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The Sabbath Recorder.

## MY PLAYMATE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

The pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
She laid her hands in mine;
What more could ask the bashful boy
Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May;
The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns;
But she came back no more.

I walk with noiseless feet the round
Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where, all the golden year,
Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
Before her come and go.

There haply, with her jeweled hands,
She smooths her silken gown—
No more the homespun lap wherein
I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
The slow songs of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems—
If ere the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice;
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

Oh, playmate in the olden time!
Our mossy seat is green;
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds, so sweet with birch and fern,
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the fairies sing
The songs of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee.

## AFTER MANY YEARS.

On a beautiful summer morning in the year 1846, the diligence, as usual, rolled rapidly over the well-macadamized road from Antwerp to Turnhout.

Suddenly the postilion stopped before a modest inn, and there descended a single traveler, whose entire luggage consisted of a leather bag he carried slung over one shoulder. He entered the public-room of the inn, seated himself at a table, and ordered a mug of beer.

He was unusually tall, and seemed to be about fifty years of age, but would, certainly, have been taken for considerably older, as he was very gray, and his face deeply lined, had it not been for the elasticity of his step, his animated look, and his almost youthful smile. His bearing was proud, manly, and commanding.

His costume betokened him to be a well-to-do man of the middle classes, and would, probably, have attracted no attention if his coat had not been buttoned up to the chin—a peculiarity which, together with his large meerschaum pipe, might have led one to suspect he was either a military man or a German.

The inmates of the house, after serving him with what he demanded, seemed to give him no further thought, although his eyes followed each one with a certain wistful expression that appeared to say: "Do you not know me, then? not one of you?"

Suddenly the striking of a clock greeted his ear. The sound seemed to affect him unpleasantly, for an expression of pain flitted across his features. He arose, approached the clock, and looked at it, apparently lost in thought, until it had finished striking nine.

The landlady, observing something peculiar in his manner, also approached the time-piece and looked at it, as though she would discover what attracted the stranger.

"The bell has a good, clear ring, has it not, mynheer?" she asked. "Such a clock as that is not seen every day. For twenty years it has gone just as you see it going now, and it has not been in the hands of a clock-maker during all that time."

"Twenty years!" sighed the traveler. "And where is the clock that hung here formerly? And what has become of the image of the Virgin that stood on the mantel? Gone, destroyed, forgotten, perhaps?"

The old lady looked at the stranger astonished, and replied:

"Our Anna broke the image of the Virgin, playing with it when she was a child. As for the old clock, it stands in the next room. It is always too slow. You will hear it strike directly."

At that moment a peculiar sound was heard, that was evidently intended to be an imitation of the cry, "Cuckoo! cuckoo!" An expression of delight illuminated the stranger's features, and, accompanied by the landlady, he went into the adjoining room to see the old clock finish its song.

In the mean time the two daughters of the landlady approached the stranger, and fixed their big, blue eyes inquiringly on him.

He took them by the hand, and said:

"My manner seems very strange to you, does it not? You cannot understand why the voice of the old cuckoo should affect me so deeply. Ah! I, too, was once a child; then my father came here on Sundays after the service, to drink his mug of beer. There I stood and waited till the cuckoo opened its little door; and I jumped and danced at its cry, and in my childish ignorance I thought it a wonderful work of art. And the image of the Virgin, that one of you destroyed, I loved, because it had such a beautiful blue mantle, and because the child reached out its little hands towards me and smiled. The child of those days is now nearly sixty years old; his hair is gray, and his face deeply furrowed. Four-and-thirty years I have lived in the wilds of Russia, and yet I remember the image that used to sit on the mantel, and the old 'cuckoo,' as though it were but yesterday I saw them last."

"Are you, then, a native of our village?" asked Anna.

"Ah, yes!" answered the stranger, in a joyous tone; but his reply did not produce the effect he anticipated. The girls only smiled, and seemed neither astonished nor rejoiced.

"But where is the old landlord, Joostens?" he asked.

"Jan, you mean," replied the landlady. "He has been dead these five-and-twenty years."

"And his wife, the good Peeternelle?"

"Also dead," was the reply.

"Dead! dead!" sighed the stranger. "And the young shepherd, Andries, who could make such pretty baskets?"

"Dead, also," replied the landlady.

The traveler let his head sink upon his breast, and fell into a sorrowful reverie. In the mean time the mother went out to the corn-house and told her husband of their strange guest.

The landlord entered the room with a heavy, sluggish step, and awakened the traveler out of his reverie with the noise of his wooden shoes. The latter arose, and with outstretched arms hurried toward the landlord, who took his hand coldly, and looked at him with an indifferent air.

"And you, too, Peer Joostens, you do not recognize me?" cried the stranger.

"No, I do not know that I have ever seen mynheer before," replied the landlord.

"Have you forgotten who dived under the ice, at the risk of his own life, to rescue you from drowning?"

"My parents often spoke of the time when I was near being drowned, but it was long Jan that got me out of the hole in the ice, and in the French times he was forced to go with the others into Napoleon's army. Who knows where he was buried, if he was ever buried at all? But, whether he was or was not, he was a noble fellow, and peace be to his soul!"

"Ah! ah!" exclaimed the stranger, "now you know me! I am long Jan, or rather Jan Slaets." And, as he did not get an immediate reply, he continued: "Do you not remember the young sharpshooter, who was the best shot in all the country round, and who was envied by all the fellows, because he was so much liked by the girls? I am he, Jan Slaets of the Dries farm."

"Is it possible?" asked the landlord, incredulously; "but you must not take it amiss, mynheer, if I do not know you for all that."

Discouraged by the landlord's apparent determination not to recognize him, the traveler made no further effort to recall himself to his recollection.

"In the village there are surely many of my old friends, who will not have forgotten me," said he, more calmly, as he rose and prepared to go. "You, Peer Joostens, were too young to remember me; but the potter's son, Pauwel, I am sure, will receive me as a brother. He will not have forgotten me. Do they still live at the Moor?"

"Oh, there has been no pottery there for many years; it was burned down long, long ago."

"And what has become of Pauwel?"

"The whole family moved away after their misfortune. Pauwel is dead, very likely. But, mynheer, you speak of the times of our grandfathers. You will hardly find anybody about the village now that can answer all your questions, unless it is our old grave-digger. He can tell you all about all the people that have lived about here for a hundred years past and longer."

"Very likely, for Peer Jan must now be more than ninety years old."

"Peer Jan? Our grave-digger's name is Lauw Stevens."

"Thank Heaven," cried the stranger, joyously, "that it has spared at least one of my comrades!"

"Was Lauw, then, one of your friends, mynheer?"

"My friend," replied the traveler, shaking his head, "I cannot say that exactly, as we were always quarreling; a love-affair was the cause—I remember throwing him over the bridge once into the water, when he came near being drowned; but that is now near forty years ago. Lauw will be rejoiced to see me again, I am sure."

He paid his reckoning, and, taking up his traveling-bag, bade the landlord good-morning, saying that he hoped to be his guest very often in the future.

He walked on, silent and sad, absorbed in recollections of his early years, until he reached a little bridge that spanned a rivulet which flowed through the outskirts of the village, when suddenly an indescribable, almost youthful smile for a moment dispelled the sadness of his mien.

"Here, for the first time, I pressed Rosa's hand," said he, in a tone full of feeling. "Here, for the first time, our eyes made that confession that melts the heart and embraces the paradise of youth. Then, as now, the yellow iris reflected the rays of the summer's sun, and the larks sang as merrily in yonder meadow as they sing to-day."

"Ah!" he murmured, as he passed on, "the birds that witnessed the plighting of our troth are dead, and their children salute the old man, who returns like an apparition of another age. And Rosa! the lovely Rosa! Does she still live? Perhaps! If she does, she is married, doubtless, and has children, grandchildren, perhaps," and a faint but bitter smile played about his lips.

"Poor pilgrim!" he sighed, "a feeling akin to jealousy possesses thy bosom, as though it were still the spring-time of thy heart. The years of love for thee are long since past; but it does not matter! If she only recognizes me, and still remembers the happy days when we were all the world to each other, then I shall not regret my long journey, but, consoled and content, I will go to my grave, beside those of my parents and early friends."

A little farther on, he came to a pot-house. He entered, and ordered a glass of beer. Before the woman returned from the cellar, he recognized an old man, who sat near the door, as motionless as a statue, his eye fixed on the ground. The traveler hastily moved his chair near the old man's, and, seizing his hand, said:

"Thank Heaven that you have been allowed to live so long, Baas Joris! Do you not know me? No! the wild boy who used to crawl through your garden-hedge and carry off your apples before they were ripe?"

"Ninety-six," murmured the old man, without changing his position.

"Ay, truly, you are very old," sighed Slaets. "But, tell me, Baas Joris, is the wagon-maker's Rosa still living?"

"Ninety-six!" repeated the old man, in a louder tone.

At this moment the woman came with the beer.

"He is blind and deaf, mynheer," she said to the traveler. "It is useless to speak to him; he cannot hear you."

"Blind and deaf!" repeated Slaets, in despair.

"You asked after the wagon-maker's Rosa," said the woman. "Our wagon-maker has five daughters, but there is no Rosa among them. The eldest is called Beth; the second, Gonde; the third, Annaken; the—"

"That is not the family at all," interrupted Slaets, impatiently; "I mean the family of Kob Meulincks."

"Oh, they are all long since dead, mynheer!" was the reply.

This intelligence went like a dagger to the heart of the poor traveler. He paid for his beer, and left the house in feverish haste, murmuring:

"O God, she, too! My poor Rosa dead, too! Forever and ever this inevitable dead, dead! Is there, then, no one left who will extend to me the hand of recognition—no one who will welcome me back?"

With a heavy heart and unsteady step he entered the village. On his way he passed through the burying-ground; arrived at a cross, near the middle of the cemetery, he stopped.

"Here it was," he whispered—"here, before this image of the Saviour, that Rosa gave me her word to remain true and to await my return. We were overcome with grief. On this bench fell our tears. It seemed as though her heart would break when I hung around her neck the little golden cross, my last pledge of love and fidelity. Poor Rosa! perhaps I stand now upon thy grave!"

Absorbed in these mournful recollections, he sat down on the bench before him. As he looked about at the graves, old and new, he thought: "And my father and mother doubtless sleep in two of these, but who shall tell me which they are?"

So for a long time he sat sorrowing over many a bright dream, that he now saw was never to be realized, until he was aroused from his mournful reverie by approaching footsteps.

Along the wall of the church-yard came the old grave-digger, his spade on his shoulder. He bore the unmistakable signs of age and poverty, and his shoulders were much bent by a life of labor. His hair was white, and his face deeply furrowed; there was, however, still something in his aspect that denoted strength and force of character.

The traveler knew Lauw, his rival, at a glance, and his first impulse was to hurry toward him; but the bitter disappointment he had met with deterred him, and he decided to wait and see if Lauw would recognize him.

The grave-digger approached within a few steps, and, after looking at the stranger intently for a few moments, he began to mark with his shovel the outlines of a new grave. And as he worked on, and now and then cast a side-glance at the man who sat before him on the bench, his little gray eyes seemed to sparkle with a kind of malicious joy.

The traveler, deceived in the expression of the grave-digger's face, was overjoyed with the thought that Lauw would come to him and call him by name. Instead of which, however, the grave-digger, after scrutinizing him more closely, took from the pocket of his ragged vest a dirty old memorandum-book, and, turning away, seemed to write something in it.

This proceeding, together with the triumphant expression of the grave-digger's face, so surprised the traveler that he arose, and, approaching him, asked:

"What do you write in your little book?"

"That is my business," answered Lauw Stevens. "You have stood for many a long year on my list; I at last make a cross opposite your name."

"Then you recognize me?" cried the traveler, joyously.

"Recognize you?" replied the grave-digger, "that I know not; but I remember, as though it were but yesterday, that a wicked, envious fellow once threw me over the bridge yonder into the water, because the wagon-maker's daughter Rosa loved me. Since then, it's true, many summers and winters have passed, but—"

"Rosa loved you!" interrupted the stranger. "It is not true; she never loved you."

"Ah, you know very well she did. Didn't she wear the silver ring I brought her from Scherbenheuvel for a whole year? And was it not you that took it from her, and threw it in the water?"

"Lauw, Lauw!" cried the traveler, smiling sadly, "we are children again in our recollection. Believe me, Rosa did not love you, as you supposed; it was only friendship that prompted her to take the ring. In my youth I was rough and unreasonable, and not always generous toward my comrades; but shall these five-and-thirty years, that have spared neither men nor things, not have cooled our wicked passions? Ah, Lauw, shall the only one who has not forgotten me be my enemy? Come, give me your hand; let us be friends; I will be yours to some purpose for the remainder of your life."

The grave-digger drew back his hand, and said, in a sullen tone:

"Forget! I forget you? It is too late—too late! It was you that destroyed my happiness in this life. Not a day has passed that I have not thought of you; and, think you, I have thought of you to bless you?"

Clasping his hands, and turning his eyes toward heaven, the traveler cried, in his despair:

"O God! does, then, hatred alone remember me?"

"You have done well," said the grave-digger, laughing exultantly, "in returning to sleep beside your forefathers. I have saved a good grave for you; I will put the proud 'Long Jan' under the eaves of the church yonder. There the rain will perhaps wash his body clean of its wickedness and malice."

For a moment the traveler was indignant, but his anger quickly gave place to a feeling of despondency and compassion.

"You refuse," said he, "to take the hand of one of the comrades of your youth who returns to his native village after an absence of more than thirty-five years. Oh, Lauw, is this noble or right? But, be it so. You certainly will not refuse to tell me where my parents are buried."

"I don't know," grumbled the grave-digger. "They have been dead for more than a quarter of a century, and since then I have three times dug a new grave on the same spot where they were buried."

In these words there was something terribly painful for Slaets; he fixed his eyes on the ground, and seemed a prey to the deepest despair.

The grave-digger resumed his work, but with a certain inertness, as though he, too, had suddenly become thoughtful. The malicious smile gave place to an expression of compassion when he saw how deeply he had wounded the heart of his comrade. He approached him slowly, took his hand, and in a tone low, but full of feeling, said:

"Jan, my old friend, forgive me for what I have said. I have spoken wickedly; but, Jan, you can never know what you have caused me to suffer."

"Lauw," cried Slaets, grasping the grave-digger's hand, "those were the errors of our youth. And see how little I remember our old enmity. It gave me indescribable joy only to hear you call me by name, and I am very grateful to you for not forgetting me, although you have nearly broken my heart with your cruel mockery. And now, Lauw, tell me where Rosa lies buried. It will rejoice her in heaven to see us forget all our early rivalries and differences beside her last resting-place."

"Rosa buried!" exclaimed the old grave-digger. "Would to Heaven she were buried, poor thing!"

"What! What do you say?" cried Slaets. "Does Rosa still live?"

"Yes, she still lives," was the reply; "if one can be said to live who has experienced her sad lot."

"Her sad lot! What do you mean? What misfortune has befallen her?"

"She is blind."

"Blind! Rosa blind!"

And, overcome with grief, Slaets staggered back to the bench, and sank down upon it.

"She has been blind for these five years," continued the grave-digger, "and more, she begs for her daily bread. I give her every week two stivers, and when we bake, there is always a little loaf for her in the oven."

Slaets sprang to his feet, and, grasping the grave-digger's hand, cried:

"Thanks, thanks, Lauw! Heaven will bless you for your kindness to her. But you shall be rewarded in this life, for I am rich, very rich. And now tell me where Rosa is, where she lives; I will go to her immediately. Every moment's delay is a moment of misery for us both."

"You see yonder, on the side of the hill, a little cabin," said the grave-digger, pointing to a hill in the outskirts of the village; "she lives there with the broom-maker, Nelis Oems."

Without a moment's delay, Slaets started off in the direction indicated, and soon reached the modest but tidy abode of the broom-maker.

About the door played four small children in the sun. They were barefooted, and not more than half clothed. The eldest, a boy six or seven years old, gazed at the stranger with a certain intentness that partook as much of wonder as of boldness, while his three little sisters looked at him timidly, and sought to avoid observation.

Slaets said a kind word or two to the children, and immediately entered the cabin, where he found the broom-maker busily employed in one corner, while his wife was occupied in spinning.

The entrance of a stranger did not seem to surprise them. They evidently thought he wanted to inquire his way, and the man arose and was about to go to the door and point it out to him, when Slaets, in a tone that betrayed his agitation and impatience, asked: "Does not Rosa Meulincks live here?"

"Yes, mynheer," answered the broom-maker, after a moment's hesitation, in which he exchanged a look of astonishment with his wife; "Rosa lives here, but she went out begging about an hour ago. Do you wish to see her?"

"See her? Yes," replied Slaets, impatiently. "Can she not be found immediately?"

"That would not be so easy, mynheer. She has gone with our Trientje to make her weekly round; but she is sure to be back in about an hour."

"Will you allow me to wait here for her?"

"Certainly, mynheer!" replied the broom-maker, placing a chair near the door for the stranger, who was hardly seated when he felt a little hand laid softly on his. He looked round. There stood the little boy he had seen before the door, looking up at him with his big blue eyes, as though he were an old acquaintance.

"Come here, Peerken!" cried the mother, "you must not be so bold, my child."

Peerken, however, paid no attention to this admonition, but continued to look up into the face of the stranger, and to stroke his hand.

"You are a fine little fellow," said Slaets, "and what beautiful blue eyes you have! You shall have something, sir, for being so good."

So saying, he gave some small coins to the boy, who looked at them with wonder and delight, but he did not let go of the stranger's hand.

"Peerken," said the mother, "why don't you thank mynheer, and kiss his hand?"

The boy kissed Slaet's hand, and then, peering up into his face, said, in a clear voice: "I thank you very much, Mynheer Jan!"

An earthquake would hardly have surprised Slaets more than the pronouncing of his name by this innocent child. Tears, in spite of him, came into his eyes. He took the boy on his lap, and, looking him full in the face, as though he would assure himself of the reality of what he heard, exclaimed: "What! do you know me—me, whom you never have seen before? Who taught you my name?"

"Blind Rosa," answered the child.

"But how is it possible that you should recognize me?"

"Ah! I knew it was you, right off," said Peerken. "When I go out to beg with Rosa, she always talks about you, and says that you are so tall, and have such black, sharp eyes, and that you would come back some day and bring us all a great many nice things. And I am not afraid, for Rosa said you would like me, and bring me a big bow and arrow."

Slaets pressed the child to his bosom, and kissed him tenderly; then, turning to the parents he said:

"Your little Peerken here shall be rich. His support and education shall be my care. By recognizing me he has made his fortune."

The parents were overcome with astonishment and joy. The man finally stammered: "Ah, you are too good. We thought it was you, but we were not quite sure. Rosa did not tell us that you were a rich mynheer."

"And you knew me too?" cried Slaets. "I am, then, among friends; I, at last, find some one who welcomes me—here, where, till now, I have been met by nothing but death and forgetfulness—"

"Every Saturday evening," said the woman, "Rosa burns a taper for the return or—for the soul of Jan Slaets."

Slaets raised his eyes to heaven and exclaimed: "God be thanked that He has made love stronger even than hatred. My enemy remembered me only to curse me; but Rosa—she lived in her recollection, beautifying all around her with her love, preserving my remembrance, and making it beloved."

When Slaets had in a measure regained his composure, he turned to the woman and asked if Rosa had lived with them long.

"I will tell you, mynheer," said the broom-maker's wife, "how that came about. You must know that, when the old wagon-maker died, and the children divided his little property, Rosa—she could never be induced to marry, you can imagine why—well, Rosa gave her share to her brother, on condition that he would give her a home for the rest of her life. Now, more than ever, she gave herself up to nursing the sick and helping the poor; and so when, after we had been married about a year, my husband fell sick, and was not able to work for a long time, Rosa did every thing for us, she could; and, but for her, I am sure he would have died."

"You ought to be, and doubtless are, very grateful to her," said Slaets.

"Ay, that we are, mynheer, that we are!" replied the broom-maker.

"Well, a few months later," continued the woman, "Heaven sent us the little boy you have on your lap—Rosa wanted to be the child's godmother, and Peer, my husband's brother, was to be godfather. Well, Rosa wanted the child called Joannes, but the godfather insisted it should be called Petrus, after him. So, after a long discussion, the child was baptized Joannes Petrus. We call him always Peerken, because his uncle would be angry if we called him by his other name; but Rosa always calls him Janneken, and the child knows he is called so, because it is your name, mynheer."

Slaets pressed the boy Peerken to his bosom with all the tenderness of a parent, while the woman continued:

"Rosa's brother had entered into some speculation with a man in Antwerp, and thought he was going to make a fortune; but, instead of that, he lost all he had, and more too; and then, poor man, he died soon afterward of grief. Rosa then went to live with the Flinck family there on the corner. She had not been there long when young Flinck came home on leave of absence—he was a soldier—with a bad disease of the eyes. In nursing him, Rosa caught the same disorder; and, in two weeks, she was blind. Then we asked her to come and live with us—"

"But she begs," said Slaets.

"Yes; but, mynheer, that is not our fault," replied the woman, in a tone that showed her pride was touched. "You must not think we have forgotten what Rosa did for us. For more than six months we prevented it; but, as our family increased very fast, she was afraid she was a burden to us when she wanted to be of assistance, so beg she would; and, finally, we were compelled to let her. She forces us sometimes to accept a portion of what is given her—we cannot always be contending with her—but we return it all twofold; for, although she does not know it, she is better dressed than we are, and has better food; there is always an extra dish for her at dinner. See, there it is now before the fire."

Having finished her narrative, and seeing that mynheer was absorbed in reflection, the woman resumed her spinning. After maintaining a strict silence for some moments, Slaets suddenly put the child on the ground, and turning to the broom-maker, said in a peremptory tone:

"Put away your work!"

The broom-maker was startled at this commanding tone, and arose, unable to make any reply.

"Away with your work, I say, and give me your hand, Farmer Nelis."

"Farmer!" murmured the broom-maker, still more astonished.

"Come, come!" cried Slaets; "throw your broom-corn out of doors, or into the fire, if you like; I will give you a hide of land, some cows and horses, and whatever else is necessary to a complete establishment. Do you not believe me?" he continued, showing the bewildered broom-maker a handful of gold. "I could give you this money, but I esteem you too highly to offer you money. I will make you the possessor of a farm; and as for your children, I will be their benefactor even after my death."

The good people looked at each other with tears in their eyes, and seemed to doubt their senses. As Slaets was about to repeat his promises, Peeken grasped his hand as though he had something to say to him.

"What is it, my child?" he asked.

"Mynheer Jan," replied the boy, "see, the people are coming in from the fields. I know where I can find Rosa now. I shall go and meet her, and tell her you have come!"

Slaets seized the child's hand, saying, "Come, come, lead me to her!"

The child led the way hastily toward the middle of the village. As they passed along, the people came out of their houses, or stopped in the road to gaze at them, as though they saw something wonderful. The villagers could not understand what the rich gentleman, who seemed to them to be a baron, at least, could have in common with the broom-maker's Perkeen. And still greater was their astonishment when they saw the stranger stoop and kiss the child. The only solution that any of them suggested to the mystery was, that the rich gentleman had bought the boy of his parents in order to adopt him as his own. This was something that occasionally occurred in the neighborhood, and was more likely to occur in Peerken's case than in that of most poor children; for, with his big blue eyes and profusion of blond curls, he was, undoubtedly, the handsomest little boy in the village.

In the meantime, Sleats, led by Perkeen, walked on. The whole village appeared to him in rose-colored light; the foliage of the trees in a peculiarly brilliant green; the air to be laden with sweet odors, and the birds to sing in clearer tones than he had ever heard them before.

Suddenly Perkeen pulled him vigorously by the hand, and cried at the top of his voice:

"See, see! yonder comes Rosa with our Trientje!"

At that moment there emerged from a cross-street, some two hundred yards distant, an old, blind woman, led by a little girl five or six years of age.

Instead of hurrying forward, Slaets involuntarily paused to contemplate the melancholy picture before him. Was this, indeed, his Rosa? Was this the beautiful, fresh, and joyous young girl whose image had so long been engraved in his heart?

These reflections were only momentary; he quickly hurried forward to meet the friend of his youth. When he had arrived within, perhaps, twenty yards of her, he could contain himself no longer, but cried out, "Rosa! Rosa!"

At the sound of Sleat's voice the blind woman withdrew her hand from that of her little guide, and trembling with sudden emotion, she stretched out her arms, exclaiming, "Jan! O Jan!" Then hastily drawing forth something from her bosom, and breaking the band on which it was suspended around her neck, hurried toward Slaets, holding up a little golden cross; and he, unmindful of the curious villagers who gathered around, received her tenderly in his manly arms.

"O Jan! O Jan! at last, at last!" she exclaimed, and sank upon his generous breast; while Peerken danced and clapped his hands, and cried: "It is 'Long Jan' come back again! It is Mynheer 'Long Jan!'"

## PRINCE LEOPOLD OF DESSAU.

Old Prince Leopold of Dessau was one of the most extraordinary men of any age. He invented the iron ramrod, and also all modern military tactics. "The soldiery of every civilized country still receives from this man, on the parade fields and battle fields, its word of command. Out of his rough head proceeded the essential of all that the innumerable drill sergeants in various languages repeat and enforce."

Dessau was a little independent principality embracing a few square miles, about eighty miles southwest of Prussia. The prince had a Lilliputian army, and a revenue of about fifty thousand dollars. Leopold's mother was the sister of the great elector of Brandenburg's first wife. The little principality was thus, by matrimonial alliance as well as location, in affinity with Prussia.

Leopold, in early youth, fell deeply in love with a beautiful young lady, Mademoiselle Fos. She was the daughter of an apothecary. His aristocratic friends were shocked at the idea of so unequal a marriage. The sturdy will of Leopold was unyielding. They sent him away under a French tutor, to take the grand tour of Europe. After an absence of fourteen months he returned. The first thing he did was to call upon Mademoiselle Fos. After that, he called upon his widowed mother. It was in vain to resist the will of such a man. In 1698, he married her, and soon, by his splendid military services, so ennobled his bride, that all were ready to do her homage. For half a century she was his loved and honored spouse, attending him in all his campaigns.

With a tender heart, Leopold was one of the most stern and rugged of men. Spending his whole life amidst the storms of battles, he seemed ever insensible to fatigue, and regardless of all physical comforts. And yet there was a vein of truly feminine gentleness and tenderness in his heart, which made him one of the most loving of husbands and fathers.

His young daughter, Louisa, bride of Victor Leopold, reigning prince of Anhalt-Bernburg, lay dying of a decline. A few days before her death, she said, "I wish I could see my father at the head of his regiment, once again, before I die." The remark was reported to Leopold. He was then with his regiment at Halle, thirty miles distant. Immediately the troops were called out, and marched at rapid pace to Bernburg. With banners flying, music playing, and all customary display of military pomp, they entered the court-yard of the palace. The dying daughter, pale and emaciated, sat at the window. The war-worn father rose in his stirrups to salute his child, and then put his regiment through all its most interesting manœuverings. The soldiers were then marched to the orphan-house, where the common men were treated with bread and beer; all the officers dining at the prince's table. "All the officers, except Leopold alone, who stole away out of the crowd, sat himself upon the Saale bridge, and wept into the river."—From "Frederick the Great," in *Harper's Magazine for Sept.*

## GRANDFATHER'S DARLING.

Grandfather is past ninety, and little May but four;
Yet they love to sit together beside the cottage door;
And as the old man dances his darling on his knee,
He tells her of the far-back time when he was young as she.

Those long and rambling stories May oft before has heard,
But she listens with wide-open ears to every well-known word;
And in her mind she wonders if he remembers too
The men who lived in Noah's ark, when this old world was new.

Grandfather's hair is scanty, and white as driven snow,
While May's rich curls are golden, kissed by the sun's warm glow;
But as the young head nestles fondly against the old,
You see the sunlight blending the silver and the gold.

Grandfather is not book-learned, but from his early youth
He has striven to walk heavenward, and loved the way of truth;
And now he clasps his darling as the day is getting dim,
And both together murmur a simple evening hymn.

His stalwart sons come round him—and well advanced in years—
And tell him how the world goes on, with all its hopes and fears;
But from their modern gossip he turns away to hear
The childish prattle little May is whispering in his ear.

Folks call the old man childish—it may be even so—
His heart is as a little child's, and this we love to know;
And somewhere it is written, that not the wise alone,
But those who live in child-like faith, our Father calls His own.

Grandfather is past ninety, and little May but four,
So they will not sit together long, beside that cottage door;
But we know when the old man from earth is called away,
His God, and hers, will still protect his darling little May.

## WHAT I KNOW OF FARMING.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

THE FARMER'S CALLING.

If any one fancies that he ever heard *me* flattering farmers as a class, or saying anything which implied that they were more virtuous, upright, unselfish, or deserving, than other people, I am sure he must have misunderstood, or that he now misrecollects me. I do not even join in cant, which speaks of farmers as supporting everybody else—of farming as the only indispensable vocation. You may say, if you will, that mankind could not subsist if there were no tillers of the soil, but the same is true of house-builders, and of some other classes. A thoroughly good farmer is a useful, valuable citizen; so is a good merchant, doctor, or lawyer. It is not essential to the true nobility and genuine worth of the farmer's calling that any other should be assailed or disparaged.

Still, if one of my three sons had been spared to attain manhood, I should have advised him to try to make himself a good farmer; and this without any romantic or poetic notions of agriculture as a pursuit. I know well, from personal though youthful experience, that the farmer's life is one of labor, anxiety, and care; that hail, and flood, and hurricane, and untimely frosts, over which he can exert no control, will often destroy in an hour the net results of months of his persistent, well-directed toil; that disease will sometimes sweep away his animals, in spite of the most judicious treatment, the most thoughtful providence, on his part; and that insects, blight, and rust, will often blast his well-grounded hopes of a generous harvest, when they seem on the very point of realization. I know that he is necessarily exposed, more than most other men, to the caprices and inclemencies of weather and climate; and that, if he begins responsible life without other means than those he finds in his own clear head and strong arms, with those of his helpmeet, he must expect to struggle through years of poverty, frugality and resolute, persistent industry, before he can reasonably hope to attain a position of independence, comfort, and comparative leisure. I know that much of his work is rugged, and some of it absolutely repulsive; I know that he will seem, even with unbroken good fortune, to be making money much more slowly than his neighbor, the merchant, the broker, or eloquent lawyer, who fills the general eye while he prospers, and, when he fails, sinks out of sight and is soon forgotten; and yet, I should have advised my sons to choose farming as their vocation, for these among other reasons:

1. There is no other business in which success is so nearly certain as in this. Of one hundred men who embark in trade, a careful observer reports that ninety-five fail; and while I think this proportion too large, I am sure that a large majority do, and must fail, because competition is so eager and traffic so enormously overdone. If ten men endeavor to support their families by merchandize in a township which affords adequate business but for three, it is certain that a majority must fail, no matter how judicious their management or how frugal their living. But you may double the number of farmers in any agricultural county I ever traversed without necessarily dooming one to failure, or even abridging his gains. If half the traders and professional men in this country were to betake themselves to farming to-morrow, they would not render that pursuit one whit less profitable, while they would largely increase the comfort and wealth of the entire community; and, while a good merchant, lawyer, or doctor, may be starved out of any township, simply because the work he could do well is already confided to others, I never yet heard of a temperate, industrious, intelligent, frugal, and energetic farmer who failed to make a living, or who, unless prostrated by disease, or disabled by casualty, was precluded from securing a modest independence before age and decrepitude divested him of the ability to labor.

2. I regard farming as that vocation which conduces most directly and palpably to a reverence for honesty and truth. The young lawyer is often constrained, or at least tempted by his necessities, to do the dirty professional work of a rascal intent on cheating his neighbor out of his righteous dues. The young doctor may be likewise incited to resort to a quackery he despises, in order to secure instant bread; the unknown author is often impelled to write what will sell rather than what the public ought to buy; but the young farmer, acting as a farmer, must realize that his success depends upon his absolute verity and integrity. He deals directly with nature, which never was and never will be cheated. He has no temptation to sow beach sand for plaster, dockseed for clover, or stoop to any trick or juggle whatever. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," while, true, in the long run, of all men, is instantly and palpably true as to him. When he, having grown his crop, shall attempt to sell it—in other words, when he ceases to be a farmer and becomes a trader—he may possibly be tempted into one of the many devious ways of rascality; but, so long as he is acting simply as a farmer, he can hardly be lured from the broad, straight highway of integrity and righteousness.

3. The farmer's calling seems to me that most conducive to thorough manliness of character. Nobody expects him to cringe, or smirk, or curry favor in order to sell his produce. No merchant refuses to buy it because his politics are detested or his religious opinions heterodox. He may be a Mormon, a Rebel, a Millerite, or a Communist, yet his grain or pork will sell for exactly what it is worth—not a fraction less or more than the price commanded by the kindred product of like quality and intrinsic value of his neighbor, whose opinions on all points are faultlessly orthodox and popular. On the other hand, the merchant, the lawyer, the doctor, especially if young and still struggling dubiously for a position, are continually tempted to sacrifice or suppress their profoundest convictions in deference to the vehement and often irrational prepossessions of the community, whose favor is to them the breath of life. "She will find that *that* won't go down here," was the comment of an old woman on a Mississippi steamboat, when told that the plain, deaf stranger, who seemed the focus of general interest, was Miss Martineau, the celebrated Unitarian; and in so saying gave expression to a feeling which pervades and governs many if not most communities. I doubt whether the social intolerance of adverse opinions is more vehement anywhere else than throughout the larger portion of our own country. I have repeatedly been stung by the receipt of letters gravely informing me that my course and views on a current topic were adverse to public opinion; the writers evidently assuming, as a matter of course, that I was a mere jumping jack, who only needed to know what other people thought to insure my instant and abject conformity to their prejudices. Very often, in other days, I was favored with letters from indignant subscribers, who dissenting from my views on some question, took this method of informing me that they should no longer take my journal—a superfluous trouble, which could only have meant dictation or insult, since they had only to refrain from renewing their subscriptions, and their *Tribune* would stop coming, whenever they should have received what we owed them; and it would in no case stop till then. That a journalist was in any sense a public teacher—that he necessarily had convictions, and not likely to suppress them, because they were not shared by others—in short, that his calling was other and higher than that of a waiter at a restaurant, expected to furnish whatever was called for, so long as the pay was forthcoming—these ex-subscribers had evidently not for one moment suspected. That such persons have little or no capacity to insult, is very true; and yet a man is somewhat degraded in his own estimation by learning that his vocation is held in such low esteem by others. The true farmer is proudly aware that it is quite otherwise with his pursuit—that no one expects him to swallow any creed, support any party, or defer to any prejudice, as a condition precedent to the sale of his products. Hence, I feel that it is easier and more natural in his pursuit than in any other for a man to work for a living, and aspire to success and consideration, without sacrificing self-respect, compromising integrity, or ceasing to be essentially and thoroughly a gentleman.—*New York Tribune.*

## A PLEASANT PICTURE.

Gerrett Smith, of Peterborough, has recently purchased the only tavern in the village, in order to rid the community of the influence of the barroom. This latter apartment has been converted into a reading room, which G. S. keeps supplied at his own expense. It has become a place of pleasant resort. At a little distance from the hotel, in a couple of snug cottages standing side by side, each with its garden in front, live two sunny-faced women, silver-haired, wrinkled, and old. "Aunt Betsey" and Aunt Laura," as they are affectionately called, one of whom was housekeeper in Gerrit's Smith's family for more than forty years, and the other the nurse to all his children. Nothing could be more beautiful than the tender care on the one side, the loyalty and reverent love on the other. As the fresh papers arrive, Mr. S. takes away the old ones and leaves them on Aunt Betsey's table, and after that old goody has looked them over they are distributed to certain deserving folks in the village. The lady who gives this information adds: "I have visited many houses, been an inmate of many homes, but never before one like this; one breathing the affluence of wealth without a touch of its insolence, characterized by refinement and the highest culture, yet free from all the impertinence of display. Plainness of attire, simplicity of manner, absolute sincerity, and an all-pervading spirit of love, characterize the family and give tone to the home—a home free from press and hurry and confusion, where differences of opinion are expressed without irritation, where the individual is respected, where the younger members of the family are reverent and the older ones considerate, where all are mindful of the interest of each, and each is thoughtful for all. A home where, after almost fifty years of wedded life, husband and wife are still lovers, still mindful of the graceful amenities, the loving observances, that made beautiful the honey-moon. This large-hearted man does not hesitate to acknowledge his indebtedness to the gentle, loving woman, who through all the best years of his life has walked beside him, who has filled those years with a fragrance of a nature singularly sweet and unselfish, who has been a constant incentive to noble living, a perpetual reminder of the claims of humanity.—*Harper's Bazar.*

## ALL FOR ME.

O, wondrous truth! that Jesus came
Into this world of sin to suffer shame—
That He, the Lord of Glory, Lamb of God, the Christ, should be
A homeless wanderer, with sorrow pressed, and bitter agony;
And all for me.

O, precious truth! that Jesus bore
The weight and burden of my sins—and more
Did He; for with the precious blood He shed on Calvary
Bought He Redemption's priceless gift—secure through all eternity;
And all for me.

O, glorious truth! that Jesus lives,
Enthroned on high; and in His mercy gives
So free, the Spirit's quickening power, within my heart to be
My Light, my Guide, my Staff, through life and death, to immortality;
And all for me.

—*The Presbyterian.*

## SUGGESTIVE PARAGRAPHS.

The *Christian Advocate* remarks:

The young minister is surer of a richer life in spiritual results, of a wider and worthier reputation, of a more comfortable temporal career, and of a more honored memory when he has departed to his heavenly reward, who keeps steadily and unostentatiously at his work, always availing himself of his opportunities for personal improvement and usefulness, yielding this world as an object of pursuit for the world to come, and doing the work the Master has committed to his hands with a loving and cheerful spirit. The promise is that those who honor God shall be honored of Him; that they who seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness, shall find all needful earthly requisitions amply met. If one becomes restless and uneasy, the best course is not to betake himself to human advisers, nor to turn his eyes over the field for a quieter or richer portion of it, but to seek a baptism of the Holy Ghost, and then in His light the bewildered man will see light.

An article in the *Churchman*, on "Household Servants," has thoughts worthy of consideration:

Every lady who educates her servants into greater truthfulness, fidelity, self-respect, and orderly ways of life, is doing missionary work of the best sort. . . . The common school does something, but the Christian home may do more. We do not mean that proselyting is to be carried on. . . . In training good servants the ladies of our land are educating wives and mothers, who will do their part in the elevation of future citizens, and in so doing a sure and effective influence is won. Romanism can do nothing against this country, unless it represents ignorance, and brutality, and blind superstition. It is to be feared only as it debases. Civilization is the power over it, provided it be Christian civilization.

Rainy days often make us *think* about staying at home, but is it not true that there are very few regrets laid up for having braved wind and storm to be at our place in Sunday-school?

Some years ago, a young lady was teaching a class of boys in the Sunday-school. She was one whose heart was in her work. One Sunday, in the afternoon, the rain was falling heavily and the wind was very high. It was a day of all days for staying at home. She looked at the rain and listened to wind, and for a moment was very much tempted to leave her place at the Sunday-school vacant. But better thoughts prevailed, and she cheerfully faced the storm. On reaching the school, she found that all of her boys were there. Not one was missing. She of course expressed her pleasure at seeing them there. One of them said to her, in a bright, hearty way:

"Teacher, mother said you would not be here. But I bet her a dollar you would."

The *Herald of Health* gives these instructions to the tobacco user who would reform:

It is impossible to quit the use of tobacco after it has become a settled habit, without more or less bad feeling and prostration. The man who would free himself from the curse of tobacco-using must make up his mind that he has a hard struggle to pass through, call all his will-power to his aid, and resolve to quit at once and forever. This leaving off by degrees seldom succeeds. It is better to make the battle short, sharp, and decisive. A thorough course of bathing to eliminate the tobacco from the system will make the struggle much less severe, and prove the greatest aid that can be given. The Turkish baths are best if they can be had. If not accessible, the wet sheet, pack, or vapor bath should be taken instead. There will not be much appetite, and but little food should be taken. Fruit is best. No drink but water, and that may be drunk as freely as desired. To allay the craving for tobacco hold cold water or pieces of ice in the mouth.

WATCHING AS WELL AS PRAYING.—The congregation of a well-known church in the south of Scotland has recently had under discussion the question of the proper attitude in prayer. Jamie M——, rather a character in the town, being asked by a lady of the congregation if he wanted to conform to the recommendation of the minister, that all should kneel, replied very emphatically, "Never a bit will I kneel. The Bible says, 'watch and pray;' and hoo can everybody watch on their knees, wi' their e'en steekit? Na, na; I'll just stand an' glower about me, as I hae aye dune."

A cheerful man is happy, though he possesses but little; a peevish man is uncomfortable in the midst of affluence. Hence it is that poverty and riches are in fact the names of want and sufficiency. He who wants ought not to be called rich; nor he who wants not, poor. He who enjoys what he has, without regretting the want of what he has not, is a happy man.

# Tract Society Department.

EDITED BY A. H. LEWIS,
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## ON THE PICKET.

Two or three years ago, a few Sabbath-keepers, members of the church at Scio, N. Y., settled at East Sharon, Pa. Last spring, one of them had nearly decided to abandon the Sabbath and unite with the Methodists, who held that field. Just as he was about to commence his career of Sabbath-breaking, an article from the pen of Bro. N. V. Hull appeared in the Recorder, written by request of Bro. M. B. Kelly, to meet the case of certain ones in Southern Illinois. This article confirmed the brother at East Sharon, and he determined not to leave the Sabbath, and sent for a supply of Sabbath tracts. These we forwarded, and through their influence five others were converted to the Sabbath. Meanwhile, Bro. Stephen Burdick had visited the place; and during the month of July, Bro. O U. Whitford, in his missionary work, organized a Sabbath-school and preached five sermons to the few who gathered there. In August, Bro. Huffman and Bro. Crandall, of Richburg, preached several sermons there, and some were brought to hope in Christ.

Fearing the growth of the Sabbath-keeping interests, the friends of the Sunday made arrangements for two discourses on the Sabbath question by Mr. Storrs, pastor of the Baptist church at Richburg, N. Y. These were delivered on the afternoon and evening of Sunday, the 28th of August. They were well attended, and earnestly listened to. The main effort of the speaker was to cover up the truth, cast out God's law, and bewilder the people. He left them Sabbathless, if his assumptions were correct. It was a case of shameful "daubing with untempered mortar." No opportunity was given for questions or remarks. We asked the privilege of distributing tracts, and put about five thousand pages into the hands of those who seemed eager to read. Appointments were made for attending the ordinance of baptism, and organizing a branch of the Richburg church, or a separate Seventh-day Baptist church, on the 24th of September, and on the 25th the positions taken by Mr. Storrs are to be reviewed, and the Sabbath of God vindicated. Thus the efforts of Bro. Kelly to obtain light for inquirers in southern Illinois, brought out the light in northern Pennsylvania, and the attempt to put out that light bids fair to fan the flickering taper to a steady flame.

There is abundant opportunity for similar work at other points in that region, where there are, or have been, Sabbath-keepers. Thus God opens the fields, and calls us to the harvest work.

## GERMAN SEVENTH-DAY BAPTISTS.

An acquaintance by correspondence with the representatives of the German Seventh-day Baptists has greatly increased our interest in that people. They have a part to do in the coming struggle concerning Sabbath Reform. In the providence of God, they may yet become directly our co-laborers and brothers, and we can gain mutual benefit by more intimate acquaintance. The following extract from a letter by Bro. David C. Long, of New Enterprise, Pa., will interest our readers:

"The tracts and circulars and letter have all been received. I have suggested to our brethren your willingness to receive such donations to your general funds as they may feel disposed to give. It was generally approved, and I expect to be able to forward to you at least a small tribute before long. It would give me much pleasure to be with you at your General Conference, on the 7th of next month. But one of our annual meetings is appointed on the 6th, and I am expected to be there. Should our lives be spared, and, as I hope, our correspondence continue, I may by, the permission of God, be able to become more intimately acquainted with you and your brethren. I was well acquainted with Bro. Azor Estee and family, and have a bundle of his ever welcome letters on file. I also met Samuel Davison once at Ephrata, Pa. Through them I became acquainted with you, and have ever since cherished a hope that some day, by the blessing of God, I shall be able to visit your people."

## A PEACE DOCUMENT.

Committees of the London and American Peace Societies have published the following Address to the Friends of Peace:

Dear Friends,—That which we have long feared has come upon the nations. The system of armed peace, which the Governments of Europe have insisted on maintaining, has issued, as such a system could not fail, sooner or later, to do, in open war between the two Powers which had most distinguished themselves by the excess of their warlike preparations. The conflict which has now commenced, will, beyond doubt, prove to be one of the most awful in the history of the world. It will involve an incalculable destruction of human life and property, will fill myriads of hitherto happy homes with horror and anguish, will derange those beneficent ties of commerce by which mankind are bound to each other, will arrest the progress of liberty and civilization, will envenom men's spirits by evil passions, and will make the very name of Christianity—the religion of mercy and brotherly love—for the time a mockery in the earth.

But while overwhelmed with sorrow at this terrible event, we at least can look upon it with a conscience free from remorse. For many years we have not ceased, to the extent of our abilities and opportunities, in our endeavors to impress upon Governments and peoples the duty of using the lucid intervals of peace in adopting means which would give some guarantee to the nations against so dire a calamity as that which has now overtaken them. Far from having proclaimed, as we are sometimes mistakenly accused of doing, an approaching millennium of universal peace, our voice, on the contrary, has been one of constant deprecation and warning, on the ground that there was no security for peace while Europe was incessantly preparing for war, and while the nations were content to leave the continuance of peace at the mercy of the excited passions and hazardous accidents of the moment. Therefore it is that we have been strenuously contending, first, for a mutual and simultaneous reduction of those enormous armaments, which, kept up professedly in the interests of peace, are the most dangerous incentives to war; and, secondly, for the establishment of a Court of Arbitration, or some form of international jurisdiction, by which the differences of nations could be referred to the decision of reason and justice, instead of prejudice and passion. If there be any who doubt the efficacy of these means, will they suggest some means more efficacious; or are we to abandon mankind in despair to the eternal rule of barbarism and brute force?

What now, dear friends, remains for us to do? Unhappily, in those countries which are the actual seat of war, the voice of justice, reason, and religion is stifled, for that is the only condition on which war can be prosecuted. Our excellent fellow-laborers in the cause of peace on the Continent, have not been wanting to their principles and convictions at this awful crisis. Consistently and courageously, even on the very arena of warlike agitation, have they, in every way that was open to them, uttered bold and eloquent protests against the war. But while it may be difficult for them to persevere in that course—for war is the most oppressive of tyrants—*we* must continue to denounce this great crime against humanity, and, undazzled by the glare of victory which may attend one side or the other, turn upon it steadily the light of sober reason and Christian morality. We must guard ourselves and use whatever influence we possess in guarding others, against the contagion of the war spirit which is apt to spread even to those who are only spectators of the conflict. We must do all that lies in our power to prevent the area of the war being enlarged, and especially we must strenuously resist all attempts to involve our own country in this dreadful imbroglio. We must watch every opening for the restoration of peace, so as to encourage our own and other neutral Governments, to offer their mediation at the earliest possible opportunity, with a view to bring the war to an end. And above all, we must stand prepared, whenever this deplorable conflict is closed, to invoke the public opinion of all Christendom in favor of such measures being taken as will for the future place the peace of the world beyond the reach of the personal ambition of individuals, or the capricious impulses of popular passion. And may we not hope that the horror and indignation which this war cannot fail ultimately to inspire, will convince all men of the supreme folly and wickedness of referring the disputes of nations to the blind and brutal arbitrament of the sword—will awaken so stern a demand among the millions of the oppressed populations of Europe as can no longer be resisted, for those measures of disarmament and arbitration for which we have been so long contending, and which seems the only means of escape from the vicious circle in which the nations have been so long revolving?

The Sabbath Recorder.

Westerly, R. I., Fifth-day, Sept. 8, 1870.

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

## MISSIONARY BOARD MEETING.

The Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society held a special meeting at the Society's room in Westerly, Aug. 29th, 1870.

Present—Geo. Greenman, S. S. Griswold, Geo. E. Tomlinson, Wm. L. Clarke, N. H. Langworthy, Chas. Potter, Jr., L. C. Rogers, Jonathan Maxson, Geo. B. Utter, A. B. Burdick, and C. A. Burdick.

President Geo. Greenman in the Chair.

Prayer by S. S. Griswold.

The Treasurer read a letter from Solomon Carpenter, in relation to the Society's property in China, in which he asks whether the Board approves of the directions which he has written to the Society's agents, Messrs. Fogg & Co., concerning a trespass committed by a tenant of the city house belonging to the Missionary Society, by extending a veranda on to the premises of a neighbor; also, asking instruction in relation to renting the country house; and also in relation to books belonging to the mission.

Voted, that this Board approves the directions given by Bro. Carpenter, to the effect that the person referred to was a tenant, and not an agent of the Society; that Bro. Carpenter be authorized to rent the country house at his discretion for a term of years; and that Bro. Carpenter be instructed to let the books belonging to the mission in China remain where they are.

The Treasurer also read a letter in relation to a legacy from A. D. Titsworth, deceased, to be kept at interest forever, and a receipt proposed for the same; and it was voted, that the Treasurer be authorized to sign the receipt.

The Treasurer reported that he had paid all orders voted by the Board, and that the general fund was overdrawn $103 46.

The correspondence was then read, as follows:

1. From H. W. Babcock, dated Transit, Minn., July 20, 1870, a quarterly report of labors with the church at Transit.

2. From L. Andrus, dated Farina, Ill, July 25, 1870, notifying the Board that he has accepted the call to labor with the Villa Ridge and Pleasant Hill churches, and that he intends to begin his labors about the second week in August.

3. From J. Milikin, dated Pleasant Hill, July 11, 1870, requesting ministerial aid for the church at Pleasant Hill.

4. From Anthony Hakes, West Hallock, July 20, 1870, a report of two missionary visits to Farmington, and one to or near Lewiston, Ill.

5. From C. M. Lewis, a report of missionary labors in Wasioja, Trenton, and Carlston, Minn.

6. From W. B. Gillette, New Salem, West Virginia, July 23; another, dated New Salem, Aug. 1; and another dated Green Briar Run, Aug. 10, 1870, reports of missionary labors in West Virginia.

Voted, that the Treasurer be authorized to remit to W. B. Gillette $100, and to C. M. Lewis $140, for missionary labor.

Voted, that we extend an invitation to Bro. C. A. Burdick to enter into the West Virginia field as a missionary, as soon as Bro. Gillette's engagement expires, at a salary of $800 a year and traveling expenses.

The Corresponding Secretary then read the Annual Report to the Society, which was adopted.

Adjourned.

C. A. Burdick, *Rec. Sec'y.*

## MISSIONARY REPORT.

At the meeting of the Executive Board of the Seventh-day Baptist Missionary Society, held in Westerly, on the 29th of August, the Corresponding Secretary read the following report of missionary labor performed by Eld. Charles M. Lewis:

When I made my last report, I had closed my labors in Northern Wisconsin. June 29th, I left Wisconsin for Minnesota. I first visited

WASIOJA,

Where I arrived on the 30th of June. The Wasioja society numbers some thirty-five families, all told, and with an average congregation of from eighty to ninety. The church membership is about one hundred. There is an interesting Sabbath-school and young people's religious meeting in the church, both in active and promising operation. My brother, Henry B. Lewis, is the preacher for the present year, and is doing what he can for the cause, with his limited means. Through some mismanagement among the people in that society, he fails to receive any support from the Missionary Board the present year; and what he receives at home is insufficient to sustain him; and, as a necessary consequence, he only preaches one-half of the time. The pastoral labor which I was enabled to perform was most welcome, and evinced how grateful the church would be if some plan could be adopted by which they could enjoy the constant labors of a settled pastor in his connection with the public preaching of the gospel. Difficulties, which for a time had afflicted the church here, are adjusted, and the church as a body appears to be in harmony; one evidence of which was, that an interesting covenant meeting was held, followed by the administration of the Lord's Supper, in which nearly all of the members participated; the only season of the kind which had been enjoyed for over a year. We felt indeed it was good to be there. I visited nearly all of the families, and held religious conversation, and preached in several school houses as well as at the church; in all, twelve times. The Wasioja church is pleasantly located, and well accommodated with railroad facilities, and is a good locality for new settlers; and with the prospect of new railroad accommodations, there ought to be several more Seventh-day Baptist families located there soon. My visit at this point was one of a deeply interesting character, and I shall long remember the many expressions of gratitude that they are not forgotten by their brethren in their efforts to build up a new church in the North-West.

TRENTON.

On July 20th, I went from Wasioja to the Seventh-day Baptist church in Trenton, some forty miles south west. Found the number of the families there some thirty-eight, with an interesting congregation. The first Sabbath I spent with the Trenton church, one circumstance struck me as quite remarkable; and that was, that though there had been two brethren there in the ministry, no preaching was enjoyed by the church, nor had been for a year or more, except what had been provided by a Methodist minister, from Freeborn village, and that only once in two weeks; alternating with a prayer and conference meeting on the Sabbath, conducted by one of the deacons of the church. Eld. Joel C. West, though evidently sound in the "faith," and in harmony with the church, had judged it best to set aside from the pastoral relation and performance of pastoral work, on account of some unpleasant feelings among the people, on the question who should serve the church as minister. It is hoped and believed, however, that matters are growing better in these respects, and that soon an arrangement will be made by which the church may again enjoy the labors of some one of our own ministers among them. Evidently, the great need of this church at the present time is a settled pastor, who shall visit *all*, and preach to *all*, regularly, the Gospel of Christ. Something should be done at once in this direction, while the necessity is felt by the people there. The "Macedonian cry" was pressed on all sides, that I would return and labor among them early the coming autumn; and while I could offer but little if any encouragement in that direction, in view of my present pastoral relations with the church in Farina, I did express to them the conviction that something would be done for them by the Missionary Society at an early day. And I sincerely and earnestly hope such may be the case. The labors of your missionary were very kindly received, both in the families and in public preaching. One thing was a source of regret here, as well as at Carleston, subsequently visited, that owing to the pressure of the grain harvest in this region, together with the limited time which could be consistently spent there, no more opportunities for religious effort could be enjoyed. But, as it was, we were glad our brethren there had so much grain to harvest; and in this respect their prospects are truly encouraging, while at the same time they manifested a zeal which was truly commendable, to attend on the means of grace furnished them by their brethren from abroad. I visited and conversed with individuals in most of the families on the subject of religion, and preached eight times while there. Owing to circumstances among them at Trenton, such as alienation of feeling and evident loss of confidence in each other, growing out of an unpleasant affair about who should be the minister in the church—and which, we are sorry to say, has been in some instances allowed to run to an unwarrantable length—the labors of the missionary on these accounts were rendered somewhat trying. Nevertheless, having done what I could, in the time and under the circumstances, in the way of public preaching, as to what I considered the duty of the church in such a case, when I left them it was with a feeling of gladness and satisfaction that I had been there to contribute my mite of Christian influence towards making things better; and with a feeling of hope, that the labor had not been "in vain in the Lord." I regard the field an interesting one, and one which should be cared for, and labored for, that harmony and efficiency may again be enjoyed.

I left Trenton on the second of August, for

CARLESTON.

Here I found something of the same hindrances as at Trenton—pressure of grain harvest, and some alienation of feeling among brethren. The former will be over in a few weeks, and the latter we know not when; though there is hope that with patient and persevering effort, God may again revive his work, and many of the present hindrances be removed as a consequence. The people are an interesting, and I believe a good people; but owing to circumstances have evidently declined in piety and religious activity, which has given to outward and other circumstances a more unhappy tendency than would otherwise have existed. The pressure of pioneer life, and some difference in doctrinal views between pastor and people, have naturally enough resulted in the present, though I hope only in the temporary, want of harmonious action. There are a number of things connected with the Carleston church and society to make it really a desirable point for religious labor. Religious confidence and co-operation are evidently on the increase. This, with a society of some over forty of young, active, and interesting families, with a good congregation, and regular preaching every Sabbath, by Eld. D. P. Curtis, it would seem, ought to make it, with the blessing of God, a happy and flourishing church. The country itself is grand, and fertile, and beautiful, with soil and facilities to make it one of the finest locations among our people in Minnesota. The Southern Minnesota railroad passes directly through the society, with Alden, a new railroad town, for its depot, grain market, and post-office, and where a select school of high grade is to be opened for students the coming winter, under the direction of Seventh-day Baptists. I could but be impressed with the importance of our making these places in Southern Minnesota at once prominent fields of missionary effort. The country is now open to us, and a large number of Seventh-day Baptist farmers, together with men for shops and the trades in Alden, would find ample encouragement to make homes there. I enjoyed my visit there very much, visiting the families and preaching five times, once on Sunday in the railroad depot at Alden, to a large and attentive audience. The missionary labor bestowed seemed to be fully appreciated; and a public vote of thanks, by the entire congregation, was tendered to the supporters of the mission, the Board, and the missionary, for the interest taken in their spiritual welfare, together with the earnest wish, that more of the same kind of aid may be sent them the present autumn.

It will be remembered, that when the Board extended a call to me in May last, it called for four months' labor, or so much as could be bestowed between that time and the anniversary of the Society in September, I found it inconsistent with my duties as pastor of the church at Farina to be absent from home more than three months. And accordingly, with the close of my labors at Carleston, returned, without visiting Transit, in Sibley Co., Minn., as I first intended. The hindrances in my way, to which I have alluded, with the injudicious outlay of time and money which the pressure of the harvest season in that locality seemed to indicate, induced me to regard it inexpedient to prosecute the mission farther at present. The Board will observe, that the first month and a half of my time on the mission, in Northern Wisconsin, was attended with signal displays of the divine power in the conversion of sinners and additions to the churches of Dakota and Berlin. Mark the surroundings! A more favorable season of the year, and churches united in love and harmonious co-operation with the missionary. The last half of the time on the mission was less encouraging, so far as present indications are concerned. The season of the year was less favorable for collecting congregations, except on the Sabbath. And so far as surroundings and attending circumstances may be noted, want of active harmony among brethren, and a consequent want of united effort, failed to give us the hope in our work which was desirable. And while I would not compute the *amount* of good done by *apparent* results, or cast any reflections on my brethren in the North-West, it can not fail to be read with deep and mingled emotions of anxiety and fear, that in order to success in the cause of God, there ever is a vast necessity for harmony and love in the church of Christ. On the whole, the mission has been one of the deeply interesting experiences of my life. I hope that the labor has not been expended in vain, and am glad that so many of us have borne a part in carrying the gospel into "regions beyond us."

CONCLUSION.

I have been absent a little over three months on the mission, traveled by railroad some seven hundred miles; visited five of our churches—Berlin and Dakota in Wisconsin, and Wasioja, Trenton, and Carleston in Minnesota; preached fifty-two sermons, three of them on the subject of the Sabbath; administered the Lord's Supper three times, and baptism at seven different times, baptizing in all forty-two persons; have received on the field for the mission $17 85, which has been forwarded to the Treasurer, Bro. Geo. B. Utter, from whom I have already received the allowance voted me for the first month and half a service, together with my traveling expenses for the same time. There is now due me for one month and a half service on the mission field, $100, and for traveling expenses from Wisconsin to Minnesota, and from Minnesota home, $40; total $140.

## OUR TRIP TO CONFERENCE.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NUMBER XXX.

On the southern abutment of the steps, leading into the Capitol, at Washington, from the east, stands a group, representing the discovery of America. Columbus holds in his extended hand a globe, symbolic of his discovery of a new world. On his right is an Indian female expressing dismay at beholding a representative of another race. On the northern abutment is represented the conflict between civilized and savage life, and the triumph of the former over the latter. On the left is a female figure representing a terror-stricken mother, holding her child, while the arm of the murderous savage is arrested by the father, as it is about to strike a death-dealing blow; the dog stands by, an interested spectator. No one can behold these groups without admiring them for their beauty, both in design and workmanship.

The architecture of the interior of the Capitol is of elaborate finish. The walls are decorated with fresco paintings, and the floors are laid with tiling of a handsome pattern. The walls of the Vice President's room are entirely of Italian and Tennessee marble. The President's room is beautifully painted in fresco, and the walls are richly adorned with paintings, among which may be seen those of Washington and his first cabinet. On the ceiling are represented Liberty, Religion, Legislation, and Law. The Senate Chamber and House of Representatives are respectively located in the centers of the north and south wings of the Capitol. They are similarly constructed, but differ in size and finish. The ceilings are cast-iron frame works, the panels being filled with richly embellished glass, symbolizing the arts, the characteristics and history of the country. These rooms are lighted from above, and are furnished with every convenience that art or taste could suggest. The other rooms and halls are supplied with statuary and paintings through the entire building; a description of which would require many columns. One painting, however, we mention as truthfully descriptive of the scenes of Western Emigration. It is located in the west gallery stair-way of the House wing. It is beautifully painted on the wall, and represents a party of Emigrants passing over the mountains. It affords a large field for study, presenting the various conditions produced by a long and tiresome journey in the western wilds. On a number of the faces of the party is depicted hope, on others fear, on others energy, on others discouragement. While some are looking forward joyously, others turn a long, sorrowing gaze toward the dear loved land they had left behind them.

We also mention one of the bronze doors, situated in the corridor of the House Wing. It is, indeed, a costly and magnificent piece of work, seventeen feet high by nine wide, and is said to weigh twenty thousand pounds. It contains symbolic ornaments representing, in high relief, the history of Columbus and his discoveries. On its face is represented Europe, Asia, Africa, and America. The door contains eight panels, and as it was described to us, the lower panel, on the left, represents Columbus unfolding his plans of discovery before the Council of Salamanca. The next above, represents his departure from the Convent of La Rabida, near Palos, where he and his little son, Diego, were received, when in great poverty; and Juan Perez, the Prior and personage who introduced him to Queen Isabella. The third panel represents his reception at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella. The fourth, as sailing from Palos, on his first voyage. The fifth, his first encounter with the natives of the West Indies. The sixth, his triumphal return and entry into Barcelona. The seventh represents him as a prisoner in chains, by order of Don Francisco, who was sent to the West Indies, by order of the Court, to investigate charges against him; and the eighth and last panel represents Columbus on his death-bed. The door is ornamented, also, with the heads of contemporary sovereigns, discoverers, and warriors, whose names are connected with the discovery of America.

The Supreme Court of the United States occupies the old Senate Chamber, where are held the sessions of the United States Supreme Court. The Court was in session when we were there, and we had the opportunity of seeing the full bench of Judges acting in their official capacity.

The grounds around the capitol embrace about thirty acres, and are very pleasantly arranged and tastefully laid out. Greenough's Statue of Washington adorns the Park on the East. It is of colossal size, wrought of white marble. It rests upon a pedestal of granite, in a sitting posture, with the right hand pointing toward heaven, while in the left is held a Roman sword, with the handle turned from his person. This is a superb piece of work, and is much admired.

We intended, in our series, to have given a description of the Botanic Garden connected with the Capitol, the Patent Office, the Treasury Department, the Post Office Department, the Smithsonian Institute, the Soldiers' Medical Museum, the President's House, the War and Navy Departments, the unfinished Washington Monument, and other points of interest about Washington, as well as of our visit at Plainfield, N. J., and of what we saw at the Fair of the American Institute, at New York, on our return; also, a description of West Point and the Catskill Mountains, and other scenes of interest along the banks of the Hudson. But time fails us in all of them. If anything has been said in these Notes by the Way, that has been of interest or profit to the readers of the Recorder, or if a leisure hour has been pleasantly whiled away in their perusal, we are paid for our labor.

C. H. M.

## DOUBTFUL DEFINITIONS NEED FREQUENT REPETITION.

When a writer is obliged to define a word every time he uses it, it suggests to me the propriety of consulting the word-books, to see if he is not foisting a false definition upon us. Common words, used in their obvious and accepted sense, do not need a fresh definition every time they are used, lest the reader should understand them in a sense different from that which the writer chooses. Words used in their true signification do not need so frequent definition.

These thoughts are suggested by reading an article on the Resurrection, in which the writer defines the Greek *anastasis*, and the English *resurrection*, no less, I think, than eleven times, as meaning "future life," "future existence," "future state," and as a continued being; every instance of its use calling for a repetition of the definition, lest the reader should forget the true meaning of the term.

The thing being overdone set me to looking up what few dictionaries I have, and I would advise others to do the same. I find the Greek word defined, "A rising up; a resurrection." This is all that Greenfield gives me as its literal definition. Webster tells me that resurrection means—1 "Arising again; the resumption of vigor. 2 Especially, the rising again from the dead; the resumption of life. 3. The period of time which is considered as following a general rising from the dead; the future state."

There is a shade of difference between raising up that which is fallen, and the resumption of a life that has been suspended, and a continued being which has undergone no change, except the dropping off of a cumbrous load that is never to be resumed. The *re* in resurrection signifies *again*; but there is no taking up again of that which has not been laid down; neither is the idea found in receiving something which we never possessed before. In other words, death is not the resurrection. The Bible speaks of them as two events, and also as opposites. It was left for Spiritualism to make them one and the same thing. R. F. Cottrell.

## A MODEL CHURCH.

We are apt to look back to the period of the primitive churches for models; but according to Dr. Guthrie, the eminent Presbyterian clergyman of Edinburgh, we may look for a model church at the Hamburg Baptist Church, founded by Oncken. Dr. Guthrie says:

"See what the church in Hamburg did. Twenty years ago, five Christian men met there in a cobbler's shop. They resolved to form themselves into a church—a missionary church—with Hamburg and its environs for the field of their labors. High above the regimental colors of that little band floated the royal banner of the cross. They fought for the crown of Jesus. They toiled, they watched, they labored for the salvation of souls. One article of their creed, one term of their communion, was this: that every member of that church should be a working Christian. So in the afternoon and evening of the Lord's day they went forth to work, to gather in the loiterers of the highways and hedges. Every member they gained was more than an addition to their numbers; it was an accession to their power. And with what results were their labors attended! These should encourage all other congregations and churches to go and do likewise. That handful of corn is now waving in the golden harvests of many fields That acorn is now shot up into a mighty oak, that nestles the birds of heaven, and braves the tempest, and throws a broad shadow on the ground. That church has, in the course of twenty years, been blessed of God to convert many thousand souls, and bring some fifty thousand people under the regular ministrations of the gospel."

## ROMANCE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Under this head, the *New York Evening Post* of Sept. 1st prints the following ingenious justification of a common practice:

"A charge has been brought by one morning paper of this city against another, apparently sustained by circumstances and by definite information, of printing as special telegrams from Paris, memoranda of the war made up in New York. Certainly all the other journals have cause to complain of conduct which places them at so decided a disadvantage. Yet something may be said on both sides.

"It is an old story that has been told of ever so many great writers of France, that when one of her historians was reproached for not having made his history correspond with the facts, he replied, 'So much the worse for the facts.' And so the New York journalist, if reminded that his daily despatches from Paris were not strictly in accordance with the facts as afterwards ascertained, might reply, '*Tant pis pour les faits.*'

"A very little reflection will show that in writing out a daily narrative of events, without regard to the severe and stubborn truth, the journalist consults his independence, a matter of the first consequence. Relieved of all trammels, he may discuss the situation with the critical freedom of Sydney Smith, who said he never read a book before reviewing it, lest his mind might be prejudiced by its contents.

"As for the convenience of the thing, this will be readily conceded. To sit down three thousand miles off and prepare an account of affairs in a beseiged capital as one might wish this account to be, regarding that as actually done, upon the principle of equity, which ought to be done, is the easiest thing in the world; indeed, we might say it is as easy as rolling off a log.

"Moreover, the subscribers to the paper must not be forgotten. They desire to receive such and such intelligence; they do more, they confidently expect it, and shall they be disappointed? It is so sweet a boon to them, a smooth, neatly-written, apparently consistent, and for the moment undeniable statement of what was said and done and talked of yesterday on the Boulevards, that it were unkind in the journalist to withhold it, and churlish in the public to grudge them its enjoyment.

"And then there is the play left to the writer's imagination. Think of that! What journalist familiar with Paris in all its phases, could not put on paper, from his own vivid recollections of that splendid and shining city, the appearance it must present in wartime, far more effectively here than if he were actually in the hurly-burly itself, deafened by the outcries of the mob and confused by the thousand conflicting rumors of victory and defeat buzzed about from the Bourse to the barrier?

"Let us acknowledge, then, that the practice of making up Paris despatches in New York has its advantages. It is only a pity that the reader who has faith in them should be all at once, as the French say, *desillusione.*"

## THE WAR IN EUROPE.

An entire change has taken place in the aspects of the European war—a change which, it is confidently hoped, will open the way for an early proclamation of peace. The principal army of France, under MacMahon, who was accompanied by the Emperor Napoleon, surrendered to King William of Prussia, on Friday, Sept. 2d, at Sedan. The Emperor gave himself up, with the understanding that the place of his future residence should be appointed by the King.

Of the movements which preceded and rendered necessary the surrender of the French army, a tolerably connected account may be gathered from a careful study of the numerous and somewhat conflicting dispatches. The Prussians seem to have concluded, that it would not be safe for even one of their armies to advance on Paris with the army of MacMahon in their rear, and the army of Bazaine shut up in Metz, where a large force was necessary to besiege it; hence the advance was suspended, and attention was turned to MacMahon. The commanders of the two French armies evidently felt the importance of being combined; and hence MacMahon undertook to reach Metz, while Bazaine undertook to aid him by a sortie, which signally failed, and after suffering defeat in a series of bloody engagements he was shut closer than ever in the fortress, without the slightest hope of relief. MacMahon was detected by his vigilant enemy in his movement from Rethel to Montmedy. Struck in flank while upon the march and astride a wide and navigable river, he was forced back upon Sedan. Fortunately for the French Marshal, his various lines of retreat naturally converged at Sedan; else, with his army separated by the Meuse, he must inevitably have been destroyed. But his several columns, retreating on no fixed or deliberate plan, were concentrated at Sedan, and were thus enabled to resume the battle. No less than eight different engagements were fought after the morning of Aug. 30, when the opposing armies first encountered each other. The French were moving from Rethel to Montmedy, by two parallel roads, apparently unsuspicious of the approach of the Prussians. While MacMahon moved from west to east, the Prussians advanced from south to north, and thus caught him at a disadvantage. The first combats—minor affairs at Attigny, Vrezy, and Nouart, on Aug. 30—forced the rear half of MacMahon's army from one of its lines of march back upon the other, at Stoune and Beaumont, where, later in the day, the French were again attacked and beaten. At the same time, the front half or advance of MacMahon east of the Meuse was struck in flank between Stenay and Montmedy and driven back to Carignan. Here, later in the day, the French were again beaten. During the night of August 30, both wings of the French retreated upon Sedan. On August 31st, the Prussians advanced toward Sedan, and soon attacked the French, not yet across the Meuse, and still separated by it. The Crown Prince of Prussia, attacking the half west of the Meuse, was beaten in a combat which lasted during the forenoon. His losses were so severe that he was compelled to retire toward Mouson; but it was only to reform and prepare for another attack. MacMahon evidently did not think his victory decisive, for while the Crown Prince was restoring his broken and bruised lines, he hastily moved his army to the north side of the Meuse, and once more united it, not at Montmedy for offense against Prince Carl, but at Sedan for defense against his old opponent Prince Fritz. Reorganized during the afternoon of the 31st, the Germans advanced again to the attack on September 1st. The battle on this day was disastrous to the French. The result was a surrender, as already stated, the details of which were arranged with Gen. Wimpfen, commanding instead of MacMahon, who was wounded.

A dispatch from London says that at the close of the conflicts at Sedan, 20,000 Prussians and 10,000 French soldiers lay killed or wounded on the field of battle.

Another dispatch mentions the shooting of Gen. DeFailly, some say by order of MacMahon, and others by his own soldiers; and it is asserted that there were several cases in which French officers were shot by their own soldiers.

It is said that on the 29th, the Emperor and MacMahon came near being captured. MacMahon was at a farm on the road to Stenay and Mouson. He met the Emperor on his way to Sedan. While they were quietly breakfasting, two Prussian divisions came suddenly upon them. The Emperor had just time to jump hastily upon his horse. He reached the high road only five minutes before the Prussians came up to the farm house. The French were wholly unaware of the approach of the enemy, as they kept no patrol scouts or advanced guard. Had not the Prussian advance guard been very weak, both the Emperor and General MacMahon must inevitably have been taken prisoners.

It is reported that upon the reception of the surrender of Napoleon and MacMahon at Sedan, Bazaine and the garrison of Metz capitulated to the Prussian army besieging that fortress.

It is believed the residence of the Elector of Hesse-Cassel will be assigned to Napoleon.

A special correspondent of the *Tribune* telegraphs from the King's headquarters, at Vendres, near Sedan, Friday: The battle of Sedan began at six o'clock in the morning, September 1st. Two Prussian corps were in position on the west of Sedan, having got there by long forced marches to cut off the French retreat to Mezieres. South of Sedan was the First Bavarian corps, and east, across the Meuse, was the second Bavarian corps. The Saxons were on the northeast with the guards. I was on the hights above St. Mease with the King throughout the day, commanding a splendid view of the valley of the Meuse and the field. After a tremendous battle, the Prussians having completely surrounded Sedan, and the Bavarians having entered the fortifications of Sedan, the Emperor capitulated at a quarter past five.

Napoleon's letter of surrender to the King of Prussia said: "As I cannot die at the head of my army, I lay my sword at the feet of your majesty. Napoleon."

The French Government, under date of Paris, Sept. 4th, issued the following proclamation to the French People:

"A great misfortune has come upon the country. After three days of heroic struggles, sustained by the army of Marshal MacMahon against three hundred thousand of the enemy, forty thousand men have been made prisoners. General De Winpfen, who took command of the army in place of Marshal MacMahon, badly wounded, has signed a capitulation. This cruel reverse will not shake our cause. Paris is to-day in a complete state of defence. The military forces of the country will be organized in a few days. A new army will be under the walls of Paris. Another army is forming on the banks of the Loire. Your patriotism, your union, your energy, will save France. The Emperor has been made a prisoner. In the struggle, the Government, in accord with the public powers, will take all measures required by the gravity of events."

As to the course of things in France, there is much speculation as there is much uncertainty. The *Providence Herald* of Sept. 5th, says:

The dread uncertainty what had shrouded the results of the week of terrible fighting between the grand armies of France and Prussia was dispelled on Saturday by the overwhelming announcement that Napoleon himself was a prisoner in the hands of King William and that the entire army of Marshal MacMahon had surrendered unconditionally. At first, the news seemed to surpass belief, even the warmest sympathizers with the German cause, and those who had the utmost confidence in the prowess of the German arms, receiving the announcement with mingled doubt and hope. But as dispatch followed dispatch, first from England, then from Prussia, then from Belgium, all telling the same wondrous tale, doubt gave place to certainty, and the grand truth was accepted with almost universal gladness. This feeling was not so much owing to the fact that the armies of Germany had won a great victory, but because in the decisiveness of that victory there was promise that the terrible slaughter which had drenched the fair fields of France with human blood and made widows and orphans of countless thousands, was at an end. We will not now recall the circumstances which led to this most bloody struggle, nor repeat the verdict of the world as to where the guilty responsibility rests. The sudden and complete overthrow of the principal character in the terrible drama, suggests present questions of an overshadowing nature, before which those of the past seem inconsequential. The Napoleonic dynasty is at an end. After that dynasty, what? Will the Orleanists be recalled to the throne of France? Will there be a revolution in Paris? Will the Republic be again proclaimed? Who can tell? We confess that we have been unable to see any convincing indications that the French people either desire or are prepared for a Republic. There are Republicans in France, thousands of them, but they have never seemed to make much progress in impressing their views of government upon the masses. The Orleanists are popular with a large party, and as Trochu, who is at the head of the government at present, is one of their partisans, it is certain that a strong effort will be made to secure their re-establishment. But where events follow one another in such rapid succession, and when it is impossible to say what an hour may or may not bring forth, speculation is profitless.

We believe, however, that from the dread trial through which she is now passing, France will emerge purified. Chastened by her sorrows, she will guard herself against the evils by which they have been brought upon her. The French people have now learned, through the severest experience, that it is more than hazardous to give one man the power to ride and drive millions where he will; and if at this period of transition they reserve to themselves the power to control in all matters in which they are the most deeply concerned, they will have established a principle which will shield them against that personal and dynastic ambition which has ever been their greatest curse and the cause of their bitterest sorrows.

Free-Will Baptist Views.—A late number of the *Morning Star* has an article on the mission of the Free-Will Baptist brethren, "as refreshing," says the *Watchman and Reflector*, "for its fairness and candor, as it is valuable for its statement of its denominational views." The following is a portion of the article:

"We are neither Calvinistic nor strictly Arminian. We reject the severe and shocking dogmas of the former, and the illogical absurdities of the latter system; and are happy to believe that all Christian sects are coming nearer and nearer to this common ground, where all truth harmonizes. We believe in salvation by grace; the sovereignity of God; ability and responsibility of man; general atonement; spiritual influence; universal call; freedom of the human will, and the possibility of salvation to all. We hold to the 'communion of saints;' the unity of the family of Christ; the Word of God our only rule of faith and practice; and we deny that tradition, human opinions or inferences are adequate grounds for Christian faith. It has been our good fortune to perceive how the great truths of the Bible modify and harmonize with one another, so as to avoid extremes and impart a wholesome value to all doctrines and ordinances of the Gospel.

How shall we get more Ministers?—"If everybody who asks this question," says the *Advance*, "were doing his part to answer it, the matter would soon mend. We need every full-course minister the seminaries can turn out—and every candidate should take a full course who can—but we need, besides, to bring into the field a multitude of Christian men who cannot take a full course, but who could do good work—better sometimes and in some places than full course men—and who are needed right away. Almost every minister, with the eye and the zeal of a good recruiting officer, can find in his congregation one or two young men of earnestness and intelligence, who, with a short preparatory training, could step into this work, and who ought to be enlisted for it. The successful pastor now for thirty years of one of the largest Congregational churches in New Hampshire, worked as a carpenter until he was thirty years old, and entered upon his theological course with only a few months' preparatory study. We need to hurry up the recruits to the front. If they cannot stay as long in the drill camp as we could wish, we can mix them in with the veterans, and they will do good service."

Baptists in Madrid.—Professor King, an American Baptist, who commenced evangelical labor in Madrid without the patronage of any missionary society, formed a church party on Presbyterian principles, but lately was led to preach his own Baptist doctrines, closing by appointing a day and place for the administration of baptism by immersion. The result he describes in a letter to the Baptist Missionary Rooms, Boston:

"At the appointed hour, what was my surprise to find a large concourse waiting by the river Manzanares, of whom eighteen of our members were desirous of immersion. Three of them were over sixty years of age, and all the rest, save three, between thirty-five and fifty, seven men and eleven women. I first buried the aged Maria 'with Christ in baptism,' and then the rest 'arose the same hour and were baptized.' Next week the remainder of the church will follow, and if God please, under the peculiar circumstances, I shall then reorganize it into the First Baptist church of Madrid."

Church Pews.—According to the London *Athenæum*, pews were first placed in English churches by the Norman nobles, who thus added another evil to the long list with which they perplexed the purer Christianity of England. Says that journal:

They were not numerous and not allowed to persons of inferior grade of gentility. Even to the close of the Plantagenet period, Christians were content to be equal in the house of God, so far as seats were concerned. As late as the time of Elizabeth, only persons of undeniable quality sat in pews; but before the close of her reign, they were comparatively common. The seventeenth century, which witnessed so many changes in ecclesiastical matters, saw pews come into such vogue that a modish person would as soon have gone to church without his proper furniture of point lace, as have sat out a service on the old-fashioned stool or more modern bench.

Presbyterian Statistics.—The annual publication of the Presbyterian Church, now so happily united, makes a volume of about four hundred and eighty pages, to be sold for one dollar. The statistics, compiled by Dr. Hatfield, are as complete as persistent industry could make them, though marred by the carelessness of many persons in making the proper returns. The "Church," as now organized, comprises 259 presbyterians, 4,238 ministers, and 4,526 churches, with 446,561 communicants and 448,857 children in Sunday schools. The contributions, as far as reported, amount in all to $8,440,121, of which $6,416,105 are for congregational purposes, $366,274 for home missions, $323,847 for foreign missions, and $270,898 for education.

A Sad Case of Murder occurred at Newburg, N. Y., on the evening of August 30. The victim was John L. Seaverns, who was killed while sitting at the supper table with his wife. The murderer, Lieutenant Buffon, approached him from behind and shot him in the neck, the ball passing through the spinal marrow, and causing instant death. After the murder, Buffon retreated to the third story of the building, and threatened to shoot whoever should approach, but he afterwards went down and delivered himself up to the sheriff and chief of police, who lodged him in jail. Buffon was recently discharged from Worcester Mass. Lunatic Asylum, and came to Newburg on a visit to Seaverns' son, whom he had known at the Asylum. Both lately indulged in dissipation. That morning, Seaverns upbraided Buffon, gave him money, and ordered him away. After prowling about all day, and making frequent treats, he returned craftily and performed his bloody deed. The victim was highly esteemed, and the murder caused a fearful excitement. Mr. Seaverns is a well-known manufacturer of paper machinery, and lately removed from Worcester, Mass. The body remained bolt upright in the chair, with one hand retaining a knife and the other some bread; both hands were supported on the table.

Every Saturday for September 10 is one of the handsomest illustrated papers ever issued. It contains European War Pictures—the Baden Prisoners taken at Niederbronn; French Soldiers bathing at Nancy; A Prussian Outpost; Saarbruck; and Some Recruits for the South German Army. It has, besides, fine portraits of Mademoiselle Sessi and Geo. W. Childs of the *Philadelphia Ledger*, a beautiful art picture, Morning in the Desert; and three admirable summer pictures—A Picnic in the Woods, by A. Hoppin; Summer Days, by W. J. Hennessy; and on the Beach at Long Branch, by C. G. Bush. Its literary contents comprise able and very interesting Editorials on The Balance of Power, An Empire's Ball Run, On the Uncertainty of Things, A Desirable Calamity, etc. It has a full summary of Home and Foreign News, two additional chapters of "The Mystery of Edwin Drood," a sketch of Geo. W. Childs by James Parton, and other fresh and readable articles. Altogether it is a remarkable number of this first-class family Illustrated Weekly.

Attempt at Suicide under Difficulties.—Robert Buffum, the murderer of Mr. Seaverns, now confined in jail at Newburg, N. Y., made a most desperate and extraordinary attempt at suicide. Standing on a chair, he dived down on the stone floor of his cell, striking on the top of his head. This he performed eight or ten times before the jailor could open the cell door and stop the performance. After each plunge, Buffum remained for a few moments as if stunned, and then reviving he would get on the chair again and dash himself to the floor. When the door was opened, several of the prisoners rushed in and seized the murderer. He struggled with all his strength, but at length was overpowered and held down on his bed by three of the strongest of the prisoners. The cell presented a horrible spectacle. The floor was covered with blood from the terrible wounds on the prisoner's head. Blood was spattered about on the walls of the cell, and the prisoner's clothes were saturated.

Prussian Military Education.—In Prussia, colonels of regiments, instead of Congressmen, select cadets from the sons of officers and from deserving non-commissioned officers, for the five military schools. Before they enter upon the prescribed course of study, *they serve in the ranks nine months*, and thus become more practically acquainted with service than our cadets can in their holiday encampments at West Point. Then come three years of laborious study, at the expiration of which about one-third of the class—including the best of it, of course—receive commissions, while the rest are sent back into the ranks of the army to serve out their military term. Forty of the best officers thus commissioned pass three years more at the Staff School at Berlin, during which time they not only visit all the fortresses on the frontiers, but quietly reconnoitre adjacent nations. Doubtless the greater portion of the staff officers of the Prussian armies now in France know the way "*On to Paris.*"

Collision of the Yacht Jennie.—On Tuesday, Aug. 30th, the yacht Jennie, Capt. Card, while on the passage from Block Island to Stonington, collided with the schooner Miquars, of Southport, Conn., off Point Judith. Both vessels were running with a seven-knot breeze. The Jennie struck the schooner in the fore chains, carrying away her bowsprit, cut-water, and all her head rigging. A passenger who was sitting on the bowsprit, with his feet hanging over the side, was hurt on the head by striking against the iron windlass. After the collision, a scene of confusion ensued. Everything and everybody was generally mixed up. The passengers were terribly frightened, and expected the vessel would sink. The schooner hove to and took the Jennie's passengers, twenty-eight in number, on board, then towed the Jennie up to the Naps, and brought the passengers on to Stonington. It was a narrow escape for all.

Moltke.—The *Army and Navy Journal* tells the following anecdote:

Two years ago, a distinguished American soldier called upon Gen. Von Moltke at the War Office in Berlin, where he found the great Prussian strategist poring over his maps of the Rhine frontier. "If you will permit me, Gen. Von Moltke," said our friend, "I should like to ask an impertinent question, which you must answer or not, as you think best." "Certainly," replied the General; "ask it." Laying his hand upon the open map with significant gesture, he inquired, "are you ready?" "Yes," was the answer; "only we cannot in case of a war with France hope for such good fortune as attended us in the campaign against Austria. The great difficulty is that our King cannot be persuaded to declare war, and thus give us the benefit of the initiative."

"Unmailable Matter."—Postmaster Bingham, of Philadelphia, recently wrote to the Postmaster General, stating that he had detained at his office, as "unmailable matter," a large number of small packages, containing samples of molasses, inclosed in small vials, securely wrapped in stiff papers, and asking for instructions in regard to the matter. The Postmaster General replied, that the samples must not be forwarded through the mails, and that "in view of several recent complaints, relative to molasses and several other disagreeable fluid samples being broken in the mails, it is the intention of this department to urge its officers to a careful examination of mail matter, in order that such articles may be rigidly excluded from the mails" This is in accordance with section 38 of the post office regulations, which prescribes that liquids, chemicals, and explosives, shall not be received by any postmaster for transmission in the mails.

Magnificent Gift by an English Methodist.—During the late session of the English Wesleyan Methodist Conference, a very interesting and important announcement was made. Rev. William Arthur stated that he had received a letter that morning from Sir Francis Lycett, a distinguished Methodist layman, in which he (Sir Francis) said that he hoped within ten years, perhaps seven, to see erected in London fifty new chapels; and if £50,000 (about $250,000) could be obtained from the connection, he intended to give as much. The announcement produced a deep impression on the Conference, and was received with loud applause. Our Methodist brethren in London seemed to entertain no doubt that the other $250,000 would be forthcoming.

Robbery.—On Tuesday night, Sept. 30th, the office of the Methodist Book Concern, on Broadway, New York, was burglariously entered, by means of false keys, and after an unsuccessful attempt on the safe of the Book Concern, which contained $200,000 in notes, bonds and silver ware, the burglars succeeded in opening and rifling a small safe, and finished the operation by spreading out and partaking of a sumptuous lunch which they brought with them. Fifteen thousand dollars in bonds were taken, the property of J. C Durbin, of Jersey City, and the additional loss will not be over $300 The Methodist officials decline any assistance from the police officers or detectives in ferreting out the thieves.

A Terrible Mining Accident occurred on Monday morning, Aug. 29th, at Preston Slope, No. 3, at Girardville, Pa., by which six men were killed and one fatally injured. A cage got off the track, and a wagon containing seven men was thrown off by coming in contact with the top timbers, which precipitated them to the bottom of the slope, a distance of one hundred yards. The following were killed: George Taylor, John Taylor, Thomas Robbins, Michael Wehl, Philip Farley and Thomas Bourke. William Taylor lost one foot and was otherwise seriously and probably fatally injured. The three Taylors were brothers. All the men, with one exception, leave large families.

"Murder Will out," sometimes.—Chas. Waller and his wife Hannah, were arrested at Faribault, Minn., recently, for the murder of Francis W. Newland, his wife, and a child twelve months old, near Marshfield, Mo., two years ago. At the time, no clue to the murderers could be discovered, but about three months afterward, a respected couple moved from Marshfield, which awakened the suspicion of a friend of the murdered family; he went after them and found the cattle of the murdered man grazing in their newly purchased fields. He worked up the case silently, till he obtained evidence sufficient to warrant their arrest as stated.

The Old Baptist General Meeting will hold its two hundredth anniversary at the Elder Knight's Meeting-House, South Scituate, R I., Sept. 7th, 8th, and 9th, 1870. The following is the order of exercises:

First day, at 10 a. m., introductory sermon by Elder Fenner Jacques, organization of meeting and business. Second day, prayer and conference at 8 o'clock a. m, followed by preaching throughout the day. Third day, prayer and conference at 8 o'clock a. m., followed by a discourse from Rev. Charles Howard Malcom, of Newport, on the Baptist History of the State of Rhode Island.

Female Justice of the Peace.—Miss A. P. Ladd, of Augusta, Me., was recently appointed by the Governor and Council a Justice of the Peace and Quorum. This is believed to be the first appointment of a lady to this office in New England, and perhaps in the United States east of Wyoming Territory. She holds the responsible position of chief clerk in the United States Pension Agency in Augusta, and is said to be a young lady of first-class business qualifications. This appointment qualifies her to administer oaths, take acknowledgments of deeds, solemnize marriages, &c.

Baptist Mission to Freedmen.—The Baptist Home Mission Society have undertaken to raise half a million dollars to establish a seminary in each southern State, primarily for the benefit of the freedmen, but open to all. Upwards of $100,000 is already raised and properly invested. A gentleman in Burlington, Vermont, gave $2,000; three friends in New York gave $1,000 each; and Dr. and Mrs. Nathan Bishop have paid to the treasurer the sum of $5,000. The doctor is himself a member of the Board and of the Freedmen's Committee.

It is an Interesting Fact, that the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, while Protestant and evangelical, is under no sectarian control; that among its managers are missionaries representing four different Boards, three American and one Irish, and that among the members are representatives of at least eight different denominations. It extends its blessings to all Oriental sects alike, and is entitled to the support and sympathy of the benevolent of all creeds. The college has a charter from the Legislature of New York.

"Scribner's Monthly," an illustrated Magazine for the people, is to be issued in October, taking the place of "Hours at Home." Dr. J. G. Holland (Timothy Titcomb) is to conduct the editorial department, and Roswell C. Smith will represent the business interest, under the name of Scribner & Co. The best writers procurable in this country and Great Britain will be employed upon the pages of the new Magazine, and every number will be profusely and handsomely illustrated. The subscription price of the Magazine will be $3 00 a year, or twenty-five cents a number. Canvassers are wanted in every town, city, and village in the United States and Canadas, to whom liberal commissions will be paid. To Clergymen, Students, and Ladies, (whose time may not be fully employed,) we offer a field of effort in which personal profit and popular usefulness may be achieved in equal measure. As no Club Rates and no Premiums are offered, the field will be left entirely free for Agents.

Polygamy has been the subject of an extensive debate at Salt Lake, between Dr. Newman and Orson Pratt. The debate having closed, some of the papers are trying to find out how many converts were made by it. The Corinne *Reporter* says that the last sermon of Dr. Newman, on the subject of polygamy, created a profound sensation, finding vent in sobs and cries among the women, and curses among the men. On Sunday evening, after the close of the debate, the feeling was profound and universal, and the faith of many was shaken.

Terrible Fires in Asia Minor are reported. The seaport town of Samsoun, a station of the Austrian Steam Navigation Company's packets, has been destroyed by fire. Twenty-five hundred houses and six churches are in ashes. Many lives were lost. The inhabitants are suffering terribly from want of food and shelter. Another conflagration is reported in Yenidge, Macedon, where eighty-five houses were burned. Still another fire had occurred at Mondania, where eight hundred and eighty houses were consumed.

Tent Preaching.—About the middle of last week, a tent was set up on Mechanic-street, Westerly, where the views of the Sabbath-keeping Adventists were expounded each evening, and day and evening on Sabbath and First-days. The preachers were Stephen N. Hasken, of Worcester, Mass., and Peleg Rodman, of Ashaway. The attendance was rather small the first two evenings, but increased to perhaps one hundred and fifty before the close of the meetings.

Colleges and Academies.—The result reached by the Baptist Educational Convention in Iowa was to recommend that the three colleges which now divide the interests of the denomination in the State be regarded as, and attempt only the work of, first class academies; and that all unite in establishing and endowing one college, at some suitable locality, which, besides proper buildings and grounds, shall contribute at least $50,000 toward the endowment. The Convention holds itself free to select either of the present colleges as the one Baptist college of Iowa, if it shall best meet all the conditions in the case.

Assassination is still common in Arkansas. A few days ago, a party of men rode up to the residence of J. Glover, a planter, living in Johnson county, and, calling him to the door, shot and killed him. His son-in-law, while attempting to escape, was also killed. They then fired a volley into the house, dangerously wounding Mrs. Glover and her little son, and then rode away.

Long Service Rewarded.—The Rev. Enoch Pond, D. D., has resigned his seat as professor in the Bangor Theological Seminary, the resignation to take effect when his successor shall have been found. He has been connected with the institution for over forty years. The trustees have very fitly voted him an annual pension of one thousand dollars and the use of a home through life.

Generosity Reciprocated.—A lady connected with the church of the Rev. George M. Adams, at Portsmouth, N. H., recently gave the church a lot of land for a chapel, worth $2,300. The people at once raised $10,000, and they are now erecting a fine large chapel, with a ladies' room, kitchen, and all the modern improvements, to be completed next January.

A Fire at Sea, and the loss of 120 lives, is reported by telegraph from London, Sept. 3d. The vessel was an Italian bark named Manning Barabid, burnt May 23d. Only 30 out of 150 passengers were saved.

Infallibility don't please the Bavarians. At a conference of bishops, recently held, it was unanimously resolved never to submit to the action of the Œcumenical Council on the infallibility question.

A headless and armless body of a man was seen alongside the track of the Illinois Central Railroad, at Chicago, Tuesday morning. A paper in his pocket bore the name of J. J. W. O'Donohue, editor of the *Insurance Chronicle*, and a messenger was dispatched to inform his family. The messenger had not gone far before he met Mr. O'Donohue alive and well. The circumstance was explained by the fact that Mr. O'Donohue's house was entered by burglars a few days ago, and that the paper found upon the body was then stolen.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

In Oregon, Illinois, the Roman Catholics have a church, but no resident priest. The child of a Catholic died there the other day, and in the absence of the priest, the Rev. Geo W. Crofts, a Protestant minister, officiated, by request, in the Catholic church, and pronounced a benediction at the grave. His service and remarks were very acceptable to the Catholic people.

An editorial in the *Christian Advocate* says that the editor, being appointed for four years by the General Conference, "has no official 'superior;' neither bishops, nor book agents, nor annual conferences, &c. "His pay is legally sure to him for his term, and there is no man or lot of men entitled to interfere with his duties in any way."

A young Mexican gentleman of Saltillo, educated for the priesthood, has recently joined the Reformed Society at Monterey, and resolves to preach the free gospel, although he is exposed to many losses and some peril to his life from his old associates. He is deemed a valuable acquisition to the Protestant cause in Mexico.

Dr M. B. Riddle writes to the *Presbyterian Banner* from Heidelberg, that the King of Prussia "is an earnest Christian, as is Von Moltke, the planner of campaigns, while Von Roon, the Minister of War, is one of the comparatively few men in Germany who gathers his household daily and leads their devotions."

The United Brethren at Indianapolis—including several ministers and congregations—have come over to the Methodists. They project a new church building. The new rule on secret societies is the cause of their disaffection with their own church.

The average age of American ministers, at death, is found to be sixty-four, which is four years more than the longevity of the next most favored class, ten years more than in the other professions, and from twelve to nineteen years above that of mechanics, artizans, miners, operatives, and the like.

The new Methodist church at Portland, Oregon, is to be dedicated by Bishop Ames, September 4th. It has a spire one hundred and sixty-two feet high, and cost about $40,000, of which only $2,500 remain unpaid. It will be the finest church in Oregon, and among the best in the West.

The *Herald and Presbyter* of Cincinnati thinks that singing is the reason why "the Methodists have become the leading denomination of this country," while "the Friends, who had an earlier and better planting, have dwindled almost into non-existence."

An able southern Baptist minister writes that he has good success among the negroes and among the poor whites. "But with the whites who have been rich, who have lost their property by the war, I can do but little. They are determined, if possible, to make another fortune."

The Protestant College in Beirut, Syria, is under the control of no sect, although entirely evangelical in its spirit. It is managed chiefly by missionaries, representing eight different denominations, American, English and Irish, all in harmony.

The Wesleyan Conference in England approved the proposal of Dr. Jobson and others for the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey to John and Charles Wesley, the authorities of the Abby having given their consent.

Forty years ago a complete copy of the Old Testament could not be found in the city of Jerusalem. Now there are in Palestine twenty-four Protestant schools, in which a thousand children are taught the truth.

The English Bishop at Gibraltar has been applied to by one thousand two hundred inhabitants of Jerez, in Spain, to send them a minister, but his worship replied that it was no part of his work to aid men in leaving the Church of Rome.

A Methodist seminary for children, young men and young women, is to be opened at Salt Lake City this month. It will be conducted by the Rev. Erastus Smith and his wife, of Illinois.

The Baptists of Denmark have appealed in their poverty to their brethren in the United States for the sum of $500 to establish a training school for their young preachers.

A telegram, dated after the massacre of the Catholic missionaries at Tien-Tsin, in China, from Rev. W. M. Hall, says that no Protestant missionary has been molested.

The Swedes who have recently come into Aroostook region in Maine are Baptists, and have with them a Baptist minister.

In 1800 there were not one hundred native Protestants in all India and Burmah. Now there are not far from eighty thousand church members.

The Baptist Home Mission Society has commissioned ten of the Jones family as missionaries. That family ought to be all able and devoted men.

The missionaries among the Dakota Indians, although Presbyterians, are strongly desirous of retaining their connection with the American Board.

A small Novelty printing press has recently been purchased in Boston for the Marsh Seminary in Eastern Turkey.

Chillicothe, Ohio, refuses to permit apothecaries to open their shops on Sunday.

## SUMMARY OF NEWS.

We have to note another fatal instance of what is called "hydrophobia" in St. Louis. An unfortunate woman was bitten by a miserable cur, about two months ago, and died in hospital on the 24th August. This dog bit seven persons before it was killed. In each case cauterization was resorted to, but Mrs. Duffy, the woman who died, failed to have the operation repeated. A peculiarity of this case was that three hours before her death the woman ate a hearty dinner, and drank without aversion a cup of water.

Severe storms in various parts of the country are reported. At Buffalo, Sept. 29th, there was a squall which caused much destruction to property. The swing-bridge over Buffalo Creek was blown from its moorings and demolished. Four teams were on the bridge at the time of the accident, but made their escape. During the storm, a man, woman and child were killed on the Lake Shore road by a passing train. The dust and rain blinded the engineer and foot passengers.

A gentleman of Stamford, Conn., is raising a crop of cotton with every prospect of success. It is not very extensive, but it illustrates perfectly the tropical nature of the present summer, even in the cool shades of bleak New England. The seed of this cotton was sown in a hot-bed in April, and the plants were set out about the middle of May. The flowers appeared long ago, and the bolls are already fully formed. More promising cotton cannot now be seen in Georgia.

Horace Greeley has just sold one of his ten shares of the *Tribune* stock, "just to oblige a friend." The stock, which for many years paid only about seven or eight per cent., has rapidly appreciated the last few years, and now yields twenty per cent., steadily. Four years ago the stock could be and was purchased for $6,000 a share—the par value is $1,000—but recently $10,000 a share has been offered and refused by men who are ready to sell when they can get their price.

In Chicago, Ill., on Sunday afternoon, September 4th, a fire broke out in the paper store of Laflin, Butler & Co., and was still burning at nine o'clock in the evening, though under control. The whole of the magnificent Drake Block, on Wabash avenue, corner of Washington street, is destroyed. The total losses will reach about $3,000,000, on which is from $1,500,000 to $1,800,000 insurance.

The holders of over one million of Minnesota State bonds met in New York the other day, and unanimously resolved to decline the offer of the State to pay the bonds in wild lands at $8 70 per acre, four times the market value on the ground; that the principal is not yet due, and the legality of the bonds and the ability of the State to provide for their interest are unquestioned.

A number of young Cubans who were in the several colleges in and around New York when the war broke out in their country, and have been deprived of the means of continuing their studies, because of their families becoming impoverished, are now seeking positions as conductors on the city railroad cars.

The Methodists of Omaha, Nebraska, have arranged their church into a block of stores that will rent for $10,000 a year. This income will go to the cause of church extension in the State of Nebraska, and is likely to secure the building of several churches in the rural districts every year.

The Comptroller of New York State has just completed his appropriation of the $75,000 awarded by the last Legislature to Charity Week Day Schools of that State. The Hebrew Free Schools of New York have received as their share $1116 50.

As an instance of unexampled heroism, Secretary Robeson has written a letter thanking Surgeon Thomas J. Turner, of the European fleet, for volunteering and going on board the Franklin to attend the small pox patients.

Surveys have been received at the General Land Office of several additional townships lying along the Pacific coast, a short distance below San Francisco. The lands are good for agricultural and grazing purposes.

Nathaniel Hawthorne and Franklin Pierce used to love, in summer, to inhabit the Little Boar's Head tavern, on the New Hampshire coast. They preferred it to the big bores' headquarters at Newport or Saratoga.

A New Hampshire exchange says that the apple crop throughout the state will be immense, and the market is already glutted with the fruit, fifty cents a bushel being the ruling price at present.

Cayuga Lake abounds in frogs this season, and frog-eaters and frog-catchers are having lots of fun, besides remunerating themselves by shipping cargoes of frogs to New York and other cities.

The Hawaiian churches contributed last year $4,010 for foreign missions. Rev. S. P. Aheong, a native Chinese, has embarked for the Islands of China as a Chinese missionary.

Monson, Mass., has a wonderful apple tree, which bears promiscuously Baldwins and russets, one twig often bearing both varieties. Sometimes an apple is one half Baldwin and the other half russet.

It is estimated that America, when her productive power is fully developed, will be able to feed four times as many persons as there are now on the face of the earth.

The new hammer in the Bessamer Steel Works at Harrisburg weighs 35,000 pounds, cost $92,000, and is the largest in the United States. The company soon expect to make 25,000 tons of steel rails a month.

It is said that it takes ten men nearly a year, working steadily, to finish a handsome camel's hair shawl. When you take this into consideration, the price asked for them seems very moderate.

Sister Irene, of the foundling asylum of New York, reports that 1,040 babies have been found in the basket crib in the vestibule of that institution. They continue to come in at the rate of about seven daily.

English gratitude is about to erect a statue to one of the principal generals of the lost cause, Stonewall Jackson. Some of the English papers object to it, because it is an insult to the United States.

Mrs A. W. MacDonald, one of the leading woman suffrage reformers, of New York, committed suicide at Mount Vernon, Westchester county, Sept. 2d, during a fit of temporary insanity.

Prince Frederic Charles recently barely escaped capture by a division at Vinay, near Rheims. He passed over a road by which that division was marching, half a mile in advance, in a carriage.

The cross on the summit of Trinity Church spire, New York, was ascended by a man, Friday afternoon, the third time the feat has been performed since the erection of the church.

A woman in Keokuk threw concentrated lye in her former husband's face, the other day, because he had procured a divorce through lies. Finding him disposed to lie she meant to give him enough of the article.

James King, a respectable citizen of Dover, N. H., recently celebrated his eighty-first birth-day and second wedding day simultaneously, by leading to the hymeneal altar a blooming bride of seventy-six.

Nearly one-half the type setting on the Paris literary papers is done by women.

Edward Connors, the man who threw young Eastman into the water at Charlestown, Mass., a short time ago, died in the State prison hospital. For more than a week he had been in an unconscious state, and ever since his incarceration he had been unable to do any work. It seems not unlikely that the unhappy man may have died of remorse, although there is some ground for the impression that he was insane when he so deliberately drowned the lad.

An accident happened on Monday morning, Aug. 29th, at Girardville, Pa., by which six men were killed. A cage got off the track, and the wagon, containing seven men, was thrown off by coming in contact with the top timber, which precipitated them to the bottom of a slope—a distance of about one hundred yards.

Sixty or more people, who are more or less Drakes, and near or remote descendants of Sir Francis Drake, lay claim to a property in England amounting to several millions sterling; but chancery and probate courts and sharp English barristers may make ducks and drakes of the entire crowd.

King William's suite at the army headquarters consists of about one thousand persons, of whom eighty are court dignitaries. Servants, attaches of the postal and telegraphic services, members of the engineer corps, geographers, etc., make up the rest. Bismarck's train is almost as ample as King William's.

On the morning of August 30th., two cars of a train on the Des Moines Valley railroad were thrown down an embankment south of Des Moines, and demolished. Eight men were killed, and fifteen seriourly wounded; all being Iowa soldiers on their way to attend the State Soldiers' Reunion.

In consequence of the drought, the potato crop of New Hampshire will be much less than that usually secured As that State produces two-fifths of all the starch made in the United States, the price of that article has already been affected by the prospect. The apple crop promises to be a most abundant one.

The whole number of Union soldiers buried in national cemeteries, whose names and places are known, is about two hundred thousand. The twenty fifth volume of the Roll of Honor, about to be issued, con ains nearly twenty-six thousand, and several more volumes will be required to contain the whole number.

The old Merrimac Academy building, in Groveland, Mass., occupied by the Grand Army of the Republic, Knights of St. Crispin and Good Templars, was burned Thursday morning, Sept. 1st. involving considerable loss to all these bodies.

The "Providence Journal" says five daughters and one son of the late William Taylor—grand-children of Zephaniah Andrews—are living, whose ages are: Sarah, 78; Hertilla, 77; Peter, 75; Eliza, 73; Susan, 66; Abby, 64—their united ages being 433 years.

Prussia has greatly improved in agriculture in the last fifty years. The land now supports twice as many inhabitants as it did in 1820, though a greater space is devoted to feeding cattle, and to the raising of plants for manufacturing purposes.

Mr. Rufus C. Rundlett, of Raymond, N. H., recently received $1,600 damages from the Portsmouth Railroad, for injuries received by the frightening of his horse by a hand car and donkey car, which were standing by the highway.

The volcano Momottombe is in eruption. Arequipa, Peru, suffered considerably, and several villages in the province of Cuzco were ruined on the 18th of July, by an earthquake.

Another original portrait of Martin Luther has been discovered, the number now on hand showing that he must have had protracted sittings on his own account outside of the religious council.

A Manchester (N. H.) woman, forty-one years old, has twelve children, according to the *Union*, the oldest of whom is twenty-seven. All work in the mills, except the youngest.

In Washington, the other day, a man named Robert Thompson committed suicide by climbing to the top of a tree, fixing his neck in the fork of a limb, and swinging off.

A St. Louis minister prayed in his church that "the wicked game of base ball, and the devil's tattoo, called Shoo Fly, may speedily spend their force."

The African Methodist Episcopal Church has 350,000 communicants, 25,000 probationers, 1,000 traveling and 5,000 local preachers, and seven Bishops.

Mr. Seward and his friends will sail from San Francisco for China September 18. The Consul-General to China and the Russian Minister accompany them.

A. G. Black, whose title was Grand Conductor of the Railroad Conductors' Brotherhood of the United States, died at Wooster, Ohio, a few days ago.

A cable dispatch says private telegrams from Pekin announce another massacre by the Chinese there. A British Consul is said to have been one of the victims.

A newly discovered Chinese poem, "Li Sao," written three hundred years before Christ, is said to prove that the existence of America was known to the Chinese at that time.

It is claimed that there were life-insurance companies in China three thousand years ago—which is supposed to account for the teeming population of that country now.

One of the finest qualities in a human being is that nice sense of delicacy which renders it impossible for him ever to be an intruder or a bore.

The peanut crop of Virginia this year will be 400,000 bushels, while Tennessee raises 300,000 bushels, and Georgia and the Carolinas from 150,000 to 175,000.

Kansas has three postmistresses—at Emporia, Leavenworth, and Eldorado. They perform their duties as well as the same class of officials of the sterner sex.

It is asserted that the bite of the cobra, or any other poisonous snake or reptile, can be cured by administering a preperation of the gall of the venomous creature.

A man in Kansas made a corn crib of himself to the extent of twenty-seven ears boiled. The coroner has charge of his effects.

The southern planters are going to make an effort to colonize English sparrows in the cotton-growing sections of the country.

Chief Justice Chase is now at Narragansett, recovering from an indisposition brought on by too much exposure during his recent visit to the Northwest.

Leverett C. Stowell, for many years a merchant in New York, was drowned in Oswego lake, near Cooperstown, N. Y., while bathing.

The Public Debt Statement shows a reduction of more than thirteen millions during the month of August.

A. T. Stewart has bought one hundred acres of land just outside of the southern line of Brooklyn, for $200,000.

The new grove of big trees in Calaveras county, Cal., has one giant eighty-four feet in circumference at the roots.

An Irishwoman, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

Tennessee is becoming a great potato growing state, and has a very large crop this year, which is also of fine quality.

People at Atlantic City, N. J., have to wear strainers over their nostrils to prevent inhaling mosquetoes, they are so thick.

A few leaves of green wormwood scattered in places infested with black ants will dislodge those insects.

A region of salt ten miles square, where it covers the ground like gravel, has been found in New Mexico.

The Indian tribes on the San Joaquin River, in California, are committing depredations upon the settlers.

Jenny Lind and Florence Nightingale are sending from London supplies for the wounded of the two armies in the field.

This season has been one of the poorest for cheese-making known in Vermont for thirty years, owing to the drought.

J. H. Conant, of Cuba, N. Y., has been awarded the Cornell University Scholarship by the examining board of Allegany County.

Sixty-four fires occurred in New York in August, one-quarter caused by kerosene accidents. Total loss, eighty-three thousand dollars.

The *Pendulum* understands that work on the Wickford railroad is suspended for the present, probably for lack of funds.

Another man has been killed, in Chicago, under the surgeon's hands, by the administration of chloroform.

The British fleet at Spithead, on Thursday, Sept. 1st, honored the memory of Admiral Farragut.

Eight persons were killed, and 15 wounded, by an accident on the Des Moines Valley Railroad.

The shipment of grain in bulk from St. Louis to the South by railroad has begun.

Several persons were injured, and 15 cars demolished, on the California and Oregon Railroad.

A cheese factory of two-thousand-cow capacity is going up in Minnesota.

Half the bathing-houses at Long Branch were swept away by high tide, Thursday night, Sept. 1st.

Two hundred bales of silk recently passed through Omaha, shipped direct from China to London.

Only eighteen persons died of smallpox in all Ireland last year. So much for compulsory vaccination.

A Kentucky clergyman, sixty-five years old, is cutting a jaw tooth that replaces one he lost ten years ago.

Sixty pairs of twins less than a year old is a discovery of the census in one Mississippi county.

The prospects of the grape crop on the Lake Erie islands has never been better than at present.

President Grant is expected to be present at the Vermont State Fair, which opens September 13.

There is a poor fellow at Bangor, Me., who says "it's working between meals that's killing him."

Elizabeth Van Arsdale, a German woman, died lately at Dutch Kills, Long Island, aged 102.

The Jardin at Paris has received an ourang-outang that washes itself with soap and water.

There is wealth enough in Boston to give, on an equal division, every man, woman and child $3,000 each.

Paris ladies now wear the same style of hat that was worn one hundred and five years ago.

The water power of St. Anthony Falls, Minn, is calculated to equal 100,000 horses.

A crab apple tree has been in bloom four times this season at St. Albans, Vt.

A woman and two children were burned to death in Brooklyn the other night.

The orange groves in Florida are in a flourishing condition.

Thirty housekeepers in Troy, N Y., are importing Chinese servants.

Great Britain contains over 3,000,000 horses.

St. Louis has thirty-four charitable institutions.

Chicago will open a woman's medical college in the fall.

The King River Indians are committing depredations in California.

The outstanding legal-tender circulation amounts to $356,000,000.

The cholera has extended into Southeastern Russia.

Chicago publishes ninety-five newspapers and periodicals.

Boston schools cost last year the handsome sum of $1,600,993 52.

Nearly all the southern cities will show a falling off in population.

The average salary of the clergymen in New Hampshire is $350.

Dr Pierce's Alt. Ext. or Golden Medical Discovery is not a fancy drink made of poor poisonous strychnine whiskey, proof spirits and refuse liquors, spiced and sweetened to please the taste and lead topers on to ruin, as are the so-called "Bitters" of the day. It is a pure medicinal extract of native roots and herbs, and is a speedy, safe and sure remedy for all severe, acute and lingering coughs, loss of appetite, "Liver Complaint" or "Biliousness," and Constipation of the Bowels. Nothing equals it for purifying the blood and curing Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofulous and all skin diseases. Sold by druggists.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ Quarterly Meeting.—The Quarterly Meeting of the Scott, Cuyler, DeRuyter, Lincklaen, Otselic, and Preston Churches, will meet with the Church in DeRuyter, the Sixth-day before the last Sabbath in September, (23d,) at 2 o'clock P. M. Eld. A. W. Coon is to preach the introductory sermon. Eld. L. E. Livermore, H. C. Coon, and H. D. Maxson, were appointed to read essays. Eld. J. E. N. Backus has been requested to deliver an address upon some subject pertaining to the interests of the Sabbath School, on Sabbath afternoon, if there are no objections by the meeting. The Sabbath School Committee appointed by the Association will hold a session during the meeting, to take into consideration the work to be done during the year for the Sabbath-school cause. H. C. Coon, *Sec.*

☞ Few People unacquainted with physiological chemistry are aware of the quantity of iron in the blood, but all should know the importance of keeping up the supply, for debility, disease and death are sure to follow when the quantity becomes too much reduced. The Peruvian Syrup (a protoxide of iron) supplies this vital element, and has cured many chronic diseases.

## NEW YORK MARKETS—SEPT. 5, '70.

*Ashes*—Pots $6 25@6 75. Pearls 9 00@9 75.

*Building Materials*—Bricks, 8 50@4 00 for Pale Hard, 7 00@9 00 for North River, 12 00 @15 00 for Croton Fronts, 30 00@33 00 for Philadelphia Fronts. Cement, 1 90 for Rosendale. Lime, 1 15 for common, 1 75 for lump. Laths, 2 25 for Eastern.

*Cotton*—Ordinary, 14@14⅝c. Good Ordinary, 16¼@17c. Low Middling, 18⅞@19⅝c. Good Middling, 21⅜@22¼c.

*Flour and Meal*—Flour, 4 75@5 10 for superfine State, 5 25@5 50 for Western shipping extra, 5 50@5 70 for round hoop Ohio extra, 6 00@9 00 for St. Louis single, double, and triple extra. Rye Flour, 4 25@4 60 for Western, 5 45@6 00 for State and Pennsylvania. Corn Meal, 5 00 for Jersey, 5 75 for Brandywine.

*Grain*—Wheat, 1 15 for No. 2 Chicago Spring, 1 08@1 09 for No. 3 do., 1 15@1 18 for No. 2 Milwaukee, 1 30@1 35 for Red Western, 1 32@1 38 for Amber do., 1 51 for White Michigan, 1 54 for White Kentucky. Barley Malt, 1 15 for good State. Rye, 85c. for fair Western. Oats, 50c. for old Western, 45@51c. for new, 46@50c. for Jersey. Corn, 82@85c. for Western mixed.

*Hay*—85@90c. for shipping, 1 00@1 25 for retail lots. Straw, 60@80c. for old, 1 00@1 05 for long.

*Hops*—Old 7@8c., new 25@32c. for 1870.

*Provisions*—Pork, 27 75 for mess. Beef, 12 00@16 00 for plain mess, 16 00@19 00 for extra mess. Dressed Hogs, 12⅜@13c. for city. Lard 16@16⅝c. Butter, 26@28c. for good Western Reserve, 36@40c. for fine State in tubs and firkins, 40@45c. for Orange county in pails. Cheese, 12@12½c. for good farm dairy, 13¾@14c. for factory fancy.

*Seeds*—Clover 14@14½c. ₩ ℔. Timothy 5 50@6 00 ₩ bushel. Calcutta Linseed 2 22½ in gold.

*Tallow*—9@9⅝c.

## MARRIED.

In Westerly, Sept. 4th, 1870, by Eld. C. C. Stillman, at his residence on High-street, Mr. Charles Bliven and Miss Elizabeth E. Steadman, both of Westerly.

In Hopkinton, Aug. 29th, 1870, by Rev. A. B. Burdick, Wm. A. Robinson, of Charlestown, and Mrs. Susan E. Hull, of Hopkinton.

In Hopkinton, Aug. 31st, 1870, by Rev. S. Austin, Mr. George A. Leonard and Mrs. Harriet L. Tucker, all of Hopkinton.

In Hopkinton, Aug. 27th, 1870, by Rev. S. Austin, Mr. Alonzo V. Main, of North Stonington, Conn., and Miss Ruth Baton, of Hopkinton.

At Alfred Center, N. Y., Aug. 30th, 1870, by Eld. N. V. Hull, Mr. Robert M. Baham, of Wellsville, and Miss Phebe L. Tanner, of Andover.

In Alfred, N. Y, July 5th, 1870, by D. G. Vincent, Esq., LeRoy J. Champlin and Hattie A. Champlin, all of Alfred.

In Preston, N. Y., Aug. 21st, 1870, by Eld. A. W. Coon, Mr. Luther J. Purdy and Miss Emma J. Rogers, all of Chenango Co., N. Y.

At Farina, Ill., Aug. 14th, 1870, by Eld. C. M. Lewis, Mr. Martin Collins and Miss Eliza Ann Smith, all of Farina.

## DIED.

In Carbondale, Jackson Co., Ill., Aug. 9th, 1870, of paralysis, Wm. Bliss Saunders. He was born in Hopkinton, R. I., May 21st, 1794, and was consequently aged 76 years. With his parents, he removed to Brookfield, N. Y., when he was two years old. At that place he made a profession of religion and united with the 1st Seventh-day Baptist Church of Brookfield, under the ministry of Eld. Wm. B. Maxson. He went West in November, 1866, and with his family settled in the place of his death. In 1844, he was reclaimed from a state of religious backsliding, in which he had been for a number of years. Since that time, he has been a consistent Christian, and faithful witness for the Lord's Sabbath, and died resigned to death, with good hope of a blessed resurrection through our Lord Jesus Christ. At the time of his death, he was still a member of the 1st Brookfield Church. He died at the house of his son in-law, Mr. Hewit; and the Rev. Mr. Fish, a Presbyterian minister at Carbondale, preached his funeral sermon. "The memory of the just is blessed."

In Rosenhayn, N. J., Aug. 14th, 1870, Mrs. Eulalie J. Stillman, daughter of Dea. Wm. J. Crandall, in the 23d year of her age. Her remains were brought to Lincklaen for interment, where she had always lived till a few months since. She was a worthy member of the church, and highly esteemed, wherever she was known. Funeral services were attended on the 17th by a large congregation.

In West Almond, N. Y., Aug. 29th, 1870, Mrs. Sarah Kinney, wife of John Kinney, in the 73d year of her age. Mrs. Kinney died firmly trusting in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ our Lord. N. V. H.

In Center Berlin, N. Y., Aug. 15th, 1870, of liver complaint, Wanton Green, in the 74th year of his age. S. R.

In Hounsfield, N. Y., Willie H. Barton, only son and lovely child of Dea. Harvey C. Barton. His stay on earth was brief, only five months, but long enough to gain the love of all his kindred.

Methinks I see a thousand charms
Spread o'er the Saviour's face,
While infants in thy tender arms,
Receive the smiling grace.
I take these little lambs, said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest. E. B.

In Albion, Wis., Aug. 27th, 1870, Fannie E., only daughter of Dr. A. W. and M. E. Edwards, aged 1 year, 5 months, and 15 days. B. F. R.

In Chicago, Ill., Aug. 20th, 1870, Josephine, daughter of R. W. and Caroline Crumb, aged 1 year and 15 days.

## LETTERS.

C. M. Lewis, C. A. Burdick, E. W. Lawrence, S. Austin, J. B. Whitford, Dennis Saunders, T. R. Williams, J. R. Irish, H. C. Coon, J. E. N. Backus, L. D. Champlin, B. F. Rogers, Erasmus Taylor, S. Crumb, A. W. Coon.

## 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 Vo. | No |
|---|---|---|---|
| C. C. Stillman, Westerly, | $2 50 | 26 | 52 |
| D. M. Crandall, Rockville, | 2 50 | 26 | 52 |
| Silas F. Randolph, Farina, Ill., | 5 00 | 27 | 52 |
| D. M. Stillman, Muscota, Kan., | 5 00 | 27 | 20 |
| Perry Stillman, Pardee, Kansas, | 2 50 | 26 | 52 |
| J. L. Stillman, " | 2 50 | 26 | 52 |
| C. B. Tomlinson, " | 2 50 | 26 | 52 |
| G. H. Babcock, Brooklyn, N. Y., | 3 75 | 26 | 36 |
| A. B. Kenyon, Alfred Center, | 3 75 | 27 | 52 |

ALFRED UNIVERSITY.

CALENDAR FOR 1870-1871.

The Fall Term begins Wednesday, September 14, 1870.
The Winter Term begins Wednesday, December 14, 1870.
The Spring Term begins Wednesday, April 5, 1871.
Each Term continues thirteen weeks.
Commencement, Wednesday, July 5, 1871.

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EXPENSES.

| | |
|---|---|
| Tuition and Incidentals in Primary Department | $3 00 |
| Tuition and Incidentals in Preparatory Department | 5 00 |
| Tuition and Incidentals in Provisional Normals | 7 00 |
| Tuition and Incidentals in Higher Departments | 10 00 |
| Board | $30 00 to 40 00 |
| Room | 3 00 to 6 00 |
| Fuel | 3 00 to 6 00 |
| Washing | 2 00 to 3 00 |

EXTRAS.

| | |
|---|---|
| Oil Painting | $10 00 |
| Drawing | 2 00 |
| Surveying—use of Instruments | 1 00 |
| Graduation Fee | 5 00 |
| Piano, Cabinet Organs, etc., each | 12 00 |
| Cultivation of Voice, Harmony, &c., in classes | $6 00 to 8 00 |
| Cultivation of Voice, Harmony, &c., private lessons | 14 00 |
| Elementary Vocal Music, classes, | $1 00 to 2 00 |
| Use of Piano, per hour | 2 00 to 3 00 |
| Telegraphy, one term | 13 00 |
| " full course | 35 00 |
| Elocution | $2 00 to 5 00 |

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# Miscellaneous.

## BISMARCK.

No living man is more mis-judged than the great Prussian Premier. A writer to the *Independent* says of him:

For the sake of reconciliation and peace, he consented on certain conditions to the annexation of Luxemburg by France. As they were not complied with by Napoleon, Bismarck was free to yield to the vehement opposition of the German Parliament. It required all his influence to keep Prussia from plunging into a contest with France. He was for peace; though Generals and people favored war, for which they were so much better prepared than their opponents. To a learned professor, who said that the affair at Luxemburg should have been made a *casus belli*, he observed, very seriously: "Such a war would have cost us at least thirty thousand brave soldiers; and, at best, would have been profitless. Whoever has once looked into the breaking eye of a dying warrior on the battle field will pause ere he begins a war."

The spring of 1866 was a troubled time for Bismarck. He was a target for persons as well as political assailants. While walking in the Unter den Linden, he was twice shot at from behind. One bullet grazed his side. Turning quickly round, Bismarck seized the assassin by the throat; but not before he had time to fire a third ball, which inflicted a painful wound in the shoulder. The young man then passed the revolver from his right to his left hand, and fired two more shots. One merely grazed Bismarck's coat; but the other struck his rib, feathering it. The minister, however, kept firm hold of the assailant, handed him over to a battalion of passing soldiers, and then walked quietly home. The assassin, who proved to be a political enthusiast, committed suicide before any examination could be had.

Since 1866 Bismarck's policy has been peaceful. Napoleon, smarting under the consciousness of being outwitted by the Prussian statesman, is now pitted against him. Whatever may be thought of Bismarck's policy in the past, every liberal sympathy is with him now. Nor can his most prejudiced opponents dispute his great ability in statesmanship and in war. Without great connections in place, he has controlled nobles and kings. Without the graces of oratory, he has commanded the ear of legislative assemblies. Opposed to liberal movements, he has gained the support of democrats. His vehement invective and cool, deliberate contempt, have been effective alike against French impetuosity and German phlegm.

Bismarck's personal appearance is striking. His massive and peculiarly shaped head, rising high above the ear, is the more conspicuous from baldness. The thin fringe of brown hair surrounding it gives prominence to the forehead, and the large moustache adds dignity to the smooth shaved face. Inflexible determination compresses his lips, and the unbridled passions of youth, which have left their traces on his countenance, cannot hide the force of will which has long since mastered them. His figure is tall and rather stout, while his eye beams with intelligence and spirit.

In social life Bismarck is genial and witty. Few would recognize in the brilliant conversationist the veteran who has won the highest honors in the silent craft of diplomacy. Nor would the casual observer, who, without knowing the man, listened to his sprightly badinage, realize that this captivating *persifleur* was the great administrator of government and war, the Richelieu of the nineteenth century. His private character is irreproachable. No suspicion of corruption ever attached to him. A trait which inspires the respect even of such enemies as are unable to appreciate his higher qualities, is his personal courage. He has an absolute contempt of danger. He never knew fear. Such is the man—earnest, ambitious, indomitable—who represents the protest of enlightened liberalism against the aggressions of Napoleon.

## PRUSSIAN MECHANICS.

### LABOR AND WAGES.

From a late number of *Chambers' Journal*, we extract the following:

Compulsory education being the rule in fatherland, the German artisan has that much in his favor; yet his English brother would not care to change places; low wages and meagre diet sadly counterbalancing a little extra culture. Fifteen shillings a week is very good pay in Prussia, as will be seen from the following selections out of a long list of the rates of weekly wages in that country in 1867: With board and lodging—turners, bakers, saddlers, 4s 6d; watchmakers and jewelers, 6s; shoemakers, 4s 6d to 7s 6d; tailors, 6s to 15s. Without board and lodging—compositors, 18s; gold smiths, 10s to 24s; glassmakers, 15s to 18s; piano-forte makers, 17s; masons and carpenters, 14s 6d; painters, pitmen and smiths, 12s; factory hands, 10s 6d to 12s; calico printers, 10s; first class puddlers at iron works, 24s. In most cases twelve hours and in many thirteen, go to the working day. Women form more than a fifth of the factory operatives, and earn, comparatively, good wages; but public labor brings its too frequent consequences, and the females bear a very indifferent character. As for seamstresses and milliners, those who work for commercial houses are, as usual, most miserably paid; so miserably, indeed, that to live at all they are compelled to eschew morality.

The wages quoted above are said to suffice thrifty men while single, and even leave a margin for saving; but, to keep a family upon them, unless the mother at least can contribute something towards the income, is out of the question; and those who know most about the matter do not set the cost of a family at a very extravagant rate. According to official calculations, a man with a wife and three or four children can provide food enough for all at an annual expense of £12 if he lives in the province of Prussia. In Posen it would take more than double the amount, while in Pomerania it may be done for a little less; that is, £11 10s. In Neurode 9 1-2d per diem is supposed to cover food, fuel and rent. Certainly the Prussian dietary standard is not a very high one, bread, vegetables, butter and milk being all that is considered necessary; meat, except perhaps on holidays and Sundays, coming in the category of luxuries. The daily fare of a workman in the Rhenish provinces is set down as consisting of one pound of rye bread, two pounds of potatoes, an ounce of meat, half an ounce of salt, and one sixth of an ounce of coffee.

Nor can the Prussian be said to be much better off as concerns his lodgment; high rents, confined spaces, little comfort, less cleanliness, being the rule throughout the kingdom. In the large towns, with very rare exceptions, artisans live in lodgings; several families herd together—sometimes as many as fifteen individuals crowding into one small, low, damp room—a shilling a week a head being the Berlin tariff for sleeping accommodation and convenience for washing. Three years since, the returns showed there were in the capital 15,574 dwellings, with an average of six or seven occupants per room. In the country and in the small towns—unless lodgings are provided by the employer—working folks generally have a house of their own—a house such as it is. In Memel it will be a mere mud cabin with nailed up windows; in Silesia a one storied thatched house, with diminutive windows, and rooms just high enough to allow the proprietors to stand upright in them. The miners of the circle of Ottweiler, in the Rhine province, are perhaps the best off in this respect, being looked after by the government itself.

The three royal coal mines at Heintz have three large sleeping houses belonging to them to accommodate eight hundred men. The Rheden mine has two of these for the accommodation of four hundred men. The miners pay eighteen pence a month, for which they have a bed and towels and the use of half a press. To enable the miners to settle in the neighborhood; the Miners' Union has purchased 1350 acres of land the founding a mining colony. It sells at cost price, or leases at a moderate rent, one-sixth of an acre of land to any one who will build a house upon it, and one-sixth on the same terms for a garden. Money for building purposes is also advanced at four per cent. interest, to be deducted from the wages, with a present of from £22 10s to £30 as a premium for building. These houses at Ottweiler are, as might be expected, neat and cheerful; but, with the exception of them, the description, "bad, small, and densely crowded," applies generally to the habitation of the Prussian workman, in whatever part of the world he may be domiciled.

## A SCENE IN CHINA.

"Russel" writes from Hong Kong as follows: "I saw the sale of a family last week for debt, where the husband and father was in California; and perhaps I can do no better than to tell you about it. There were five children—three girls and two boys. We had passed them three times in our chairs during the day, as they stood beside the road, dressed in their holiday attire of black. The silence they observed whenever any person passed, and their downcast looks, created curiosity on our part to know their business there. Arr Hung, our waiter, was called up and asked the cause of this little parade. 'Why,' said he, 'the girls, and perhaps the whole family, are for sale.' We stopped our chairs, and stepped out to have a talk with them, using Arr Hung as an interpreter.

The mother was wrinkled and gray, and hung her head, as if she was afraid to look us in the face. But the children, with the exception of the oldest girl, looked cheerful, and were quite pleased with their holiday attire. The oldest girl was sixteen, and oldest boy fifteen. So said the gruff old broker who had the party in charge, and who seemed quite anxious to dispose of his wares. After a great deal of quizzing and evasive answers, the broker told her that the husband and father was in California, and had neglected to pay his note given for his passage, and that his family were now offered for sale to pay his debt. He hoped to be able to pay the debt with the sale of the two oldest girls. But as yet he had received no offers. He said that the family became security voluntarily, and he never knew a case where they did not voluntarily offer themselves for sale if the note they secured was not paid.

In reply to our questions he said that when a customer bought a child or person, the person was made at once the owner of the child, body and soul. No Chinaman would dispute the purchaser's right to do whatsoever he pleased with the human being he had paid for. The boys would make good servants, he said, and in the course of a few years be worth a fortune to the owner. The girls would make good 'armers' or nurses as they are called in America. He would show us their physical beauty—would make them sing and play tricks if we thought of buying. How much would we give? The oldest girl he would sell for $400; the next one for $200, and the little six-year-old for $50. The boys he could not sell until the girls were disposed of. We thought the price too high. The market was glutted with saleable girls, and he must not think of getting over $100 for the oldest and the handsomest, while for the little one he must not expect over $10.

He sneered at that, and said that Englishmen always talked that way when they wanted to buy. While we were talking, a party of blue-robed Chinese aristocrats came up and began to inspect the family. They opened the mouth of the oldest girl, rapped on her white teeth to see if they were sound, pulled open her dress, thumped her ribs, laughed at her little feet, told her to show the whites of her eyes, ordered her to sing, and to show them the trinkets which the fond mother had given her as a parting gift. All the while the salesman kept up a constant jabber, in which we took no interest. Time pressing, we passed on, leaving the parties disputing about the price, and discussing the probabilities of their running away if taken to Hong Kong.

After making our call we returned the same way to ascertain the result of the sale. Only the mother and her boys were left. The debt was only $300, and $50 of it still remained unpaid. I have been often told by residents in China, that the parents would as soon sell their children as a cow or a pig. And I had begun to believe that such was the case upon passing the group the first time. But the scene had changed. The girls were gone, and now a boy must go also. The mother sat in the dirt with her arms around the youngest, wailing in a most piteous manner, and, as Arr Hung said, cursing the men that sold her husband a ticket to America at $300, which cost them but $40. The broker sat listlessly by smoking his pipe, and twirling his cane, looking as if it was the smallest matter of business with him.

The boys were crying, and seemed very much afraid of us, now it was certain that one of them must go. But we passed on and left them in their misery. We never knew whether the boy was sold to a childless man to be treated as a son, to a Portuguese to be carried to the West Indies under a nominal contract, or to a native land owner to be his slave. But that one of them was sold into servitude for the sum of 60 dollars there can be no doubt. The girls were doubtless purchased for the vilest purposes, unless they had the rare luck to fall into the hands of some native in search of a legitimate wife. I am told that the price of girls has gone up within a few months, owing, perhaps, to the fact that a less number of emigrants have forfeited their bond in California than was the case six months ago. I was shown four bright, plump, rosy appearing girls yesterday, who were purchased less than a year ago (the whole lot) for 80 dollars. Now they sell readily for 300 dollars each.

## MONEY FROM CRUSTS.

A Parisian genius, familiarly known as Pere Chapellier, has taught the volatile the possibilities of making fortunes in very humble way. He was in early life a soldier, and when discharged from service, had neither money or trade. Determined to succeed, he gave himself to rag-picking, and soon proved himself shrewder and more successful than those who had followed the business for a lifetime. Having laid up some money, he struck for higher game, and turned to marketing poultry. Finding that experienced purchasers could detect fowls not recently killed by the color of their legs, he invented a coloring varnish which deceived the sharpest buyers, and enabled him to make large profits. Selling the secret to fellow-tradesmen he turned to another line of business and gave himself to the buying and selling of bread crusts and fragments of bread. Making a bargain with keepers of hotels and restaurants, and with servants of wealthy families, for all the leavings of the table in the bread line, he opened shops for the sale of fragments to the poor, and soon established an immense and lucrative trade. Taught by experience he found that the crusts could be used in many ways, for the making of soups, of savory dishes with crumbs, and other varieties of diet acceptable to the poor. He put his knowledge to practical use, and his shops became known to all the lower classes of Paris, and were their favorite resort. It seems incredible that a business of this character should take on such large dimensions, but he now has immense warehouses where the bread is gathered, stored and classified, and keeps a vast number of horses and carts traversing the whole city for collecting and distributing the fragments of bread. He contines himself strictly to this single line of business, superintending all its details as rigidly as Mr. Stewart of New York looks after all departments of his trade. He has accummulated a fabulous fortune, and given handsome dowries to three daughters, all of whom have married well. All Paris has learned from him that brain and energy applied to the humblest business can make it lucrative.

## THE MEASURE OF A MAN.

"After the measure of a man, is that of an angel," says the seer of the Apocalypse, suggesting that the perfection of the human form is the physical masterpiece of creation. But the question what that perfection is, has been greatly disputed; and from the days of Phidias and the great school of Athenian plastic art to those of "muscular Christianity" and fashionable athletic training at Oxford, it has never been regarded as a settled question.

Perhaps, after all, it can only be solved at last by science, not by art; and the test of physical completeness is to be found in harmony with the laws of life and in the full powers of labor and endurance, rather than in beauty and grace. It is from a mere statistical point of view, at least, that the subject has been lately approached, and an interesting summary of the results is given by Dr. Lankester, in *Nature*.

His first inquiry is, what ought a man of a given height to weigh? He concludes, from the best statistics yet collected, that a person five feet in height ought to weigh 115 pounds; and that, for each additional inch in height, five pounds ought to be added to the weight; so that the proper weight of a man six feet high is 175 pounds. If the weight is much less than this rule indicates, the deficiency of fatty matter gives reason to suspect some disease or unsoundness in the system, which may shorten life; if much greater, it may sometimes result from an unusual development of the muscle and bones, but more commonly from an excess of fat.

Since the differences in the weights of persons of the same height depend chiefly on the amount of fat present, Dr. Lankester inquires carefully into the use of this substance in the body. It is a medium for sustaining and nourishing the muscular and other tissues; and it is besides a reserve of material to be used up, when wanted, in producing muscular force. Thus all animals grow fat in summer and lean again in winter, when they use up their store. The serious loss of weight, or a great deficiency in fat, then, shows that this reserve of strength and life is consuming.

This loss of weight is the first symptom in consumption of the lungs, and may be observed long before any tubercles are formed, and while the progress of the disease may still be prevented. This is the secret of the success of cod-liver oil and other fatty substances in such diseases; they are concentrated nourishment for the wasting tissues, and supply the needed fat. In the opinion of many physicians, they ought to be given, together with butter, cream, and similar articles of food, in every case in which there is a prolonged tendency to lose weight.

On the other hand, an excess of weight above the proper standard is a disadvantage in life. The man has more to carry; his heart must throw more blood into the tissues to keep them alive; when fat accumulates around particular organs, it partly smothers them and hampers their action. In such cases, if taken in early life and with judicious caution, there is commonly no difficulty in relieving the system and in bringing the weight down to the proper standard by a selected diet. But this is important only in those persons who have a real tendency to oppressive corpulency; a "full habit" is better than the violence sometimes practiced to overcome it.

The study of this subject is recommended by Dr. Lankester to life assurance companies; whose officers certainly ought to know how much a deficiency or excess of weight, as compared with the normal standard, affects the expectation of life. But he fails to remark, that not merely the weight, as proportioned to the height, ought to be regarded; but the height itself. Dwarfs and giants are notoriously frailer of frame and of fewer days than men of average stature, and the question how great the deviation of height may be without affecting the prospect of life, is one which has never, so far as we know, been investigated. That any such deviation, beyond quite narrow limits, is a defect in an artistic point of view, is admitted, although popular heroes and demigods, in the imagination of men whose taste is not critical, have generally been distinguished rather for great size than for perfect form.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

## THE EAST RIVER BRIDGE.

Rapid progress is being made with this huge undertaking, and the construction thus far has met with no obstacles. Such gigantic undertakings, which require the use of steam, submerged workmen, and mammoth apparatus of every kind, do not generally proceed rapidly and yet smoothly; but, owing to the careful preparations of Mr. Roebling, and the skillful manner in which the intelligent workmen get along, there have been as yet no impediments. A huge mass of masonry, surmounted by engines, derricks, etc., adjoining the Fulton ferry, prove that rapid strides are being made. There are forty-eight inches of masonry laid upon the caisson, in two strata, the stone, from Kingston, being of inflexible granite and closely crystalized, cut in blocks of three feet long. These are hoisted, moved laterally, and placed in their proper positions, by strongly braced derricks propelled by steam power, being a simple but admirable process, differing but little from the manner of laying ordinary foundations. The bottom of the caisson is now twenty-two feet below high water, and about twenty feet more of excavation will be required, making the entire descent about forty-two feet, to secure a safe foundation. In some places, however, a modification of this depth will be necessary to suit the character of the soil. During the descent 3,000 cubic yards of soil have been raised, the excavated earth and debris being borne to the surface by large iron catch-basins, which operate as elevators. The men employed, being, nearly two hundred in number, under the supervision of Mr. C. C. Martin, are in two watches daily, and show not the slightest sign of physical deterioration, nor are they overpowered by noxious vapors, six engines being used in pumping air alone, together with five more used for other purposes. The mason work will go up, stratum upon stratum, as the caisson goes down, until the center structure is complete, and the chambers in the interior will be filled with concrete. The excavations at present are sand, gravel, clay and boulders, and the water soaked soil at the bed of the river. It is expected that at least two years will be required to finish the pier at this side. On the New York side the ground has already been purchased, the terminus to be at the foot of Roosevelt street, and it is expected that within a month construction will begin on the pier at that side.—*Brooklyn Times.*

## HORTICULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

Marshall P. Wilder, of Boston, one of the party of agricultural excursionists to California, reports the "sights" he saw, illustrating the boundless pomological and floral resources of the Pacific coast. We quote:

Colonel Wilder reports that the party found the State of California could grow nearly all the fruits which are grown on the habitable globe. The party dined one day in a grove of fig trees, and upon their table they had figs grown upon the branches which overshadowed them, and also oranges, apricots, plums, pears, strawberries, raspberries and blackberries. The fig trees are used as ornamental trees, and they saw some 25 feet high, with stems a foot in diameter. These trees grow very rapidly. In one case they plucked ripe, luscious figs from a tree which had been planted but four years, and which was twelve feet high.

This was one hundred and fifty miles north of San Francisco. Pear trees also grow very rapidly. They saw pear trees twelve years old which measured ten to eighteen inches in diameter at the butt, and were twenty-five to thirty feet high. They saw Dearborn Seedling trees on which, according to their best judgment, there were from eight to twelve bushels of ripe pears.

Their early fruits they found to be as good as ours, but their larger and later pears were not so fine or so good flavored, for the reason that they leave them on the trees too long, because it would not pay to pick them. They would be glad to sell them at fifty cents a bushel.

Strawberries are ripe and in the market from April to December, and there is a constant supply of all the other delicious fruits—more than there is market for—and great quantities are almost every day thrown away for want of purchasers.

The beautiful shrubs which we here raise tenderly in our greenhouses, are raised there as ornamental trees and shrubs for the streets.

EXIT AND ENTRANCE.—On the 23d of February, 1848, Louis Phillippe fled in ignoble disguise from Paris, not even daring to look after his eldest grandson, the Count de Paris, in whose favor he had abdicated. The lad was taken to the Chamber of Deputies by his estimable mother, but the people would not listen to her, and she was also forced to seek safety in flight. In a few days the Count, with his uncles, aunts and cousins, followed the dethroned King and Queen into England, like sea birds dashed by a storm against a light house. Subsequently, the Orleans family was formally banished from France, and in January, 1852, Louis Napoleon, who had seized the reins of power, issued a decree confiscating all of their vast estates. Since then, the Count de Paris, supported by the other members of his house, has watched and waited, as did his grandfather during the reign of Charles X., and at last there are indications that the Orleans family can again enter Paris, to aid in its defence, perhaps to assume command.

TO PUT UP GREEN CORN.—Shave it from the cob, and pack it away in a common stone jar, with salt in alternate layers—a layer of corn, say an inch thick—followed by a layer of salt sufficient to cover it, and so on until the jar is filled. A piece of board is then to be fitted over it, and a stone laid on to weigh it down; for a pickle will soon rise, and all the corn must be kept beneath the surface. Cloth or paper must next be tied over the mouth of the jar to keep out the dust—and that is all. The corn will be too salt for the table, as packed away, of course; and if the salt is soaked out in the ordinary way, the corn will be spoiled, for the milk and life of the grain will go out with the salt. The soaking should be commenced by dropping the corn into a kettle of boiling water. This cooks the milk in it at once, rendering it insoluble, after which it may be soaked as much as desirable without impairing its flavor or nutritive qualities in the least. So says a correspondent of the St. Louis *Journal of Agriculture*, who states that he has eaten corn four years old, treated as above directed, which was so perfect that, had the roasting-ear been at hand, he would never have suspected that it was not just taken from the cob.

A MAN SELLS HIS SHARE IN THE FUTURE LIFE.—Before a court in the province of Perth, Hungary, a suit was pending, in which an aged Jew was to make a statement under oath. He was ready to take the oath, when another Jew arose and protested:

"This man dare not take an oath."

"Why not?" asked the judge.

"There exists a Hebrew prayer which containes the sentence that 'every Jew has a share in the life to come.' It is now about twenty years ago, while I was present, when the man who is now about to take an oath sold his share in the life to come, guaranteed to him by the prayer, to another Jew, a Mr. Y., who paid him a certain amount of money for it. As he, therefore, cannot count any longer on a future existence, he has nothing to fear or hope for in the life to come; it must be certainly indifferent to him whether to swear to a truth or a falsehood."

The matter was examined into, and as the strange transaction was found to have take place in reality, the court granted the protest of the old man, and the party who sold his "share in the life to come," was declared incapable of taking an oath.—*Jewish Times.*

## ODDS AND ENDS.

There was a good woman at Andover, who, in the time of the old Arminian controversy, went to her minister in great trouble one day, saying, "Doctor, they do say you are an Armenian." "An Armenian! that I am an Armenian? Why, I was born down here in Duxbury, and have never been out of the State in all my life." "I thought they maligned ye," said the good woman, who departed quite relieved, and thoroughly satisfied that her minister was all right.

Two young girls, at boarding school, devotedly attached to one another, finding that at the close of the term they were to be separated, concluded to take poison and die together rather than live apart. It was accordingly done, but discovered by the teacher, powerful antidotes administered, and the girls lived. Each accused the other of treachery, and after a dreadful quarrel, they separated, the most bitter and deadly enemies.

A Yankee, it is alleged, will seek the "almighty dollar" even in the jaws of death, but a Frenchman, it seems, will risk life for the sake of a dinner. At one of the German fortresses in the Baltic, an inquisitive Frenchman was seen prowling about the moat. On being arrested as a spy, he established his innocence by producing his pocket-handkerchief—it contained three dozen frogs. He was catering for a dinner instead of searching for a weak point.

The wives of men of sentiment are not always the most appreciative of women. Jean Paul represents Siebenkas as reading one of his beautiful imaginings to his wife, who listened with eyelids cast down and bated breath. As he closed, the sharer of his joys beamed forth with "Don't put on your left stocking to-morrow, my dear; I must mend that hole in it."

If a person would be loved as a companion, he should avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom he lives. The number of people who have taken out judge's patents for themselves is very large in any society. Now, it would be hard for a man to live with another who was always criticising his actions, even if it were kindly and just criticism.

A Chicago paper gravely states that "chewing gum is made at Podunk, Mass., of gum arabic, resin, and coarse fats," and adds: "Any kind of fat, even that of dead dogs, is used in the manufacture, and when the ingredients are placed in boiling kettles, a small quantity of the most nauseous liquid foam is put in to whiten the gum."

Mark Twain thinks one great calamity following the death of Dickens, is the fact that the nation is to be lectured to death and read to death all next winter by Tom, Dick, and Harry, with poor lamented Dickens for a pretext. All the vagabonds who can spell will afflict the people with "readings" from Pickwick and Copperfield, etc.

A fossil feather has been found by Dr. Hayden in Wyoming Territory, and is said to be the first specimen on record. Scientific men have not decided whether it belongs to a real bird or to some link between bird and reptile. They are looking with interest for skeletons in the region, which may decide the matter.

Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote to the doctors of Berkshire, that, "if the pendulum of belief does not swing through a pretty wide arc, the hands of progress will hardly be kept going."

Meetings are called in Iowa counties to organize companies for the purpose of defeating the collection of taxes to pay the interest on the railroad bonds.

It is reported that General Fremont has purchased Bald Porcupine Island, in Bar Harbor, Mount Desert, Maine, and intends building thereon a summer residence.

Near Trenton, N. J., on Monday, Aug. 29th, the rear car of a train was thrown from the track in consequence of a broken rail, and after running for some distance on the ties, was hurled against a freight car, and both were completely demolished. John Kelly, sixty years old, a resident of Vineland, was instantly killed, and a brakeman, George Burk, fatally injured. Three other persons were seriously, and a large number slightly, hurt.

Gen. Sherman has accepted the invitation of the Society of California Pioneers to participate in their celebration of the admission of that State into the Union, on the 9th of September.

Boston has three small and insignificant assemblies of Mormons, which southern and western papers have magnified into the report that "Boston has three Mormon meeting-houses."

It is estimated by some mathematical genius, that it would require a canal five miles long, fifty feet deep, and two hundred feet broad to hold the beer annually consumed in Europe.

Since the breaking out of the revolution of 1863, 981 Poles have been executed, and over 1,000 of those transported to Siberia have died from hardship and privation.

By a curious coincidence five names on one page in the Norwich City Directory for 1870 read, Slack Thomas, Slow George, Sly John, Small Nathan, and Smart Mary.


IRON IN THE BLOOD.

NATURE'S OWN VITALIZER.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP,

AN IRON TONIC, WITHOUT ALCOHOL,

Assimilates with the blood as easily as the simplest food, vitalizing and invigorating the whole system. It *stimulates without reaction*, builds up the broken-down, cures *Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Female Weaknesses, Dropsy, Humor, &c.*, and expels disease from the system by increasing Nature's own vitalizing element—IRON.

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BICKFORD KNITTING MACHINE.—The best Machine in use, and work warranted equal to the best Hand Knit. Knits all kinds of Fancy, Plain, Ornamental Work, &c. The Price List is as follows:

No. 1, Plain Machine, with 72 needles....$25
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" 3, Ornamental Mac., with 100 needles, 35
" 4, " " " 2 cylinders, one 72 and 100 needles.... 40
" 5, Ornamental Machine, with 2 cylinders, one 84 and 112 needles.... 43
" 6, Ornamental Machine, with 2 cylinders, and adjustable table.... 67

All extra cylinders, extra finished Machines, Tables, &c., will be furnished at reasonable prices.

For sale by R. DUNHAM, Plainfield, Sole Agent for New Jersey. Agents Wanted.

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ALLENTOWN LINE TO THE WEST.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing June 1, 1870. Leave New York as follows:

5.30 a. m.—For Plainfield.
6.00 a. m.—For Flemington, Easton, Bethlehem, Manch Chunck, Williamsport, Wilkesbarre, Pittston, Mahanoy City, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Waverly, &c.
7.45 a. m.—For Easton.
12 m.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Wilkesbarre, Reading, Columbia, Lancaster, Ephrata, Litiz, Pottsville, Harrisburg, &c.
2.00 p. m.—For Eastern, Allentown, and Mauch Chunk.
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.
7.00 p. m.—For Somerville.
8.00 p. m.—(Emigrant) for Easton and the West.
9.00 p. m.—For Plainfield.
12.00 p. m.—For Plainfield, on Wednesdays and Saturdays only.

Trains leave for Elizabeth at 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.10, 7.45, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.30, 11.40 a. m.—12.00 m.—1.00, 2.00, 2.15, 3.15, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 4.45, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.40, 8.00, 8.20, 9.00, 10.45, 12.00, p. m.

FOR THE WEST.

9 a. m.—Western Express, daily, (except Sundays,) for Easton, Allentown, Harrisburg, and the West. Connects at Harrisburg for Erie and the Oil Regions. Connects at Somerville for Flemington. Connects at Junction for Stroudsburg, Water Gap, Scranton, Brighamton, Syracuse, &c. Connects at Philipsburg for Manch Chunk and Wilkesbarre, Williamsport, &c.

5.00 p. m.—Cincinnati Express—Daily, for Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Pittsburgh, Chicago and Cincinnati. Sleeping and Palace Cars to Pittsburg and Chicago. Connects at Junction with Delaware, Lackawana and Western Railroad for Scranton.

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.

R. E. RICKER, Superintendent.
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greatly facilitates the process of teething, by softening the gums, reducing all inflammation—will allay ALL PAIN and spasmodic action, and is

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Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves, and

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

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.—Passenge Train for Greenwich only.
7.12 P. M.—New York Steamboa Train for Stonington, connecting at Stonington with the new and splendid teamers 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 rom New York.—Steamboat Train, on arrival o 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 Trai 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; a rives at Providence at 7.33 P. M., and Boston about 9 P. M.
7.15 P. M.—New London Special or Stonington, connect with steamers for New York.
12.00 P. M.—Sunday Night Mail Train for Providence and Boston.

A. S. MATHEWS, Superintendent.
tonington Dec. 15, 1869.

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