.

I liked to show mother off to the best advantage; and sometimes, when my visitors would be dressing and re-dressing their scant adornment of hair, and resorting to deceptive means in making much hair out of little, I would say, "Now sit down and rest, mother, and let me comb and brush you." Then I would unroll and loosen her wealth of brown hair, all down her back and shoulders, and its waves and ripples and glossiness would bring forth the most envious and enthusiastic exclamations of delight and wonder from the admiring visitors.

One morning early a neighbor came in very angry, saying that our horses had been in his cornfield all night, and if the like ever happened again, he'd shoot every one of them. His anger was contagious, and mother retorted, "Fix your old fences, then."

The old man said something in the same spirit, and she replied in a like manner, and the little fire of anger was blazing up into a flame. I had not caught the infection at all, and coming into the kitchen at that moment, I said, "Heigho, good neighbor, this will never do! Poor mother is not well this morning, and she flashes up like powder. You have reason to be provoked at our horses, but I know you will never have cause again; and now don't let a little thing like this make you angry with us; you're too good a neighbor to lose so easily—worth more than all the horses in town. Don't mind poor mother's hasty words; you know, if you were sick, or your wife and babies, she'd be as much troubled as though it was in her own family, and come puffing over with her herbs, and roots, and poultices, and—"

"Oh, I know it, Chatty, and I know I have been a little too fast; that's so. I should have waited till I was calm; but I came right here from the field, as fast and as mad as I could come. You mustn't mind me, Mrs. Wheeler," said the man, with eyes that wanted to cry, as he stood there so ashamed and embarrassed that he'd turned his hat inside out half a dozen times, and twisted the rim into all sorts of shapes.

"Why, bless you, Nathan, I'm not a bit mad," said mother, reaching out her hand, "but you took me so by surprise, I just said the first thing that I thought of. I take fire just like dry tow; but I couldn't hold spite at ye, if ye shot every critter on the farm."

Just then the man came in from hunting the horses, and made apologies, and said he should be well paid for damages, etc.; but Nathan went off blushing and saying he wouldn't take a cent of pay; he was ashamed of himself, and that his wife had his breakfast waiting for him, and away he ran, with his hat crammed down on his head with the cotton lining on the outside.

This little incident showed that mother was a kind-hearted, reasonable woman, and I began to think my uncle Peter Whitaker was himself to blame if he did not find her a good neighbor.

I often had hard work to keep myself under proper restraint.

One day my mind had been dwelling upon my school days, and I felt in a mood for writing. In the afternoon, I dressed up freshly, in my newest white dress, and went away up stairs where I could be undisturbed. I had written two verses, and was deeply in the enjoyment of the coming poem, "The Meadow Path," when I heard a great commotion and squalling and fluttering among the geese, and going down stairs the cause was apparent.

Mother met me at the gate in such outlandish attire that I did not know her. She wore a dingy old flannel dress, her neck bundled up with a cotton shawl, and a handkerchief tied around her head, so as to cover her ears and hair.

She said the geese were all at home now, and she was afraid of rain, and thought we'd better pick them that afternoon. I couldn't write verses only when the poetical mood was upon me, and I didn't know when that would be again, and I was so sorely disappointed I cried. She saw my red eyes, and, divining the reason, said, "Oh, you'll have to drop a good many of your fine lady ways if you make a farmer's wife."

So I dressed up after the fashion of women who pick geese, and worried through as long an afternoon as I ever lived. My head ached, and my poor arms were bitten over with blue spots, and I was so tired and low-spirited that I could hardly keep from crying, right before John.

Some time in the night I was awakened by a low moaning sound coming from mother's room. I threw a shawl over my shoulders, and softly drew near her bed, when I heard her suppressed cries of pain. I said, "Are you sick, mother?"

"Is that you, Chatty?" she replied, with a sense of relief in her tones, "don't let me disturb you—you are tired and need your sleep. Oh, my body and limbs are all cramped and cold, but maybe I'll get warm pretty soon, and feel better. Go to your bed, and don't let me disturb you."

I laid my hand on her forehead, and it was cold and clammy, and big drops of sweat stood upon it. I soon heated water and made teas, and had her wrapped in warm flannel, and before half an hour she was comfortable. As she became easy, she closed her eyes, and was sinking into a restful slumber, when I touched my lips in blessing upon her forehead.

"Oh, Chatty, child of mine," she said, crying right out, "I never have been half good enough to you. I should not have taken you from your writing to-day; you little, tender thing; what a pity you fell into such cruel hands!"

I slid my arm around her neck, and gathered her to my bosom, and cried over the dear old broken-down mother—the woman of many sorrows, stricken when in full leaf and blossom with a blight that would have been death to any other, less brave, and noble, and true.

I crept into the bed beside her, and just as she was sinking into a sweet and painless sleep, her tremulous voice said, "Chatty, don't never tell it, but it is the truth, never did one of my daughters come to me in answer to my moans of distress when I was sick at night. What was it? Didn't they love me as much as you do?"

I soothed her by saying I had always been the little nurse and doctor at home, and my ear was open to catch any cry of pain. It calmed her, and she rested until morning.

Little things like this drew us together, and we soon became warmly attached to each other. Oh, we had pleasant times together—my mother-in-law and I.

When wee baby Charlie came to me, the little pink and white flower, his grandmother opened her arms to him as though he was a great blessing sent to her from heaven. He touched her heart, and filled it with joys she had never known before. The fountain of my own soul was opened, and life assumed new realities and new beauties, and a sweet song of newness broke from my lips and flooded my soul.

Crowned with motherhood, I walked with feet anointed, and the glory of the stars seemed to gather about my brow.

From the time that mother was attacked with sickness in the night she seemed to fail, and to grow more and more lovely as she gradually faded from earth. She would sit for hours and play with the baby, and laugh at his funny little ways, and think that he looked just like her babies, who had lain under the sod for twenty years.

It is very pleasant to die thus—like a light growing dimmer and dimmer, like the sunset tint fading from the hill-tops, into a soft twilight—creeping into the dimness of darkness gradually.

The last summer we lived together we had not much work to do, and I look back now to that May and June and October as I would remember a song or poem, or book read by the seaside, or something that gave me sweet pleasure and left beautiful memories.

After she was confined to her bed, she would lie and watch me, and follow my footsteps with a tender, loving gaze—eyes full of the light of love, and often she would say to me, "Oh, Chatty, you are my best child! I know I have been stern and cold, but you have always been the same dutiful daughter. You have overlooked my faults, and you have kept back the unkind reply many a time when I was unjust to you. You have helped to make me a better woman than I was, and for all this, you know, I bless and love you?"

Oh, how much better it was for me now, that I had yielded my will and my wishes to her's in the few years of my married life, and treated her respectfully, too, in the appointments of her own household! What to me was the praise or blame of my butterfly friends now, in comparison to the good will and earnest love of my husband's mother.

Before mother died, I was her nurse for seven weeks; she would have no other. I gave her medicine and attended to her wants, taking rest as best I could. I could not have endured it much longer; I was worn, and pale, and thin, and felt all the time as if I were dreaming.

One morning I sat in the rocking chair beside her; John held the baby as he sat on the other side of the bed. Her hand was in mine—her little blue-veined, wasted hand, on which was a beautiful ring, the gift of a brother who had died far away from home.

She said in a low voice, looking fondly upon me, "Chatty, you are so tired; but you will not have mother to care for to-night. I wish you would take off this ring, and put it on your own hand, and wear it for my sake. Whenever you look at it, remember what I have often told you lately—how dear you are to me, how much I love you."

Before noon of that day the strange silence of death came stealing over her face. I knew what it meant. We had so grown that it was like rending life from me to part with her, and with a cry I fell back fainting. Dying, as she was, she heard the fall, and turned her head to look, and died with her last long gaze fixed—oh, so tenderly and lovingly—upon me.

And this is my testimony—the record of one mother-in-law; and I tell it, believing it may do good, and perhaps be a light and a lamp to the feet of those who may have and hold in their hearts the desire to do unto others as they would have others do unto them.

CURIOUS SCENES OF EGYPT.

THE SHEIKH'S RIDE OVER A ROADWAY OF LIVING BODIES.

The accounts given, by special correspondents at Cairo, of the festivities in honor of the Prophet's birthday this year, are very curious. Among the most singular features of the festival is the ride of the Sheikh over a roadway of living bodies toward the mosque—a progress thus recorded:

"As a sort of advance guard, there came a mob of half-naked men, shouting and howling. Some whirled round and round, tossing their arms aloft as they whirled; some were foaming at the mouth; others had snakes coiled around their necks, snakes hanging from beneath their teeth, snakes twisted and squeezed between their hands; some had bare swords, which they brandished in the air. There were men with skewers stuck through their cheeks, men with iron spikes headed with heavy iron balls, who kept spinning the point of the spike upon their palms till the pieces of sharp, jagged steel, attached by chains to the ball, began to fly round and round, and they made a feint to bring the whirling ball so near their cheeks as to slash and gash their nose, mouth, and eyes, with the revolving blades; a feint which, however, was not carried into action, as the police seized them and pushed them on.

"As the harsh strains of the band came sharper and clearer, the yelling grew more frantic, the shouts more like the inarticulate cries of animals in painless like those of human beings. And then the shrieks, yells, and cries were drowned for a moment, as the colleges of the dervishes came marching past, each with its sacred banner and its band of music. There was some attempt at melody, but it seemed to me as if the musicians themselves were carried away by the frenzy of the moment, and played upon their instruments as their fingers chanted the fall, while they joined in the yelling shriek of 'Allah-el-Allah!' On they came, troop after troop of green turbaned dervishes, with their flags and music; and between every two troops there pressed and pushed the rear guard of the mad, screaming mob which led the way in front. Over the bodies in the street, dervishes, flag bearers, players, and their followers tramped forward with unshod feet.

"Then, at the end of the street appeared the Sheikh himself, mounted on a white Arab steed. Except in a burlesque, I never saw so huge a turban as that he wore. The enormous folds of green muslin were wound round and round his head till the weight must have been hard to support, even if your brain were clear; and the wearer, to all outward semblance was in a dead faint. He looked like a man helplessly drunk, or drugged with the fumes of tobacco till he had lost all consciousness of where he was, all power of using his limbs. His head, surmounted by its huge turban, hung down helplessly over his left shoulder; his frame kept lolling to and fro, so that he would have fallen off the saddle if there had not been men propping him up on either side; his mouth was open, the saliva was running down from the corners of his lips.

"The yelling and shouting had been well nigh deafening before; but it swelled to a very Babel of shrieks and screams as the white horse and his rider were led slowly over the pavement of bodies. Tramp, tramp, tramp, the hoofs came over the prostrate figures; and even amid the uproar of the crowd, you could hear the dull crunch as the horse trod on his way. As the Sheikh moved onwards, the men sprang up from the ground on which they lay. Pale as death, half fainting, gasping for breath, writhing as if in pain, they looked one and all as if they were in various stages of epileptic convulsions. Their eyeballs glared out of their sockets; their features were contorted with hideous spasms; they threw themselves about as if they would dash their heads against the stone wall, and struggled fiercely with the friends whose arms were passed round their shoulders to prevent them from falling to the ground.

"Everybody knows the face and form of the boy possessed by devils, who kneeled at the foot of the mount, in Raphael's picture of the Transfiguration. Well, in the midst of the men over whom the horse had ridden, there seemed any number of lads possessed, from whom the devils had not yet been driven forth. I saw men biting the ears, wrenching open the clenched teeth, pulling at the cramp-knotted arms of these epileptic wretches. I heard shrieks, sobs, and groans. The very women in the shop opposite, who had squeezed forward to see the horse trample on the prostrate men, had turned their heads away. The whole scene was ghastly horrible."

MECHANISM OF THOUGHT.

Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot stop them; madness only make them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads. If we could only get at them, as we lie on our pillows and count the dead beats of thought after thought, and image after image, jarring through the over-tired organ! Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? What a passion comes over us sometimes for silence and rest—that this dreadful mechanism, unwinding the endless tapestry of time, embroidered with spectral figures of life and death, could have but one brief holiday! Who can wonder that men swing themselves off from beams in hempen lassos? That they jump off from parapets into the swift and gurgling waters beneath?—that they take council of the grim fiend who has but to utter his one peremptory monosyllable, and the restless machine is shivered as a case that is dashed upon a marble floor? Under that building, which we pass every day, there are strong dungeons, where neither hook, nor bar, nor bed-cord, nor drinking vessel from which a sharp fragment may be shattered, shall by any chance be seen. There is nothing for it, when the brain is on fire with the whirling of its wheels, but to spring against the stone wall and silence them with one crash. Ah, they remembered that—the kind city fathers—and the walls are nicely padded, so that one can take such exercise as he likes without damaging himself. If anybody would really contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton, and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery? Men are very apt to try to get at the machine by some indirect system or other. They clap on the breaks by means of opium; they change the maddening monotony of the rhythm by means of fermented liquors. It is because the brain is locked up, and we cannot touch its movements directly, that we thrust these coarse tools in through any crevice by which they may reach the interior, alter its rate of going for a while, and at last spoil the machine.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

AUSTRIAN WOMEN.—Women in Austria perform the duties of bricklayer's laborers, and may be seen carrying hods of mortar and baskets of bricks up high ladders. More than this, they actually supply the place of navvies, and dig and wheel barrows of "ballast" almost as nimbly as their lords. They chop wood, they carry water, they offer to black your boots in the street, and perform many other little offices which, according to our notions, hardly come under the denomination of "woman's work." Perhaps this state of things is unavoidable in a country where it is considered necessary to keep a standing army of 800,000 men. The women work inordinately hard, while hundreds of idle men are constantly sauntering about in various uniforms, doing nothing at all except perhaps blowing a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

FULL EVENING DRESS.—The "correct style for full evening dress" is announced to be a black dress coat, with velvet collar and plain lapels, rolling low. A black embroidered cassimere vest is the most fashionable this season, though white Marseilles vests are much worn, cut low, to show three shirt studs, with a rolling collar, and are in good taste. Trousers are made of a fine black doeskin cut easy to the leg, and with a good spring at the bottom. The shirt bosom should be deatly embroidered, and the studs jewelled, small diamonds being the most dressy. The tie should always be white, the ends a little larger than in the centre, and embroidered. Gloves also white, though a light lavender or pale cream-color is often worn. Boots of plain calf-skin, not patent leather.

SMALL-POX REMEDY.—An effectual remedy for small-pox is said to have been recently found by a surgeon of the British army in China. The mode of treatment is as follows: When the preceding fever is at its height, and just before the eruption appears, the chest is rubbed with croton oil and tartaric ointment. This causes the whole of the eruption to appear on that part of the body, to the relief of the rest. It also secures a full and complete eruption, and thus prevents the disease from attacking the internal organs. This is now the established mode of treatment in the English army in China, and is regarded as a perfect cure.

HOW SHE WON HIM.—Judge Hugh Breckenridge, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, the witty author of "Modern Chivalry," while riding through Westmoreland county, Penn., saw a young girl, who was going out to milk the cows, place her hand on the top rail of a fence and spring over. "If you can do that again, my girl, I will marry you." The girl did so. The Judge dismounted, saw the parents of the girl, and told them that he would undertake the education of their daughter and afterwards marry her, which was done.

Tract Society Department.

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SABBATH REFORM AND PROTESTANTISM.

The communication from Samuel Davison, in another column, suggests some important ideas. Every student of history has seen, that reforms center around some one great truth, and for the time leave other great truths comparatively untouched. It is therefore true, that the Protestant Reformation is yet very incomplete. The first, or Lutheran stage, broke the power of the Church of Rome, as regards man's relation to God; that is, it vindicated the truth that God alone can forgive sins, and that each man may come to God, in the name of Christ, directly, without the intervention of Church, or Priest, or Pope.

The other question of God's relation to men as lawgiver and supreme governor, was taken up more fully in the second stage of the reformatory work, under Puritanism. Standing at the head of this department, men found the Sabbath question the ever present representative question, when we consider our duties towards God. Only a part of the Protestants rose high enough to grasp the idea that God is chief and supreme as lawgiver; the rest clung to the doctrine that the church may legislate for herself. To these, Sabbath Reform was of but little account. To them there was no God in it. The other part (except the Seventh-day Baptists) TAUGHT that God was supreme lawgiver, and that every law of the Decalogue was binding on Christians. But their practices belied their theories, for they clung to the Sunday, which was never more than a church institution, and vainly sought to cover their inconsistency by the lame logic of the "change of day" theory.

Time enough has now passed to realize the fruitage of these theories. The adherents to "church authority" are going rapidly back into the embrace of the church of Rome, with whom the doctrine originated. So far as the Sabbath question is concerned, the Puritan part is but little better off. With everything in its favor, the "Puritan Sunday" has sunk steadily downward toward that no Sabbathism from which it drew the most of the elements of its being. To-day the church and the world stand Sabbathless, and good men are vainly praying for the civil law to save them. No law can save men who fling themselves down a precipice. *Sabbath Reform* is, therefore, a question which involves the whole matter of obedience to God. Luther fought for the rights of MAN as related to the church. It is ours to enter into that grander battle, which is being fought in defense of the rights of the eternal JEHOVAH. The apostate church has long trampled upon God's Sabbath as though it "had no rights which men were bound to respect;" and that church, whether Romish or Protestant, will yet learn, that "it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

Since writing the foregoing, we find in a letter from a correspondent of the *Standard*, fearful testimony, showing how demoralized Sabbathless Europe has become; and yet these countries have always been in possession of the very thing for which our American Sabbath reformers, of the popular school, are now clamoring, namely, a "civil Sunday."

"Scepticism has never been so rampant as to-day, and yet it threatens, and no doubt will lay many more fields waste. This thought of an active preacher is too well founded. As he said, every one seems intent upon smothering faith, and trampling upon it, and Jesus with it.

"Every day seems to increase the scoffer's library; every shop-window is full of works upon science against the Bible; and, which bears a still deeper significance, every newspaper pours out ridicule upon holy things. Not content to denounce the hypocrisy and conservatism of Papacy, and the assumptions of the Lutheran church in State education, the ardent reformers would abolish every form of Christianity, and return to a refined heathenism, with reason for priest, and nature for their vague god.

"The aims of liberal Protestantism, which were made known at a recent Convention, promise little more. Dr. Schenkel, of the Heidelberg school, said he would hail a church to which every blameless citizen should be admitted, where neither forms nor silly faith should encumber the preaching of simple Christian morality. Accordingly, they would have no other bond than philanthropic love for a mass of mortals whose beliefs are not to be questioned, but to depend on each individual's conscience. That is the unity in diversity which is now the hue and cry. While thus casting off Protestantism, whole districts seem to be putting on the old Catholic faith again. Convents and monasteries are rising again in provinces where they have been exterminated ever since the Reformation. What will result? Another Luther must appear! But whatever comes, we know, and in that can be consoled, that the Lord reigneth.

WM. W. EVERTS, JR."
BERLIN, October, 1869.

Much of this rushing on towards mere intellectual morality, without spiritual religion, both in Europe and America, is the result of that reaction which ever follows an effort to establish truth on a false basis. Men disbelieve in Romanism, Lutheranism, and Puritanism, because they find in them more or less that is false, claiming to be true. Taking these systems as representatives of Bible religion, they condemn the Bible, generally knowing but little about what it really teaches. If such men study the Bible, it is usually done in the light of the creeds they seek to overthrow, as those who believe in it study it in the light of the creeds they seek to uphold. Both are wrong. One blindly accepts whatever favors his creed, and refuses to look further; the other accepts what opposes the same creed, and shuts his eyes to all beside. We need another "Reformation," in which men shall give to both the Bible and science their proper place; studying each, not to support theories, but to evolve them, and to evolve them for the sake of truth, and not for the sake of opposing something else. This reform must also deal more freely with the question of our duties and relations to God. Our duties to humanity are already, comparatively, well defined. But the church tramples on God's law as represented in the Sabbath, and the world bandies the name of God in a chorus of profanity; both showing that they either wholly misunderstand him, or else do not love or respect him. It will be a blessed day for the church, when outside pressure, or her own love for the truth, shall drive her to higher ground, that she may lead in true reform. But this is probably too much to hope for. Religious errors are those which men cling to with greatest tenacity. Religious leaders, who hold power through the systems they teach, never let go those systems until they crumble in other hands, or are wrenched from their grasp. Reforms start with the few, who have bravery enough to defy gray-haired wrongs, and through scorn and threatenings, shower their blows, until God gives them the victory.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To A. H. Lewis, Editor of the American Sabbath Tract Society's Department in the SABBATH RECORDER:

DEAR BROTHER,—Your department is to me the most interesting feature of the SABBATH RECORDER. It is usually the first part I read of each successive number. I think the arrangement of that department, and your appointment to it, the best things the Society has done for a long time, because I think "Sabbath Reform" one of the most important reforms presented to the Protestant churches since their first separation from the Papal church. Without it, Protestantism is, and must continue to be, a failure; because it removes an important and constantly-recurring duty from the plain Word of God, and bases a substitute for it upon the traditions of fallible, erring men—a plain departure from the avowed Protestant principle of adherence to the Word of God in matters of faith and duty. The first Protestants, of the sixteenth century, professed no more, at first, than to be the children of the great Catholic Church, seeking her reformation. Luther, the first leader in the so-called Reformation, made his first attacks upon the sale of indulgences, the sacraments, the canon law, the decretals of the pontiffs, the Clementines, the Extravagants, and the bulls of the pontiffs, and in doing these things he fought only against Rome. He seems never to have purposed to go back of the holy Catholic Church of the third century, for authority for church usages, among which the Sabbath was reckoned. The Lutheran, of all Protestant churches, is said to differ the least from the Roman church; yet the main difference between the Lutheran and the English Episcopal, is respecting the presence of Christ in the elements at the Lord's Supper. Both are episcopal; both receive the testimony of the early fathers, eminent men of the second and third centuries, as true exponents of the usages of the primitive churches; it follows, unavoidably, that they must both ignore, or pervert, holy scripture upon those subjects. Those fathers rarely quote holy scripture for the usages they observed and taught; they held them by tradition, and the decisions of councils. As to the origin of these usages and traditions, Hegesippus, of the second century, writes:

"Many crept into the church, of which we may say, that from the beginning they were not so; but when the apostles were dead, then the the church was gradually spotted and corrupted; as in her doctrine, so also in her worship, an infinity of ceremonies by degrees insensibly sliding in, very many of which were introduced within my limited time." (B. 3, Chap. 32.)

"Some came in through custom and tradition; one eminent man perhaps invented and practiced a certain action, which he used himself, as judging it fit and proper to stir up his devotion and affection; others, being led by example, performed the same; and others again imitated them; and so one followed another, till at length the action became tradition and a custom." *Turtullian, in Lord King's Inquiry into the Constitution, Discipline, Unity, and Worship of the Primitive Church, printed* 1791.

This work of Peter King was written to compose the differences of opinion which existed among the Protestants of England at the accession of William and Mary to the throne of that Kingdom; and was well received by the leading churchmen of that day; for subsequently Mr. King was made a peer of the realm, and Lord Chancellor of the Kingdom. It was avowedly collected out of the writings of the Christian Fathers of the second and third centuries. He quotes the most distinguished writers, from Ignatius to Eusebius. Neither he nor they pretend to base their faith, or usages, upon any of the extant writings of the apostles of Christ. The authority of the holy catholic church, or the church of the first three centuries, was sufficient warrant for the Protestant Episcopal Church of England. That this is yet the faith of the national church of England, is obvious, because every time the Apostles' Creed is rehearsed, the congregation responding, they say, "*I believe in the holy catholic church;*" which is virtually affirming their faith in the authority of the church which was "*unitized*" by Constantine the Great, A. D. 325, who was then high pontiff, and emperor of the Roman world. That this was the origin of the so-called catholic church, the work of this same Peter King plainly showeth, for he says:

"I find the word church once used by Cyprian for a collection of many particular churches, whom he mentions in the singular number, 'the church of God,' in Africa and Numidia; else I do not remember that ever I met with it in this sense, in any writings, either of this or of the rest of the fathers; but whenever they would speak of the Christians, in any kingdom or province, they always said in the plural, '*the churches,*' never in the singular, 'the church,' of such a kingdom, or province."

Respecting the articles of the Apostles' Creed, he says, some of them were derived from the days of the apostles, and some of them were added in the fourth century. Among these latter he instances this: "I believe in the holy catholic church." In Eusebius, book 10, chap. 5, we have several epistles of Constantine, calling for councils, whose business was to unite in one body, and one common faith, all the Christians of the Empire. This would doubtless have been a very desirable object, could it have been settled wholly by the Word of God; but the work was committed to men appointed by the Emperor; and these chosen because they were known to be committed to the usages already approved by their imperial master, who, as aforesaid, was both high pontiff and emperor of the Roman world! So far as these differed from holy scripture, it was making void the Word of God by their traditions.

These things considered, there is an apparent consistency in the faith of those branches of the great catholic church which are founded upon the writings of the so-called Christian fathers; but they must utterly fail to show that they are founded upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ being the chief corner stone. With such facts as these before us, it was in vain that Chillingworth said, in the reign of Charles II., "The Bible, I say, the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants." He was evidently in the case of those who say, and do not; for he was at that time a chancellor and prebend of the Church of England, and often had to say, "I believe in the holy catholic church."

But Church of England men are not the only ones in this condemnation; a large part of the denominational churches of this day, who reject episcopacy from their church organizations, found their church usages upon the writings of the Christian fathers of the second and third centuries; and in nothing more so than in the observance of the first day of the week as "the Lord's day." I believe not one of those Christian fathers ever quotes Rev. 1: 10 as authority for the use of the term "Lord's day." Indeed, Dyonisius of Egypt, about the middle of the third century, speaking of the Revelation of John, said, "Some, indeed, have set aside, and attempted to refute, the whole book, criticizing every chapter, and pronouncing it without sense and without reason." (Eus. Eccl. Hist., b. 7, c. 25.) And this appears to have been his own opinion.

Few persons are aware of the inconsistency of Protestants who plead the authority of "the Christian fathers" of the second and third centuries as authority for Sunday-keeping. Dr. Timothy Dwight is a favorite author on Sunday-keeping, with many persons of much less attainments; but Dr. D. on Episcopacy, completely defeats Dr. D. on keeping the Lord's day!

In his 106th sermon (vol. 3, page 24,) he says of Sunday, "That this was in fact the day styled by St. John *the Lord's day*, is unanswerably evident from the history of the church." He then quotes passages in which the term Lord's day occurs, in the writings of Ignatius, Justin Martyr, Ireneus, Dyonisius of Corinth, Turtullian, and Petavius; the last two being of the third century. In his sermon 151, vol. 4, page 240, (a sermon on episcopacy,) he says concerning this subject:

"1st No testimony from the fathers can give divine authority to any institution whatever. The fathers are merely human witnesses, and are to be regarded with no more confidence than any other human witnesses of equal credibility. All things necessary to life and godliness are given to us in the scriptures. The testimony of the fathers can, therefore, add nothing to what is contained in them; can set aside nothing; can change nothing.

"2d. The testimony of the Fathers is far from deserving the credit which is sometimes given to it. In the first place, those who have testified concerning this subject, have given erroneous testimony concerning other things. Ireneus testifies, that Linus was made bishop of Rome by Paul and Peter. Turtullian testifies that Clement was the first bishop of Rome after Peter. These instances prove that the fathers, however sincere, and however satisfactory their testimony concerning facts which passed under their own eyes, yet received traditionary accounts loosely; and both believed, and recorded, much of what took place before their time, *without truth or evidence.*

"Secondly: The works of several of the fathers have been interpolated, corrupted, and partially lost. Concerning the epistles of Ignatius, which are peculiarly appealed to in this controversy, Mosheim observes, that he esteems the authenticity of the epistles to Polycarp to be extremely dubious; and declares the question concerning *all* his epistles to labor under much obscurity, and to be embarrassed with many difficulties.

"Where there is so much uncertainty, a safe reliance cannot be placed for the decision of any point not otherwise supported."

Thus wrote Dr. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale College. Who does not see, that this testimony is as damaging to Sunday-keeping as it is to Episcopacy? SAMUEL DAVISON.

The Sabbath Recorder.

WESTERLY, R. I., FIFTH-DAY, DEC. 23, 1869.

GEORGE B. UTTER.........EDITOR.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

One of the most important questions now before the American people, is that of reading the Bible and giving religious instruction in the public schools. In Cincinnati, this question has been extensively discussed, both in the newspapers and before the courts, and the result of the discussion is awaited with much solicitude. It was maintained there, that the reading of the Bible was teaching sectarian dogmas; that the doctrine that the Bible is a Holy Book of Revelation, is a dogma held only by Protestant Christians, whereas the Jews regard the New Testament as blasphemous, and Catholics deny that the Bible is the source of truth except as interpreted by their church. It was further argued, that the State has no business to give religious instruction; that its instructions should be exclusively secular, leaving people of various religious views to give such instructions in regard to religion as they see fit; that the ultimate result of the opposite view must be to make Protestant Christianity an established religion.

In the city of New York, the question takes a shape somewhat modified by the circumstances. There the Roman Catholics claim that it is impossible to bring up their children as good Catholics in schools where they are mixed with Protestants, Jews, and Infidels; that they have a right to have their children brought up and educated in their own way; and that, therefore, they are entitled to receive their proportion of the public money, and to expend it on schools in which what they regard as the true faith is taught, with their own books, and by good Catholic teachers. This view has been repeatedly and urgently set forth, both in Catholic papers and by prominent teachers in Catholic pulpits. It ignores the fact, that in a large proportion of the public schools, outside of the cities, such a division of the public money as they propose, would so weaken the various school districts as to render the maintenance of public schools impossible, and leave a large number of children to grow up in ignorance, unfit to perform some of the most important duties of republican citizenship.

A popular Protestant clergyman of Brooklyn, (Rev. H. W. Beecher,) in a newspaper article of recent date, has, in a moderate way, taken sides with those who would exclude the Bible from public schools. He maintains, that when the parents are of mixed faiths, and many of them do not believe the Bible to be the Word of God, it is not right to compel their children to read it, or to hear it read; that sectarianism has no place in the public schools, and if the Bible is the entering wedge of sectarianism in such schools, then it must be thrown out. He holds that the State is bound to provide for popular education, but has no right to meddle with religion. The following extract will show how he justifies this view:

"Every State has a right to secure its own existence. A republican government stands primarily upon moral influence, and secondarily upon force. If the great majority of the free citizens are opposed to the Government, no force can long maintain its authority. A republican government, then, must depend upon the intelligent consent of its citizens. It is the right of every State to secure such intelligence in its citizens as shall enable the people to understand the laws, the policy, and the doings of the government. That which justifies a State in maintaining free common schools, is the fundamental fact that a government, for the sake of its own existence, has a right to secure the means of intelligent intercourse with its own citizens. State education is to be justified, then, not on the ground that it promotes moral excellence, but on the ground that it is indispensable to the very existence of civil government after a republican form. This reason is so urgent that it would be wise for the people to make it imperative for citizens to have enough education to secure intelligent understanding of their obligations to the government, and of the proper administration, by the government, of its trusts for the people. The State needs morality and true virtue in its citizens. But it is not indispensable that its citizens should be Calvinists or Arminians, Protestants or Catholics, or even Christians of any sect."

Hon. Gerrit Smith, of Peterboro, N. Y., has published a circular on what he calls "The Common School Compromise," in which he condemns the views of Mr. Beecher. The following extracts from that circular will show his position:

"Our Common School is disturbed; and a remedy which these eminent gentlemen accept, is to cast the Bible out of it. The billows of agitation are rising fearfully high; and, in order to sink them to repose, the Bible, like another Jonah, must be thrown overboard. Since it is rending the school, it must, like the evil spirits of old, undergo exorcism. An agreement to exclude their writings from the school would be a gross insult to the memory of Shakespeare and Milton, and a truckling, cowardly policy on the part of those who, for the sake of peace, came into the agreement. But the Bible is more than Shakspeare and Milton. It inspires the reader with his truest and largest conceptions of God. Christendom accepts the Bible's representations of Him; and hence, in the judgment of Christendom, to shut the Bible out of the school would, in no violent nor unimportant sense, be to shut God out of it. Surely, the loss in such a compromise would be greater than should be incurred. The poor sort of peace which the school would get in exchange for the Bible, would not pay for this loss. The Bible is too precious and too full of God to be sold away from the school for such, or, indeed, for any consideration." * * * "To me, this disturbance in our Government school is far from unwelcome. For, in the first place, during no small part of my life, it has been one of my most cherished doctrines, that the whole province of Government is to protect person and property; and, in the second place, the most influential, though, as we have seen, utterly unsound argument against this doctrine is that to deprive the people of the Government school would be to deprive them of adequate educational means. Now, if this disturbance shall, as I warmly hope it will, ripen into the ruin and abandonment of the Government school, then the difficulty in the way of bringing back Government to its one duty of protecting the rights of person and property will be greatly dimished. Happy the nation when Government shall be restored to its sphere and kept within it! For then Government will no longer be interfering with the laws of trade—of demand and supply; no longer be interfering with the matter of education; no longer be carrying letters and newspapers for the people; no longer giving the people's money to this Catholic or that Protestant institution; nor playing the part of a charitable society at the people's expense. But, driven back, as Government will then be, from all this and much other illegitimate work, it will be many fold more faithful and efficient than it now is in its sole legitimate work of protecting person and property. The man who meddles with the business of his neighbors, neglects and mismanages his own. What he most needs is to cast off the habit of meddling; and this is what Government most needs."

APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

By "Apostolic Succession" is meant, that the validity of ministerial ordination depends upon the fact that such ordination has been performed, or conferred, by persons who have been previously ordained by others who have also received their ordination from those who have received theirs in a regular (or irregular) line of ordination running back to the Apostles themselves, thus constituting the clergy an order, rather than an office, and further making such office or order perpetual, or necessarily obligatory for life on him who is ordained.

From this supposed unscriptural view, all Protestant churches, except the Episcopal, dissent; and yet many of these dissenting churches virtually and practically admit its truth. For, is it not quite generally maintained, by our Protestant churches, that the imposition of hands by those already in the office, is unconditionally requisite to admit or induct a licentiate or novitiate into office; so much so, that our churches refuse to permit any other than such as have thus been ordained, to administer the ordinances of the gospel—Baptism and the Lord's Supper? Thus we admit, virtually, the claim of Episcopacy to be well founded and scriptural. Now, is it not time that, as reformers of the abuses which have so insidiously crept into the church, we labor to restore the Christian ministry to its original order or office? Let our ministry and deaconship be restored to the true apostolic succession, and we should not hear it advocated, (as it was at our last Conference,) that a deacon or minister could never resign his office, but must continue in it during his natural life. Deacons or elders, being officers in a particular church, are thus limited to that church which elected them, which election was their ordination; and hence, when they remove to other churches, they remove as private members only, vacating their several offices by their removal.

By restoring these officers to their own original order, those churches without what is called an administrator would not deprive themselves of celebrating the Lord's Supper, whenever they desire to observe it, as every church has the scriptural right of selecting any one of its members to administer either the ordinance of Baptism or the Supper. Not to admit this is virtually to go over to Episcopacy, and the dogma of apostolic succession, and Rome itself. Every church has the sole right and power to choose, elect or ordain, any one of its members to do or perform any service or rite necessary and proper to be done, without the interference, or intervention, or aid, of any other men, or women, or body of them. To step outside of the church, is to travel toward the Vatican, from whence have issued the smoke, the lightning and thunder of all priestly hierarchies.

S. S. GRISWOLD.

NIGHT SESSIONS OF PUBLIC BODIES.—Some years ago, Mr. Gerrit Smith declared against night sessions of Congress, and furthermore declared that he would not lose his regular sleep by attending them. A London correspondent mentions that Mr. John Stewart Mill, while in Parliament, took long naps during the sessions, simply because before becoming an M. P. he had been in the habit of going to bed early. "Night after night," says the correspondent, "I have seen him sitting at the end of a bench, his chin sunk upon his breast, or, his head moving slowly down, and rising after a jerk." Sometimes a member would fire at him a string of interrogatories while he was in this comatose condition, and the result was, not an answer, but considerable "laughter."

FANNY COON.

Another mother in Israel has gone to her reward. Fanny Coon—"Aunt Fanny," as we all loved to call her—widow of Eld. Daniel Coon, deceased, was born in Hopkinton, R. I., Nov. 5th, 1796. She was the daughter of Peleg and Elizabeth Babcock. At the age of 20 years, she united with the 1st Hopkinton Seventh-day Baptist Church, then under the pastoral care of Eld. Matthew Stillman. She was married to Eld. Daniel Coon, in Chester, Mass., Dec. 25th, 1817. Subsequent to her first membership in the 1st Hopkinton church, she was a member of the 1st Brookfield, 3d Brookfield, 1st Hopkinton, and Albion churches. She died in the communion of the Albion Church, and in the family of Eld. Joshua Clarke, late pastor of that church, on the 28th of November, 1869, in whose family she had lived for the last eight years. She died of cancer, and as peacefully as ever an infant fell asleep in its mother's arms. During the slow but fatal progress of this most painful disease, she bore her sufferings with a beautiful submission to the will of God, longing to depart, but patient to suffer. As her body failed, slowly consumed by the devouring tumor, her spirit ripened for heaven. It was beautiful to stand by her bed, and in her cheerful words and heavenly smile, witness how complete the transforming power of the religion of Christ. She died as she had lived, a faithful, quiet, trusting Christian woman. The memory of her beautiful life and triumphant death will long be cherished by those who were privileged to know her as she was. She had no children, to lift her in her weakness, and lay her gently to her rest; but in the love and tenderness bestowed on her by brother Clarke and family, this lack was fully supplied. Never was every want of a childless widow, both in health and in sickness, more tenderly supplied, or more lovingly accepted. Her funeral sermon by her request, was preached by Eld. Solomon Carpenter, from Psalm 116: 15—"*Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints,*" and she was buried in Albion, far away from the graves of her fathers. Long may the grass grow green on the grave of our ever dear "Aunt Fanny."

D. E. M.

HOME NEWS.

PLAINFIELD, N. J.
DEC. 17th, 1869.

It is with sorrow that we have to chronicle another fatal accident in our city. The railroad company have laid a new track through our city of late, and have just got to using it, and yet continue to run trains one way on the old track. On Tuesday of this week, a farmer living out of town, by the name of Thomas Chrystie, and his neighbor, Mr. Hays, came to town to get some milling done, and do some shopping. Having accomplished their business, they started for home about 4 o'clock, leaving Front-street, by way of William-street. The two tracks are several rods apart where they cross this street. The men, not realizing that the new track was in use, were not on their guard for it, but had their eyes directed towards a train on the old track; and as they came upon the new track, a coal train struck their wagon, the horses having just passed over. A neighbor near by, and the first man on the spot, reports as follows: "I heard the whistle, and immediately looked in that direction, when I saw the two men and wagon flying in the air, and the horses partly on a swing from the train. I ran to the scene as quick as possible, and found each man insensible, but took hold of Mr. Hays and raised him up, when others soon arrived on the spot. Hays soon showed signs of life, and was taken to a house near the spot, where he came to his senses, and in the evening was taken to his home." There is a double track; and it seems that Hays was thrown beyond or over the track at the left of the engine, while Chrystie came down head foremost, his head striking the flange of the outside rail, splitting it open almost as clean as if cut with an axe, letting out his brains, instant death following. After proceedings before the coroner, the remains were removed to his residence. Mr. Chrystie was a man of means, having moved from Texas to this place about eighteen months since. He leaves a wife and step-child, (without relatives or friends in this section of country,) to mourn his loss.

Since my last report, we have had five or six inches of snow, and a few days of sleighing; but yesterday it rained most of the day; and this morning it is warm and pleasant as April. E. L.

MILTON, WIS.
DEC. 12th, 1869.

Our fine new public school house is finished, in a very tasty and substantial style, and the graded school will open next week, under charge of competent and experienced teachers. It is really an ornament and honor to the place.

Our annual pew rental came off last First-day, with much promptness and satisfaction, the only thing for regret being, that the house, though it has been once enlarged by twenty feet of length, was found to lack twenty-five pews. With much doubling, and some patience, we shall await the time, not far distant, for a new house, suited to the growing ability and wants of the society.

Yesterday, the pastor, Rev. D. E. Maxson, preached his sixth annual sermon, and entered upon his seventh year of service for the church, under circumstances of much interest and great promise.

VENANGO, PA.
DEC. 15, 1869.

Our snow has all disappeared, and our fields are green. It is a general time of health. Our little society meets regularly on the Sabbath. We keep up our Sabbath School, with a good interest. Eld. Joel Greene has preached to us the last two Sabbaths, and we hope the indications are for good. A. P. H.

THE BEST OF FRIENDS MUST PART.

To the Editor of the Sabbath Recorder:

It may not always be fair to fire at a retreating foe; but when, on the retreat, he throws a bomb back at you, is it strange that an "*insane*" man should feel tempted to return the good-by?

Those who have read the articles between Bro. Cottrell and myself, with my sermon on *Materialism*, will form their own opinion of the soundness of that doctrine, and the fairness and ingenuousness with which he essays to deliver himself from his dilemma. When unimpeachable witnesses declare that they have heard Seventh-day Adventist ministers argue, publicly and privately, both in oral and written discussion, that man's *soul* is nothing but the *breath*; and these are corroborated by quotations from their own publications, and he stands up and in face of it all flatly denies that any so teach, thus giving the lie to all these witnesses, attributing their testimony to *prejudice or imbecility of mind*, what becomes of Christian courtesy and fairness?

Bro. C. insinuates, that I misrepresented Mr. Loughborough, because I took the statement he quoted in proof of his position to be a true expression of his own sentiments. Let all who have that work turn to page 49, and read the whole section, and see if there is any chance to question that he quoted those authors because he thought their statements established his sentiments better than he could do it by his own statement alone. There is nothing to indicate the slightest discrepancy between their views and his, upon the subject under consideration. And Bro. C. *is not able to show any*. On the next two pages, Mr. L. gives an exposition of 1 Kings 17: 21, in perfect harmony with the sentiments of those authors as quoted, and *in his own language*. He says, "Elijah prayed that the soul might enter the body; it was that which would impart life to the body. Of course the same soul leaving the body would cause it to die. But we inquire, What caused the death of the child? His sickness was so sore that there was no *breath* left in him. (Verse 17.) Then the *soul* here spoken of is *the breath of life*." Again, on page 63, he says, "We have found no record that God gave any spirit to man except the breath of life." "The same original term that is rendered spirit, Ec. 12: 7, (*ruah*, breath, spirit, &c.,) is used in Gen. 2: 7." This is all his own language, and much more that I might quote of similar import; and yet Bro. C. denies that Seventh-day Adventists teach any such doctrine; and can only account for my understanding them so, on the score of "*insanity*." I thank him for his charitable feelings, and wish I could excuse him as easily.

In regard to their paper: He says he "could not ask its editor to crowd out his *valuable thoughts*, supported by scripture proofs, to make room for speculations, personal litigation, and sparring." Yet he wants you to crowd out your valuable thoughts to give room for him and his co-religionists to speculate, litigate, and spar; and in the next paragraph asks you to publish an article from him on this same subject. No persons have had freer use of the columns of the SABBATH RECORDER, during the past twelve years, than Seventh-day Adventists, and they have made very large drafts upon the patience of its readers, in advocating their sentiments, and trying to demolish ours, so much so that at times it has appeared as much like an Advent paper as a Seventh-day Baptist paper. Yet a little space in their paper is *too precious* to allow any review of *their* dogmas, even with one of their great champions to defend it, unless he is certain of victory. Does any one, at all acquainted with their aggressive spirit, believe that they would hesitate to publish this discussion, if they did not fear that it would have a tendency to weaken the confidence of some of their readers in the soundness of their sentiments? If Bro. C. had any confidence that he could show to their satisfaction that my criticisms and expositions were untenable, he would be but too glad to have it published there. When he and his brethren will stop dabbling in our paper, then they may, with a little more show of fairness, close their columns against us.

These remarks may seem a little strange, perhaps; but you must bear in mind, that I am "*insane*," and you know crazy folks are apt to talk strangely sometimes; so you must set it down for what it is worth.

Yours *in demento*, N. WARDNER.

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

[Continued.]

You and I are good; other people have their faults.

Right is right; and wrong is right when it is done by the right sort of persons.

A black bean is a white bean—if you only paint it white.

Right is plainly wrong, if it be unpopular or inexpedient.

Wrong is not always wrong; what is very wrong in a poor or obscure person, may be highly commendable in a wealthy or prominent individual.

The ancient Pharisees were very wicked, *very*; there are no Pharisees in our day; thank goodness, the race is extinct.

The worst enemy a boy can have is a father that will make him mind.

Dancing is a highly important aid in æsthetical development; it may be well to have grace in your heart, but it is indispensible to have grace in your limbs.

Total abstinence is old-fogy-ism—a thing of the dead past. XERXES.

CONGRESS.

MONDAY, Dec. 13.

In the Senate, bills were reported to perfect the reconstruction of Georgia; to fund the maturing debt of the United States; and for defining the powers of the Supreme Court in certain cases, Mr. Drake, of Missouri, making a long argument in its support. A resolution to prevent the departure of the Spanish gunboats was laid on the table.

In the House, a resolution was adopted for the appointment of a special committee to investigate the cause of the extraordinary fluctuations in gold in New York in September last; resolutions were introduced for taxing United States bonds, and for the immediate resumption of specie payments, but, debates arising, they went over; three propositions for the admission of Virginia were introduced, and referred to the Reconstruction Committee; a resolution was adopted for an adjournment of both Houses from December 22d to January 5th.

TUESDAY, Dec. 14th.

In the Senate, bills were introduced for increasing the mail steamship service between the United States and China and Japan, and to fix the western terminus of the Pacific Railroad. The death of Senator Fessenden was officially announced, and eulogies were delivered by Senators Williams, Sumner, Morrill, Trumbull, and Anthony.

In the House, a resolution was introduced looking to the abolition of all Internal Revenue officers and agents, and the apportionment of the tax among the States. A bill was introduced to authorize meteorological observations at military stations, with a view to herald approaching storms. Mr. Lynch delivered an eulogy on the late Senator Fessenden.

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 15th.

The Senate adopted the House resolution for a recess from Dec. 22 to Jan. 5. Mr. Carpenter called up his resolution for the detention of the Spanish gunboats, and addressed the Senate in its support. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, delivered an argument in favor of the repeal of the Eight-Hour law.

In the House, a resolution was introduced, authorizing the President to make suitable preparations for the reception of Mr. Peabody's remains. Bills were introduced and referred, providing for a resumption of specie payments, and ordering an investigation as to the causes of the Avondale Mine calamity. The discussion of the Census bill was continued.

THURSDAY, Dec. 16th.

In the Senate, a resolution to close the accounts of John W. Forney was passed; the bills for perfecting the reconstruction of Georgia, and restricting the jurisdiction of the U. S. Supreme Court, were discussed; bills were introduced to establish steamship lines between the United States and India via Suez, and between New York and Europe.

The House, after disposing of the remaining amendments, passed the Census bill. A bill to fix the number of Representatives was introduced and referred. Mr. Mungen advocated the repudiation of the National Debt, but the Democrats generally opposed it, and a resolution was passed, irrespective of party, declaring any proposition looking to the repudiation of any portion of the public debt to be "unworthy the honor and good name of the nation."

FRIDAY, Dec. 17th.

In the Senate, Mr. Sumner called up the bill relative to telegraphic communications with foreign countries, which provides that such companies shall be governed by regulations established by the United States. Bills were introduced to abolish the franking privilege, and to furnish stamps for the payment of government correspondence, and to provide for the reduction of officers of the army. The bill to perfect the reconstruction of Georgia was taken up, discussed and amended, an evening session being held.

The House was not in session.

WASHINGTON ITEMS.

The House Committee on Territories has determined not to recommend a territorial government for Alaska, the present military rule being fully sufficient for the requirements of that region.

The French embassy to the United States is vacant, Mons. Bertheony, the late Minister, having been transferred to China.

Repudiation was repudiated by the U. S. House of Representatives, on Thursday last, as may be seen from the report of Congressional proceedings on that day.

The name of Attorney General Hoar was last week sent in to the Senate for a seat on the bench of the Supreme Court. There was strong opposition in the Senate to the appointment, and the result is uncertain.

It is stated that the President has formally tendered to Judge Story the position of Attorney General in place of Hoar, and that he has signified his acceptance. It is not proposed to send the nomination to the Senate until Judge Hoar is confirmed and resigns.

The Banking and Currency Committee had a meeting last week, when it was proposed to settle, if possible, upon some financial policy to be presented to the House. Unfortunately, there was not a full attendance, and the few members who were present, after a short discussion, came to the conclusion that it would be better to wait until after the holidays. The majority of the committee is clearly against inflation, and inclined towards resuming specie payments; but what plan will be recommended is not known.

The published statement that the Woman Suffrage bill which lately passed the Legislature of Wyoming Territory, and which has become a law by the approval of Gov. Campbell, requires ratification by Congress, is an error. Congress has the power, however, to annul it.

It is thought that the proposition for an International Exposition, to be held here in 1871, will fail, as the evident temper of Congress is opposed to the appropriation of money to aid it. The British Government has nearly completed its arrangements to hold a similar exhibition at London, in 1871, and it is therefore probable that the attempt to hold one in this country will finally be postponed until 1872.

The report of Col. Wicker, Special Agent of the Treasury Department for Alaska, which was introduced in the House last week, and ordered to be printed, states that, notwithstanding the strict prohibition of seal killing on the islands of St. Paul and St. George, by the act of July 27, 1868, over 100,000 seals have been taken this season, and the skins sold to traders.

A bill will be introduced in Congress, at an early day, providing for the consolidation of the Freedmen's Bureau with the Indian Bureau, and placing both under the control of the Department of the Interior.

The bill to authorize the erection of a bridge over the Delaware River, between Philadelphia and Camden, has received the approval of the Senate Committee on Commerce, and was reported to that body. It will probably become a law before the holiday recess.

Andrew Slade, a bright mulatto boy, son of Slade, the late colored steward at the White House, has been appointed a page to the Senate by Sergeant-at-Arms French. He has not yet made his appearance on the floor of the Senate, but is on duty in the corridors.

There are thick-flying rumors from Washington, that during the present session the salaries of everybody, from the President down to the doorkeepers, are to be raised. These prognostications are set afloat with a purpose.

REPENTANT COUNTERFEITER.

The following letter explains itself, and shows that there is around one "repentant" counterfeiter, or one who counterfeits repentance very well. The plate received by Col. Whitley is said to bear out fully the representations made in regard to it.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 11, 1862.

Col. H. C. WHITLEY, Chief of the U. S. Detectives.

DEAR SIR,—I inclose with this letter a counterfeit Ten Dollar National Bank Note Plate. This plate was made for me by one of the best engravers of the United States, as you will see when you come to examine it. I paid $2,000 to have it done well, with the hope of making a speedy fortune. You may be anxious to know the engraver's name; suffice to say, that he no longer dwells on this earth, that he has already gone the road which I will soon have to travel, after having spent twelve years of my life in defrauding my fellow men. I have paid many thousand dollars to keep out of prison, although I have never been arrested in my life. To-day I am poor in purse, and broken in spirit; upright before the world, but guilty in my own conscience. I have abandoned counterfeiting forever, and destroyed every vestige of my guilt. Keep this plate I send you, which, I assure you, has never been used. For two reasons I am prompted to take this course—my own conscience, and the dark walls of the prison, which I see more visible before me within the last few months, since I have seen so many of my old confederates in crime snatched by your officers and thrust into prison. I have now come to my senses, and resolved to clean myself, and register a solemn vow to reform and lead an honest life. If I ever touch this business again, may I never hope for mercy.

P. S.—I have lived a fearful life. Since I have made the above resolves, I feel a relief to my mind which I have not felt before for twelve years; but never too late to repent. It is useless for you to try to trace me out, for when this reaches you I will be gone for foreign countries. Very respectfully, D. C.

THE MAGAZINES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January spreads a table of rare excellence, as may be seen from the following list of articles:

The Cathedral—poem.
Among the Isles of Shoals—II.
Joseph and his Friend—I.
Il Guido Rospigliosi.
The Study of History.
Americanism in Literature.
Nauhaut, the Deacon.
"The Woman Thou gavest with me."
What to do with the Surplus.
Nearing the Snow-Line.
Was he dead?
Under the Midnight Sun—II.
The Descent of Neptune to aid the Greeks.
By Horse-Car to Boston.
Reviews and Literary Notices.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for January has for a frontispiece the portrait of Prof. Louis Agassiz, engraved expressly for the work. It has also three full-page illustrations, which will bear criticism and study. Among its contents are, "We Girls, a Home Story," by Mrs. A. D. Whitney; "In School-Days," a poem by Whittier; "A Story of Our Magazine;" "The Historic Cats;" "Navigation and Discovery before Columbus," by James Parton; "Jack's Victory," by Isaac I. Hays; "Old Theory;" "Three Companions," poem; "Polly Sylvester's Dream;" "Sketch of the Life of Prof. Agassiz;" Our Pictures; The Evening Lamp; Our Letter Box.

THE NURSERY for January is a gem of a number, with twenty six illustrations. The table of contents is as follows: The Christmas Tree; The Watcher; The Lazy Lad; Plays for Rainy Days; Good Night and Good Morning; Winter has come; Our Dog Sly; Weighing the Donkey; Willy Learns his Lessons; Eddy's Message; What the Tree said; Baby's Toes; How Rose took care of the Children; Shadow Buff; The Busy Little Girl; Playing School; Nora at Home. Published by John L. Shorey, of Boston, at $1 50 a year, or 10 cents for a specimen copy.

THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL at Rome is likely to be a long one. Indeed, a well-posted authority says it is not unlikely to continue its short sessions of debates in Latin from day to day, week to week and month to month, for a year, or for two, five, ten or twenty years. The last Œcumenical Council—that of Trent—dragged through the long period of eighteen years, and this was three hundred years ago. The mass of work which has since accumulated for the present Council, we may therefore assume, imposes a task which can hardly be discharged thoroughly inside of ten years, making all allowance for modern improvements, even in Church debates.

RELIGION IN FRANC[E] ... country in Europe wh[ich] ... all kinds" is so caref[ully] ... tially cherished and ... the State as it is in ... population of the em[pire] ... 36,800,664 Roman C[atholics] ... clergy receive pay ... amounting to 49,819 ... about $10,000,000; ... testants, whose clerg[y] ... 468 francs, or about ... 158,994 Jews, whose ... 206,000 francs, or $ ... are the official figure[s] ... income of the Roman ... is about $20,000,000. ... Protestant ministers ... There are 17 archbish[ops] ... ops of the Catholic ... pay of the Archbish[ops] ... $10,000; each of the ... ops have $4,000, an[d] ... have only $3,000 each ... siderably better thing ... be a minister of a fas[hionable] ... in New York, than a ... France. Six of th[e] ... however, get an ext[ra] ... $2,000 on account of ... dinals, and, as they a[re] ... Senators, they get a ... $600 in this capacity. ... vicars general, who ... $300 to $500 a yea[r] ... with salaries ranging ... $480; 3,531 cures, ... from $240 to $320; ... rates, whose stipends ... to $240.

REGULATIONS FOR TH[E] COUNCIL.—A dispatch ... dated Dec. 14th, says ... antPapal Bull has bee[n] ... the seal of strict secre[cy] ... regulations for the Œc[umenical Coun]cil. In the *Exordium* ... exhorts the Bishops ... practice of charity, ... ty, and pious conte[ntion] ... the sessions of the C[ouncil] ... clares that althoug[h] ... making propositions ... belongs only to h[im] ... Court of Rome, *ad* ... *sedem*, he desires an[d] ... father to think it h[is] ... propositions, but on ...
1. That the prop[ositions be made] in writing, and sub[mitted] to a council of bisho[ps] ... Pope.
2. That the prop[osition have for] its object the genera[l] ... Church, not of a pa[rticular] ...
3. That it be ac[companied by a] statement of the mo[tives which] led to its presentatio[n] ...
4. That it be com[patible with the] spirit and traditions ... Church.

REAL ESTATE IN S[OUTH CAROLINA.] —On Tuesday, De[c.] ... and valuable plant[ations] ... Gov. R. F. W. Al[lston] ... Georgetown Distri[ct] ... seaboard district a[nd] ... ton on the north, w[ere sold at auc]tion, under a decre[e] ... following prices:
"Guendelos," on ... River, containing a ... prime rice land, wit[h] ... land, was knocked ... In 1859 Governor A[llston] ... 000 for it. "Pine I[sland]" ... 259 of which are tid[e] ... $2,600. Gov. Allst[on] ... for it. "Ditchford," ... are tide swamp, ... Gov. Allston paid ... "Nightingale" an[d] ... containing 1,463 ac[res] ... are tide swamp, wi[th] ... tracts, brought $20 ... ton paid for this ... "Exchange," 599 a[cres] ... are tide swamp, ... Gov. Allston pai[d] ... Large quantities of ... land sold at ruino[us] ... fetching from 8 to ... The terms were ha[lf] ... a credit of one, tw[o] ... All except the last ... were bought by cre[ditors].

THE State Uni[versity of Califor]nia is likely to be ... institutions of this ... way of endowmen[t] ... has not only obta[ined] ... Congressional lan[d] ... rectly under Sta[te] ... still further, has re[ceived] ... large gifts and beq[uests] ... citizens of Califo[rnia] ... and income are s[o] ... furnish it ample m[eans] ... ment of all its e[xpenses] ... the salaries of its ... cers, which have ... sufficiently large ... the ablest schola[rs] ... which distinguishe[s] ... ment, that hereaft[er] ... abolished, and the ... tion will be free t[o] ... fied applicants fro[m] ...

RETELLING OL[D] ... tonishing to obse[rve] ... are retold and sp[read] ... Thus we find the ... ing through the ...
"One of Sainte [Beuve's] ... before his death, ... didate for the Ac[ademy] ... him: 'I will s[ee] ... let him come ... shall be glad to ... dead the pleasu[re] ... side.'"
This *mot* is m[ore] ... years old. Geor[ge] ... had a singular fa[ncy for at]tending executio[ns] ... at corpses. He ... field in his last ... fused admission ... nobleman was ... said: "If Mr. ... show him up; ... shall be glad to ... dead, he will be ...

GOLD went d[own] ... Friday last, the ... September, 186[9] ... steady decline o[f] ... has affected to s[ome] ... of goods. Se[veral] ... were reported ... York and oth[er] ... they are really ... line in gold, o[r] ... furnishes a pl[ea] ... what was inevit[able] ... It is agr[eed] ... that the ... for the[m] ... lowed ...

RELIGION IN FRANCE.—There is no country in Europe where religion "of all kinds" is so carefully and impartially cherished and maintained by the State as it is in France. The population of the empire consists of 36,300,664 Roman Catholics, whose clergy receive pay from the State amounting to 49,819,936 francs, or about $10,000,000; 1,591,150 Protestants, whose clergy receive 1,493,463 francs, or about $298,685; and 158,994 Jews, whose rabbis receive 206,000 francs, or $41,500. These are the official figures. The whole income of the Roman Catholic clergy is about $20,000,000, and that of the Protestant ministers about $750,000. There are 17 archbishops and 69 bishops of the Catholic Church. The pay of the Archbishop of Paris is $10,000; each of the other archbishops have $4,000, and the bishops have only $3,000 each. It is a considerably better thing, it appears, to be a minister of a fashionable church in New York, than an archbishop in France. Six of the archbishops, however, get an extra allowance of $2,000 on account of their being Cardinals, and, as they are also *ex-officio* Senators, they get a further sum of $600 in this capacity. There are 192 vicars general, whose pay is from $300 to $500 a year; 723 canons, with salaries ranging from $320 to $480; 3,531 cures, with incomes from $240 to $320; and 31,569 curates, whose stipends are from $180 to $240.

REGULATIONS FOR THE ŒCUMENICAL COUNCIL.—A dispatch from London, dated Dec. 14th, says that an important Papal Bull has been issued, under the seal of strict secrecy, establishing regulations for the Œcumenical Council. In the *Exordium*, His Holiness exhorts the Bishops to live in the practice of charity, humility, sobriety, and pious contemplation, during the sessions of the Council. He declares that, although the right of making propositions for the Council belongs only to himself and the Court of Rome, *ad nos et ad sanctam sedem*, he desires and exhorts every father to think it his duty to make propositions, but on these conditions:

1. That the proposition be made in writing, and submitted privately to a council of bishops named by the Pope.

2. That the proposition have for its object the general interests of the Church, not of a particular diocese.

3. That it be accompanied by a statement of the motives which have led to its presentation.

4. That it be comformable to the spirit and traditions of the Catholic Church.

REAL ESTATE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—On Tuesday, Dec. 7th, the large and valuable plantations of the late Gov. R. F. W. Allston, situated in Georgetown District, which is the seaboard district adjoining Charleston on the north, were sold by auction, under a decree in equity, at the following prices:

"Guendelos," on the Great Pedee River, containing about 675 acres of prime rice land, with 600 acres of upland, was knocked down at $9,000. In 1859 Governor Allston gave $75,000 for it. "Pine Down," 294 acres, 259 of which are tide swamp, sold for $2,600. Gov. Allston paid $20,000 for it. "Ditchford," 477 acres, 166 are tide swamp, sold for $6,100. Gov. Allston paid $23,500 for it. "Nightingale" and "Waterford," containing 1,463 acres, of which 479 are tide swamp, with three seashore tracts, brought $20,500. Gov. Allston paid for this property $72,000. "Exchange," 599 acres, 299 of which are tide swamp, sold for $4,500. Gov. Allston paid for it $32,000. Large quantities of pine and swamp land sold at ruinously low prices—fetching from 8 to 22 cents per acre. The terms were half cash, balance on a credit of one, two and three years. All except the last named plantation were bought by creditors.

THE State University of California is likely to be one of the leading institutions of this country. In the way of endowment, this University has not only obtained the valuable Congressional land grant, but is directly under State patronage, and, still further, has received several very large gifts and bequests from wealthy citizens of California. Its property and income are sufficiently large to furnish it ample means for the payment of all its expenses, including the salaries of its professors and officers, which have been fixed at figures sufficiently large to attract some of the ablest scholars. But the thing which distinguishes it is an announcement, that hereafter all fees will be abolished, and that the new institution will be free to all properly qualified applicants from all countries.

RETELLING OLD STORIES.—It is astonishing to observe how old stories are retold and spoiled in the telling. Thus we find the following, journeying through the newspapers:

"One of Sainte Beuve's remarks just before his death, when a recent candidate for the Academy called to see him: 'I will see him to-morrow; let him come up. If I am alive I shall be glad to see him. If I am dead the pleasure will be all on his side.'"

This *mot* is more than a hundred years old. George Selwyn, the wit, had a singular fancy, not only for attending executions, but for looking at corpses. He called upon Chesterfield in his last illness, and was refused admission. When the polite nobleman was informed of this, he said: "If Mr. Selwyn calls again, show him up! If I am living, I shall be glad to see him; if I am dead, he will be glad to see me."

GOLD went down to 120 1-2, on Friday last, the lowest figure since September, 1862. Of course the steady decline of the gold premium has affected to some extent the price of goods. Several large failures were reported last week, in New York and other cities. Whether they are really the result of the decline in gold, or the decline in gold furnishes a plausible occasion for what was inevitable, may be a question. It is agreed, however, on all hands, that the present are "tight times" for those doing business on borrowed capital.

THE ORANGE HOTEL.—The thousands of American travelers who annually pass over the Erie Railway will not fail to anticipate an increase of creature comforts on their future journeys, from the announcement that the spacious Orange Hotel, located at Turner's Station, fifty miles from New York, and at which hundreds of passengers daily stop for meals, has come under the control of Mr. E. R. Abbott, most favorably known to the traveling public as the proprietor of the Susquehanna Saloon, on the same line, and as the prince of caterers generally. In taking upon himself this additional responsibility, Mr. Abbott brings to bear many years of experience in the hotel business, and a comprehensive knowledge of all the requirements of a well-conducted first-class house. The table will be abundantly supplied at all times with the fish and fowl and rich agricultural products of the region in which the hotel is located, while visitors desiring to pass a month or two in the country will find the Orange Hotel as comfortable and home-like as possible. So attractive, indeed, is the spot, with its scenery, its conveniences, its comforts, that in many instances Eastward passengers by the Day Express, due in New York after nightfall, prefer to stop over night at the Orange Hotel, get a good supper and breakfast, and a quiet night's rest, and arrive in New York by the morning train, in ample season for business.

AGRICULTURAL.—The *New York Weekly Tribune* is a great Farmer's Paper. Its Agricultural Department, valuable always, containing as is does *Full* Reports of the American Institute Farmers' Club, and articles written for its columns by the most eminent Agriculturalists of America, is about to be enriched by other attractive features in a *Horticultural Department*, which will comprise Management of Small Farms, Fruit and Vegetable Culture, and how to make them pay. Also, a *Veterinary Department*, for which Prof. James Law, Veterinary Surgeon in Cornell University, has been engaged to answer questions concerning diseases of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, and other domestic animals, and prescribe remedies through the columns of the *Weekly Tribune*. See advertisement in another column.

DANCING FOR A PRIZE.—At a ball in Pittsburg, Pa., a few evenings ago, a prize, a gold ring, was offered to the lady and partner who should outwaltz all competitors. At 12 M. the band struck up "Il Baccio," and a dozen couples started gaily off; at 1 A. M. only three remained on the floor; at 2 one of these three gave up; but the band played on and on, and the emulous survivors gavotted and whirled, till even the spectators grew dizzy. At the end of the fourth hour blood began to trickle from the ends of the violinists' fingers, but still the dance continued. At three minutes past four, one of the ladies fainted, and immediately afterward her partner followed her example, when the prize was presented to the winners, amid the tumultuous applause of the spectators. The foolish quartette, more dead than alive, had to be carried to their homes in carriages. It was necessary to cut the girls' shoes from their feet, and their limbs swelled to an enormous size. All the four are now said to be in a precarious condition.

A SAD STORY is told by the Utica (N. Y.) *Herald*, as follows:

"Two maiden sisters, Polly and Sally Reed, aged 85 and 83, who have lived alone, in scanty circumstances, in Brookfield, Madison Co., were found by a neighbor, on the morning of Nov. 12th, Polly dead on the floor, and Sally lying on the bed in a helpless condition. The latter died on Saturday. They were both mutilated about the head and face. They had often before had frequent quarrels on the most trivial provocations. The weapons used were a pair of tongs and a stick of wood. No inquest was held.

MR. PEABODY'S WILL.—Mr. Peabody's will has not yet been probated. Its contents are substantially as follows:

Of his property in England, under £400,000, he gives £5,000 to each of his executors, £15,000 to London charity, payable in three years, and a few small legacies to individuals; the balance is divided among his relations in America. George Peabody Russel and two other nephews are appointed trustees, and made residuary legatees, and are empowered, to settle all the property in America, which is estimated at between $75,000 and $100,000.

PAYING FOR THEIR FUN.—The town of Bolton, Mass., has a literary institution, or "Lyceum," and into the hall of this society three conspirators did introduce that little white animal, the perfume of which is well known to be more pungent than agreeable. This practical joke was thought by the perpetrators to be a most humorous proceeding; but they were enlightened on that point by a Justice of the Peace, who considered a bad odor in a Lyceum to be a serious business, and fined the facetious young men in the aggregate $132.

RESULT OF ACCOMMODATING.—At a hotel in Sonoma, Cal., on Dec. 13th, one William Hurd, who was drunk, said to William Hudson, his friend, also drunk, with whom he had never quarreled: "I wish you would cut my throat, or my head off." Hudson replied: "All right; I can do it for you in a few minutes." Soon after, Hudson borrowed a knife, returned where Hurd was sitting, and inflicted a severe wound in his neck, causing almost instant death. Hudson was arrested for thus accommodating his friend.

THE SHAKERS, it is said, number 18 families in the United States, and possess real estate to the value of about $2,267,000, and personal property valued at $364,528. They are considerably exercised, about these days, in regard to the income tax. Heretofore, only $1000 to a family has been exempted; but they claim an exemption of $1000 to each person.

MINING ACCIDENT.—At Stockton, near Hazelton, Pa., on Saturday morning, Dec. 18th, the earth over a mine which had not been worked for fifteen years, gave way. One block of houses was swallowed up in the cavity so quickly that two families living in the houses had not time to escape, except a girl who had fled from a house, but not far enough to escape falling. She fell on top of the houses, and was rescued. Three families living in an adjoining block had just escaped when the whole block went down. There were ten persons swallowed up with the houses.

A GLOWING PICTURE of what is to follow voting by women, was given by Mrs. Mather, at a recent Woman Suffrage Convention in Worcester, Mass. The following are among the promised results: 1. The abolition of every gambling saloon and liquor shop in the country. 2. The establishment of "the law of kindness as the law of the land." 3. The abolition of War and the conversion of Military Schools into Industrial Colleges. 4. The change of the whole country into "an Eden of Moral Beauty."

THE Postmaster General appears to be in earnest in his efforts to secure the abolition of the Franking Privilege. The latest evidence of his earnestness is found in a letter addressed to the Hon. Alexander Ramsey and the Hon. John F. Farnsworth, the Chairmen respectively of the Senate and House Committees on Post Offices and Post Roads.

"PETER'S PENCE," presented to the Pope since 1859, is officially stated to amount to not less than 100,000,000 francs. The presents taken to the Pope by Bishops going to Rome to attend the Œcumenical Council, amounted to a very large sum.

THE Astor-House Wedding of Richardson-McFarland is spoken of by the London *Saturday Review* of Dec. 18th, as "Alsatian, grotesque, nauseous, and blasphemous."

THE Spanish Gunboats sailed from New York on Saturday, Dec. 18th, piloted by the Spanish war vessel Pizarro.

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.—Few are aware of the extent to which the beet-root sugar manufacture is now carried in Europe. In France there are now 470 beet-root factories, 116 in Belgium, and 255 in Prussia. Thirty years ago only 50,000 tuns of beet sugar were made in all Europe; last year, 2,500,000 tuns were produced in Switzerland alone. In Austria, Russia, and many other countries in Europe, proportionate amounts are made. The aid to agriculture, also, which at first was not thought of, has proved the very best kind of food for horned cattle, and thousands are raised now where hundreds only were before. In the district of country surrounding the city of Valenciennes, where, before the production of beet sugar, 700 oxen was the total amount, 11,500 were raised last year.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—Some workmen on the Utah Central Railroad, in leveling a large mound in Salt Lake City, have come upon great quantities of bones, fragments of pottery, flint arrow-heads, pieces of sulphur, and other Indian relics. A long row of fire-places was also discovered. The mound, which was a very large one for this country, seems to have been formed by the remains of the dead; scarcely a shovelful can be removed without disturbing bones. How long a period has elapsed since they were buried, is difficult to determine. All the small bones and softer portions of the large ones have disappeared, and no vestige of hair has been discovered. The bones are of uncommon size, approaching the gigantic.

FOOLISH FUN.—A young man living in the neighborhood of Sparta, Tennessee, conceived the foolish idea of frightening two young ladies and their brother while returning home from a party. They had some distance to go along a lonely, dark road. Wrapping himself in a sheet from head to foot, he took a short path, and emerged upon the trio from a copse of bushes just as they came up. As the figure in white became visible, moving slowly toward them, the young ladies commenced to scream and fled down the road in the utmost terror. One soon fell to the ground in a swoon, the other reached her home a raving maniac.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

At St. Louis, Mo., the Coroner has preferred a charge of murder in the fourth degree against George S. Barrett, architect and superintendent, Samuel M. Ross, assistant superintendent, and Polk Fitzimmons and Richard Farrell, contractors for the stone masonry of the building on the corner of Fifth and Oliver streets, which fell last November, causing the death of a number of persons, and the wounding of several others.

A dispatch from Titusville, Pa., Dec. 16th, says: A tremendous shock was caused by an explosion of the glycerine magazine of the Roberts Torpedo Company, containing half a tun of glycerine. P. H. Brophy, the agent, and another man who was near the magazine at the time of the explosion, were instantly killed. Considerable damage was done to the buildings throughout the city, though the magazine was a mile distant.

In the New Orleans *Bulletin*, we find rather a lugubrious report of the state of the labor market in that city. Assuming an adult male population of 70,000, it is stated that there are 15,000 entirely idle; the same number only nominally employed. Only 5,000 are employed the year through, and "the remaining 35,000 do, on an average, only about half the labor and business of which they are capable, if they could but find daily employment."

Great horror has recently been expressed in Bacchanalian circles at an item of information in the Internal Revenue reports concerning stimulating fluids. At Cincinnati, 42,000 barrels of "saloon washings" are redistilled every year, yielding about two and a half gallons of new spirits each. The slops bring about $2 per barrel.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the Avondale Relief Fund, at Plymouth, Pa., Treasurer Gaylord reported that the receipts amounted to $100,077 32, of which $76,635 72 had been invested, and $12,627 64 distributed, leaving a balance on hand of $10,713 76. In addition to the above, George H. Stuart of Philadelphia has $26,000 deposited on call at 6 per cent. interest. The total contributions collected as above are $126,077 32.

On the 6th December, a deputy collector of internal revenue in South Carolina seized two illicit stills, and removed them to his own home in Columbia. The next morning a crowd of thirty men, armed with muskets, attacked the collector's house, and recovered the stills, shooting a daughter of the collector through the shoulder during the melee. The Governor of South Carolina asks for a military force to enforce the revenue laws of the State.

At noon on Thursday, Dec. 16th, by the sinking of a boat in the Passaic River, near the foot of Market-st., Newark, four men and a boy were drowned, and eight others escaped a similar fate by swimming ashore. The men had been employed on a draw-bridge for the New Jersey Railroad Company, which was just completed.

In an extensive establishment for making counterfeit revenue stamps, seized by the Secret Service Detectives in New York, thirteen printing presses, and seven tons of counterfeit plates, were secured. A similar establishment for making counterfeit bills has been broken up in Hoboken.

The officers of the Inman Line steamship City of Brussels, Captain Kennedy, which has arrived at Liverpool, claim that she has made the fastest trans-Atlantic passage on record. The Brussels left New York on Saturday, the 4th inst., and arrived off Queenstown early on Sunday, the 12th.

Apprehensions in regard to the health of the Pope were caused last week by a report which was circulated throughout Europe, that he had an apoplectic attack, and remained incapable of motion. The report is pronounced utterly without foundation. The health of the Pope is at present remarkably good.

Our latest news from Rome relates to a military review. The Pontifical Zouaves were exhibited, and they displayed their skill in the presence of sixty thousand spectatoes, including five hundred bishops. This is the latest and most showy view the world has had of the Church.

At Budweis, in Moldavia, it is reported that a young man dreamed that there were robbers in the house; he awoke horribly frightened, and was unable, he found, to articulate a word. He went to Vienna, and under medical treatment found his lost voice again.

Some months ago, Dr. Moody, of Walnut Bend, Ark., had his right arm torn off in a saw mill. A few days ago, on entering the mill, for the first time since receiving his injury, his empty sleeve caught in a band, and he was whirled over the shaft and instantly killed.

The jailor at Carrolton, Ky., while incarcerating a murderer named Andrew McDiarmitt, was knocked down by him and locked in a cell. McDiarmitt escaped, but was rearrested. Twelve other prisoners pried off a portion of the jail roof and made a successful escape.

President Grant has pardoned Anna Coppine, under sentence to one year's imprisonment in the St. Louis Penitentiary for passing counterfeit money, on the ground that she was the dupe of her husband. She had been in prison about one month.

At the reception of Mr. Peabody's remains on shipboard, the Minister of the United States made a speech in which he alluded to the naval honors to be paid by his Government. Messrs. Hugo and Louis Blanc have written eulogies of Mr. Peabody.

Letter, have been received from Utah which leave little room for doubt that the three missing members of Major Powell's Colorado Exploring Expedition were murdered by the Indians, about thirty or forty miles from St. George.

The Rev. B. Sears, of Staunton, Va., general agent of the Peabody Educational Fund, has gone to Texas, with the intention of visiting the chief towns in that State, to aid in the promotion of popular education therein.

The Massachusetts Methodist Convention has passed resolutions calling for a full report of the defalcation in the Book Concern in New York, and denouncing the attempts to exclude the Bible from the public schools.

At Aurora, Ill., on the evening of Dec. 16th, two young ladies were shot by a spring gun, which a man had arranged to shoot boys who pulled down his fences. They were severely injured, but it was hoped not fatally.

Two ladies, medical students, recently visited the hospital on Blackwell's Island, New York harbor, and on their return in the hospital steamer were grossly insulted by dastardly male students on board.

Two recitation rooms in Williams College were visited a night or two since and pretty generally cleaned out, and it is further reported that some twenty freshmen have leave of absence for the remainder of the term.

Several of the leading physicians of New York city declare that three-fourths of the colds that prevail in all great cities during winter, early spring and late fall, are caused by the unwholesome air produced by furnaces.

An Albany man, who had his new hat exchanged for an old one in a barber shop, advertises, that unless it is returned he will forward to the wife of the person who took it the letter found concealed in the lining of the old one.

The two garters placed at the disposal of the Premier of England by the death of Lord Derby and the Marquis of Westminster, have been given to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, G. C. B., and to Earl de Grey.

The new Italian royal baby has been christened with the names of Victoria Emanuel Ferdinando Mara Gennaro, the last being the name of the patron saint of Naples, where he was born.

The United States Consul at London has telegraphed to Mayor Putnam, of Portland, Me., that the fleet, with Mr. Peabody's remains, will come to Portland, but had not yet sailed.

The Jersey coal mine, near Scranton, Pa., took fire on Thursday, Dec. 16th, and three miners inside narrowly escaped, after ten hours' confinement. Another who went in search of them perished. The second avenue of escape was impassable, being filled with smoke.

From figures furnished by the State Comptroller, it seems that the assessment of real estate and personal property in California, for the current fiscal year, aggregates $258,046,335.

A cable despatch from Paris has it that the Empress Eugenie has instructed her chamberlain to await the arrival of Father Hyacinthe at Havre and dissuade him from preaching in Paris.

The Surrogate of New York last week denied the application of a brother of Albert D. Richardson to administer on the estate of the deceased journalist, holding that the widow or children are entitled to administer.

Trouble continues in Winnipeg Territory. Governor McDougal has raised a force of armed men, and an engagement is hourly expected between him and the insurgents. Riells has 300 men assembled.

Henry Keep, the late President of the Chicago and Northwestern railroad, is to have a $75,000 mausoleum erected to his memory. The statuary will be executed by Volk in Rome.

Madame Camilla-Urso proposes to organize a grand musical festival at San Francisco, similiar to the Boston Peace Jubilee, for the benefit of the Mercantile Library Association.

A party of armed men took two negroes out of the Richmond, Ky., jail, on a recent night, and hanged one, whipped the other, and sent him back to jail.

One hundred thousand acres of the Agricultural College land scrip, issued to New York, was sold at Albany, last week, for $87,000, to G. F. Lewis, of Cleveland, Ohio.

There are now about 100 Japanese of all ages and both sexes in California. They are as distinct from the Chinese in their habits and customs as Europeans.

Charles H. Crowell, died suddenly at Nashua, N. H., on Thursday, Dec. 16th, of heart disease. He was one of the editors of the *Banner of Light*.

The failure of N. H. Kathlenburg, one of the oldest merchants of Stillwater, Minn., is announced. Advances to lumbermen caused his difficulties.

John Powers shot the priest to whom he was confessing at Bellefontaine, Ohio, the other day, because his confessor abused and highly insulted him, as he claims.

Garabaldi is about to appear as a novelist. His work is founded on facts, and bears largely on the social and ecclesiastical condition of modern Italy.

Not content with a young American chief admiral, the Japanese have placed their land forces under the command of a New York colonel of volunteers.

A stock company offers to complete all the street improvements in Paris, in consideration of a fifty years' monopoly of public gambling houses.

A hound in East Andover, N. H., gave chase to a fox a while ago with such zeal that, when Reynard broke through some ice, the dog went in also, and both were drowned.

Miss Philena S. Raon Cleighton, eighteen years of age, of West Martinsburg, Lewis county, N. Y., committed suicide, Thursday night, Dec. 16th, in Utica, by taking strychnine.

The steamship Grecian was wrecked on New Inlet beach, on Thursday morning, Dec. 16th, the passengers and crew being rescued.

Gen. Cavada, a prominent Cuban leader, has entered the city of Cienfuegos, and captured considerable supplies.

The King of Prussia, on one of his late hunting excursions, was received under a triumphal arch made entirely of beer barrels.

Mrs. Amy Johnson asked $10,000 for her broken heart, and a Chicago jury assessed the damages to that organ at $75.

A defalcation of some $50,000 in Howard National Bank of Boston has been discovered by the Government Commission.

It is denied "on authority" that the Suez Canal is to be closed for the purpose of further works of excavation.

Sir Isaac Newton's house and observatory, in London, are for sale, the church which owns them having fallen into pecuniary straits.

A young lady, aged seventeen, has been arrested in Buffalo for bigamy. She began marrying at the age of fourteen.

Count D'Eu's army have taken several strongholds of the Paraguayans, among them Quruguaty, with nearly 400 prisoners.

George P. Barlow, of Florida, was found dead in bed at Terre Haute, Ind., the other day, having committed suicide by taking laudanum.

A collision between whites and negroes has taken place at Maiden, W. Va., in which several persons have been wounded.

Much alarm has been created by the sudden breaking out of the rinderpest in the great cattle show in London.

One of the injured at Mast Hope has obtained a verdict of $30,000 against the Erie Railroad Company.

A defaulting Austrian bank clerk has been passing himself off in the Tyrol as a nephew of General Grant.

Only three hundred divorces in Connecticut, thus far, this year, and several small towns to be heard from.

It is said that Frank Leslie intends to outstrip Bonner in the matter of general advertising.

An English preacher has been convicted of the murder of his own child at Centreville, Penn.

They are laying the California and Oregon Railroad at the rate of a mile a day.

Daniel McFarland has been indicted by the Grand Jury for the murder of Albert D. Richardson.

An Assistant Assessor and a U. S. cavalryman have been dangerously shot by illicit distillers in Virginia.

Two genuine Japanese keep a tea store in Chicago. Of course they draw.

Ladies will be sorry to learn that diamond engagement rings are no longer fashionable.

"The once gentler sex" is the contemptuous expression of an anti-woman's right man.

A fellow at Cedar Rapids tried to eat a pound of raw beef, and strangled to death.

The office of the Northern Central Railroad, at Elmira, N. Y., has been robbed of over $13,000.

A. T. Stewart has come out in favor of specie payments at the earliest moment.

A private park in St. Croix county, Michigan, contains two hundred deer.

Two hundred and eighteen people make a city in Iowa.

Montreal firemen are not allowed to belong to any secret society.

Saco, Me., is sick of playing city, and wants to be a town again.

A $150 night-dress forms part of a bridal trousseau in New York.

The Emperor of France has been ill again, but is better.

Seven marine casualties are reported from England.

The Burlingame treaty with England has been ratified by China.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.—A Quarterly Meeting of the Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society will be held at the Society's Room in Westerly, on First-day, Jan. 9th, 1870, commencing at 9½ o'clock A. M. C. A. BURDICK, *Rec. Sec'y.*

☞ PERSONS who have become thoroughly chilled from any cause, may have their circulation at once restored by taking into the stomach a tea-spoonful of "Johnson's Anodyne Liniment" mixed in a little cold water, well sweetened.

Every farmer who owns a good stock of horses, cattle and sheep, and intends to keep them through the winter, should get at once a good stock of "Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders." One dollar's worth will save at least a half a ton of hay.

☞ FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—I have used my Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-Machine six years without the least repairs, doing all my family sewing, consisting of coats, overcoats, pants, and vests, down to the finest of sewing, even *patching* old coats and pants. Beside that, I have earned six hundred dollars ($600) in the six years. I earned thirty dollars with one needle. Give me the Wheeler & Wilson in preference to all others.

MRS. LUCY DURGY.

New Milford, Ct.

☞ DR. WISTAR'S WILD CHERRY BALSAM.—This Balsamic compound has become a home fixture. Let all who suffer, and have in vain attempted to cure their coughs, colds, bronchial or pulmonary complaints, make use of this unequaled remedy. It can be relied upon, the mass of testimony that has been published since its introduction, being ample proof of its efficacy.

☞ A COUGH, COLD, OR SORE THROAT requires immediate attention, as neglect often results in an incurable Lung Disease.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

will most invariably give instant relief. For *Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases*, they have a soothing effect.

SINGERS AND PUBLIC SPEAKERS use them to clear and strengthen the voice.

Owing to the good reputation and popularity of the Troches, many *worthless and cheap imitations are offered, which are good for nothing.* Be sure to OBTAIN the *true*

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

Sold Everywhere.

☞ BRONCHITIS OR THROAT DISEASE—Those afflicted will find a Remedy in

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM.

Be Convinced by Positive Proof, and test it for yourself.

ZANESVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 20th, 1869.

Messrs. J. N. HARRIS & Co.,

Gentlemen,—I have been afflicted for ten or twelve years with Bronchitis in its worst form, and have tried everything that I could buy recommended, but with little or no relief, until I used your *Allen's Lung Balsam*, which gave me relief in a short time. I believe it is the best preparation extant, for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and I feel it my duty to say this much for my own case, so that others may try it and get relief. Respectfully,

MATHIAS FREMAN.

We know Mr. Freman well, and his statement above is correct.

W. A. GRAHAM & Co.,
Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Zanesville.

☞ J. M. STILLMAN offers his services to conduct Musical Conventions, during the present year. Terms, $75 for four days, and traveling expenses borne one way. Address

J. M. STILLMAN,
Care of Wm. A. Pond & Co.,
547 Broadway, N. Y.

MARRIED.

In Milton, Wis., Dec. 1st, 1869, by Rev. D. E. Maxson, Mr. WM. HENRY COON, of Clinton Junction, and Miss MADELINE L. HAMILTON, of Milton.

In West Hallock, Ill., Nov. 20th, 1869, by Eld. N. Wardner, Mr. JOSEPH L. MORTON, of West Hallock, and Miss PHEBE E. EVANS, of Ribbburg, N. Y.

In Pawnee City, Nebraska, Dec. 4th, 1869, by the Judge of Pawnee County, Mr. JOEL B. BABCOCK and Miss SUSAN MADELIA LIPPENCOTT, of Long Branch, Nebraska.

In Westerly, by Eld. C. C. Stillman, at his residence on High-st., Dec. 16th, 1869, Mr. EDWARD R. B. GAVITT and Miss SARAH I. UNDERWOOD, all of Westerly.

In Providence, Dec. 16th, 1869, by Rev. J. Lewis Diman, WALTER B. VINCENT, Esq., and Miss MARY E. WINGATE, all of Providence.

DIED.

In Hounsfield, N. Y., Dec. 14th, 1869, Mrs. ZIPPARAH A. LEE, aged 34 years, 11 months, and 14 days. Sister Lee died in the full assurance of a better inheritance. In health she trusted and served her Saviour, and in her last days she rejoiced at the prospect of meeting him. She follows but seven months behind her husband, who died of the same disease—consumption. A. B. P.

In Emporia, Lyon Co., Kansas, Nov. 26th, 1869, of consumption, Mrs. AMANDA LUTITIA RANDOLPH, wife of Jackson F. Randolph, aged 38 years and 8 months. Sister Randolph was born in Jackson Co., Ohio. Some eighteen years since, she was converted to the Sabbath, and twelve years after united with the church at Fremont, Kansas, of which she remained a worthy and consistent member until her departure. While suffering from her lingering disease, she evinced more than ordinary patience and Christian fortitude, and died triumphant in Christ, expressing, when the end was near, a desire to be at rest with Jesus. She has left a kind husband and four children to mourn her loss. A. J. B.

NEW YORK MARKETS—DEC. 20, '69.

Ashes—Pots $7 37@7 62. Pearls nominal.

Building Materials—Eastern Spruce and Pine 18 00@21 00 for common to good schedules, 22 00 for choice lots. Laths 2 75. Lime, 1 50 for common, 1 75 for lump. Cement, 2 00 for Rosendale.

Beeswax—38@39c. for yellow Western.

Cotton—Ordinary, 24@24½c. Low Middling, 25@25½c. Good Middling, 26@26½c.

Flour and Meal—Flour, 4 50@4 90 for superfine State, 5 65@6 25 for Fancy State, 5 25@5 65 for shipping Ohio, 6 15@9 50 for various grades of St. Louis extra. Rye Flour 4 00@5 85. Corn Meal, 2 10@2 25 for White, 1 40@1 60 for ground feed. Buckwheat Flour, 3 20@3 60 ⅌ 100 lbs. for State, 3 60@5 75 for Pennsylvania.

Grain—Wheat, 1 22@1 24 for No. 2 Chicago Spring, 1 24 for No. 2 Milwaukie, 1 32@1 64 for Amber State, 1 75 for White Genesee. Barley, 1 00@1 10 for two-rowed State, 1 32@1 33 for Canada West. Rye, 1 13@1 17 for State. Oats, 63@64c. for new Ohio and Western. Corn, 1 13 for Western mixed, 1 02@1 06 for Jersey Yellow.

Hay—75@80c. for shipping, 1 00@1 25 for retail lots.

Hops—6@10c. for yearlings, 12@22c. for Eastern, 15@24c. for Wisconsin, 14@21c. for common to good State, 16@26c. for New State.

Provisions—Pork, 31 75 for old mess, 32 00 for new. Beef, 4 00@12 00 for plain mess, 12 00@17 00 for extra mess. Dressed Hogs, 13c. for Western. Lard 18@20c. Butter, fine State pails, 45@50c.; fair to good do., 40@43c.; fair to fine do. firkins, 34@41c.; common to fair do., 30@33c.; fine half tubs State, 43@45c.; Welsh tubs, fine, 38@40c.; do., common to fair, 28@35c. Cheese, common to fancy State factory, 15@17½c.; skimmed do., 8@14c.; common to fine State farm dairy, 14@17c.; skimmed do., 8@12c.

Seeds—Clover 13½@14c. Timothy 4 00@4 25. Rough Flaxseed 2 35@2 40.

Tallow—10@10½c.

LETTERS.

W. G. Hamilton, Hamilton Clarke, S. H. Babcock, A. R. Wightman, Ethan Lanphear, L. A. Platts, E. Moorhead, L. F. Randolph, Samuel Hunt, G. W. Calkins, C. D. Langworthy, Richard Stillman, Ephraim Maxson, Arza Coon, E. S. Babcock, Jesse Willard, A. P. Harris, A. J. Burdick, S. S. Griswold, G. S. Maxson, C. A. Burdick, C. H. Maxson, Nathan Wardner (received—next week,) A. B. Prentice, Wm. M. Simons (will write you,) Lester Rogers, L. J. Davis, J. A. R. Greenman.

RECEIPTS.

All payments for the SABBATH RECORDER are acknowledged from week to week in the paper. Persons sending money, the receipt of which is not duly acknowledged, should give us early notice of the omission.

	Pays	to Vol.	No
Henry Clarke, Dorrville,	$2 50	26	52
Arnold Hiscox, "	1 25	25	52
H. L. Vars, "	1 10	25	52
Alfred Clarke, LaurelGlen, Conn.,	2 50	25	52
L. A. Platts, New Market, N. J.,	5 00	26	52
E. R. Pope, Plainfield, N. J.,	2 50	25	52
Wm. Dunn, "	2 50	25	52
Hannah Dunham, "	2 50	26	52
E. W. Thrall, "	1 50	25	52
John D. Titsworth, "	5 00	26	52
R. M. Titsworth, "	5 00	25	52
Charles Button, Aurora, Ill.,	5 00	25	52
Wm. M. Simons, Walworth, Wis.,	2 50	25	52
Geo. W. Calkins, Milton, Wis.,	2 50	25	52
James Barnhart, "	2 50	27	52
E. B. Rogers, "	5 00	26	52
Alvit Clarke, "	5 00	26	52
Henry Ernst, "	5 00	26	52
H. W. Green, "	2 50	25	52
Nelson Reynolds, "	5 00	25	52
Robert Williams, "	2 50	25	52
Gardner Saunders, "	2 50	26	8
James Bailey, "	2 50	25	52
Polly Goodrich, "	2 50	26	52
Alanson Coon, WestMilton, Wis.,	2 50	25	52
Thomas Cottrell, "	2 50	26	18
Clark Needham, "	5 00	26	52
M. S. Babcock, Shasta, Cal.,	2 50	26	52
Mrs. Dorcas Vars, Pawnee, Neb.,	2 50	25	52
J. A. R. Greenman, East Hebron,	5 00	26	52
A. P. Harris, Venango, Pa.,	2 50	26	52
Lewis F. Randolph, New Salem,	3 20	26	52
Lucy J. Davis, Quincy, Ohio,	2 50	26	19
D. E. Bliss, Little Genesee, N.Y.,	2 50	26	52
Samuel Hunt, Akron,	5 00	26	52
C. M. Whitford, Brookfield,	2 50	26	52
Daniel Brown, "	5 00	26	52
Amos Wilcox, South Brookfield,	2 50	25	52
Mrs. D. Coon, West Edmeston,	2 50	26	52
Arza Coon, DeRuyter,	2 50	25	52
Jesse Wellard, Mina,	5 00	27	52
Mrs. M. B. Thorp, Alfred,	5 00	25	52
F. W. Hamilton, "	2 50	26	52
D. G. Vincent, "	2 50	26	52

I WAS CURED OF DEAFNESS AND Catarrh by a simple remedy, and will send the receipt free. Address MRS. M. C. LEGGETT, Hoboken, N. J.

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1870. 1870. 1870.

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The social and political principles which the New York EVENING POST has so long and faithfully supported, it will continue in the future to advocate. What these principles are, our readers well know; they may be summed up in few words: National Unity, State Independence, and Individual Freedom and Equality of Rights. The perpetuity and supremacy of the Union, as the guaranty of our national strength and glory; the Independence of the States, in all their local affairs, as the guaranty against an oppressive and dangerous centralization; the Freedom and Equality of the Individual, without regard to birth or accident, as the rightful end of all government, and the surest means of social development, personal happiness and national progress.

These principles the EVENING POST will support and recommend to the people, without regard to party associations. We shall never support any party in its departures from them, and shall endeavor, so far as our influence extends, to cause them to be recognized by men of all parties.

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Single Copy, one year	$4 00
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As a newspaper, the EVENING POST, edited by WM. CULLEN BRYANT, assisted by an able corps of writers, will be conducted with the same care which has marked it hitherto, to exclude from all its columns, those devoted to advertisements as well as its reading columns, everything which would offend against morality and correct taste. It shall be the care of its proprietors to see that all its departments are conducted with the utmost ability which a liberal expenditure of money and unflagging industry can command. Its editorial discussions will be unpartisan, and devoted to the elucidation and advancement of sound principles; its literary criticisms shall be impartial, and as able as we can make them; its foreign correspondence, which has been greatly improved during the past year, will during the present year be more varied and interesting than ever before; its home correspondence also, and especially that from such central points of interest as Washington and Albany, will be full and accurate.

Its financial and commercial reports, which have made the paper a necessity to business men in all parts of the country, shall be made with the same vigilance, accuracy and impartiality which now characterize them. Its agricultural, shipping, market and other reports shall be as trustworthy and complete as industry and the expenditure of money can make them.

In short, we mean our journal to be so conducted that it shall be read with interest and benefit by all the members of the family; and as it is one of

THE OLDEST,

it shall also be one of the best newspapers published in America.

1870.

REDUCED RATES FOR CLUBS.

We have also made the same arrangements as last year with the proprietors of the "*American Agriculturist*" and "*Riverside Magazine*," and to those who prefer to club as formerly with these periodicals, we offer for $2 50 a year the *Weekly Evening Post* and the *American Agriculturist*; or for $3 00 a year the *Weekly Evening Post* and the *Riverside Magazine*; or for $4 00 a year the *Weekly Evening Post, American Agriculturist* and *Riverside Magazine*; or for $4 00 a year the *Semi-Weekly Evening Post* and either the *American Agriculturist* or *Riverside Magazine*.

Specimen Numbers of the Evening Post sent free. Address WM. C. BRYANT & CO., New York.

VALUABLE HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE, at Alfred Center, N. Y. This property, formerly owned by Prof. Sayles, and known as the "Gothic," is hereby offered for sale, at reasonable rates. Address,

A. R. WIGHTMAN, Alfred Center, N. Y.

Dec. 15th, 1869.

A GIFT.—AGENTS WANTED.—The "EXCELSIOR MAGAZINE," for Jan. 1870, a "Religious, Literary Journal," sent *gratis* to everybody. Splendid terms to agents with all particulars. G. L. VAN ALLEN, 171 Broadway, New York.

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HORTICULTURAL DEPARTMENT.

To keep pace with the growing interest in practical Horticulture, and to comply with frequent appeals from all parts of the country for information of a practical character on the subject, we have engaged the services of a person who is experienced in rural affairs to write in a lucid style a series of articles on the Management of Small Farms, Fruit and Vegetable Culture, and how to make them pay, giving general and specific directions from planting to the ultimate disposal of the crops.

Of late years there has been a lucrative business carried on by unprincipled men, in selling worthless and old plants under new names to the inexperienced. THE TRIBUNE will be always ready to guard the farmer against any such imposition that comes within our knowledge.

VETERINARY DEPARTMENT

To make THE TRIBUNE still more valuable to its agricultural readers, we have engaged Prof. JAMES LAW, Veterinary Surgeon in Cornell University, to answer questions concerning diseases of Cattle, Horses, Sheep, and other domestic animals, and to prescribe remedies. Answers and prescriptions will be given only through the columns of THE TRIBUNE. We are sure that this new feature in THE TRIBUNE will add largely to its readers, as all owners of animals are liable to need the information proffered. Inquiries should be made as brief as possible, that the questions, answers, and prescriptions may be published together. In short, we intend that THE TRIBUNE shall keep in the advance in all that concerns the Agricultural, Manufacturing, Mining, and other interests of the country, and that for variety and completeness, it shall remain altogether the most valuable, interesting and instructive NEWSPAPER published in the world.

It has been well observed that a careful reading and study of the Farmers' Club Reports in THE TRIBUNE alone will save a farmer hundreds of dollars in his crop. In addition to these reports, we shall continue to print the best things written on the subject of agriculture by American and foreign writers, and shall increase these features from year to year. As it is, no prudent farmer can do without it. As a lesson to his workmen alone, every farmer should place THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE upon his table every Saturday evening.

THE TRIBUNE is the best and cheapest paper in the country. This is not said in a spirit of boastfulness. It has fallen to New York to create the greatest newspapers of the country. Here concentrate the commerce, the manufactures, the mineral resources, the agricultural wealth of the Republic. Here all the news gathers, and the patronage is so large that journalists can afford to print it. This is the strength of THE TRIBUNE. We print the cheapest, and best edited weekly newspaper in the country. We have all the advantages around us. We have great Daily and Semi-Weekly editions. All the elaborate and intricate machinery of our establishment—perhaps the most complete in America—is devoted to the purpose of making THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE the best and cheapest newspaper in the world. The result is that we have so systematized and expanded our resources that every copy of THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE contains as much matter as a duodecimo volume. Think of it! For two dollars, the subscriber to THE TRIBUNE for one year buys as much reading matter as though he filled a shelf of his library with fifty volumes, containing the greatest works in the language. The force of cheapness can no further go.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE is the paper of the people. Here the eager student may learn the last lessons of science. Here the scholar may read reviews of the best books. Here may be found correspondence from all parts of the world, the observations of sincere and gifted men, who serve THE TRIBUNE in almost every country.

THE TRIBUNE is strong by reason of its enormous circulation and great cheapness. It has long been conceded that THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE has the largest circulation of any newspaper in the country. For years we have printed twice as many papers, perhaps, as all of the other weekly editions of the city dailies combined. This is why we are enabled to do our work so thoroughly and cheaply. The larger our circulation, the better paper we can make.

What are the practical suggestions? Many. Let every subscriber renew his subscription, and urge his neighbors to do the same. If a man cannot afford to pay two dollars, let him raise a club, by inducing his neighbors to subscribe, and we shall send him a copy *gratis* for his trouble. No newspaper so large and complete as THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE was ever before offered at so low a price. Even when our currency was at par with gold, no such paper *but* THE TRIBUNE was offered at that price; and THE TRIBUNE then cost us far less than it now does. We have solved the problem of making the best and cheapest newspaper in America.

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is published every TUESDAY and FRIDAY, and being printed twice a week, we can, of course, print all that appears in our weekly edition, including everything on the subject of Agriculture, and can add much interesting and valuable matter, for which there is not sufficient room in THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE. THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE also gives, in the course of a year, *three* or *four* of the

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ASK

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relieve nausea, increase the appetite, accelerate digestion, gently stimulate the liver, regulate the bowels, exhilarate the spirits, allay fever, and improve the condition of all the vitiated fluids, including the blood. This simple and delightful remedy is made up after nature's formulas.

IT

is, in fact, the famous Seltzer Spa water, constructed by Chemical Skill. Were it not for the Seltzer Aperient, the full effects of the great medicinal fountain of Germany could never be experienced in this country, for he bottled mineral waters.

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not possess the virtues of the parent Spa. The imported Seltzer Water is a deteriorated article; analysis proves that the proportions of its constituents are not the same as when it was drawn from the Spring. But the EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT is the ebullient *Elixir Water* itself. Nay, it is even superior to the original, for, in the artificial combination all inert and useless matter is rejected. Much more might be said on this subject, but this statement may serve as a concise answer when

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On and after Monday, Dec. 20, 1869, trains will run as follows:

LEAVE PROVIDENCE.

7.30 A. M.—Accommodation Train for New London, connects at New London with 11.10 A. M. Train for New Haven and New York, and with a Train for Norwich.

12.40 P. M.—On arrival of Express Train that leaves Boston at 11.10 A. M.—Express Passenger Train, stops at Greenwich, Kingston, Westerly, Stonington and Mystic, connects at New London with Express Train for New Haven; arrives in New York at 7.30 P. M. Also, with Train for Norwich and Willimantic.

1.00 P. M.—Freight, with a Passenger car attached, for Stonington only.

4.00 P. M.—Accommodation Train for New London, connects at Stonington with the new and splendid steamers Stonington and Narragansett, for New York.

6.15 P. M.—Passenger Train for Greenwich only.

7.12 P. M.—New York Steamboat Train for Stonington, connecting at Stonington with the new and splendid steamers Stonington and Narragansett, for New York.

10.30 P. M.—Night Mail Train for New York, via New London and New Haven.

10.00 P. M.—Sunday Mail Train for New York, via New London and New Haven.

LEAVE GREENWICH.

6.15 A. M.—Passenger Train for Providence.

LEAVE STONINGTON STEAMBOAT WHARF.

2.30 A. M.—On arrival of Steamers from New York.—Steamboat Train, on arrival of steamers from New York, for Boston, Taunton and New Bedford.

5.45 A. M.—New London Special, for New London, connecting with trains for New Haven, Norwich, Willimantic and Hartford.

7.10 A. M.—Accommodation Train from New London for Providence, connects at Providence with the 9.15 A. M. Train for Boston, Taunton and New Bedford.

4.00 P. M.—New London Special, for New London, arrives in New London in time for afternoon Train for New York, Norwich, Willimantic and Hartford.

5.59 P. M.—Accommodation Train for New London.

6.00 A. M.—Sunday Train, for Mystic, or on arrival of steamers from New York; will proceed to Noank, if they have passengers from the boats.

LEAVE NEW LONDON.

1.25 A. M.—Providence time.—Night Mail Train for Boston and Providence.

6.20 A. M.—Accommodation Train for Stonington and Providence, connecting at Providence with 9.15 A. M. Train for Boston, Taunton and New Bedford.

11.20 A. M.—New London Special for Stonington.

1.15 P. M.—Accommodation Passenger Train for Providence, connects with 4.15 P. M. train for Boston, New Bedford and Taunton.

5.15 P. M.—On arrival of the 12.15 Express Train from New York.—Express Passenger Train for Providence and Boston, stops on this road at Mystic, Stonington, Westerly, Kingston and Greenwich; arrives at Providence at 7.33 P. M. and Boston about 9 P. M.

7.15 P. M.—New London Special for Stonington, connects with steamers for New York.

12.00 P. M.—Sunday Night Mail Train for Providence and Boston.

A. S. MATHEWS, Superintendent,
Stonington, Dec. 1869.

Miscellaneous.

AN ARAB MARRIAGE.

During the stay of the Empress in Egypt, she was shown many marked attentions, although traveling simply as the Countess of Pierre Fonds. While at Cairo, the Empress had the ceremony of an out-door Arab marriage procession offered to her view, and as this is one of the sights which natives love to see, a large crowd in their bright costumes had collected on the occasion; and, be it remarked here, that a sight of their own is infinitely more attractive to them than what, in their vernacular, they term an infidel show. When, then, shortly after five, a flutter and murmur in the crowd, and the sound in the distance of timbrels, trombones, fifes and lutes announced that the Arab procession was advancing, the canvasses on duty on horseback, backed their horses to clear a passage in the throng, in which they were assisted by the newly-imported body of policemen from Switzerland, who, in dress similar to that worn by their *confreres* at the councils at the "Bund," and with an intelligent superintendent, who is said to understand his duties well, are organizing a native force for the Khedive. The procession was led on by a brace of swarthy gentlemen, with dress that at Trouville and Dieppe is considered orthodox, when mingling in the water with the fair sex, although the frantic gesticulations and hitting and parrying blows made with staves at one another by the two gentlemen aforesaid, was anything but refrigerative on a hot summer day, and might not, therefore, by the faculty, have been considered advisable immediately before a sea-bath. After these two men came others less divested of garments, on white curvetting horses, which, with sudden jerks at cruel bits, they brought on their haunches, while with their sword hands they poised jerceds, and a portion of the evolutions consisted in pretending to hurl them at one another. Then came a fattened ox, gaily dressed, and with bells tinkling from "tip to toe," worthy, in short, to have been paraded through Pari on a Mardis Gras. The ox dragged a six-wheel car, on which was a boat sufficiently large for the comfort of twelve corpulent oarsmen, who did not, judging from the way in which they paddle away at vacuum, give one the appearance of having undergone aquatic training. The turbans and embroidered clothes and general "get up" would have been a caution, a countryman exclaimed, for an Oxford crew—and so it would. Afterward came a man in sheepskin, although his appearance and representation of the innocent animal was, as he capered onward, anything but sheepish. Dromedaries richly caparisoned, horses equally so—the latter aged and trained to their work, as if from some circus—followed in quick succession, with diminutive boys and venerable, white bearded men on their backs, the former clapping their little hands, the latter smoking pipes. Men there were who represented the various guilds in which Cairo rejoices. There were master masons and master tailors, master shoemakers, butchers and bankers, and there might have been master sweetmeat makers, master sherbert concoctors, and so on, *ad infinitum*. Presently boys, carrying trays with presents for the bride, strode onward, and then others, bearing brass-framed looking-glasses on their heads—the latter supposed to keep away the evil eye; and finally—preceded by musicians playing their strange, unharmonious Arab airs, and by choristers singing incantations for the coming event—came the bride, heralded again by what in England one would conclude to be bridemaids—all shrouded, like the bride herself, in voluminous drapery, and walking under a canopy supported by poles, which men held. To the residents, a procession of this nature is no novelty. Although somewhat antiquated in the heart of Cairo, it is a matter of frequent occurrence in the minor towns and villages. But to the stranger, this heterogeneous mass of human beings, hemmed in, where the crowd was greatest, like so many sardines in a box, must have been interesting and amusing.

THE SEWERS OF PARIS.

But a few of the Americans who visit Paris know of the opportunity which may be offered them to visit the very extensive sewerage of Paris, and examine its system. Receiving cards of invitation, we stationed ourselves near the tower of St. Jacques, at an iron trap door, and the party were soon called upon to descend. Not knowing of the *modus operandi* of getting into these dark regions below, we all felt as if we were going to take a leap in the dark, but what was our surprise to find elegantly fitted up carriages, or cars, lighted by four large globe lamps on each corner. These cars contained twelve persons each, and there were five of them, making sixty persons, which is the limit to the number invited at one time. Of course our ride was limited to the large tunnel, or main sewer, which was about twenty feet high and fifteen feet wide. The cars run on a six-foot gauge track, and are pushed on a down-grade by two men for each car. The water sewerage or drain is below, and is from six to eight feet deep, so that small boats can be towed all the way, and has down-grade enough to make quite a current. We rode by this train of cars across the Boulevard Sevastopol, to the head of Rue Rivoli, alongside of the Tuilleries' gardens, to the Place Concord, a distance of more than three miles, where we disembarked into boats, and sailed under the whole length of Rue Royale, coming out by the side of the Church of the Madeline. All along this main channel, are openings or trap doors, covered with gratings at the head of each cross street, which are marked by the names of the streets on the side of the tunnel. By this means complete ventilation is secured. On the top of the tunnel are two large iron pipes in which pass through the fresh water supply for the city, one from the aqueducts and artesian wells, the other from the water pumped up from the river Seine. There are also three lines of telegraph wires enclosed in lead pipes. It is well known that these great sewers are built for a double purpose, and one is for the underground transportation of troops in the time of an insurrection or war. By this means Napoleon can transport, secretly, troops from one part of the city to the other, suddenly appearing from the ground at almost any point. The telegraph would also be serviceable on such occasions. Besides this navigable sewer, which is fitted up especially for pleasure trips, there are smaller sewers running under twenty-five of the principal streets, and the whole length of the sewerage of Paris, large and small, including that under construction, I was informed, is over three hundred miles, and by these means the drainage of Paris iseffected on a magnificant scale, and far surpasses the subterranean wonders of ancient Rome.—*Cor. Cleveland Herald.*

COOKING OYSTERS.

As the oyster season has commenced, I send you the following recipes for cooking them, which I think will be generally approved after a trial.

SPICED OYSTERS.

Two hundred oysters, two dozen cloves, five dozen alspice, also mace, cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Strain the liquor through a sieve, put it in a saucepan, and add the oysters, spice, pepper, salt, and half a pint of cider-vinegar; place them over a slow fire, and as soon as they come to a boil, take them off, pour them into a large bowl, and set them away to cool; when cold, cover them close.

OYSTER PATTIES.

Make a rich paste, roll it out half an inch thick, then turn a teacup down on the paste, and with the point of a sharp penknife mark the paste lightly round the edge of the cup; then remove the cup, and cut entirely through it; then with the point of the knife make a circle about half an inch from the edge, cut this circle half way through, place them on tins, and bake in a quick oven; when done, remove the centre, and fill with oysters prepared as follows: Rinse the oysters, put them in a pan over the fire, and when they become hot, stir in the cream, butter, and cracker; season to your taste with salt and pepper. When they are scalding hot, they are sufficiently cooked.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.

One hundred oysters, a baker's loaf crumbled, four eggs boiled hard, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, chop the eggs very fine, and mix with the crumbs, which season highly with cayenne and salt. Rinse the oysters in cold water, cover the bottom of a deep pie dish with egg and crumbs then with a fork place a layer of oysters with two or three small pieces of butter, and so continue until all are in, reserving sufficient crumbs for the cover. For those who like it, a little nutmeg or mace may be added. Bake in a quick oven three-quarters of an hour.

OYSTER FRITTERS.

A pint and a half of milk, a pound or a quarter of flour, four eggs; the yolks of the eggs must be beaten very thick, to which add the milk and flour, stir them well together; whisk the white to a stiff froth, and stir them gradually into the batter; take a spoonful of the mixture, drop an oyster into it, and fry it in hot lard; let them be a light brown on both sides. The oysters should not be put into the batter all at once, as they would thin it.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

SOLDIERS' MONUMENTS.

A memorial column will soon be erected at Youngstown, Ohio. It will be forty-five feet in hight, and of the Doric order of architecture. A heavy square pedestal will support a pyramidal, banded shaft, on which will be inscribed the names of the battles in which the men, to whose memory the column is raised, were engaged. The base is to be appropriately ornamented with military trophies. The coat of arms of Ohio and the United States are to be blended together on the front of the column. A life-size statue of a soldier in uniform will surmount the shaft. The sculptural part of the work is much admired. The materials come from the Rhode Island granite quarries.

From the same quarries is also to be taken the material for a monument of a similar character, to be erected in Providence, R. I. The design was furnished by Mr. Randolph Rogers, an American artist, residing in Rome. The hight of the monument will be forty-five feet. Four steps are cut into the base on each side, and are flanked by a buttress at each corner. A pyramid of cannon balls caps each of the four buttresses. The lower section, or "die," as it is called in granite parlance, bears four molded tablets on its sides, on each of which is an ideal life-size statue in *bas relief*. The genius of peace and that of plenty occupy two of the tablets. This lower die is capped with a blocking course, overtopped by an ornate base, on which stands an octagonal die, smaller than the lower section. At the angles of the base of the second section stand statues representing the artillery, infantry, cavalry, and the naval arms of the service. A third die, similar in shape, surmounts the second section. A bundle of fasces appears at each corner. A *bas relief* bearing the united coat of arms of Rhode Island and the United States is seen on the front. The frieze above the third die is ornamented with laurel garlands. The whole structure is surmounted by a colossal statue of the Goddess of Liberty, holding in her outstretched right hand a laurel crown. the following inscription is engraved upon the front of the column:

ERECTED BY THE PEOPLE OF
Rhode Island,
In memory of the brave men
who died that their
Country might live.

The monumental structure will be of granite, but the statuary will be cast in bronze at Munich, from models made by Mr. Rogers, and the foreign work will be executed under his immediate supervision.

The citizens of Woonsocket, R. I., also intend to erect a granite shaft, thirty-three feet in hight. It will be surmounted by a statue of a soldier, similar to the one on the Youngstown column, and will be ornamented with suitable accessories, such as military trophies, battle names, &c. A similar one will be built for the State of Connecticut, in memory of soldiers who died in hospital, to be erected in New Haven.

The Antietam memorial, the contract for which has been recently signed, is to be an important work of art. The base will be very heavy and massive, approaching a pyramidal form, and will be ornamented with appropriate *bas relief* in bronze. On this pedestal will stand a colossal statue, the weight of which will be nearly one hundred tuns, representing a soldier standing at ease while on guard. This statue will be twenty-two feet in hight, and will be the most solid representation of a living being ever attempted in this country.

SOME AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.

A Boston religious society, the Berkeley-st. Congregational Church, has a capacious and handsome edifice, which was erected mainly through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Dexter, the editor of the *Congregationalist.* The society lately held a fair for the purpose of removing a part of the church debt. In anticipation of the fair, requests were preferred to various prominent persons for their autographs, and the responses received are to be sold at the fair. We append a few:

BROOKLYN, Nov. 24, 1869.

Your request for an autograph finds me in the devious spirit of one who declined his pastor's request that he should "lead in prayer." When expostulated with, and told that he "had the gifts, and *could* pray," replied that "he knew he could pray, but he always *hated* to." I so dislike autographing, that I neglect all letters on that subject, and I answer yours only for charity's sake. I am truly yours,

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll;
Leave thy low-vaulted past;
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine empty shell by life's unresting sea.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.
BOSTON, Nov. 30, 1869.

BROOKLYN, Nov. 24, 1869.

DEAR SIR: Whoever you are, do you not wish that this was a check, and Cornelius Vanderbilt's name at the bottom, instead of that of

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.

I do not approve of churches running in debt, and commend the purpose of the ladies to extinguish it. "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." Hoping that your *Fair* may tend to the former and your *theology* to the latter part of the text, I am very truly yours,

E. R HOAR.

HOBOKEN, Nov. 17, 1869.

Your letter of the 4th reached me to-day. I am very glad to comply with your request, and with my best wishes for the complete success of the leaders of the Berkeley-st. Church in their meritorious efforts, I am very truly yours, GEO. B. MCCLELLAN.

NEWPORT, R. I., Nov. 1[?], 1869.

There is no conceivable beauty of blossom so beautiful as words; none so grateful, none so perfumed.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.

STATE OF NEW YORK, EXECUTIVE CHAMBER,
ALBANY, Nov. 17, 1869.

I hope the efforts of the Berkeley-st. Church will be successful, and I take pleasure in complying with your request. Very truly yours,

JOHN T. HOFFMAN

RICHMOND, VA., Dec. 3, 1869.

It would be a pleasure indeed to aid the ladies of the Berkeley-st. Church, and I therefore send herewith the autograph of Reverdy Johnson, a name that has become a part of the history of his country. Hoping that the ladies may be abundantly successful, I remain, yours truly,

H. H. WELLS, Governor.
REVERDY JOHNSON.

HAMILTON, Dec. 3, 1869.

DEAR SIR: I am persuaded that neither the world nor the Church can propose to itself any more desirable object, or impose upon itself any more imperious duty, than the payment of its debts. If I were to write twenty letters, I could say nothing more emphatic than that. So you can just fold this very note, direct it to the man who needs it most—women pay their debts instinctively—and we shall then kill two birds with one stone, and live happy ever after. Very respectfully,

MARY A. DODGE,
(Gail Hamilton.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1, 1869.

The reasons for your request are such that I cannot decline to give you my autograph. Very truly,

GEORGE S. BOUTWELL.

In such a cause, with much pleasure. Yours, MAYNE REID.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1, 1869.

The blot which I made on my beginning to comply with your request is so characteristic of an editor's manuscript, that I will let it go as part of my sign-manual, while I subscribe myself very truly yours,

S. I. PRIME,
Editor N. Y. Observer.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 1, 1869.

In reply to yours of the 22d inst., allow me to say, that I shall be very glad if the sale of my autograph should suffice to pay the *entire* debt of the Berkeley-st. Church; and although I am somewhat skeptical on this point, I subscribe myself,

THOMAS M. CLARK.

DRY AND MOIST AIR.

According to O. H. Brigham, the dispute between dry air and moist air is not fairly settled. Do not good housekeepers put water upon the stove, to supply that loss of moisture which they imagine that the hot air creates? Does not the good sexton wonder that the air of the church should be so oppressive, when he evaporates a barrel of water at every Sunday service? John Bull bids you see by his ruddy cheeks, and his stalwart shoulders, and his full cheery voice, how much better is a damp climate than a dry one to make muscle and vigorous health. If plants flourish best where the air is full of moisture, why should not the human plant thrive in that atmosphere? Many denounce this theory of dry air as a foolish whim, which has no warrant in common sense or experience. They say that damp air brings a higher civilization and more genuine comfort, that dry air is only fit for roving barbarians, for a hard and harsh type of character. The popular prejudice now certainly goes in favor of dry air. Consumptives are sent to the uplands, and not to the damp tropics, even though the spicy gales are soft there in their blowing. Yet it is by no means certain that for all constitutions the dry air is the best. We may safely say, nevertheless, that all artificial methods of increasing the moisture of the air will not amount to much, and that the good of an occasional Turkish bath is not made constant, by breathing in steam from morning till night. Very few will contend for a paper-mill or a bleachery, as the types of healthy habitations or occupations. Dry air will carry it by the majority of suffrages, so far as this is made by human industry. Almost every one prefers the air of a bright day to the air of a rainy day, even in Dublin or London. The improvement of the air by evaporating water on stoves, or in furnace chambers, is mostly imaginary, and is trouble taken for nothing. We do not regulate the hydrometer, any more than we regulate the barometer, by our trifling evaporations.

DECEMBER WEATHER SIGNS.

As the weather is a subject of interest, we append the following prognostications. They are based upon phenomena to be observed during the month of December:

If December's bright and clear,
It portendeth a good year.

Should December be cold with snow,
On every night fair crops will grow.

In December frosts alternating with thaws indicate a moderate winter.

December weather, changeable and mild,
Shows the whole winter fickle as a child.

A dry December—a dry spring and summer.

December thunder oft brings for its train,
In the succeeding summer, wind and rain.

So much for observations on the appearance of the weather during the whole course of the month. What follows relates to particular days:

1. When it happens upon the first of the month that wide around severe winter weather sets in, it (the winter) will last four months.

24th—Follow a blessed year,
Should this night be bright and clear.

Should it snow on the night of the 24th, it betokens a good harvest.

As many are interested in grape culture, the following prediction, though somewhat uncouth, poetically considered, is given with the hope it may prove auspicious:

When Christmas was clear you find,
Without rain and without wind,
And fair the morning's sun did shine,
The next year will produce much wine.

Christmas bare and green,
Easter with snow is seen.

'Tis a fair sign of a propitious year,
When the bright sun on Christmas day shines clear.

These weather proverbs are the folk-lore of other days. Their value may be easily tested. Many agricultural operations are regulated by the supposed future state of the weather. Let farmers note these predictions.—*Detroit Free Press.*

VALUABLE HISTORICAL RECORD.

The following is a list of the Presidents and Vice Presidents of the United States, as well as those who have been candidates for those offices since, the organization of the Government:

In 1789. George Washington and John Adams, no opposition.

1797. John Adams, opposed by Thomas Jefferson, who having the highest electoral vote, became Vice President.

1801. Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, beating John Adams and Charles C. Pinckney.

1805. Thomas Jefferson and Geo. Clinton, beating Charles C. Pinckney and Rufus King.

1809. James Madison and George Clinton, beating Charles C. Pinckney.

1813. James Madison and Eldridge Gerry, beating De Witt Clinton.

1871. James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins, beating Rufus King.

1821. James Monroe and Daniel D. Tompkins, beating John Quincy Adams.

1825. John Quincy Adams and John C. Calhoun, beating Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, and Mr. Crawford, there being four candidates for President, and Albert Gallatin for Vice President.

1829. Andrew Jackson and John C. Calhoun, beating John Quincy Adams and Richard Rush.

1833. Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren, beating Henry Clay, John Floyd and William Wirt for President, and William Wilkins, John Sergeant, and Henry Lee, for Vice President.

1837. Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson, beating William H. Harrison, L. L. White, and Daniel Webster, for President, and John Tyler for Vice President.

1841. William H. Harrison and John Tyler, beating Martin Van Buren and Richard M. Johnson. Harrison died one month after his inauguration, and John Tyler became President for the rest of the term.

1845. James K. Polk and George M. Dallas, beating Henry Clay and Theodore Frelinghuysen.

1849. Zachary Taylor and Millard Filmore, beating Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren, for President; William O. Butler and Charles F. Adams for Vice Presidents. Taylor died July 9th, 1849, and Millard Filmore became President.

1853. Franklin Pierce and William R. King, beating Winfield Scott and W. A. Graham.

1857. James Buchanan and John C. Breckinridge, beating John C. Fremont and Millard Filmore for President, and William L. Dayton and Andrew J. Donelson for Vice President.

1861. Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin, beating John Bell, Stephen A. Douglas, and John C. Breckinridge, for President, and Edward Everett, Herschel V. Johnson, and Joseph Lane for Vice President.

1865. Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson, beating George B. McClellan and G. H. Pendleton. Abraham Lincoln assassinated the 14th of April, 1865. Andrew Johnson became President for the balance of the term.

THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

In a suit brought before the Marine Court of New York, recently, after the evidence had been introduced, defendant's counsel, in summing up the case to the jury, endeavored to prejudice their minds against the plaintiff on the ground that she had formerly been an actress. Judge Curtis, in his charge, after discussing the law of conversion, concluded as follows:

Gentlemen of the Jury—It is the duty of the advocate to be in earnest; it is the duty of the court to be impartial; it is the duty of the jury to be just. I trust that you will not allow your minds to be prejudiced by any statements of counsel as to the previous occupation of the plaintiff. Such a feeling should be confined to more Puritanic lands. It never should be exhibited in this cosmopolitan city of New York. Some of the brightest intellects of the world have adorned the stage, in this and other countries. It will always be remembered that Garrick, Kean, Kemble, Forrest, and Macready, made themselves distinguished in delineating the genius of the foremost man of his time, William Shakspeare. Mrs. Siddons in England, and Charlotte Cushman, Jean Lander, and Kate Bateman, in our own land, have imparted character and dignity to the boards and to the profession, which they have elevated by their truthful delineations. Members of the theatrical profession have often been the protectors of infancy, the pillars of age. Instances are numerous in which they have trained youths up to careers of usefulness and honor, and smoothed as well the path of the aged to the grave. The plaintiff here impresses me, as I am sure, gentlemen, she did you also, as a lady of great intelligence. I trust you will give her claim the same calm consideration that you would award to the discussion of any other issue—neither more nor less.

The jury found for the plaintiff, $400 damages.

EFFECTS OF ABSINTHE.—A French *savant*, Dr. Magnen, has just been trying experiments with guinea pigs, to illustrate the baneful effects of absinthe. He administered to one animal (says a correspondent) four grammes of strong brandy—which is an ingredient of a Frenchman's deadly drink—with the natural result of making the poor little pig shamefully inebriated. To another unfortunate creature of the same species he gave essence of absinthe, pure and simple, and as a consequence extreme suffering was produced. "If the dose be weak," says M. Magnen, "it causes vertigo; the animal hangs down its head, evinces sadness, and remains motionless. Then a shudder comes over the anterior part of the body, gradually followed by starts in the muscles of the neck. This symptom will, by degrees, extend to the whole of the animal's fore parts; the creature will appear as if under the influence of electric shocks; its fore legs are stiffly stretched to support the body, while the hind legs are slightly bent, as if to seek a purchase. A larger dose will induce violent nervous fits."

CURIOUS, VERY.—A most remarkable case of consanguineous sympathy is that of a father and son living in Fleming County, Ky. The father is about 45 years of age, and the son is not yet 20. When one has any complaint, the other is similarly affected. But yet more remarkable still is the similarity of their appetites, temperaments, and general actions. What one likes and eats, the other likes and eats; and what one dislikes and won't eat, the other dislikes and won't eat. If one becomes angry, or gloomy, or happy, to the same degree and at the same time is the other angry, or gloomy, or happy. They sneeze at the same time, sleep at the same time, and the same number of hours, and, the most remarkable of all, they dream at the same time, and the dream of one is the same as that of the other. How cross the father must feel when his son gives him the toothache! How disgusted the boy must be when his father has no appetite!

CURIOUS AND SIGNIFICANT.—During the progress of the Paris Exposition, one of the side-shows that attracted the largest crowds was a representation of the decapitated head, a trick upon the same plan as that of the Sphynx, that created so much astonishment in the United States some time ago, but of which everybody now knows the secret. In this case the sight-seers entered a room that was separated from another by a grating. In this other room was a plain table, upon which was a head apparently decapitated, but which, on being interrogated, would answer all sorts of questions. One day an Englishman and his sister were among the spectators. The head, noticing them, remarked that it spoke English, when they proceeded to ask it several questions. Among others, the lady gravely asked, "Have you a soul?" With a twinkle of the eyes, the answer came solemnly, "No, I am an American."

TO SAVE GIRDLED TREES.—The Burlington (Vt.) *Free Press* says girdled fruit trees may be saved by the following process: Graft five or six scions, as large around as a pipe stem, and long enough to reach over the girdled place, into the tree. First notch the live bark above and below the girdle, then spring the shoots or scions into these notches, and fasten the ends with wax. The principle is, that the scions grow rapidly and spread over the girdled surface. Fruit trees have been saved in this way that had, apparently, been ruined by the gnawing of mice.

ODDS AND ENDS.

A woman recently entered a store, not many miles from Port Chester, and sat down in front of an iron safe to warm her feet. After sitting some twenty or thirty minutes, she remarked, that she "never did like that kind of stoves; they didn't throw out scarcely any heat—those gas burners didn't."

A little Sabbath-school scholar said she couldn't help laughing to think how astonished Goliah must have been when the stone from David's sling hit him, as she didn't believe that *such a thing ever entered his head before.*

A Hartford man, thinking he smelt gas in his room, lighted a match to see it. He was found in the street immediately afterwards, all ablaze, and a policeman kindly rolled him in the gutter and put him out.

A French writer, summing up the blessings conferred by Christianity upon the Sandwich Islanders, says that a century ago they were naked cannibals, while now they wear paper collars and carry umbrellas.

A little boy having broken his rocking-horse the day it was bought, his mamma began to scold, when he silenced her by inquiring, "What is the good of a horse till it's broke?"

The latest description of Mr. Greeley's necktie: "It looked as if it had grown upon his shirt-collar like a mushroom, and had been torn to pieces in a hail-storm."

A Kentucky judge has decided the act of Congress exempting U. S. bonds from taxation to be unconstitutional.

Nineteen miles of sewers have been built this year at Chicago. Its total length of sewers is now one hundred and thirty miles.

Two sports of Washington, D. C., recently walked from that city to Baltimore and back, on a wager, one of them carrying a bushel of corn.

Louisiana calls for one hundred thousand laborers. The freedmen of Virginia are flocking there in great numbers.

A public lecturer in New York is trying to frighten the people by proving that the world will be deluged in 6,300 years.

The widow of the murderer Twitchell has had her jewelry polished up, and thinks of entering society again.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.
From S. M. Pettengill & Co.

FOR INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION, Bronchitis, Asthma, Enlarged Tonsils, Loss of Voice, Narrow Chest, use DR. J. M. HOWE'S INHALING TUBE for common air, the best of all remedies. Send three-cent stamp for circular, to 227 Grand-steet, New York. Dr. Howe refers to Rev. Bishop James and Harper & Brothers, New York. Can be had of principal Druggists.

BATCHELOR'S HAIR DYE.—THIS splendid Hair Dye is the best in the world; the only true and perfect Dye; harmless, reliable, instantaneous; no disappointment; no ridiculous tints; remedies the ill effects of bad Dyes; invigorates and leaves the Hair soft and beautiful, BLACK OR BROWN. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers; and properly applied at BATCHELOR'S WIG FACTORY, No. 16 Bond-St., New York.

COUGHS, INFLUENZA, SORE THROAT, *Colds, Whooping-Cough, Croup, Liver Complaint, Bronchitis, Asthma, Bleeding of the Lungs,* and every affection of the *Throat, Lungs and Chest,* are speedily and permanently cured by the use of

WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY.

This well known preparation does not dry up a cough and leave the cause behind, as is the case with most medicines, but it loosens and cleanses the lungs and allays irritation, thus removing the cause of the complaint.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED

by a timely resort to this standard remedy, as is proved by hundreds of testimonials received by the proprietors.

Prepared by SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Boston, and sold by dealers generally.

DR. WILLIAMS' VEGETABLE BITTERS.—THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY. Try it, and if it does not prove to be all that is claimed for it, then condemn it.

This medicine is warranted to cure and eradicate from the system, Liver Complaint, that main wheel of so many diseases; and warranted to cure Jaundice in its worst forms, all Billious Diseases, and Foul Stomach, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Humors of the Blood and Skin, Indigestion, Headaches, Dizziness, Piles, Fever and Ague, and all kindred complaints.

KELSEY'S VEGETABLE PAIN EXTRACTOR warranted to cure Rheumatism, Sprains, Pains of all Kinds, Throat Distemper, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus or Cramps, and other similar complaints.

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I am truly yours,
HENRY WARD BEECHER

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E. & G. G. HOOK.

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Although settled *Consumption* is thought incurable, still great numbers of cases where the disease seemed settled, have been completely cured, and the patient restored to sound health by the *Cherry Pectoral*. So complete is its mastery over the disorders of the Lungs and Throat, that the most obstinate of them yield to it. When nothing else could reach them, under the *Cherry Pectoral* they subside and disappear.

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Asthma is always relieved and often wholly cured by it.

Bronchitis is generally cured by taking the *Cherry Pectoral* in small and frequent doses.

For a *Cough* and *Cold*, no better remedy can be had. Take small doses three times a day, and put the feet in warm water at night, until the disease is broken up.

For *Influenza*, when it affects the throat or lungs, take the same course.

For *Whooping Cough*, give small doses three or four times a day.

For *Croup*, give large and frequent doses until the disease is overcome.

No family should be without the CHERRY PECTORAL on hand to protect them, in case of attack, from the above complaints. Its timely use often spares the patient a great amount of suffering and risk, which he would incur by waiting until he could get other aid. Parents, keep it in your houses for the exigencies that arise. Lives dear to you may be saved by it.

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7.00 a. m.—For Easton, Bethlehem, Mauch Chunck, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Mahanoy City, Tunkhannock Towanda, Waverly, &c.

7.15 a. m.—For Somerville.

8.30 a. m.—For Flemington, Junction, Stroudsburg, Water Gap, Scranton, Kingston, Pittston, Great Bend, &c.

12 m.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Litiz, Pottsville, Scranton, Harrisburg, &c.

3.30 p. m.—For Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, and Belvidere.

4.30 p. m.—For Somerville and Flemington.

5.15 p. m.—For Somerville.

6.00 p. m.—For Easton and intermediate stations.

7.00 p. m.—For Somerville.

8.50 p. m.—For Plainfield.

11.45 p. m.—For Plainfield, on Saturdays only.

Trains leave for Elizabeth at 5.45, 6.40, 7.00, 7.15, 8.15, 8.30, 9.00, 9.20, 10.40, 11.40 a. m.—12.00 m.—1.00, 2.15, 3.15, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 4.45, 5.00, 5.15, 5.45, 6.00, 6.20, 7.00, 7.40, 8.00, 8.50, 10.15, 11.45, p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

9 a. m.—Western Express, daily, (except Sundays,) for Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg, and the West, without change of cars to Cincinnati or Chicago, and but one change to St. Louis. Connects at Harrisburg for Erie and the Oil Regions. Connects at Junction for Stroudsburg, Water Gap, Scranton, &c. Connects at Phillipsburg for Mauch Chunk and Wilkesbarre, &c.

5.00 p. m.—Cincinnati Express—Daily, (except Saturdays,) for Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Cincinnati. Sleeping Cars to Pittsburg and Chicago. On Saturdays to Allentown only.

8.00 p. m.—Western Express Train, daily, (except Sundays,) for Easton, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburg, and the West. Connects at Harrisburg with train for Williamsport, Erie, &c.

Sleeping Cars through from Jersey City to Pittsburg every evening.

Tickets for the West can be obtained at the office of the Central Railroad of New Jersey foot of Liberty Street, N. Y.; at No. 1 Astor House; Nos. 254, 271, 526, Broadway; at No. 10 Greenwich-st.; and at the Principal Hotels.

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